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LIBERTY AND SOVEREIGNTY

BY GEORGE W. MARTIN

The great question is to discover, not what governments prescribe, but what they ought to prescribe; for no prescription is valid against the conscience of mankind.

— LORD ACTON

I

SERIOUS consideration of the legal or the moral duty of a citizen to obey or disobey an act of Congress is possible only after some semblance of order has been restored in the arena where the partisans are contending. Any real national issue is bound to engender propaganda, misinformation, and an extraordinary amount of heat, and the Prohibition question is the first one which has become really national since the Civil War. For this reason, if for no other, it is worth discussing, for all the bored attitude affected by the ladies at dinner parties, or the dignified pronunciamentos of the Protestant clergy that the matter is now closed and further argument smacks of sedition or indicates collusion with the liquor interests.

It makes no difference whether drinking is sinful, or whether workingmen are 'better off' (whatever that means), or whether savings of money have increased, or whether drunkenness has diminished. It makes no difference whether all the bootleggers are supporting Prohibition, or whether it was attained by corrupt use of Mr. Rockefeller's money, or whether it is unconstitutional. As Attorney-General Sargent remarked lately in New York: 'We face a condition and not a theory.' The amendment is written into the Constitution, the Enforcement Act is on the statute books; over very large areas and among vast and important masses of the population the enforcement of the law has become a farce, and there is no indication that the Federal Government has either the means or the will to make enforcement effective.

The United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, after a year in office, estimates that he could enforce the law in that state if given an appropriation of $15,000,000 with which to pay 5000 agents at $3000 each, and if also given 250 Federal police-court judges with power to try cases without a jury — which would, of course, involve another amendment to the Constitution. For this plain speaking he was bitterly denounced by the drys, who omitted, however, to

disprove his facts or explain in what respect his conclusions were incorrect — mere statement of the difficulties involved being, to their way of thinking, a kind of treason.

Even if the United States Attorney were given what he demands, however, it is doubtful whether the law would be enforced in a community like New York. In the recent newspaper poll the votes against Prohibition in the city ran more than fifty to one, and were cast with an enthusiasm and intensity of moral fervor which make it appear probable that real enforcement in New York would result in a majority of the population being imprisoned. Such a situation would inevitably contain the elements of its own destruction, and is not worth contemplating seriously. If it is possible for a people to keep only ten per cent of the population in the field in time of war, there is no reason to suppose a much larger proportion can be kept in jail in time of peace.

Now the Attorney-General asks: 'What are you going to do about it?'

II

First, let us consider the legal basis of authority in the State and of the duty of obedience.

Law is a system of philosophy, and like all philosophy it trails human experience in an attempt to formulate and explain what it finds. Governments reflect the possibilities of social control and are a result of the practical needs of society rather than a cause of phenomena. The government under the Constitution was declared in effect on the first Wednesday of March, 1789, and in those days sovereignty was supposed to flow from a social contract originally entered into by men when they were in a 'state of nature.'

Under the social-contract theory, men as individuals possessed in the state of nature certain inherent and inalienable 'rights.' On whom rested the duties correlative to these rights is not clear, but, once the compact was entered into, then the duty was laid upon society not to impinge on these fundamental rights; for, being inalienable, they were never surrendered by the contracting parties. If, then, the State did infringe upon these reserved and inherent rights of man, it broke the covenant, and released the constituents from further duty to obey.

To-day schoolboys, reflecting the dominant ideas of the moment, are accustomed to speak scornfully of the social-contract theory of government, and Locke and Rousseau have come in for considerable ridicule; but no one can read the debates in the Constitutional Convention, Madison's papers, the Kentucky Resolutions, the Virginia Resolutions, and the early opinions of the Supreme Court without realizing that the social-compact method of thought was literally the only one accepted or adopted in explaining the nature of the new government at that time or in justifying the Revolution, although in the details of application there were various differences — some holding it was a compact between the states, others between the people, others between the states and the Federal Government.

The theory of the nature of the State accepted by modern philosophic publicists and writers on political science is that it is organic — that is, an entity. Sovereignty may be incarnate in a prince, or it may be found in an oligarchy, or in the demos. Hegel and Austin developed this theory in the nineteenth century, and the latter, on examining the political organization of the United States, came to the

conclusion that sovereignty ultimately resided 'in the states' governments as forming one aggregate body: meaning by a state's government, not its ordinary legislature, but the body of citizens which appoints its ordinary legislature, and which, the union apart, is properly sovereign therein.'

T. H. Green remarks that this is probably news to Americans. Anyway, when the analysis becomes so complicated, only scholars in the subject can follow it intelligently, and, in the face of practical experience, logic is relatively of little importance. While retrospective explanations of political phenomena are helpful in understanding what has taken place, the conclusions must be drawn from the facts and not from the theories. Everybody knows that some rebellions are justified, that some laws have enjoined unethical conduct, that other laws are unjust, and that frequently acts have been written into the statute books which no power on earth can enforce.

In the face of such facts it becomes somewhat academic, to say the least, for politicians to contend that breach of the law of the land is also, ipso facto, an act of immorality. 'Jus est quod jussum est,' Hobbes insisted in the seventeenth century; and in 1926 Bishop Freeman, of Washington, says that 'law is divine and therefore we must obey it.' There may be good reasons why a law should be obeyed, but the attribute of divinity is not one of them — not since the Battle of Naseby. Nor does it make sense to say that the sovereign is omnipotent or omniscient. It is daily demonstrated otherwise. No amount of meditation in barber chairs or bishops' seats can produce as much truth as actual observation of the government in action, and it is to history rather than to philosophy that we should turn for information.

III

'We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.'

The Irreconcilables of those days were mistrustful. What if the leviathan thus projected got out of hand? What if it attempted to go beyond the limited purposes set forth in the preamble?

Madison took his pen and wrote enough to put him in jail in Kansas: 'But ambitious encroachments of the Federal government, on the authority of the state governments, would not excite the opposition of a single state, or of a few states only. They would be signals of general alarm. Every government would espouse the common cause. A correspondence would be opened. Plans of resistance would be concerted. One spirit would animate and conduct the whole. The same combination, in short, would result from an apprehension of the Federal, as was produced by the dread of a foreign yoke; and unless the projected innovations should be voluntarily renounced, the same appeal to a trial of force would be made in the one case as in the other.'

The distance we have traveled since 1788 is vividly brought out by comparing Madison's suggestion with the accusation of the forces of Prohibition that the State of New York is guilty of treason when it refuses to pass a state enforcement law putting into effect the moral philosophy of the Middle West. The fact is, these gentlemen believe there is something magical in writing enactments into the Constitution — as though, perhaps, men's

very natures were changed thereby. Some captains of industry used to have the same idea about injunctions in labor disputes: that they settle something. The will of the nation does not arise from the statute book — it is merely recorded there; and if it is recorded wrongly the record should be corrected as soon as possible, for it has no validity unless it is right.

Sovereignty really resides in the will of the citizens, — not necessarily in a mere majority, for numbers may be counterbalanced by determination, or passion, or intelligence, or education, — and if the will of the citizens is not sufficiently predominant to overcome opposition and reasonably enforce the Government's mandates, then they cannot be considered as decrees of the sovereign. The realm is full of such dead-letter laws, which have been nullified in whole or in part by the resistance of citizens, but never formally repealed.

James C. Carter, writing in 1903, discussed, in *Law: Its Origin and Function*, the attempts to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment: —

'The legislative bodies of the several Southern states, still composed of white men only, proceeded to enact laws embodying various devices which would, and did, practically nullify the gift of the ballot. This provoked a more energetic determination by the General Government to enforce the right of freedmen to the ballot and to a general equality with the whites before the law. A formidable mass of legislation was enacted in pursuance of this determination, crowned by an amendment of the Constitution itself, prohibiting all political discrimination of every form between citizens, based upon the distinctions of color or race. The legislative devices by which white men had been enabled to baffle the gift of political equality to the freedmen being thus rendered ineffective, they took the only course remaining to them, and resorted to such forms of force and fraud as seemed best calculated to defeat the Constitution and Congressional enactments.

'In some places terror was produced among the Negroes by a general and noisy display of firearms previous to and at the time of the elections, by which the Negroes were intimidated and abstained from voting through fear; in others, where they ventured to vote, the ballot was fraudulently tampered with so as to render their votes ineffective. To such an extent had this almost unconcealed practice of force and fraud by whole communities proceeded as to alarm the more moral elements of the communities guilty of it, and excite the fear that all distinctions between right and wrong would become obliterated and society itself fall into anarchy. Not even this suggested a withdrawal of their opposition to the Federal legislation, but only more ingenious contrivances by which they might avoid the grosser practices of fraud and violence and borrow the appearance of legality in their effort to deprive the black race of political equality. To this end constitutional provisions defining and qualifying the right of suffrage have been contrived and adopted in some states, and are likely to be further extended, whereby, without open discrimination, the practical exclusion of the inferior race from political power is secured. The validity of these constitutional provisions has been challenged at the bar of the Supreme Court, and it is not easy to see how they can escape judicial condemnation, but thus far that tribunal has avoided the questions thus thrust upon it, and there is an apparent disposition among the judges to escape them altogether. Should this disposition prevail, the whole of the mighty Federal

legislation contrived to give political equality to the blacks will be practically annulled, leaving behind, however, the great constitutions of states, which should be models of openness, directness, and dignity, deeply marked by the evidences of concealment and deceit.

'I do not discuss the question whether political equality *ought* to be bestowed upon a race to which social equality cannot be extended. Even tyranny may be beneficent in its aims, but never in its results, and the attempt to compel a community of men to do right by legislative command, when they do not think it to be right, is tyranny. It is Force in conflict with Order. Force will not gain its end, but will superinduce a mass of evil and suffering which was the last thing it desired or expected.

'Many other instances might be given showing the impotence of legislation when put in conflict with custom, and refuting the notion that Law is now tending, or ever will tend, to become the creature of Force rather than of Order. Conduct will forever follow the great governing influences proceeding from the constitution of man and the environment in which he is placed. It will change as these influences change, and not otherwise.'

IV

Since, then, there appears no doubt that there are limits to sovereignty in practice, no matter what are the requirements of legal theory, is there any formula by which we can tell in prospect whether or not a proposed enactment will exceed the powers of the government? Obviously the literal language of the Constitution is no guide, for some acts enjoined by it have proved in practice outside the scope of enforcible authority. John Stuart Mill attempted such a formula in his essay on Liberty:

'The sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the action of any of their number, is self-protection. The only purpose for which power can rightfully be exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinions of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him must be calculated to produce evil to someone else. The only part of the conduct of anyone, for which he is answerable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.'

So, also, Mr. Carter: 'There is a guide which, when kept clearly and constantly in view, sufficiently informs us what we should aim to do by legislation and what should be left to other agencies. This is what I have so often insisted upon as the sole function both of law and legislation, namely, to secure to each individual the utmost liberty which he can enjoy consistently with the preservation of like liberty to all others. Liberty, the first of blessings, the aspiration of every human soul, is the supreme object. Every abridgment of it demands an excuse, and the only good excuse is the necessity of preserving it. Whatever tends

to preserve this is right, all else is wrong. To leave each man to work out in freedom his own happiness or misery, to stand or fall by the consequences of his own conduct, is the true method of human discipline. For myself, I reject that view of the cosmical scheme which would regard society as the unit for the well-being of which our efforts should be immediately directed, even though individual happiness and perfection were thereby sacrificed. The society most perfect, as a whole, will be that alone which is composed of the most perfect and happy individuals.'

The application of these principles in the modern State is extremely difficult because of the increasing complexity in human relations produced by the development of the industrial system and the concomitant movement of the organization of society away from individualism and toward collectivism. This movement, indeed, is astonishing. At the beginning of the nineteenth century English landowners still placed spring guns on their private premises to repel or kill trespassers. The courts finally held the landowner liable in damages even without a statute. For a century, no one with the aid of the law laid traps to kill another, and then the right denied to the landowners was assumed by the Government of the United States. Ten poisoning plants are operated to-day by the Federal authorities in the City of New York alone for the purpose of poisoning grain alcohol. In 1925 more than five hundred of the inhabitants were killed in this way,[1] besides those blinded and otherwise crippled. The fact is patent that matters of public and private interest are tending more and more to become interdependent, and as the Government arrogates to itself, one after another, functions which formerly were discharged by private individuals, it refuses to be bound by the standards, either moral or legal, to which it formerly required those individuals to conform.

In other words, as the Government extends the sphere of its activities into business or religion or education, or the thousand and one matters which a century ago were supposed to be outside the scope of its authority, it finds that the rules which bound the individuals who formerly performed these duties are irksome and impracticable. Private persons may no longer repel trespassers with spring guns, but the State may poison nonconformists with wood alcohol and the victim or his widow may not sue the State for the injuries done him.

This has resulted in some very bad law. The Government, in its efforts to enforce Prohibition, has resorted to every conceivable form of lawlessness in procuring evidence; thereupon the Supreme Court, observing that all our lives and safeties were in jeopardy from this reign of terror, held that evidence obtained unlawfully — that is, from torturing witnesses, entering houses without search warrants, arresting citizens without probable cause, and so forth — was not available for use in the criminal prosecution of the prisoner whose rights had thus been violated. This judicial decision was the direct result of the lawlessness of the bureaucrats, but it was a wrong and ridiculous result — although all, perhaps, that the Supreme Court could do to ameliorate the condition of the citizens. Heretofore such evidence has always been admissible, but the prisoner has an action against the lawbreaking official for damages, including damages

[1] It is interesting to note that Defoe recommended hanging Dissenters without a trial in the eighteenth century, but even Machiavelli never suggested poisoning the subjects of his Prince — probably not because of moral scruples, but because he felt it was unwise to kill subjects who might prove useful in case of war.

for being convicted of a crime — the conviction being the direct consequence of the unlawful act of the official. The difficulty, of course, is to procure a fair civil trial for a criminal. In New York and England evidence illegally obtained is admissible.

It is not fair, perhaps, to heap all the obloquy on the courts and the bureaus. The President and the Senate have provided that the law itself shall be broken by some in order to be enforced against others, by providing, in the so-called twelve-mile treaty with Great Britain, that British ships may bring liquor into port provided British ships suspected of trafficking in liquor may be seized within twelve miles of shore. Obviously, if it is against the law and contrary to the Constitution for American ships to have liquor in their ships' stores in American ports, then the Government cannot constitutionally license the act by British ships, and the treaty is unconstitutional, and so unlawful.

Whatever the formula by which the validity of laws may be tested beforehand, after their enactment they are tried in the crucible of men's wills. The South passed the Fugitive Slave Law and the North nullified it finally by going to war. Then the North passed the Fifteenth Amendment, and the South from the outset nullified it with a grim obstinacy which has deterred any man in his senses from proposing to try to enforce it. The Eighteenth Amendment is now in process of being nullified by the cities of the land at a staggering cost in corruption and debauchery. Eventually, if for no other reason than that the cities are rapidly gaining population in proportion to the rural communities, the nullification will be accomplished; but meanwhile what is the duty of an honest citizen? Should he read the writing on the wall or the writing in the statute book?

V

Man is not meaningless except as part of some social unit. Whatever the necessities of governmental theory, no man, in actual fact, surrenders his whole being to the State. A State is only a State when it is composed of men; there cannot be a State where the citizens are dogs or steam engines, which respond without question to the fiat of the Government.

Man has a sense of right and wrong. If the State — or its instruments — goes too consistently against that sense, he is stimulated, first to antagonism, and then to resistance. The State is for him sovereign only when his conscience is not stirred against its performance, and whatever brings the conscience of man into opposition to the State must, for the State, be sacred ground — not only by reason of man's duty to himself, but also because of his duty to the State. For in a democracy every citizen must share the responsibility for the development of the government and the compelling of it to do right and to discharge properly its function of so ordering society as to afford the citizens the best possible opportunity to live the good life. He cannot discharge this duty by blind obedience without examination of the aims and methods of the State; to do so is to fail not only in his duty to himself — for to postulate infallibility for the fiats of the State is to relieve ourselves from any requirement of thought whatever — but also in his duty to the State; because any Government which is sure that none of the citizens will ever resist tyranny by force is certain to drift into despotism, and so be in danger. As Mill said: 'The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it; and a State which postpones the interests of *their* mental expansion and elevation,

to a little more of administrative skill . . . a State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes — will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished; and that the perfection of machinery to which it has sacrificed everything will in the end avail it nothing, for want of the vital power which, in order that the machine might run more smoothly, it has preferred to banish.'

If, by definition, a law is a statute enacted by the Government, then to disobey that statute is obviously unlawful, and there is no *legal* justification for such disobedience. The courts are concerned with nothing beyond this. But the whole duty of the citizen cannot be compassed with such a formula, unless infallibility on all questions be conceded to the second-rate lawyers who sit in our legislatures; and such a doctrine, if carried to its ultimate logical conclusion, would preclude the repeal of enactments or the amendments of constitutions.

While the citizen has no right to act with indifference to the well-being of the social whole, nevertheless both his duty to himself and his duty to society may exact resistance to attempted decrees of the sovereign. His very oath to support the Constitution may require that he oppose an attempt to enforce part of it; for such an attempt, if ill-advised, may result in bringing the whole structure of the government crashing down in a welter of debauchery or violence which will jeopardize the continuance of the very fundamental principles on which the organic law is founded. Nor can the inert and docile citizen escape, by passive obedience, his share in the responsibility for such a disaster. There is no place for Pontius Pilate in the modern scheme of things, and men are held to as high a liability and accountability for their omissions as for their acts. The consequences of doing nothing are just as inevitable and far-reaching as the consequences of affirmative action. He who obeys a law which is wrong contributes by that to the final debacle, the intensity of which is increased, because delayed, by that obedience.

Says Harold J. Laski, in *A Grammar of Politics:* 'My duty, therefore, to the State, is, above all, my duty to the ideal the actual State must seek to serve. There are, then, circumstances in which resistance to the State becomes an obligation if claims to right are to be given validity. We can lay down no general rules, either of time or situation. Anyone who studies at all carefully the history of revolution will be convinced that the element of chance is too large to admit the entrance of prediction. We can only say that a general order becomes moral only in the degree to which it is built in the conscience of the citizens. Antagonism to the demands of authority will always be the exception in history; but those demands will win their way from inert acceptance rather than active consent unless, over a period of time, they offer service to the theoretic purpose of the State. For any social order which fails consistently to recognize the claims of personality is built upon a foundation of sand. Sooner or later it will provoke the dissent of those whose nature is frustrated by its policy. Its disasters will become their opportunity. For to deny the claims of right is to sacrifice the claim to allegiance. The State can exercise moral authority upon no other basis.'

The violence done to the Constitution by an unwise amendment may be pregnant with greater potential dangers to our form of government than any amount of resistance to its enforcement. We may be — and probably are —

moving, in theory, from individualism toward collectivism, but that does not imply an acceptance of the principle of government by revelation. Men must think, or sink to the condition of beasts. If they are to be allowed to think, it is no answer to their problems to say, as did the Attorney-General, 'We face a condition and not a theory. What are you going to do about it?' If a large number of citizens are convinced that the National Prohibition Act compels them to live lives of hypocrisy, cowardice, and servility, they will feel no moral obligation to observe the law. On the contrary, they will develop an esprit and morale in the breaking of it in the name of patriotism, as the people of northern Europe dealt with the Church in the name of religion. 'The time has come,' says Dicey, in his *Law of the Constitution*, 'when the fact ought to be generally admitted that the amount of government — that is, of coercion — of individuals or classes by the State, which is necessary to the welfare or even to the existence of a civilized community, cannot permanently coexist with the effective belief that deference to public opinion is in all cases the sole or the necessary basis of a democracy.'

In short, for every law there must be a moral sanction, or it is a moral nullity. Nor do the peculiar tenets of deportment to which members in good standing of the Methodist Church subscribe constitute any criterion of what is moral in this sense. To be moral is to know what you are doing. Plato said that the moral life is not the life one *ought* to lead, but the life that, after solemn reflection and self-examination, one really *wants* to lead. An automaton is not moral, though sinless. Our first duty is to our conscience, — the 'inner voice' of Socrates, the 'still small voice' of Elijah, — not to the howling of the pack. There is a silent referendum in the hearts and minds of men on every important enactment by a legislature and on every important decision by a court which involves a fundamental principle of civil liberty, and, without a favorable issue in that referendum, the statute and decision alike are writ in water.

In this country, where the people have for long been accustomed to consider whether a matter may be lawful rather than whether it may be right, courts have acquired an immense prestige largely at the expense of the legislative branch of government. The legislature has contributed to this not a little by its own acts, and distinctly recognized its own inferiority in the provisions of the Prohibition Act.

The only method of enforcement now possible to put into operation in the Southern District of New York is the so-called padlocking process. Although selling liquor is made a statutory crime, there is still in the Constitution the guaranty of a jury trial for one accused of criminal breach of the injunctions of Congress. No such guaranty exists, however, for one accused of breach of the injunction of a court. The statute, therefore, provides that a court can issue an injunction forbidding the sale of liquor in designated premises. If a sale subsequently occurs, this will constitute a breach of the judicial injunction, and the offender and his landlord are tried, without a jury, by the judge whose dignity has been affronted by the illegal sale — and, of course, convicted. This denial of a jury trial is a most important element of attempted enforcement of the law in communities like New York City, where grand juries have refused to indict, and petty juries to convict, no matter what evidence is offered, or how many stool pigeons testify.

Even John Hampden, when he refused to pay ship money, was given

a trial by jury — though Charles had packed it, and picked the judges. To say the least, the denial of a jury to the accused is a departure from the ancient rights supposed to be fundamental in our system of government, which cannot be contemplated without apprehension. The extension of the scheme for the purpose of coercing large and recalcitrant sections of the citizenry into the observance of customs supposed to be for their good, but distasteful to them, will inevitably follow, if this instance proves successful.

VI

If, then, trial by jury is at stake, and the experiment involves an attempt to substitute Mosaic government by revelation for government resting on the moral sense of the electorate, how is it that a million men, in the words of the late Mr. Bryan, do not spring to arms between sunrise and sunset? It is because the real issues have not yet emerged so as to be comprehensible to the ordinary citizen. The schoolteachers and the Protestant clergy, in an attempt to maintain the status quo in which men will listen to them, and they shall be important, have preached obedience from the outset. The great employers of labor, conceiving it is immoral for distillers to take the money of the workingman, have no such scruples when he spends his surplus on movies, motor cars, and silk shirts, the profits from which go into their own pockets. The rural communities, contented with the special exemptions which permit them the beverages to which they are accustomed, are glad to bring unhappiness and discontent to the cities, which they hate and envy.

A stew must simmer a time before it is cooked. The danger to liberty is rather that the storm will break too soon, before it has really gathered strength, and so result in some dishonest working compromise between the parties which is based simply on expediency instead of principle. It is more important to remove this cancer from the Constitution than to suppress the visible symptoms of revolt by legislating that light wines and beer are not intoxicating. It makes no serious difference whether men drink or not; but if the attempted abolition of the jury trial goes unrebuked and is successful, then the great safety valve which protects us from the legislative idiocies of the moment is gone, and we shall have to send a very different type of man to Congress from the type we have been sending.

Eventually the leaders will be found for the task. The nullification of the Fugitive Slave Law developed men like William Lloyd Garrison, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, John Brown, Amos Lawrence, Abraham Lincoln, and Charles Sumner, who were not afraid to do what they conceived to be right no matter how many Dred Scott decisions were handed down by the Supreme Court. The nullification of ship money produced Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden, John Pym, Harry Vane, and the Regicides. The nullification of England's tax laws produced George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Patrick Henry, Henry Lawrence, and a host of others who feared anarchy less than they hated injustice. In this connection Burke remarked: 'Pursuing the same plan of punishing by the denial of the exercise of government to still greater lengths, we wholly abrogated the ancient government of Massachusetts. We were confident that the first feeling, if not the very prospect of anarchy, would instantly enforce a complete submission. The experiment was tried. A new, strange, unexpected face of things appeared. Anarchy is found tolerable. A vast

province has now subsisted, and subsisted in a considerable degree of health and vigor, for near a twelvemonth, without governor, without public council, without judges, without executive magistrates. . . . To prove that Americans ought not to be free, we are obliged to depreciate the value of freedom itself; and we never seem to gain a paltry advantage over them in debate, without attacking some of those principles, or deriding some of those feelings, for which our ancestors have shed their blood.'

The applicability of these words today is remarkable. Rather than submit to what they regard as unjust invasions of their rights, whole communities have submitted to, even encouraged, a rising tide of crime, corruption, and disorder which seriously threatens the public peace and the functioning of the courts, so that the terrifying alternative of calling on the army of the United States or admitting defeat in large areas now confronts the enthusiasts who are responsible for the present pass. The next amendment — the one which would have repealed Amendment IV, which guarantees security against searches and seizure without warrants — obviously cannot now be passed in view of the no uncertain reception accorded to the attempt to obtain the child-labor amendment. The electorate is now in no mood for further tinkering with the Constitution, no matter what the exigency.

Of course, what the moral reformers do not understand is that deliberate perversion of power brings with it, in the long run, its own downfall. It makes no difference how great is the majority, if the consciences of the minority are antagonized. G. Lowes Dickinson, in *The Development of Parliament in the Nineteenth Century*, states this lucidly: 'Government by the majority is a convenient means of conducting national affairs, where and in so far as there is a basis for general agreement deeper and more persistent than the variations of surface opinion; but as soon as a really fundamental point is touched, as soon as a primary instinct, whether of self-preservation or of justice, begins to be seriously and continuously outraged, the democratic convention gives way.'

It solves nothing to make a solitude and call it peace. The persecution of the Christians did not avail to save the Roman Empire. Man must go by his own moral certainties; and if he believes that the captain of the ship is unawares steering for the rocks, he must not obey him. The real safeguard of morals is found, not in the statute book, but in the readiness of man to give battle to tyranny, ambition, and selfishness in whatever guise these come. When men have ceased to be prepared to fight if necessary, then the Government's greatest incentive to try to do right is removed. Obedience is all that a despotism asks. If it can always secure that, then there is no limit to its control and no masters to whom it must render an account.

'I do beseech you,' said Cromwell to the Scottish Kirk, as he started northward with his Ironsides, 'in the bowels of Christ, bethink you, that ye may be wrong.'

ARE COLLEGE MEN WANTED?

BY A. W. ARMSTRONG

I

If the man recently out of college or technical school is questioning, as seems to be the case, whether he wants Big Business as a lifemate, likewise is Big Business questioning whether it has done altogether well to take unto itself the college man. These questionings on both sides are more acutely to the fore during the first year or two of the union than ever afterward. If the union has not been dissolved at the end of this time, it settles down into a round of mutual adjustments that work for the fair average of content we find in the domestic ménage once the turmoil of its beginning has subsided.

As a representative of Big Business, I have often been responsible for this match. I have 'sold' the company to the young man graduating from college, university, or technical school; I have 'sold' the young man to the company. Very often I have looked back rather ruefully on my work, as a clergyman must who has performed the ceremony on an occasion whose felicitous promise is far from fulfilled. But at any rate, standing, as I did, for a number of years as a sort of buffer between the two, with Big Business pouring into one ear its objections to the college man, and the college man pouring his grievances into the other, I have learned something of the state of mind of each. It is doubtful whether here, as in marriage, to push the analogy a step further, there is more serious or widespread maladjustment than ever existed before, but parties to unhappy unions of all sorts now seek more generally to escape them. They are more vocal.

In discussing the matter not long since with a group of junior executives in a nationally known business organization, they told me that their chief executive was so set against college men in general that when, a short while before, it had seemed necessary to include a man of recent collegiate training among the advisers the president was taking with him to Europe to pass on some new project, they had deliberately selected from a number of applicants the one they thought least likely to be detected as a college man, and that only after he had won the president's confidence had they dared reveal the young man's background.

My own first serious thought on the objections Big Business raises to the college man came when the comptroller of the corporation with which I was connected at the time, in outlining his needs for 'able fellows,' capable of working up to large responsibilities, placed upon me the final injunction: 'But no more college men — please!'

As time went on, I heard more and more often 'No college men!' from executives looking for young men to develop in their respective fields. What they wanted, if you pinned them down, was high-school boys. And, except where men with highly

specialized training are required, boys with high-school education and nothing more can, without doubt, be more comfortably absorbed into the broad, slow-moving current of the great corporation than can men with college training — and college aspirations.

But where is Big Business to find these high-school graduates, energetic lads of first-rate intelligence, who have in them the making of future business leaders? When a lad of this sort finishes high school nowadays he goes on to college, no matter how poor his family, so much less have become the difficulties of financing a college course, what with scholarships, opportunities to work his way through in whole or in part, and the ease of negotiating a loan for the purpose. If he does go into business directly from high school, it is only for a year or two, that his earnings may help toward the coveted goal.

To cry for bright high-school boys to meet the needs of Big Business for future leaders is to cry for the moon. Whether it wants him or not, — there is no alternative, — Big Business must content itself with the college man; and, whether half-heartedly or no, the college man in ever-increasing numbers is destined, through the numerous and obvious opportunities it offers, to enter this form of union.

II

Why is it that they both find, as things now are, the early stages of an inevitable alliance so disappointing?

Rank has its privileges. Let Big Business speak first.

Its outstanding criticism, when the frailties of the college man have been aired in my hearing, is of his overweening desire to be advanced faster than his own development and the exigencies of business permit. Granting that in the long run the man with collegiate training will, other things being equal, have a decided advantage over the man without it, from the executive standpoint, no educational training whatever offers an acceptable substitute for a reasonable period of actual work in a business organization. A reasonable period. There's the rub! In the mind of the college man it is a matter too often of months — a year or so at most. In the executive's mind it is from two or three years to six or seven.

The college man, to be sure, has already spent four to six years of what he considers the heyday of his existence in some institution of the higher learning. Some thousands of dollars have been spent to secure this training for him. He is eager to realize on what amounts to a considerable investment. He wants to get married. How often I have put to a college man impatient with his progress the question, 'You are engaged?' to be answered by an affirmative. More often than not he is in debt for his college expenses. He is harassed by notes falling due to a far greater extent than the upper executive — long past a similar struggle, if he ever knew it — is usually aware. I remember one fine young chap who went through two severe winters without an overcoat in his effort to pay back as rapidly as possible, out of his nominal starting salary, the man who had financed him through college. As likely as not, the recent graduate is both in debt and engaged. Moreover, he has developed tastes, entirely legitimate tastes, that call for money — golf, his Ford, his college club. His cultural side perhaps has been awakened; he wants to hear the best music, to enjoy the theatre, books, art.

And there are executives, though so rare as hardly to count for purposes of argument, who consider such tastes aids to the young man's business progress. But the usual executive,

who has taken up golf at forty or fifty, even sixty, and whose enjoyment of club life has been the reward of rather than the prelude to his own business activities, does not consider that an undue hardship is imposed on the college man if he must postpone any large indulgence of his sporting or social instincts until he has, in the executive's opinion, earned a right to do so. When it comes to the college man's possible desire to enrich himself along cultural lines, if executives, generally speaking, give this matter a thought, — which I doubt, — it is, I imagine, that culture, from their observation of its exponents, is not expensive and can be afforded by anyone so minded.

Small wonder, however, that the college man, viewing all these things from a totally different angle, presses in season and out for advancement and more pay. And if only the college man of exceptional mind or personality pressed in this fashion there would be, in all probability, little protest. Big Business, with its knotty problems, at all times hungers and thirsts after exceptional ability; is by no means slow in discovering it, or niggardly in its rewards. But, so the executive complains, the college man with nothing out of the common to offer is even more impatient to advance than his more highly endowed brother. It is, indeed, the discovery that the college man of only average ability is far more of a problem and less of an asset to Big Business than the average man of less education that has led more than one executive to the proviso: 'If I must take college men, I want only the best — not necessarily men whose marks have been highest, but all-around, capable fellows.'

Again and again — I think I may say it is generally the case — even before an executive acquires a young man of this calibre he has in mind the berth for which he intends him eventually. If not beforehand, he soon determines on one when he sees him exhibiting promising traits. The young man may be slated for a position of real importance; he may be intended, quite unknown to himself, for Shanghai, Rio de Janeiro, or London. But the executive must keep him under observation long enough to see how he handles a variety of matters, to learn the impression he has made on others as well as himself. To confide his intentions to the young man at the start would be to run the risk of disappointing, perhaps destroying him. This seems a difficult thing for the college man to grasp — that he himself, no less than Big Business, is protected when he is not told of what is in prospect for him till the hour is ripe. Only faith will serve him at the start — faith that if he gives unusual services he will in time reap unusual reward.

It used to be my custom in visiting a college, after conferring with the dean and various professors and after examining records, to arrange to see a group of a dozen to twenty men. Following my setting forth of what the business I represented had to offer, there was always one man who would inquire, and he seemed to express a half-uttered desire to know on the part of others: 'Now, can you tell me — not exactly, of course, but approximately — what I should be getting three or four years from now if I came with your company?'

My answer, without too serious a face, would run something like this: 'If you can tell me the quality of service you would render in the next three or four years, in the event you should enter the company I represent; if you can tell me how you would meet the various exigencies that would arise in that length of time, and the

impression you would make on the persons in the organization with whom you came in contact, I can give you approximately the figure that would be opposite your name on the pay roll.'

Obvious as all this may seem, I have found the college man, even the very bright college man, slow to believe that the result of his union with Big Business so largely depends on himself.

Though the circumstances may be extenuating, none the less the college man, from my observation, does himself distinct harm during his initial period in business by keeping his gaze constantly riveted on what he is to get, rather than on what he is to give. One of the well-founded charges against college men who enter Big Business is that they flock together, form a clique; and, from what they themselves report, the all-absorbing and unending theme of their conversation — at meal time, in their rooms at night, and while they snatch smokes together during business hours — is how much this one and that is drawing, the sensational salary reported to be paid somebody else with some other concern, and their personal prospects in regard to increase.

The colleges assert that they make every effort to induce a different attitude in the student planning to go into business, but the only answer is that thus far college teaching along this line has been largely ineffective.

Business executives, as a rule, worked long and arduously for their own advances. In their own youth it was a grave impropriety for a young man to ask for a larger salary. They cling to the old view. And when they do increase a young man's pay they expect him to exhibit real appreciation. The college man, however, not only takes an advance as a matter of course, but not infrequently walks into their offices and argues that it should have been more!

The college man, almost without exception, expects to become — and shortly — an executive. I can truthfully state that not one young college man in a hundred with whom I have discussed a business future has failed to make it plain that the thing above everything else he was interested in was an executive position. His knowledge of the various functions of business might be shadowy, he might be far from clear as to the line in which he intended to direct others, but there was no uncertainty whatever in his expectation of acting as director.

However brutal the college man regards it, I believe the best bit of counsel that can be given him is to forget for his first five years in business that there is such a word in his vocabulary as 'executive.' His failure to use the term will not defeat any secret hopes; and certainly in no other one way does he so prejudice his case as when he talks, and often with the utmost sang-froid, of an executive position for himself, talks of it as a certainty, and to business superiors who may not yet have determined whether they wish to retain him even in a minor capacity.

Not a little, in fact, of the irritation Big Business feels with the college man has to do with his manners. Executives easily excuse crudeness in a man who has come up from the ranks, but they are still very generally filled with the notion that a college education connotes gentility. Overlooking the truth that men from every walk of life now go to college, they are astonished, at times infuriated, when a graduate of Harvard, Dartmouth, the Wharton School of Finance, or the University of Chicago, bursts open the office door, without having made a previous appointment, and interrupts what may be a serious consultation. The vast majority of executives of high rank of

the present day did not go to college; they tend in one and the same breath to depreciate a college education and to exaggerate the benefits it confers. They often appear unaware that if a young man has not imbibed the elements of good breeding in his own home he will not acquire them at college.

I recall a gifted young man, about a year out of college, to whom had been given the ever-pressing problem of the conservation of office space. It was intended, of course, that any changes he proposed should be brought about by diplomatic approach to the executives affected. But the young man was so captivated by the really admirable readjustments he had worked out that he went strutting around the sales department, announcing to the sales correspondents that the sales manager's office was entirely too large and that he proposed to take some of the space away and give it to others. The young man's lordly words reached the sales manager. After a few hearty laughs over the matter, the sales manager's wrath vanished, but it was incalculably more difficult to introduce a college man into his department than it had been before.

While colleges do not attempt to teach manners to the mannerless, more than one educator is all but convinced that the student's future progress will be to a great extent dependent upon them. The dean of one of our oldest and most important schools of business administration told me that after comparing the business career with the college record of a large number of men he was inclined to believe that the two qualities that had more to do with business success than any others were tact and initiative, and of these he would give first place to tact.

The college man himself is prone to resent a suggestion of the sort. He may tell you that the 'glad-hander' is not a model he aspires to follow, blind to the wide range that lies open to his choice between boorishness and Babbittry.

The case recurs to me of a young man whose professors were enthusiastic over the way he had prepared business reports assigned him, gathered business data, and so on. They called him one of their star men. For more than two years after he entered Big Business every effort was made to fit this young man into the right niche. His college expressed much surprise that he was not giving a good account of himself. Finally, when he had accumulated so many black marks that it was impossible to transfer him again, it was decided to 'let him out.' It devolved upon me to do so.

'I wish,' he said, with rather touching humility, 'that you would tell me what is the matter with me.'

'Do you think you can stand it?'

'Fire away!'

'Well, then, I may be mistaken, but the trouble is, as I see it, that you 're still revolving around yourself. You 're not even aware of the existence of other people. They may not always analyze what it is about you that antagonizes them, but it's the fact that when you deal with them you don't know they 're there.'

'What am I going to do about it?'

'Sail out on a voyage of discovery. Start from this port — your first dismissal. Discover that there are millions and millions of people in the world besides yourself. The very minute you 've made the discovery it 'll write itself in your eyes. They 'll know.'

III

If Big Business protests mainly against the college man's manners and his impatience to advance, the college

man's charges against Big Business are, it must be admitted, far more numerous, if not always so substantially founded.

The first jolt the college man receives is when he finds he is no longer in college. During his college career he has considered himself a rather free individual, standing on his own feet. The truth is, he has been tied to strong leading strings. Cut loose from them, he flounders around in this new element, the great chaotic world of business, assailing it for the lack of direction it gives him. Quite unconsciously he has carried over into the business world the habits and expectations of the campus. He thinks of himself as taking a sort of postgraduate course, misses a set curriculum and marks. If there are college men who discern only too plainly the line of their ascent, far more complain, 'What 's ahead of me? That 's what I can't see!' Not a glimmer has yet reached such a man that his power to see this will be the measure of his progress; that business leaders have largely developed their strength through hewing their own paths, and through just such a dark maze as he himself faces.

However that may be, more than a few farsighted executives believe there is unwarranted waste for Big Business as well as for the college man in this early period of floundering. More and more companies are instituting training courses for their college men. But whatever may be done in this line, conditions of campus and company must remain broadly different; and in the present day, at least, the college man can probably more readily adjust himself to these differences than can the older, more unwieldy party to the alliance.

It is, I imagine, the illusion that he is still at college that leads the college man to ask, during his business novitiate, for many special privileges. He is accustomed to a more flexible institution. Moreover, the one he has left was created especially to care for his needs. The one he has entered was built without regard to them. Being of the age when his friends are marrying and being given in marriage, he often, for example, asks for a few days off to run out to Detroit, or to some other city far or near, to act as groomsman. To the Big Business executive, weddings, unless in his own family, have ceased to have much importance. The young man's innocent request assumes to him, especially if made in the busy season, almost monstrous proportions. Only the college man, he declares, expects such privileges. And the college man, for his part, thinks it 'entirely too trivial a matter to kick up a row about.' Not yet thoroughly acclimatized, he has not learned that the trivial may loom as large in the daily inner life of a great world-flung organization as in the most insignificant domestic ménage.

I know it to be a fact that one unusually capable young college graduate seriously, if not indeed irreparably, damaged his future when, on being offered a post in a distant city, one that marked definite advancement and to which he was expected to proceed at once, he asked whether he might not delay two or three weeks in order to act as attendant at a local wedding.

On the college man's side, in this difference of outlook, I heard one charge indignantly against an executive with strict notions of business duty, 'Why, that man would n't expect me to take time to go to my mother's funeral!'

To-morrow Big Business will belong to the college man. It remains to be seen what he will make of it. To-day it is largely governed by the old type of executive, and perhaps the best

thing the college man can do with certain of its conditions is to keep them well in mind till the time comes when he may correct them, if he still considers these conditions unnecessary and obnoxious.

Not the least of the shocks from which the college man must recover is his discovery that business, even Big Business, is unbusinesslike. There was nothing in lecture or textbook to suggest this — no hint from professors. He has been led to believe that great business organizations proceed almost invariably by well-thought-out policies, by virtually error-proof methods, from triumph to triumph, instead of, as in fact, muddling along with one flash of insight and then another to carry them through their welter of waste and costly, if well-covered-up, mistakes. For four impressionable years the young collegian has heard Big Business exalted, almost apotheosized. He joins himself to it in a flame of enthusiasm. No matter what wonders it reveals to his more mature vision, the wounds of his first disenchantment are slow to heal.

In many directions he is all at once let down. In nine cases out of ten he finds his work too easy. It is the fashion of the day to advise the 'manufacturer with idiot son to send him to Harvard, where he will have no difficulty in making the grade.' But the fact remains that Harvard and all other universities of the first rank have courses sufficiently stiff to exercise the best brains they are likely to be asked to direct. A fair proportion of the 'best brains' are passing each year from college into Big Business, and with a starting business schedule so light in comparison with the work previously expected of him that the college man quickly becomes restive.

Of his illusions, the very first, however, to be shattered is in regard to the loyalty he has assumed existed and to which he has so often heard glowing reference. In a huge modern business enterprise, men are attached or disaffected according as they consider themselves to have been well or unfairly treated by the nebulous aggregation that goes by the name of 'the company.' And a large proportion of men, even in the most competently administered corporations, consider themselves to have met something less than their due.

The college man arrives, slightly nervous, but in high spirits, to start his first day. He is turned over to Mr. X, a minor executive, ten or fifteen years with the company and in a fairly responsible position. Mr. X turns him over to subordinates who are to familiarize him with the work of the department. Before closing time the college man has heard half a dozen times what is considered more important than anything else that the newcomer should find out: 'Believe me, there's no chance for a man in *this* company!' By the end of his second day he has learned that Mr. X himself has little faith in the company's opportunities.

If filled too full of 'disloyal' talk, he becomes discouraged, severs his connection after a few months, and enters another huge and famous organization where he finds, to his surprise, exactly the same thing. In the course of several years, if he continues to change from Big Business to Big Business, he has ceased to be affected by talk of the sort, and has begun to realize that men who fail to rise rapidly must blame something, and can most plausibly blame 'the company.' He has begun to realize too that the number of men of first-rate ability whom Big Business fails to recognize is negligible. He sees, on looking back, that the men who sneered at 'the company' on his first

day were men who had gone as far as their own limitations permitted. These discoveries, however, the college man makes after he has been somewhat seasoned, instead of during his first year, when they would have been of most value.

One way to lessen early shocks, with their concomitant disasters, is for the college man to enter Big Business forewarned. It is perhaps too much to ask of Big Business that it should tear away its own veils. But why not more accurate information from those who point the way to the business field? And it would help, of course, if Big Business itself could furnish more ranking executives willing to give the college man practical aid while he is passing through this stage. I used sometimes to ask a certain executive, at once rarely mellow and of most distinguished attainments, if he would not talk to this or that young college or technical man, utterly disheartened in regard to his future. And to observe the bearing of the college man after the interview was to know that many anxious questions had been satisfactorily answered. A Big Brothers Association as a part of Big Business would, I fancy, pay dividends.

For one thing, it might make the college man understand why a dull ear is so often turned to his cherished proposals; why they are tucked away, after being perfunctorily glanced at, to gather dust in cubbyholes already bulging with plans, graphs, sales analyses, and what not, prepared by other bright young college men. Every year young men enter Big Business genuinely competent to show it where it may save or make thousands upon thousands of dollars. To be able to show this is comparatively easy for the college man of unusual intelligence plus superior training. But to secure and hold the attention of an executive long enough to convince him of the value of a proposal, and convince him to the point where he is ready to act on it, is a vastly different matter. No subject in his curriculum, no laboratory, has given him the clue. No Emily Post has arisen to write for him a Business Bluebook. If the college man charges the failure of his suggestions to get over partly to his own maladroitness, he includes it also in a general vague feeling of resentment against the other party to the alliance.

Has the college in any degree been derelict? I am aware that college does not exist for the sole or even the primary purpose of fitting men to make money; but in view of the fact that an ever-increasing proportion of college men turn to business, could the college, along with its courses in cost accounting, the psychology of advertising, economic geography, statistics, and merchandising, have placed more emphasis on a human and personal art vitally important to the collegian's future?

Solely chargeable, at any rate, to the college man's youth is his tendency to regard any given Big Business as more or less a finished product. Deceived by its mass and momentum, in spite of the fact that, unlike Kipling's Mulvaney, the college man is not unaware of his strength, he can hardly conceive himself making a dent on its stratified surface. He studies the organization chart, if it be not too carefully guarded. He pictures his own progress as conditioned by the death or removal to the superannuated list of a long line of superiors on the same branch to which he adheres, as yet a mere twig. What he does not see are the changes that will be wrought in this chart, the branches to be grafted where branches never grew before. Even less does he vision those potentialities

within himself that may alter the chart's whole aspect. No superhuman task. After all, Big Business is not the growth of ages. It is barely emerging from its own first year.

IV

The most serious indictment the college man brings against Big Business in its present stage of development, that the men who have shaped Big Business have themselves been shaped into forms he wishes to escape, is one to which any facile reply is more certain to bring silence than conviction. During his first year or so in business, the college man is still keenly sensitive to human values, not easily taken in by mere outward importance. Furthermore, however platitudinous the suggestion that reverence for their elders merely on the score of their age is entirely lacking in the young people of to-day, it has definite bearing. Neither dad nor the president of a billion-dollar combine escapes the clear-eyed scrutiny of the young college man of this era. Whatever may be true twenty years later, during his first year in business he examines its leaders, their views and their ways, with detachment and frequently with distaste. 'If this — ' he says. 'Well, I wonder — '

But has the college man sufficiently considered that, unlike most of his elders, he himself has been taken up into the high places, whence he could look off and see something of the pattern? Has he discerned that the authors of 'Business is Business' missed his own early unclouded chance to perceive that Business is Life? It would be a pity if the college man, with his broad outlook, and Big Business, with its rich experience, should grow in distrust of each other.

'But there is no adventure in Big Business,' the college man still insists. 'There is too great certainty.'

On the contrary, there is no certainty at all, but a heroic hazard for the man who is determined that, if it shapes, it shall not misshape him. And if he decides to take a hand in reshaping Big Business itself, as it exists to-day, — the product of the older generation, who laid its foundations and reared its walls,— he will find, I make bold to predict, play for all the inventiveness, the courage, the endurance, that has gone at any time into human achievement.

'A PAPER OF THE HIGHEST IMPORTANCE'

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S PLAN TO WIN THE WAR IN 1915

When the battles of the Yser and of Ypres came to an end in November 1914, the barrier of trenches on the Western Front, from the coast of Belgium to Switzerland, was complete. The Germans, having failed in their attempt to break through to Calais, had withdrawn a large number of their troops from France and Belgium and had sent them off to Russia. What in these circumstances was to be the policy of the Allies in 1915? The British Commander-in-Chief, Sir John French, wished to make an attack on the Belgian coast in order to capture Zeebrugge and prevent the Germans from using that port as a base for submarines. General Joffre, the French Commander-in-Chief, disagreed with this plan. He thought that the lines of the Allies on the Western Front were not safe, and he therefore wanted reënforcements to be sent to France before the Allies made any attack. In a letter to Sir John French, dated January 19, 1915, he said: —

> The French General Staff considers a German offensive possible — even probable — in the near future. The Germans are certainly making new formations; the 38th Corps has been identified in Bavaria.
>
> Our front must therefore be made absolutely secure. If broken, for example, about Roige and Montdidier,[1] the consequences for the Allies would be of the most serious description. In addition we must place ourselves in the position of being able to assume the offensive. . . .
>
> Operations toward Ostend-Zeebrugge, though important, are, for the moment, secondary, and in my opinion should follow rather than precede the principal action — that is, the collection of reserves.

[1] Roige is southeast of Amiens. Montdidier is on the main line from Paris to Amiens. Both places were included in the zone of the great German attack of March 1918.

The largest potential reserves of the Allies at the beginning of 1915 consisted of the new armies that Lord Kitchener was creating in England. What was to be done with these new armies?

The British Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, summoned a War Council to consider this question. The Council met on January 7 and 8, and Lord Kitchener told Sir John French in a letter that the principal questions discussed were: (1) the proposed advance to Zeebrugge; (2) the organization of the new armies; (3) the possibility of employing British forces in a different theatre from that in which they were then used.

The result of these deliberations was embodied by the Council in a memorandum to the Commander-in-Chief: —

> The possibility of employing British forces in a different theatre from that in which they are now used.
>
> The Council considered carefully your remarks on this subject in reply to Lord Kitchener's letter; and came to the conclusion that, certainly for the present, the main theatre of operations for British forces should be alongside the French Army, and that this should continue as long as France was liable to successful invasion and required armed support. It was also realized that, should the offensive operations subsequently drive the Germans out of France

and back to Germany, British troops should assist in such operations. It was thought that, after another failure by Germany to force the lines of defense held by the French Army and yours, the military situation in France and Flanders might conceivably develop into one of stalemate, in which it would be impossible for German forces to break through into France, while at the same time the German defenses would be impassable for offensive movements of the Allies without great loss of life and the expenditure of more ammunition than could be provided. In these circumstances, it was considered desirable to find some other theatre, where such obstructions to advance would be less pronounced, and from where operations against the enemy might lead to more decisive results.

For these reasons the War Council decided that certain of the possible projects for pressing the war in other theatres should be carefully studied during the next few weeks, so that, as soon as the new forces are fit for action, places may be ready to meet any eventuality that may be then deemed expedient, either from a political point of view or to enable our forces to act with the best advantage in concert with the troops of other nations, throwing in their lot with the Allies.

From the memorandum it is evident that, while the British Cabinet as a whole was not prepared to override General Joffre's request for reënforcements for the Western Front, there was a general feeling that the position in France and Belgium was one of stalemate and that it would be best to find some easier way of attack than through German trenches.

The British system of government by Cabinet is based on the principle of collective responsibility — that is to say, each member is individually responsible for the decision of the Cabinet as a whole. It follows that each member of the Cabinet has the right to place before his fellow members his views upon any question which comes before them. Thus it happened that when the Cabinet was discussing the policy for 1915 a whole crop of plans was presented to it, some of them coming from members who had no connection with any of the military departments. In *The World Crisis, 1915*, Mr. Churchill says: —

> At the end of the year 1914, various attempts were made to survey the general situation and make plans for the spring. On January 1, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George, circulated a paper of the highest importance, drawing attention to the unfounded optimism which prevailed about the war situation, to the increasing feature of Russia as a prime factor, and to the need for action in the Balkan Peninsula to rally Greece and Bulgaria to the cause of the Allies.

Of this crop of plans Lord Fisher, the naval head of the British Admiralty, wrote to Mr. Winston Churchill, shortly before the meeting of the War Council of January 7: —

> Dear Winston, —
>
> I've been informed by Hankey that War Council assembles next Thursday, and I suppose it will be like a game of ninepins! Everyone will have a plan, and one ninepin in falling will knock over its neighbor! I consider the attack in Turkey holds the field — but only if it is immediate. However, it won't be. Our Aulic Council will adjourn till the following Thursday fortnight! (N. B. When did we meet last? And what came of it???)

In the game of ninepins, Mr. Winston Churchill's pin was that the main attack in the east should be on Turkey through the Dardanelles; Mr. Lloyd George's that the main attack should be on Austria through Serbia, while a subsidiary attack should be made on Turkey. As is well known, Mr. Churchill won the game, and the expedition went to Gallipoli. His plan he has described in great detail in his book, *The World Crisis, 1915*. Mr. Lloyd George's plan has never been published,

though it has been the subject of frequent reference by writers on the war. This 'paper of the highest importance' the *Atlantic Monthly* is now able to present to its readers. We have added to it a few explanatory notes. Otherwise it is as Mr. Lloyd George presented it to the British Cabinet in January 1915.

I

Now that the new armies are in course of training and will, with the Territorials, be ready by the end of March to the extent of at least half a million men, I suggest that it is time the Government should take counsel with the military experts as to the use which shall be made of this magnificent force. It is a force of a totally different character from any which has hitherto left these shores. It has been drawn almost exclusively from the better class of artisan, the upper and lower middle classes. In intelligence, education, and character it is vastly superior to any army ever raised in this country, and as it has been drawn not from the ranks of those who have generally cut themselves off from home ties, and about whose fate there is not the same anxiety at home, the people of this country will take an intimate personal interest in its fate of a kind which they have never displayed before in our military expeditions. So that if this superb army is thrown away upon futile enterprises such as we have witnessed during the last few weeks[2] the country will be uncontrollably indignant at the lack of intelligence and prevision shown in our plans. I may add that operations such as we have witnessed during the past few months will inevitably destroy the morale of the best troops. Good soldiers will face any dangers and endure any hardships which promise ultimate progress, but this intermittent flinging themselves against impregnable positions breaks the stoutest heart in the end.

There are therefore three or four considerations I wish to urge on the military situation.

1. *Stalemate on the Western Front*

I cannot pretend to have any military knowledge, but the little I saw and gathered in France as to the military position, coupled with such reading on the subject as I have been able to indulge in, convinces me that any attempt to force the carefully prepared German lines in the west would end in failure and in appalling loss of life, and I then expressed this view to my colleagues. General Foch told me that there would be no more retreats on the French side, and I could well appreciate his confidence after I had driven past trench behind trench from Paris all the way to the Aisne. The French Generals are confident that, even if the whole of the German army now occupied in Poland were thrown on the Western Front, the French and British troops would still be able to hold their own.[3] The same observation, of course, must apply to the German military position. We were told the other day that the Germans had during the last few months prepared a series of trenches of the same kind on their side right up to the Rhine. After three or four months of the most tenacious fighting, involving very heavy losses, the French have not at any one point on the line gained a couple of miles. Would the throwing of an additional half-million of men on this front make any real difference? To force the line you would require at least three to one; our reënforcements would not guarantee two to one, or anything approaching such a preponderance,

[2] The reference is to some unsuccessful attempts made by the French and British to pierce the German lines in December 1914.

[3] This hardly agrees with General Joffre's letter quoted in the introduction.

Is it not therefore better that we should recognize the impossibility of this particular task and try to think out some way by which the distinct numerical superiority which the Allies will have attained a few months hence can be rendered effective?

2. *Extension and consequent attenuation of enemy's front*

Another consideration which ought to weigh with us is the importance of attenuating the enemy's line by forcing him largely to extend it. The Germans now defend a front of six hundred miles. No wastage in sight will reduce their forces to such numbers as would make any part of their line untenable. The French returns of wounded prove that 79 per cent of the wounded return to the line: 54 per cent of the French wounded have already returned; 25 per cent are convalescent and will soon be back. It is a fundamental mistake always committed by the press to exaggerate the enemy's losses: the slight and curable character of most wounds is always overlooked. But if the length of the German line is doubled, even at the present rate of attrition it might become at an early date so thin as to be easily penetrable.

3. *Forcing the enemy to fight on unfavorable ground*

The enemy is now fighting in country which is admirably adapted to his present entrenching tactics. He would be at a disadvantage if he were forced to fight in the open.[4]

4. *Necessity of winning a definite victory somewhere*

There is another consideration, which is political as well as military, but which nevertheless cannot be overlooked in an exhausting war like this, where we have to secure continuous exertion and sacrifice on the part of our own people, where we have also to think of hesitating neutrals with large armies who are still in doubt as to their action. There is a real danger that the people of Great Britain and of France will sooner or later get tired of long casualty lists explained by monotonous and rather banal telegrams from Headquarters about heavy cannonades, 'making a little progress' at certain points, 'recovering trenches,' the loss of which has never been reported, and so forth, with the net result that we have not advanced a yard after weeks of heavy fighting. Britishers have ceased to be taken in by reports which exaggerate slight successes and suppress reverses; neutral states have never been deceived by these reports. The public will soon realize that the Germans are now in effective occupation of a larger proportion of Allied territory than they were in possession of at the date of the battle of the Aisne. This is true of Belgium, of France, and of Poland. These occupied territories contain some of the richest coal fields and industrial centres of Europe, and the most sanguinary attacks have not succeeded in moving the Germans (on an average) a single yard out of these territories. A clear, definite victory which has visibly materialized in guns and prisoners captured, in unmistakable retreats of the enemy's armies, and in large sections of enemy territory occupied, will alone satisfy the public that tangible results are being achieved by the great sacrifices they are making, and decide neutrals that it is at last safe for them to throw in their lot with us.

[4] The German Generals held the contrary view and maintained that a war of movement was to their advantage. The German chief of the general staff, von Falkenhayn, in January 1915 regarded trench warfare as 'the lesser of two evils.'

II

Inasmuch as these objects cannot be accomplished by attacks on the Western Front, some alternative ought to

be sought. I venture to make one or two suggestions. I have heard of a proposal that there should be an attack in the direction of Denmark upon the north coast of Germany. This proposal is associated with the name of Lord Fisher. For the moment I cannot venture to express any opinion upon it, as I should like to know more about the military and naval possibilities of such an enterprise. It strikes me as being very hazardous and by no means certain to fulfill the purpose which its originators had in view. Schleswig-Holstein, with its narrow neck, could be easily defended by a comparatively small German army strongly entrenched against a hostile force seeking to advance into Prussian territory, and there is no room for flanking operations. But at the present moment I would rather not criticize this plan. My purpose is rather to put forward another alternative and I think more promising scheme for consideration by the Prime Minister and his advisers. It would involve *two independent operations* which would have the common purpose of bringing Germany down by the process of knocking the props under her, and the further purpose of so compelling her to attenuate her line of defense as to make it more easily penetrable. I will explain these two operations in a little more detail.

The first operation. — I suggest that our new forces should be employed in an attack upon Austria in conjunction with the Serbians, the Rumanians, and the Greeks. The assistance of the two latter countries would be assured if they knew that a great English force would be there to support them. Rumania could put 300,000 men in the field, while retaining a sufficient force to keep the Bulgarians in check. As this move might decide the Bulgarians to remain honestly neutral, the Rumanians could spare another 200,000. The Serbians and Montenegrins could put another 300,000 in the field. The Greeks have an army of 200,000 available.

How many men could we spare? By the beginning of April we shall have in this country 700,000 men who will have undergone a six months' training. Of these 400,000 will be Territorials, 200,000 of whom will have been in camp continuously for eight months. We shall have in France a force of 300,000 men, provided we do not waste it on barbed wire. The French can easily defend their lines against the troops which Germany can spare from defending Silesia after the Austrian armies have been withdrawn to defend their southern frontier. We should require 200,000 experienced regular troops to stiffen the new armies. We should thus have a force of 1,000,000 men available. Four hundred thousand men might be left here as a reserve to throw into France in case of need if the French were hard pressed before the southern diversion against Austria developed. Some of them might be sent to Boulogne so as to be at hand in case of emergency. Subsequently the force could be sent to reënforce the new expeditionary force from time to time. This would leave 600,000 available for the Austrian expedition. Gradually this force could be increased as the new armies were equipped.

This would mean an army of between 1,400,000 and 1,600,000 men to attack Austria on her most valuable frontier. Here the population is almost entirely friendly, consisting as it does of Slavonic races who hate both the Germans and the Magyars. We could send our troops up either through Salonika or, I believe, by landing them on the Dalmatian coast. We could seize islands there which might make an admirable base for supplies, not far removed from the railway through Bosnia into Austria.

This operation would force the Austrians to detach a considerable army from the defense of Cracow, and thus leave Silesia undefended. The Austrians could not withdraw the whole of their army to face this new attack, because in that case the Russians could pour through the Carpathians and capture either Vienna or Budapest. The front which would be developed would be much too lengthy for the Austrians to entrench and hold. The Germans would be compelled either to send large forces to support their Austrian allies or to abandon them. In the first case the Germans would have to hold an enormous length of extended front — in the aggregate 1200 miles — and the Allies would for the first time enjoy the full advantage of the superior numbers which by that time they could put into the field. The Germans would also render themselves liable to a dangerous attack in the rear from the immense forces which by that date Russia will have placed in the field. On the other hand, if the Germans decline to quit their own frontier and leave the Austrians to their fate, that empire would be rapidly disposed of as a military entity, and about 2,500,000 men (including Russians) engaged in the task of attacking it would be free to assail the Germans.

Two incidental advantages of this course. — (1) Something which could be called a victory would be thus within our reach, and the public would be satisfied to support with all their resources the conduct of the war for a much longer period without grumbling or stint. (2) Italy would not only be encouraged by this formidable demonstration; she would be forced in her own interest to come in, because the operations would be conducted largely along the coast which she is looking forward to annexing to her kingdom, as the population is predominantly Italian. She must view with very great jealousy any occupation of this territory by Serbian troops, and Italian public opinion would certainly not countenance any proposal on the part of the Italian Ministry to come to the aid of Austria, if we made it clear that the whole of this littoral would become Italian territory if Italy helped to conquer it.

The second operation involves an attack on Turkey. There are four conditions which an attack on Turkey ought in my judgment to fulfill: —

1. That it should not involve the absorption of such a large force as to weaken our offensive in the main field of operations.

2. That we should operate at a distance which would not be far from the sea, so as not to waste too many of our troops in maintaining long lines of communication, and so as also to have the support of the fleet in any eventualities.

3. That it should have the effect of forcing Turkey to fight at a long distance from her base of supplies and in country which would be disadvantageous to her.

4. That it should give us the chance of winning a dramatic victory which would encourage our people at home while it would be a corresponding discouragement to our enemies.

Perhaps I ought to add a fifth: it would be a great advantage from this point of view if it were in territory which appeals to the imagination of the people as a whole.

III

What operation would meet these conditions? It is supposed that the Turks are gathering together a great army for the invasion of Egypt. The sections show that they have collected something like 80,000 troops in Syria and that they are slowly moving them along toward the Egyptian frontier. I would let them entangle themselves in

this venture, and while they were engaged in attacking our forces on the Suez Canal I would suggest that a force of 100,000 should be landed in Syria to cut them off. They could not maintain themselves in that country very long once their railway communications were cut. They would therefore be forced either to fight or to surrender. The distance from Constantinople to Syria would not permit them to bring up reënforcements in time to produce any impression upon the situation. A force of 80,000 Turks would be wiped out and the whole of Syria would fall into our hands. The pressure upon Russia in the Caucasus would be relieved; the Turkish army in Europe could not effectively attack our lines of communication, as they would be bound to take steps to redeem the situation in Syria and if possible recover the country.

Unless we are prepared for some project of this character I frankly despair of our achieving any success in this war. I can see nothing but an eternal stalemate on any other lines. The process of economic exhaustion alone will not bring us a triumphant peace as long as Germany is in possession of these rich Allied territories. No country has ever given in under such pressure, apart from defeat in the field. Burke was always indulging in prophecies of victory as a result of France's exhaustion. The war with France went on for twenty years after he indulged in his futile predictions. Germany and Austria between them have 3,000,000 young men quite as well trained as the men of Kitchener's armies, ready to take the place of the men now in the trenches when these fall. At that rate the process of exhaustion will take at least ten years. In soil, in minerals, in scientific equipment, Germany is a country of enormous resources. In the number of men who have a scientific training it is infinitely the richest country in the world. That must not be left out of account when we talk about the process of exhaustion. No doubt they will suffer a great deal from lack of copper. We must not depend too much on this. German industries dependent on copper will suffer, but one way or another copper will be found for ammunition. Copper in small quantities will get in through neutral countries. Neutrals cannot resist the prices offered by Germany for their copper supplies. Moreover, they have inexhaustible supplies of coal and iron, and as long as they have the Hungarian plains they can frugally feed themselves. There is an enthusiasm and a spirit, according to every testimony, which cannot be worn down by a two or three years' siege of German armies entrenched in enemy territory. The German spirit will not be broken by the bombardment of Dixmude or Roulers.[5]

Supply and ammunition difficulties, severe economic pressure, financial embarrassments, industrial depression, even privation and distress — nations will face them cheerfully as long as their armies in the field are in unbeaten possession of their enemies' land. But once defeat which is unmistakable comes their way, moderate economic troubles make a deep impression on their judgment. Such defeats are not to be compassed along our present lines of attack and we ought to seek others. We ought not to allow things to drift. We ought to look well ahead and discuss every possible project for bringing the war to a successful conclusion.

If a decision were come to in favor of some such plan of campaign as I have outlined, it will take weeks to make the necessary preparations for it. I cannot recollect that in our discussions at the C. I. D.[6] such an operation was ever

[5] A reference to Sir John French's plan for an advance to Ostend-Zeebrugge.

[6] Committee of Imperial Defense.

contemplated. The ground has therefore not been surveyed. It would take some time to collect the necessary intelligence as to the country so as to decide where to land the army and what shall be the line of attack. Transport would have to be carefully and secretly gathered. Large forces might have to be accumulated in the Mediterranean, ostensibly for Egypt. It might be desirable to send an advance force through Salonika to assist Serbia. Military arrangements would have to be made with Rumania, Serbia, Greece, and perhaps Italy. All this must take time. Expeditions decided upon and organized with insufficient care and preparation generally end disastrously. And as similar considerations will probably apply to any alternative campaign, I urge the importance of our taking counsel and pressing to a decision without delay.

HOUSE-HUNTING IN LONDON

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

It will be understood at the outset that I knew I was about to do a silly thing, but who can always be wise, or would be if he could? And it will be understood, too, that my wife and I had words about it — not bitter, briny, unforgettable words, but words deep and trenchant, nevertheless. She was for the country, while I was for the town: how we compromised and decided upon the — but I must not give away the plot of this little story.

It may be asked, why should one want to leave free and prosperous America and go over to settle in a country in which even the rich are not so rich as they seem, and the poor are so very poor that a man of feeling is appalled by the poverty he sees about him: the answer, however, is not far to seek. They know, in England, much better than we how to enjoy life, and our freedom is becoming a mere tradition — about the only tradition we have. We permit ourselves to be deprived of our rights, and those who complain about it are regarded as not being '100 per cent Americans' — a phrase which, the war over, is merely silly. The fact is, we have invented or developed a form of government in which a man can hardly take part and maintain his self-respect. It is difficult to get good people to vote, whereas the crook votes early and often. When Thomas Jefferson talked, or rather wrote, — for he was no talker, — about all men being created equal, he must have known that he was writing nonsense. Men are not all equal, any more than all animals or all vegetables are: it is not worth while to labor the point; any man not feeding or hoping to feed at the public trough will admit it. And when one is told, as one sometimes is, that Jefferson meant 'equal' before the law, then one laughs heartily — if he has not forgotten how. But the subject is too painful.

There is no doubt, however, that if

I were elected to work as hard for the next ten years as I have done for the last forty I should wish to stay where I am, — where labor is bounteously rewarded, — but as a certain amount of leisure seems to be coming my way, it was my idea to go where leisure is understood: in a word, I wanted to go to England, and my wife, who was for the country while I was for the town, was finally persuaded to look at some residences — not flats.

It is important to remember, in speaking of London, that the great city was once a group of little villages, each having characteristics of its own: its own church and shops, its own fashionable quarter, and its own slum. So it is that in modern London there is no one especially desirable quarter; there are hundreds of desirable quarters. Generally, one lives in the west and north, but I could be very happy in the south, or, for that matter, in the east, within easy reach of Wapping Old Stairs, on the top of which I like to sit and meditate, or look at the river with its varying pageant of shipping, without meditating. On one thing my wife and I were agreed: we did not want to cut any swath in the metropolis; that sort of life we would leave to 'Mr. Hoggenheimer of Hoggenheimer House, Park Lane.' We thought to live very simply and quietly with not more than three or four servants: as persons in reduced circumstances, as it were. This did not limit our choice of district, but it did mean that we must be satisfied with a small house — no great mansion for us. There are literally thousands of houses in London to be had for the proverbial song (not including taxes); indeed we found it not a little depressing to walk through certain districts in which almost every house bears a sign: 'This valuable freehold property to be sold,' or 'This property to be let for a term of years.' Where had their owners gone? Alas! Into tiny cottages in the country or into flats in town.

But we were in search of the picturesque rather than the magnificent, and our thoughts reverted to Jimmy Tregaskis's little Georgian house in Hampstead in the Vale of Health, not far from Well Walk, in which Keats composed 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' to which my old friend had often welcomed us. It was just far enough from the Heath to escape the noise of the crowd on bank holidays: on a clear day one had a distant view of the dome of St. Paul's, and if one wanted a mug of ale 'drawn from the wood' it could be had at Jack Straw's Castle, about half a pint away; while The Spaniards was only another half a pint farther on. It was Charles Lamb who used to measure his walks by their thirst-creating length; by liquid measure, as it were: about a pint to the mile, as I remember. But the moment Jimmy decided to move nearer to his business some wise buyer came along and snatched up 'this desirable freehold,' and it was not to be had.

Hampstead is certainly one of the loveliest parts of London; a century ago it was a not too remote village much frequented by authors and artists in search of quiet and fresh air. Every inch calls to mind some pleasing memory: there once stood a famous tavern, The Upper Flask, patronized by Pope and Steele and celebrated by Richardson in *Clarissa Harlowe.* To this corner Johnson came with Goldsmith; and to that, Lamb and Coleridge, Keats and Leigh Hunt. It was to Jack Straw's Castle that Dickens invited his future biographer, John Forster, to 'come for a red-hot chop and a good glass of wine,' and it was from the tea gardens of The Spaniards that Mrs. Bardell was unsuspectingly conducted to Fleet Prison, there to meet and be released by Mr. Pickwick.

Reader, did you ever hear Albert Chevalier sing of Hampstead?

'Oh, 'Ampstead, 'appy, 'appy 'Ampstead,
Talk about your paradise,
All the doners[1] look so nice,
Oh, 'Ampstead, werry 'ard to beat.'

You did? Then you have not forgotten the pagan joy he put into that song: great artist, Chevalier! Several pleasant days were spent house-hunting on the Heath, but nothing came of it: the big houses were too big, the small too small, and the really desirable houses occupied by people who would not be dislodged. Finally we decided to turn our attention to another quarter.

It would, we thought, be pleasant to live within the shadow of St. James's Palace. Only a stone's throw from the Tudor gateway which gives entrance to the Palace is a small square called Pickering Place; few people know of its existence. To Pickering Place we addressed our steps. One might pass the entrance to it a hundred times without knowing it. On one side of the dark oak-lined passage that leads to it are the Messrs. Berry, the wine merchants, with the great beam-scales inside (you may go in and buy a bottle of — anything — and get weighed and have your weight recorded in stones and pounds in a book; they will show you where the Prince Regent and Charles Lamb, and others, did exactly the same thing); and on the other Locks, the hatters, with some remarkable-looking hats of the vintage of 1820 displayed in the windows. And when one finally enters the square he finds himself in a bit of the eighteenth century, and right in the heart of London. I saw at once that it was going to be difficult or impossible to get foothold in Pickering Place: there are only half a dozen houses in all, and they are, seemingly, occupied by contented and beauty-loving householders, as the buildings, though unimposing, are vine-covered and flowers grow profusely in well-cared-for window boxes. Especially do I congratulate the occupant of Number 5 upon his choice: the brass door plate has been so constantly polished that with difficulty one reads the name 'Mr. Curtis Greene' upon it, and learns that he is a Royal Academician. He knows, of course, that in the days of Charles James Fox this was one of the most notorious gambling hells in the town, and that the Honorable Charles dropped a lot of money there: doubtless there are still many golden guineas in the crevices under the floor. How quiet and peaceful is this small paved square with its old-world sundial in the centre! How full of memories this part — every part — of London is! This is its great inexhaustible charm — one can forget the present in the past. As we emerge there is Brooks's, and White's, and Boodle's, all famous gambling places once, now fashionable clubs.

We were sorry not to get foothold in Pickering Place, for it would be so nice and handy for the Prince of Wales, who lives just across the way, to drop in on us for an informal cup of tea — or something stronger — any afternoon when he might be feeling lonely. And there was another reason why it would have just suited me. It is only two minutes' walk from Stable Yard (what queer names they have in London! — and they never change them), in which stands the magnificent Stafford House, now the London Museum: a place I love. I visited it first on the day it opened, years ago, and I have spent many hours in it since. Everything in it has been collected from the square twenty miles or so which is now London, which is and will ever be the homestead of the noble race that calls itself English. And there was yet another reason why we were sorry to

[1] Cockney for 'girls.'

leave the purlieus of St. James's. When my grandchildren (whom I have taught to call me cousin — I think it's much more refined for a man of my age to have cousins than grandchildren) come to visit me, I could have taken them down to guard-change at Buckingham Palace, only a short distance away, teaching them meanwhile some little poem from *When We Were Very Young*, the best book of verses for children ever written. But we're on our way to Buckingham Palace, —

> Christopher Robin went down with Alice.
> A face looked out, but it was n't the King's.
> 'He's much too busy a-signing things,'
> Says Alice.

I could begin at the beginning and recite the whole book, but that would lead me to the King's Breakfast, and

> I'm not at the bottom,
> I'm not at the top;
> So this is the stair
> Where
> I always
> Stop.

We were house-hunting, and we next went to the Adelphi, that interesting bit which lies between the Strand and the Thames, not far east of Charing Cross. Garrick lived on the terrace overlooking the river; his house is now the Savage Club. Years ago Joe Pennell had a charming flat at the top of a building not far away, which was so situated that one could look up the river to Westminster and down the river to London Bridge, but in a moment of irritation, and such moments were not unusual with Joe, he said he would give it up; whereupon Sir James Barrie took it. I think if we could have dispossessed Sir James we should have taken his flat, and we might perchance, maybe, one day, have met his neighbor, George Bernard Shaw, who lives just across the way, which might have been a pleasure but more likely would not have been. I fancy we might have found him a bit too outspoken, —

> But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
> Save, save, oh save me from the candid friend.

II

Being by now in a flat-hunting mood, the next day we turned our attention to the Albany: York House it was originally called, after that martial son of George III who distinguished himself by marching his army up a hill, then marching it down again. This historic event was regarded as sufficient to cause a statue of him to be erected (by public subscription) upon a tall column at the bottom of Regent Street — 'high up,' we are told, 'well out of reach of his creditors.' Many of my readers will remember the Albany, that fine old mansion facing upon a small square a few minutes' walk west on Piccadilly from the Circus: Sir Squire Bancroft, who lives a retired life since the death of his lady not long ago, resides on the ground floor to the left as one enters. Using the mansion as a thoroughfare and passing through, one enters a long covered walk from which, by short paths, one enters a substantial building in which are chambers, let to gentlemen, sometimes with their wives; but as gentlemen prefer blondes, so the Albany seems to prefer bachelors. In these chambers countless authors have lived and moved and had their being. The drawing-rooms are sumptuous, but the 'household offices' do not appeal to ladies, and the plumbing is archaic. 'Lord Macaulay found it entirely satisfactory, madam,' we were told upon my wife's making objection. Byron lived here, and Bulwer — but why call the roll? A hundred years ago almost every literary man of note lived a part, perhaps

the happiest part, of his life in the Albany, and I think with all my books and household gods about me I could spend my declining years very comfortably in such echoing surroundings; but I soon saw that it was not to be; took defeat gracefully, and said, 'Let's go to Chelsea.'

If it were not for the mists and fogs which come rolling in from the river, Chelsea would be an ideal place of residence. One never tires of the Thames, for the river has made London, and to watch the tide ebb and flow affords one the most delightful exercise. George Eliot lived in Chelsea, and Carlyle, and Rossetti, and Wilde, and Whistler. But we Americans, accustomed to our overheated houses, suffer extremely from the chill and penetrating dampness which pervades the English house during the fall and winter, and which a handful of smouldering coals in an open fireplace can hardly be expected to dissipate. So we did not consider a charming house in Cheyne Walk very seriously, but, the weather being warm, we did poke about very pleasantly for an entire day, and were almost induced by the charm of Chelsea Old Church to become parishioners; however, I reminded my wife that we were not very good churchgoers, were very critical in the matter of sermons, and that our friends would think us 'balmy' if we told them that we had been influenced in the choice of a house by its proximity to a church, even if it once was Sir Thomas More's.

Then we decided to look at Queen Anne's Gate, which we had first discovered, years ago, during a midnight ramble. One of the pleasantest walks one can take in London of a clear moonlight night — and they have such — is through St. James's Street and the Mall, and across the bridge which is suspended over the ornamental water in St. James's Park. As you stand about in the middle of the bridge, in front of you, rising out of the darkness and seemingly suspended in mid-air, are the towers and turrets and minarets of that group of public buildings which face upon Whitehall and Parliament Street, while behind you, in a blaze of artificial light, are the Victoria Memorial and Buckingham Palace. 'Earth has not anything to show more fair,' and it is quite accidental — not studied, as such a vista would be in Paris.

Continuing your walk over the bridge and through the well-kept park, you cross Birdcage Walk and enter a lovely district known as Queen Anne's Gate. For ten tourists reasonably at home in Chelsea, only one knows of the quaint charm of this forgotten quarter. Forgotten! By whom? Certainly not by a man who knows his London. A street with more charm than Old Queen Street hardly exists; it leads to a small square once called Queen Anne Square, which is very elegant indeed. When this district was laid out, in the days of Queen Anne (always called the 'Good' — why, I do not know), its residents, fearful that carriages on the way to Ranelagh would disturb their quiet, erected a stone wall and an iron railing across one end of the square, thus making it 'no thoroughfare.' Wall and railing have long since been removed, without imperiling, it would seem, the quiet and dignity of the neighborhood. One of the features of this exclusive quarter is that the houses on one side of Old Queen Street have, so to speak, two fronts; one front is upon the street, while the other — the back-front, as it is called — opens upon gardens in Birdcage Walk and overlooks St. James's Park. My friend Louis Hind, the distinguished author of many charming books, occupies one of these happily disposed houses, and once

when I dined with him tried to convince me of the wisdom of becoming a neighbor; but when he told me what distinguished company he was in I thought that I might be regarded as an intruder, with the Marquis of Bute on one side of me and Lord Ribblesdale on the other; but I need not have worried: neither of them would have known of my existence had I lived on his doorstep.

Of Lord Ribblesdale's death I read not long ago, and I thought of the superb portrait of him by Sargent which hangs in the National Gallery. There he stands, in riding costume, a gentleman and a sportsman, breeding and refinement radiating from his keen but kindly face. He was Master of the King's Buckhounds when he died, but I am told that his duties were not arduous and that he died from natural causes. Of the Marquis of Bute, *Who's Who* tells me that he is John Crichton-Stuart and his income is derived, in part, from one hundred and seventeen thousand acres of land in Scotland. It is men of his type who suffered most from the Great War and its effects. Aristocratic, wealthy, haughty, they hardly knew whence their wealth was derived. Their investments were made for them by their solicitors or their agents; all that they had to do was to live and spend money. They had a fine mansion in London which they occupied for a few weeks during the season, magnificent estates in the country, and a shooting box in Scotland. They traveled and shot big game; they rode to hounds, and they lived, not dangerously, nor yet like a lily of the field, but rather like a good, sound vegetable. They were — what they were; everyone knew all about them, not only to the third and fourth generation, but to the thirteenth. If there was anything that these men disliked more than an American, it was a newly created peer. 'Ah, my lord,' said one of them, not seeing the outstretched hand of a man who was approaching him, 'I know you are distinguished for making something, but I never can remember what.' Alas! The English country gentleman and his lady and their children are suffering; wealth pours in upon them no more: they have sold their books, their pictures, their plate, and now their houses and lands are being taxed out of existence.

Returning to Old Queen Street, after this digression, one sees a statue of Queen Anne dressed in her robes of state with her sceptre and orb in her hands. This statue was, two centuries ago, erected upon a pedestal at the corner of one of the houses, which projects somewhat into the street, and the story goes that at midnight the good lady descends from her pedestal and strolls about the square to see that all is as it should be; but while we were in London, although we visited her square again and again, she remained immovable. Poor lady! Although she littered children like rabbits (she had seventeen of 'em), they all died young, and with her the Stuart line came to an end. We turned our backs reluctantly on this charming and quiet spot, which the twentieth century seems hardly to have touched: occasionally, to be sure, a motor car turns swiftly into the square, but of the awful tooting of horns and sounding of klaxons which accompany locomotion in this country there was absolutely none.

It would, of course, have been possible, by turning all our securities into cash, for us to have taken a house in a much finer quarter; in, say, St. James's Square, which, it seems to me, is the most exclusive and aristocratic spot in London. But we could have remained there only for a year or two; by that time our funds would have been exhausted, and we should have had to begin life over again — at the

bottom; and we questioned the wisdom of this. It would be very nice if the Duchess of Norfolk, who lives in the corner house, would take us up, but if she did not — what then? One is never so lonely as in a crowd. Into a certain sort of English society, and, in a way, very good society too, one can get as easily as into the stalls of a theatre, if one has the price. One has only to play a pretty stiff game of bridge — badly, as I should be sure to do. Fifty years ago the game was poker, and salesmen used to call the sport then so much in vogue 'playing a customer's game.' But into what may be called the best English society an American cannot get at any price, unless one marries into it, and I am not of the right sex to take on the job. Who ever heard of an American man marrying an English girl? Though I, for one, think I shall some day; for, as a class, I believe them to be less spoiled and better comrades than our own highly protected product.

Interspersed with our house-hunting, we drank tea — oceans of tea. When is it not 'time for tea' in England? And the question always arose, where? Should we go to Buszard's, or to Rumpelmeyer's in St. James's, or Stewart's at the corner of Bond Street and Piccadilly? I prefer Stewart's as less foreign, — more English, — and there is a long leathern bench in the Bond Street window, where, if one is lucky, one can get a seat; and the tall young Englishwoman will remember that we want 'China tea,' without asking. What experiences she must have had during the war, poor thing! But, as she once said to us, 'We are a sturdy race and will survive.' No doubt about it.

III

There is another fine quarter just behind the Langham Hotel, once much frequented by Americans but now become 'residential' and 'British,' but we found it rather too stately and gloomy for our taste. This part of London was laid out by the Prince Regent, afterward George IV. It was his wish that the park which bears his name should be connected with his residence, Carlton House, and Regent Street was the result. The undertaking was entrusted to John Nash, an architect, whose work was monotonous but had a dignity which we have come to look upon as English. Nash's Regent Street has just about disappeared; I am rather sorry that it has, for the new Regent Street has no character of its own, although it is rather magnificent. One age destroys what a former created, and calls it 'progress'; it is not always so. It is to Nash that we owe the stucco that covers so many of London's houses; under his influence it became the rage, and this finish was applied alike to all buildings, old or new. Fine old brick surfaces, mellowed and discolored by time, were plastered over to be in the fashion, and London is only now beginning to escape from the character imposed upon it by the Regent's favorite. Nash's penchant for stucco gave rise to the epigram: —

Augustus at Rome was for building renown'd
And of marble he left what of brick he had found.
But is not our Nash, too, a very great master?
He finds us all brick and he leaves us all plaster.

But houses of his time are as out of date as a bustle: they are magnificent, in a way, but too large and inconvenient to suit the needs of the present generation. To man them an immense staff of servants, ready and willing to spend twelve or fourteen hours a day climbing interminable flights of stairs, is required. It is not difficult to understand why the houses in Portland Place go a-begging. Would not an elevator and a telephone help matters? They would; but have you ever used a 'lift' or a telephone in London? They are

still regarded as nuisances rather than conveniences.

About this time Tinker, — dear old Tink, — of Yale, turned up in London, and we informed him of our plan and insisted upon his help. But all that we found while working together was a wonderful 'pub.' It was while we were poking into little odd nooks and corners of the town, east of Temple Gardens, late one night that we stumbled upon the finest public house in London — so fine that I feel we have no right to keep our discovery to ourselves. Let the announcement then be made, that when a man has raised a thirst it is no longer necessary that he should ship himself somewhere east of Suez: he has only to go to The Black Friar at 174 Queen Victoria Street. There he will find something that will astonish and delight him. Some man — his name to me unknown — commissioned an architect, H. Fuller-Clark, to build for him such a thirst-satisfying emporium as I believe exists nowhere else out of the *Arabian Nights*. It is a small establishment, divided, like all Gaul, into three parts. One is a Tap Room, partaking, except in its form and decoration, of the nature of an ordinary public house; the next is a Ladies' Bar(!); and the third, and most gorgeous room, is the Saloon Bar. All are built of varicolored marbles and mosaic in which are set panels decorated, in high or low relief, with drinking scenes and mottoes full of humor, but in perfect taste. It is a rich man's whim. 'My master does not drink 'imself,' confided to us Mrs. Halliwell, the 'Manageress,' 'but when 'e takes me to the raices, as 'e sometimes does, h'it's always a pint of champagne for me while 'e 'as 'is lemonade; h'I've a good master and h'I serves 'im as well as h'I know 'ow.' No doubt she does, and, Reader, she will serve you well, too. When you are next in that part of London, call on my friend the Manageress; don't be afraid. Have a glass of white port; it will cost you only sixpence, and you will take away a pleasant memory — always a good thing to do. I have never yet met a Londoner who knew of the existence of The Black Friar.

I have always had a warm spot in my heart for Leigh Hunt, and his two books on London, *The Town* and *The Old Court Suburb*, are two of the pleasantest I know. It was while rereading this latter that we decided to do a day's house-hunting in the neighborhood of Kensington Palace. With a little more wealth at our disposal, or a little less judgment, we should, I think, have taken one of those fine mansions in the Palace Gardens. How delightfully situated they are, overlooking the quaint old palace with its memories of Anne and William and Mary. Leigh Hunt is quite right when he says that Windsor is a place to receive monarchs in, Buckingham to see fashion in, but Kensington is the place to drink tea in. Queen Anne died and Queen Victoria was born in this palace, which owes much of its charm to Sir Christopher Wren. And it was especially lucky in escaping the plastering attentions of John Nash.

Half a dozen large, fine houses overlooking Kensington Palace are, or were, obtainable; they are just a pleasant walk from one's club in Piccadilly, assuming that one could secure membership in a desirable club, which is by no means certain. The walks in London in every direction are fascinating; in our cities one wants to hurry from one part to another with one's eyes shut. In London, every street, every nook and corner, teems with interest. Now we are passing the Naval and Military Club, familiarly known as the 'In and Out Club,' from the words

on its gateposts; it was formerly the residence of Lord Palmerston. Old Q., the scamp, lived farther on. That great mansion is the town house of the Rothschilds. Now we approach Apsley House, the gift of the nation to the Duke of Wellington, and if one walks far enough one comes upon Holland Park with its famous house, where, a hundred years ago, politics and literature flourished as never before or since.

IV

But we were getting just a little tired of house-hunting in London; my wife was insistent upon the country, but before going we took one last look at some houses in Park Row — not Park Lane, mind you; that's a very different matter. The similarity of names in London is very confusing: there are streets, and rows, and terraces, and gardens, all of the same name, and 'Duke' streets are scattered all over the place. Park Lane is the acme of swelldom, while Park Row is a tiny street behind my friend Sir Algernon Tudor-Craig's marvelous heraldic china shop, situated at 100 Knightsbridge. Up a narrow court, which widens as it goes, is a cluster of charming little houses, any one of which would have suited us, but Number 6 was our first choice. Here again, as in Old Queen Street, some of the houses had two fronts, one looking down the narrow street upon the turmoil and traffic of Knightsbridge just before it becomes Kensington Road; the other overlooks Hyde Park. 'It might be a little noisy,' said my wife. 'But we can see swelldom riding in Rotten Row from the back-front windows,' said I; 'it might improve my style to ride in the park of a morning.' 'No doubt it would,' replied my wife, 'but if I rode as you do I should prefer to do it where no one would see me.' This I thought a little unkind; for, although my theory is perfect, due to a course in horsemanship which I took by correspondence, — and for which my word, supported by a diploma, is sufficient evidence, — for personal reasons I never stay on a horse's back for more than a few moments. In which respect I am not unlike the Prince of Wales. 'Well, if you can get Number 6, with its tiny garden, I shall be satisfied,' said my lady. I fancy she knew that it would be impossible. And so it proved to be. 'Not to be had for love or money,' said the estate agent to whom we applied; 'the people who occupy it are very rich, are in London only occasionally, and don't want to go to a hotel when they are.' That settled the matter.

Throughout our house-hunting, something told me that we should ultimately settle in the country, but I was sorry to give up the idea of living in London. It is a man's city: in every way and always one's comfort is considered there as it is nowhere else in the world. Englishmen have given much thought to the matter of living, and we could hardly do better than imitate them. But if I were a woman I should wish to go to America and be spoiled. Men are scarce in England; so many of them gave their lives for their country in the war that husbands are at a premium. Judge how pleased a girl is — she gets two new frocks a year — when she hears that a fine young fellow on whom she has had her eye 'is going to marry an American!' And 'all Americans are rich.' Employment is hard to find: typists receive starvation wages, and maids revolt from spending hours on their knees polishing other people's brasses; they would much prefer to be powdering their noses, poor dears. Is it any wonder that Mrs. Warren's profession — the oldest profession in the world — is so generously recruited in London?

MARLOWE AMONG THE CHURCHWARDENS

BY LESLIE HOTSON

I

If one looks for murderers, one may find churchwardens; and if for churchwardens, one may discover extortioners. At least I'm sure it may be so in England. But before I begin my narrative I must give you fair warning. If you are expecting further thrills and penny shockers, — more deadly brawls, daggers, and dying Marlowes, — you may as well try something else. Such exorbitant experiences come but once in a lifetime, and I am neither a Lazarus nor a cat.

If it strikes you as peculiarly fitting when I tell you that Marlowe, who was known to the Puritans as an impious atheist and a profane wretch, received his quietus at the hand of a churchwarden, I can restore life's illogical balance by producing another churchwarden who was this same poet's friend in need. But first I must tell you all I have learned of the man who 'cut the branch that might have grown full straight.'

From the moment that I found Ingram Frizer striking the twelvepenny dagger into the abode of the poet's vaulting imagination, he was of course a marked man. To run over the facts: an innocent entry in the Close Rolls of the Chancery had furnished the clue which led me to the coroner's grim tale, and to the pardon. The homicide was forgiven by the Queen, and Frizer was not depended. But that was not the end for me. I felt that I must know more of this dark figure, — his life, his character, his relation to Marlowe, — and I set myself to hunt him through the records.

As a beginning, I took up the Elizabethan *index nominum* to one of the more manageable series, the Exchequer of Pleas. This is the interesting court whose jurisdiction was originally confined to cases arising directly out of the payment of the royal revenue. Now the Exchequer judges felt this to be a narrow province, and to augment their power and fees they did not hesitate to invent the amusing writ of *quominus*, based on the assumption that because of what A did to B, B was the less able to pay his taxes to the Crown — whereupon almost anything that A did to the physical or financial damage of B became a potential revenue case, and could be tried in the Exchequer. Thus the learned and acquisitive Barons of the Exchequer came to hear many a profitable litigation between happy, undeserving A and wretched, meritorious B.

During my search in this court, Frizer bobbed up twice, appearing in both cases as plaintiff. In the first he sued a business associate for debt, and in the second he brought an action for recovery against a certain Edmund Ballard, who, he alleged, had forcibly dispossessed him of a house in Southwark. Although Frizer was evidently an active business man, and the records show that he won both suits, receiving five pounds damages in the

second, these passages at law told me little of his character. What manner of man was he, after all? I looked back at the story of the killing. Something may reasonably be surmised from the company a man keeps. Beside Marlowe, there were two other men with Ingram Frizer at that fatal all-day party at the Deptford tavern. The coroner gave their names as Robert Poley and Nicholas Skeres. What sort of men were these? I learned by persistent inquiry among the state papers and historical manuscripts that Poley was a government spy in the pay of Mr. Secretary Walsingham; that Nicholas Skeres was a jailbird, and was found included in a list of notorious 'cutpurses and masterless men' hanging about the streets of London. Spies and jailbirds as commensals! This was bringing us somewhat nearer to a notion of Frizer's character. Then I cast my line into that deep sea known as the Chancery Proceedings in Equity, where hooks are names and fish are documents. Warned, after a decent interval, by a nibble, I drew in, and found to my delight that beginner's luck had held. Here was a suit in which our Frizer is painted in blackish enough colors. I was not a little pleased to have a new picture which supported my first impression.

In this Chancery case our man is accused — and the jailbird Skeres is named as his accomplice — of swindling. He and Skeres, we are told, gained the confidence of an inexperienced young country gentleman, Drew Woodleff, and by a series of clever tricks bilked him of his money. The way of it was as follows: Woodleff, needing ready money, applied to Skeres, who took him to Frizer as a man of more means. On hearing his wants, Frizer promised to make him a loan of sixty pounds. But first he exacted an I O U for that amount. When it came to the day for the actual lending of the money, Frizer pretended that he had none, but offered Woodleff instead 'a commoditie . . . for which he mighte have threescore pounds (which was a certayne nomber of gunnes or greate Iron peeces).' Poor Woodleff, desperate for his money, was forced to accept the bargain, and entreated Frizer to sell the said guns for him. Now mark the slippery dealing. Frizer departed as though to sell the guns, and returned with but thirty pounds, 'protestinge that that was all that he could at that tyme gett for them; whereas,' adds Woodleff's complaint, with pathetic indignation, 'in truthe the said peeces or gunnes were his owne and the XXX^{li} he brought his owne and never offered them to be soulde at all but lett them remayne uppon Tower Hill.' Frizer, having actually lent but thirty pounds, now proceeded to demand payment on the I O U of sixty pounds. Woodleff was placed in the position of Peter in Lewis Carroll's *Sylvie and Bruno*, and might well exclaim: —

> However legal it may be
> To pay what never has been lent,
> This style of business seems to me
> Extremely inconvenient!

His circumstantial complaints bear the marks of sincerity; but unfortunately for him his suit was disallowed because of a technical outlawry, and Frizer, the coney-catcher, got off.

As we said, Frizer tried more than one trick on the gullible Woodleff, and another of the foolish young gentleman's allegations was that Frizer had induced him to sign a bond of two hundred pounds 'unto a gentleman of good worship, who was the said Frizer his then Master.' Frizer's master! This was a direct clue. I must find out who this master was; and I went back carefully over the case. The date of the

suit was 1598; the swindling in connection with this last bond had been done, according to Woodleff, 'about five years now last past,' which would make it about 1593. To discover some record of the bond aforesaid, then, was my next problem. My luck held, for among the Lord Chamberlain's records there proved to be a large collection of entry books of bonds or recognizances; and after a half-day's search I turned up the following: —

June 29, 1593. Drew Woodleff of Peterley, Bucks, gentleman, bound in the sum of two hundred pounds to Thomas Walsingham of Chislehurst, Kent, esquire.

Thomas Walsingham! I had not dared to hope for this name. Thomas Walsingham was Frizer's master — the Kentish gentleman who has long been known as the protector and friend of Marlowe! And here it was proved that Frizer, at the time of killing Christopher Marlowe, was a fellow dependent of the wealthy squire. I could see them spending days together in the Walsingham mansion at Chislehurst. They were no chance acquaintances, those two bodies locked in a death grapple in that tavern room.

An extraordinary figure of a man this Frizer must have been. Dealer in houses; Marlowe's associate as gentleman servant; swindler, hand in glove with Skeres, the jailbird — the unlovely outlines of the picture were rapidly filling in. But I wanted more; and, searching again in the Close Rolls, I ran upon a deed which told me that Frizer, about 1600, had removed from London to Eltham, some miles below Deptford, in Kent. Then, by rummaging among the Kentish subsidy or tax rolls, I found him as a small landholder there, and in office as one of the deputy tax assessors of the place. From homicide and swindling it seems he had settled down — or is it up? — to tax assessing! Following this last new hint, Miss DeKalb, another eager Marlowe student, journeyed last summer down to Eltham and, on searching the parish books there, found, *mirabile dictu*, — or, as Aunt Sarah used to say, 'My rabbly dictoos!' — that our versatile Frizer had turned churchwarden. Marlowe's murderer a churchwarden!

But after all, why should n't a swindler be a churchwarden, or vice versa? I have heard stranger truth than that. Yet what an Elizabethan description: dealer in houses, gentleman servant, swindler, homicide, tax assessor, and churchwarden. He may even have been a churchwarden of a London parish when he stabbed Marlowe! Is n't it a pity that the Elizabethans had not learned the modern art of the pregnant scare head? It would have made a deliciously yellow morsel. Fancy the Autolycuses, on that June day after the Deptford crime, hawking a broadside to the haggard citizens in plague-ridden London, and down at Kew, whither the Court has fled, to the silken Osricks, who, with a precautionary sniff, pick it up and read: CHURCHWARDEN KILLS ATHEIST!

So much for Frizer. For all his warding of the Eltham church, in all probability he is n't freezing in the next world.

Even in Elizabeth's time, however, all churchwardens did n't devote their leisure to swindling innocents and stabbing geniuses. There was another of these same dignitaries in Marlowe's immediate circle who treated the poet in a more friendly fashion. And my search for him began in a manner so stupidly baffling that — but I shall take you with me from the beginning.

II

Mystery is not hard to find. Indeed, one cannot peruse the few known facts of the young poet's life without coming

upon more than one subject for conjecture. In a rapid review of the biographical data on Marlowe, the most egregiously tantalizing bit to me was what was written on a small piece of wrinkled parchment, originally found among the records of the Court of Middlesex Sessions and now preserved at Westminster Guildhall. Sir Sidney Lee was the first, some years since, to show its connection with Christopher Marlowe. The legal Latin of the original may be Englished as follows: —

Middlesex. Be it remembered that, the first day of October in the year of the reign of our lady Elizabeth, Queen, etc., the thirty-first, Richard Kytchine of Clifford's Inne, gentleman, and Humfrey Rowland of East Smithfeilde in the county aforesaid, horner, came before me, William Fletewoode, Sergeant at Law and Recorder of the City of London, one of the Justices of our lady the Queen appointed in the county aforesaid, etc., and became sureties for Christopher Marley of London, gentleman: to wit, each of the sureties aforesaid under penalty of twenty pounds, and he, the said Christopher Marley, undertook for himself, under penalty of forty pounds of his and their and either of their goods, chattels, lands and tenements, to be levied to the use and behoof of our said lady the Queen on condition that if he the said Christopher shall personally appear at the next Sessions of Newgate to answer everything that may be alleged against him on the part of the Queen, and shall not depart without the permission of the Court, That then, etc.

We gather from this that Marlowe, in 1589, two years after receiving his Master's degree from Cambridge, was being held in bail equivalent to about $3500 to appear and answer charges at Newgate Sessions. What crime was he charged with? Felony, evidently, since the document is endorsed *G. D.* (gaol delivery). But also felony which did not amount to a capital offense, since we see that he was admitted to bail. It was tantalizing to find that there seemed to be no possibility of further light on the case. A search among the remaining records of the Middlesex Sessions afforded nothing.

One avenue of approach, however, I could attempt — the names of the two friends of Marlowe who stood surety for him. If I could learn nothing more about the crime, I could at least investigate these two men. The first, 'Richard Kytchine, gentleman,' was obviously either an attorney or a student of the law, as his address is here given as Clifford's Inn, one of the ancient London law societies or Inns of Chancery. But was this fact of much help? There are no early records of Clifford's Inn extant. Yet of course, if Richard Kytchine was an attorney, the most probable place to find him would be in the records of court proceedings. Accordingly, I took up the *Coram Rege* rolls of the King's Bench, and began a search from the year 1580. My work was not in vain, for among the entries for Hilary Term (January 24 to February 12), 1586, I found Richard Kitching acting as attorney for a Thomas Meeres of Kent. This is undoubtedly Richard Kytchine of Clifford's Inn, who three years afterward stood surety, as we know, for Christopher Marlowe the dramatist. Not yet satisfied, I took up the Lay Subsidy or tax rolls for the close of Elizabeth's reign, and searched the various wards of London. No trace of this name turned up in the vicinity of Clifford's Inn; but I reflected that Clifford's Inn was not likely to be the man's permanent address, and there was a Richard Kytchyn, a man of property in the parish of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield. In 1588 he was assessed five shillings on his land. If this Richard Kytchyn is identical with Marlowe's legal friend, — and I think he is, — then Professor Tucker Brooke has made a further and most interesting

discovery about him in the criminal records of the Court of the King's Bench, which he has kindly allowed me to publish here. It is the presentment of a London grand jury, April 11, 1594, of Richard Kychen of London, gentleman, for felonious assault. On April 2 preceding, in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, Kychen 'leapt upon [*insultavit*] a certain John Fynch of London, gentleman (then and there walking and being in the peace of God and of the Queen) . . . and with a dagger of iron and steel which he had and held in his right hand, he struck, wounded, and maltreated [*verberavit, vulneravit, et maletractavit*] the said John Fynch so that his life was despaired of, and inflicted further enormities on him, to his great harm and damage, and to the worst and most utterly depraved example of all other malefactors [*et in omnium aliorum malefactorum pessimum et perviciosissimum exemplum*].'

This certainly sounds very much like the disastrous dagger attack which Marlowe had made a year previously on Ingram Frizer, except that Kitchen seems to have had the upper hand of his enemy. And although in Kitchen's case we have no inkling of the cause of the quarrel, it is not impossible that Marlowe's legal friend resembled the fiery poet in temper. Here again we are driven by the lack of circumstantial facts to some form of conjecture, which, however, I shall leave to you.

Much as we have learned about Kitchen, there must be more in the records. Meanwhile let us turn to the other bondsman, Humphrey Rowland. In the course of a search through the King's Bench Controlment Rolls, I ran upon the following, under date 1586:—

Middlesexia Venire facias octabis Hillarii Humfridum Rowland de parochia de Estsmythfelde in comitatu Middlesexie yoman responsurum Regine de quibusdam transgressionibus et extorcionibus unde indictatus est Per Bagam supradictam

This is as much as to say that Humphrey Rowland, of East Smithfield, yeoman, is summoned to answer certain 'transgressions and extortions' for which he is indicted 'by the *Baga* aforesaid.' In passing we should explain that this *Baga* is the famous and romantically named *Baga de Secretis* or 'Bag of Secrets,' the secrets being the criminal proceedings in the King's Bench. In ancient times it was kept in a closet to which three men only had a key: the Lord Chief Justice, the Attorney-General, and the Master of the Crown Office. Later, the term was specialized to cover only the proceedings in state and treason trials; and if, therefore, you wish to witness for yourself the trial and conviction of Anne Boleyn or of Guido Fawkes, this is what will happen. You will write certain letters and numbers on a slip; in due course an attendant will bring forth from the bowels of the building and put into your hand a small, long-shaped pouch of soft white leather, drawn together by thongs at the throat; and on opening it you will take out a roll of fair parchment — as white as treason or judicial murder is black — and read the terrible story as the ancient clerk wrote it down. But neither the Baga de Secretis nor yet its supplement, the Ancient Indictments, could tell me what manner of 'transgressions and extortions' Humphrey was charged with. They, like Marlowe's offense, remain a secret still.

III

Having found both of Marlowe's bondsmen, Rowland and Kitchen, in the court records, I contemplated the possibility of hunting down, through them, Marlowe's London address; for

it was more than possible that one of them was his neighbor. Of the two I inclined to favor Rowland, as Kitchen was a lawyer and interested in Marlowe perhaps only in a professional way, whereas 'Humphrey Rowland, horner, of East Smithfield' sounded to me like a prosperous neighbor and friend. Be that as it might, I determined to concentrate my attentions on Humphrey.

The first avenue I approached was the subsidies, or tax rolls, where I had found Richard Kitchen. Picture my excitement when, on opening a Middlesex roll dated April 1, 1586, I found under East Smithfield the entry:—

Jacobus Morlowe . . . XXX^li pro bonis suis . . . l^s

which means that James Morlowe, a man of large property in East Smithfield, had paid a tax of fifty shillings on goods assessed at thirty pounds. Could this Morlowe be a relative of Christopher Marlowe? It was not impossible. I hastened to look further; and in a roll dated October 31, 1598, found 'James Morley' — obviously identical with James Morlowe; witness the spelling of Christopher Marlowe's name as 'Morley' in the pardon — and Thomas Morley, each assessed four pounds on a holding of land in East Smithfield valued at twenty pounds. There also, in the same list, was 'Humphre Rowlande,' taxed eight shillings on goods valued at three pounds. This shows that Humphrey Rowland was by no means poor; but James Morley or Morlowe was unquestionably wealthy.

East Smithfield was beginning to have a tremendous interest for me; and when I found further, among the Sheriff's Accounts of Seizures for Elizabeth's reign, a memorandum that a piece of land in the possession of James Morley, '*in pochia sci Barthi*, Smithfield,' was forfeit to the Crown, I remembered the scene of Kitchen's dagger attack on Finch, and rashly concluded that therefore the parish of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, was Marlowe's, Rowland's, and Kitchen's parish.

However tempting, this was a snap judgment; and in making it I went astray and wandered wide of the truth for several days. The reason for the error was simple. I had never heard of more than one Smithfield, and that, as I knew, was near the Charterhouse, and contained part of the parish of St. Bartholomew. As we all know, Smithfield was the scene of the famous Bartholomew Fair. Moreover, to-day, if you ask ten Londoners on Ludgate Hill where East Smithfield is, nine will direct you up Old Bailey toward St. Bartholomew's. But there is a snare. Smithfield and East Smithfield are not one and the same.

Just before departing, however, in high spirits from the Record Office to search the parish books of St. Bartholomew's, I fortunately took another precautionary look at the entry in the sheriff's accounts. Turning back, I noticed this time that the Morley entry which had caught my eye had been copied from the accounts of the previous year. Surprised at this, I turned back a few pages farther, and found that the entry of James Morley's piece of land had stood in the accounts for a number of years; but that, instead of '*in pochia sci Barthi*, Smithfield,' the description of it in the earlier years read '*in pochia sci Bothi*, East Smithfield.' 'Bothi,' of course, is the abbreviation, not of Bartholomew, but of Botolph! Someone had blundered. I turned forward again cautiously until I found the exact year in which the Exchequer clerk, unfamiliar with East Smithfield, but understanding very well the Smithfield of the Fair, had made the unwarranted substitution.

Thus sadly brought back to reason,

I easily learned that the Smithfield that most of us know was originally called West Smithfield; and that since the Middle Ages there has been an East Smithfield just east of the Tower of London, on the Thames, where now lies St. Katherine's Dock. To clinch the matter, I found that East Smithfield, or a part of it, was included in the parish of St. Botolph's outside Aldgate. Consequently, though Kitchen of St. Bartholomew's was now ruled out as a neighbor of the Morleys and the Rowlands, I had found at length where to look for the latter.

I hastened to find out whether the parish books of St. Botolph's were preserved in the church there as far back as 1580. On being informed that they were, I boarded a bus for Aldgate, already romantic as Geoffrey Chaucer's old home, hoping at the journey's end to find Marlowe's friend, Rowland the horner, waiting for me in the pages of the parish books.

And there he was! Yes, he was there in force. No more disappointments. As I sat in the vestry, after obtaining the vicar's kind permission, turning over the leaves of the old registers, the rumble of Houndsditch and the roar of Aldgate High Street grew dim to my ears, and every sense was absorbed in following the vicissitudes of the ancient Rowland. From among the thousands of entries of christenings, marriages, and burials emerged these: —

Death of a servant of his, 1577. On November 3, 'James Paadge Seruaunt vnto Humphrey Rollaund hornnebreaker was Buryed.'

And of a daughter: 'Anne Rollaund Dawghter vnto Humphrey Rollaund was Buryed the 7 Daye off December.'

1582. September 30. Rowland buried two children on this day: 'Ellen Rollaund, a child, plagg [plague]'; 'Symon Rollaund, a child, plagg.'

1583. June 29, his servant Andrew Vandepeare was buried: 'Yeres 16; consumption.'

1585. February 27, 'Mary Rollaund wif vnto Humphrey Rollaund hornbreaker Was Buryed.'

Humphrey did not mourn Mary long, for nine weeks later he married again: 'Humphrey Rollaund and Eve Ashe were Maryed the 4 daie of Maye.' And two weeks afterward he lost his sister. May 17: 'Amey Skriwatter wedow suster to Humphrey Rollaund was Buryed. . . . Yeres 38. Consumption.'

1589. This was the year in which he became surety for Christopher Marlowe. A son, Samwell Rollaund, was baptized on July 20. On April 6, 1591, he was buried. '1. yere 3 quarters. pyning.' Poor little child! One wonders what polysyllabled name a modern physician would give to this 'pyning.'

1591. Another son, Godfrey Rollaund, was baptized on July 22. He was buried on August 23, 1593. 'Yeres 2. plagg.' 1593 was a great plague year. Awsten Awstens, another of Rowland's servants, was buried six days after little Godfrey.

1593! Our story has come full circle; for it was in the summer of 1593, we remember, that Marlowe died by Frizer's hand at Deptford. It is more than likely that they had gone down to Deptford to be out of the plague-stricken city. And when I realized that the same summer witnessed the swindling of Woodleff through the clever substitution by Frizer of certain 'guns or great iron pieces' on Tower Hill for the promised cash in hand, I was strangely moved by two entries in the books of St. Botolph's: —

> 1593. John. yeres 30. plagg. John, a laboring man who dyed on the hill amongst the gonnes in the hye waye was Buryed the 22 daye of August.

1593. Yeres 14. plagg. A younge maiden who dyed amonge the gonnes at the tower hill was Buryed the 8. daye off September.

Could it have been to one of Frizer's cold-hearted cannon that the young maiden turned her face as she died?

IV

But to come back to Humphrey Rowland, or Rollaund, as he is written here. From these short and simple annals he stands out as a living man, more real even than Richard Kitchen with his stabbing exploit. For, on looking further among the parish books, I found Rowland's name included in the list of churchwardens, where it held honorable position for a matter of six years or more. Rowland's occupation, however, still remains a mystery. In some entries he is called a 'horner' and in others a 'horn-breaker.' The first description offers no difficulty. A horner is one who prepares horn for human use in buttons, hornbooks, and the like. Little Jack Horner's progenitor was one such. But is this equivalent to 'horn-breaking'? I do not know. Horn-breaking — what is it? Rehabilitation of cuckolds? Manual dehorning of cattle? If this latter be the case, what a Samson our Rowland must have been! A Tamburlaine of tradesmen.

'Fragmentary, but exciting' describes this kind of research. Christopher Marley, or Marlowe, then, is indicted for felony, and is admitted to bail. What was his offense? Was he convicted? Nobody knows. One of his two bondsmen, Richard Kitchen, proves to be an attorney, and a man of some property in St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield. Kitchen is later indicted for knifing his neighbor Finch, who was walking in the peace of God. Why did Kitchen knife Finch? The jury does n't tell. What became of Kitchen, or of Finch, of whose life it was despaired? No answer.

Humphrey Rowland, the other bondsman, is a substantial horn-breaker and churchwarden of St. Botolph's Extra Aldgate. What was his anterior connection with the turbulent dramatist? We cannot be sure. Conjecture: they became acquainted through a wealthy coparishioner of Rowland's named James Morley or Morlowe, perhaps a distant kinsman of Christopher Marlowe.

There are here, certainly, plenty of mysteries yet to be solved, and everyone may make conjectures to please himself. The important thing is the presence of all this newly discovered material for the lives of Marlowe and his associates, from which to 'take off,' not the least striking of which is the fact that the 'atheist' Marlowe was intimate with two churchwardens. One bailed him out; the other killed him.

THE ABU LAHEEB

BY LORD DUNSANY

When I met my friend Murcote in London he talked much of his club. I had seldom heard of it, and the name of the street in which Murcote told me it stood was quite unknown to me, though I think I had driven through it in a taxi, and remembered the houses as being mean and small. And Murcote admitted that it was not very large, and had no billiard table and very few rooms; and yet there seemed something about the place that entirely filled his mind and made that trivial street for him the centre of London. And when he wanted me to come and see it I suggested the following day; but he put me off, and again when I suggested the next one. There was evidently nothing much to see, no pictures, no particular wines, nothing that other clubs boast of, but one heard tales there, he said — very odd ones sometimes; and if I cared to come and see the club it would be a good thing to come some evening when old Jorkens was there. I asked who Jorkens was, and he said he had seen a lot of the world. And then we parted, and I forgot about Jorkens, and saw nothing more of Murcote for some days. And then one day Murcote rang me up and asked me if I'd come to the club that evening.

I had agreed to come; but before I left my house Murcote surprised me by coming round to see me. There was something he wanted to tell me about Jorkens. He sat and talked to me for some time about Jorkens before we started, though all he said of him might be expressed by the one word 'liar.' Jorkens was a good-hearted fellow, he said, and would always tell a story in the evening to anyone who offered him a small drink, — whiskey and soda was what he preferred, — and he really had seen a good deal of the world, and the club relied on stories in the evening, — they were quite a feature of it, — and the club would n't be the club without them, and it helped the evening to pass, anyway; but of one thing he must warn me, and that was never to believe a word Jorkens said. It was n't Jorkens's fault. He did n't mean to be inaccurate; he merely wished to interest his fellow members and to make the evening pass pleasantly. He had nothing to gain by any inaccuracies, and had no intention to deceive; he just did his best to entertain the club, and all the members were grateful to him. But once more Murcote warned me never to believe one of his tales, or any part of them, not even the smallest detail of local color.

'I see,' I said; 'a bit of a liar.'

'Oh, poor old Jorkens,' said Murcote, 'that's rather hard. But still, I've warned you, have n't I?'

And with that quite clearly understood we went down and hailed a taxi.

It was after dinner that we arrived at the club, and we went straight up into a small room in which a group of members was sitting about near the fire, and I was introduced to Jorkens, who was sitting gazing into the fire,

with a small table at his right hand. And then he turned to Murcote to pour out what he had probably already said to all the other members.

'A most unpleasant episode occurred here last evening,' he said, 'a thing I have never known before and should n't have thought possible in any decent club — should n't have thought possible.'

'Oh, really,' said Murcote. 'What happened?'

'A young fellow came in yesterday,' said Jorkens. 'They tell me he's called Carter. He came in here after dinner and I happened to be speaking about a curious experience I had once had in Africa, over the watershed of the Congo, somewhere about latitude six, a long time ago. Well, never mind the experience; but I had no sooner finished speaking about it than the young fellow — Carter or whatever he is — said simply he did n't believe me, simply and unmistakably that he disbelieved my story; claimed to know something of geography or zoölogy which did not tally in his impudent mind with the actual experience that I had had on the Congo side of the watershed. Now what are you to do when a young fellow has the effrontery, the brazen-faced audacity — '

'Oh, but we must have him turned out,' said Murcote. 'A case like that should come before the Committee at once. Don't you think so?'

And his eye turned to the other members, roving till it fell on a weary and weak individual who was evidently one of the Committee.

'Oh — er — yes,' said he, unconvincingly.

'Well, Mr. Jorkens,' said Murcote, 'we'll get that done at once.'

And one or two more members muttered 'Yes,' and Jorkens's indignation sank now to minor mutterings, and to occasional ejaculations that shot out petulantly, but in an undertone. The waters of his imagination were troubled still, though the storm was partly abated.

'It seems to me outrageous,' I said, but hardly liked to say any more, being a guest in the club.

'Outrageous!' the old man replied, and we seemed no nearer to getting any story.

'I wonder if I might ask for a whiskey and soda,' I said to Murcote, for a silence had fallen, and at the same time I nodded sideways toward Jorkens to suggest the destination of the whiskey. I had waited for Murcote to do this without being asked, and now he ordered listlessly, as though he thought there was n't much good in it. And when the whiskey drew near the lonely table that waited desolate at Jorkens's right hand Jorkens said, 'Not for me.'

I thought I saw surprise for a moment pass like a ghost through that room, although no one said anything.

'No,' said old Jorkens, 'I never drink whiskey. Now and then I use it in order to stimulate my memory. It has a wonderful effect on the memory. But as a drink I never touch it. I dislike the taste of it.'

So his whiskey went away. We seemed no nearer that story.

I took my glass with very little soda, sitting in a chair near Jorkens. I had nowhere to put it down.

'Might I put my glass on your table?' I said to Jorkens.

'Certainly,' he said with the utmost indifference in his voice, but not entirely in his eye, which caught the deep yellow flavor as I put it close to his elbow.

We sat for a long time in silence. Everyone wanted to hear him talk. And at last his right hand opened wide enough to take a glass, and then closed again. And a while later it

opened once more, and moved a little along the table and then drew back, as though for a moment he had thought the drink was his and then had realized his mistake. It was a mere movement of the hand, and yet it showed that here was a man who would not consciously take another man's drink. And, that being clearly established, a dreamy look came over his face as though he thought of far-off things, and his hand moved very absently. It reached the glass unguided by his eye and brought it to his lips, and he drained it, thinking of far other things.

'Dear me,' he said suddenly, 'I hope I have n't drunk your whiskey.'

'Not at all,' I said.

'I was thinking of a very curious thing,' he said, 'and hardly noticed what I was doing.'

'Might I ask what it was you were thinking of?' I said.

'I really hardly like to tell you,' he said, 'to tell anyone, after the most unpleasant incident that occurred yesterday.'

As I looked at Murcote he seemed to divine my thoughts, and ordered three more whiskeys.

It was wonderful how the whiskey did brighten old Jorkens's memory, for he spoke with a vividness of little details that could only have been memory; imagination could not have done it. I leave out the details and give the main points of his story for its zoölogical interest; for it touches upon a gap in zoölogy which I believe is probably there, and if the story is true it bridges it.

Here, then, is the story: 'One that you won't often hear in London,' said Jorkens, 'but in towns at the Empire's edges it's told often. There's probably not a mess out there in which it's not been discussed, scarcely a bungalow where it's not been talked of, and always with derision. In places like Malakal there's not a white man that has n't heard of it, and not one that believes it. But the last white man that you meet on lonely journeys, the last white man that there is before the swamps begin and you see nothing for weeks but papyrus — he believes in it.

'I have noticed that more than once. Where a lot of men get together, all knowing equally little, and this subject comes up, one will laugh, and they will all laugh at it, and none will trust his imagination to study the rumor, and it remains a rumor, no more. But when a man gets all alone by himself, somewhere on the fringe of that country out of which the rumor arises, and there's no silly laughter to scare his imagination, why, then he can study the thing and develop it, and get much nearer to facts than mere incredulity will ever get him. I find a touch of fever helps in working out problems like that.

'Well, the problem is a very simple one. It is simply the question whether man with his wisdom and curiosity has discovered all the animals that there are in the world, or whether there's one, and a very curious one too, hidden amid the papyrus, that white men have never seen. And that's not quite what I mean, for there are white men that have seen things that not every young whippersnapper will believe. I should rather have said an animal that our civilization has not yet taken cognizance of. At Kosti more than twenty years ago I first heard two men definitely speak of it, — the *abu laheeb* they called it, — and I think they both believed in it, too; but Khartoum was only a hundred and fifty miles off, and they had evening clothes with them, and used to wear them at dinner, and they had china plates and silver forks, and

ornaments on the mantelpiece, and one thing and another, and all these things seemed to appall their imagination and they would n't honestly let themselves believe it. "Had three or four fires round his tent," said one of them, telling of someone, "and says that the abu laheeb came down about 2 A.M., and he saw it clear in the firelight." "Did it get what it wanted?" asked the other. "Yes — went away hugging it."

'And one of them said in a rather wondering tone: "The only animal that uses — " He was lowering his voice, and looking round, and he saw me, and said no more. They turned it all away at once with a laugh or two, as Columbus might have turned away from the long low line of land and refused to believe it a new continent. I questioned them, but got no information that could be of any use; they seemed to like laughter more than imagination, so I got jokes instead of truth.

'It was weeks later and far southward that I found a man who was ready to approach this most interesting point of zoölogy in the proper spirit of a scientist, a white man all alone in a hut that he had, near the mouth of the Bahr-el-Zeraf. There are things in Africa that you could n't believe, and the Bahr-el-Zeraf is one of them. It rises out of the marshes of the White Nile, and flows forty or fifty miles, and into the White Nile again. And one can't easily believe in a white man living all alone in such a place as that; but somebody has to be the last white man you see as you go through the final fringes of civilization, and it was he. He had had full opportunities of studying the whole question of the abu laheeb; he had had years of leisure to compare all the stories the natives brought him, which they shyly told when he had won their confidence, though what he won it with he never told. He had sifted the evidence and knew all that was told about it; and in long malarial nights, with no one and nothing to care for him but quinine, he had pictured the beast so clearly that he could make me a very good drawing of it. I have that drawing to this very day — a beast on his hind legs like a South American sloth that I once saw stuffed in a museum, built rather on the lines of a kangaroo, but much stouter and bigger and with nothing pointed about his face; it was square and blunt, with great teeth. He had hand-like paws on shortish arms or forelegs.

'I must tell you that I was in a small dahabeah, going up those great rivers, any great rivers I might meet, leaving civilization because I was tired of it, and looking for wonders in Africa. And I came to this lonely man, — Lindon, his name was, — full of curiosity aroused by those words that I had heard in Malakal. And as we talked on, like two old friends that have spent all their schooldays together, as white men will who meet in that part of Africa, I soon came to the abu laheeb, thinking he would know more of it than they knew in Malakal. And I found a man grown sensitive, as you can grow only in loneliness. He feared I should disbelieve him, and would scarcely say a word. Yes, the natives believed in some such animal, but his own opinion he would not expose to the possibility of my ridicule. The more questions I asked the shorter the answers became. And then I drew him by saying, "Well, there's one thing he uses that no other animal ever did," the one mysterious thing about this beast that had haunted my mind for weeks, though I did not know what on earth the mystery was. And that got him talking. He saw that I was committed to belief in the beast, and was no longer shy of his own.

'He told me that the upper reaches of the Bahr-el-Zeraf were a God-forsaken place; "and if God forsook the Zeraf," he said, "He certainly did n't go to the Jebel," for the Bahr-el-Jebel was worse. And somewhere between those two rivers in the desolation of papyrus the abu laheeb certainly lived. He very reasonably said that there were beasts in the plains, beasts in the forests, and beasts in the sea — why not in the huge area of the papyrus into which no man had ever penetrated? If I chose to go to these God-forsaken places I could see the abu laheeb, he said. "But of course," he added, "you must never go up-wind on him." "Down-wind?" I said. "No, nor down-wind either," he answered. "He can smell as well as a rhino. That's the difficulty: you have to go just between up-wind and down-wind, and you always find the north wind blowing there."

'It was some while before I discovered why one can't go up-wind on him. I did n't like to overquestion Lindon, for questions are akin to criticism, and you cannot apply criticism and cross-examination to the patient work of imagination upon rumor; it is liable to destroy the whole fabric, and one loses valuable scientific data. Nor was Lindon in the mood for the superior disbelief of a traveler only just come from civilization; he had had malaria too recently to put up with that sort of thing. It was as he was giving me various clear proofs of the existence of some such animal that I suddenly realized what it all meant. He was telling me how more than once he had seen fires in the reeds, not only earlier in the year than the Dinkas light their fires, but in the marshes where no Dinka would ever come, nor a Shilluk either, nor any kind of man — marshes utterly desolate and forever shut to humanity. It was then that the truth flashed on me — truth, sir, that I have since verified with my own eyes: that the abu laheeb plays with fire.

'Well, I need n't tell you how the idea flared up in my mind to be the first white man that had ever seen the abu laheeb, and to shoot him and bring his huge skin home, and have something to show for all that lonely wandering. It was a fascinating idea. I asked Lindon if he thought my rifle was big enough, — I had only a .350, — and whether to use soft-nosed or solid bullets. Soft, he said. I sat up late and asked him many questions. And he warned me about those marshes; I need n't tell you of all the things he warned me against, because you see me alive before you, but they were there all right. They were there. And I went down the little path he'd made from his house to the bank of the river, and went on board my sailing boat under huge white bands of stars, and lay down on board and looked up at them from under my blankets until I fell asleep, while the Arabs cast off and the north wind held good. And when the sun blazed on me at dawn I woke to the Bahr-el-Zeraf. Scarlet trees with green foliage, at first; we were not yet come to those marshes.

'Well, for days we went up the Zeraf past the white fish-eagles, haughty and silent and watchful on queer trees, with birds sailing over us that I dare n't describe to you for fear you should think I exaggerate the brilliancy of their colors. And so we came to those marshes where anything might hide, and be utterly hidden by those miles of rushes, and be well enough protected from explorers by a region of monotony more dismal than any other desolate land I've seen. And all the while the sailors were talking a language I did not know, till my imagination, brooding in that monotony, seemed to hear clear English phrases now and then, starting suddenly out of their talk, commonest

phrases of our daily affairs on the other side of the earth. I would swear that I heard one of them say one evening, "Stop the bus a moment"; but it could n't have been, for they were talking Dinka talk and not one of them knew a single word of English. I used to talk Arabic of a sort to the reis.

'Well, at last we came on fires in the reeds, burning at different points. Who lit them I could n't say; there were no men there, black, white, or gray (the Dinkas are gray, you know). But I wanted absolute proof; and then one day I found his tracks in the rushes. He bounds through the rushes, you know, often breaking several of them where he takes off, and sometimes scattering mud on the tips of them as he springs through, then alighting and taking off again, leaving another huge mark.

'I examined the rushes carefully till I was sure that I had his tracks. And then I followed them, always watching the wind. It was a dreadful walk. I went alone so as to make less noise. I wanted to get quite close and make sure of my shot. I had a haversack tied close round my neck and my cartridges were in that. Even then it got wet sometimes. The water was always up to my waist and often it came higher. I had to hold up my rifle in one hand all the time. The reeds were far over my head.

'Sometimes one came to open spaces of water, with huge blue water lilies floating on them. And it was always deeper there. Sometimes one walked upon the roots of the rushes, and all the rushes trembled round one for yards; and sometimes one found a bottom of good hard clay and knew one could sink no farther. And all the while I was tracking the abu laheeb.

'The north wind blew as usual. I was too old a shikari to be walking down-wind, but I was not always able to act strictly on Lindon's advice about never going up-wind on the abu laheeb, because his tracks sometimes led that way. At any rate, that was better than the other direction, for he would have been off at once. You would n't believe how tired one can be of blue water lilies. The water was not cold, but the weariness of lifting each foot was terrible. Each foot, as one lifted it for every step, one would rather have left just where it was forever. I don't know how many hours I tracked that beast; I don't know what time was doing while I walked in those marches. But, in all that weariness of spirit and utter fatigue of limb, I suddenly saw a scrap of quite fresh mud on the tip of one of the reeds, and knew that I was getting near him at last. I put the safety catch of my rifle over, and suddenly saw in my mind what I was so nearly doing for Science. Of all the steps Science took from out of the early darkness toward that distant point of which we cannot guess, which shall be full of revelations to man, one of her footsteps would be due to me. I could, as it were, write my name on that one footprint, and no one would question my right to.

'I got nearer and nearer. I was no longer weary now; and suddenly, closer than I had dared to hope, there was a little puff of smoke above the rushes. I stopped for one moment to steady my breath and got my rifle ready. In that moment I named him — yes, I called him *Prometheus Jorkensi*. There was a patch of dry land ahead and the rushes still protected me. I moved with ten-inch paces so as to make no ripple, but I could n't keep the rushes quiet; perhaps the north wind blew stronger than I thought, for he never seemed to hear me. And then, oh, so close that it could n't have been ten yards, I saw the little fire on a patch of earth, and the rushes still hid me completely. I saw a patch of brown fur and a huge body crouching. I could only guess

what part of the body I saw, but a vital part, I thought, and raised my rifle. Still he had no idea I was anywhere near him. And then I saw his hands stretched out to the fire, warming themselves by the edge of those bleak marshes. I don't cut much ice, you know; I did n't then; no one had ever heard my name, or, if anyone had, it meant nothing; and here was I on the verge of this discovery, with the proof of it ten yards away just waiting for a rifle bullet. I'd shoot a monkey; I'd shoot an ape; I'd shoot a poor old hippo; I would n't mind shooting a horse if it had to be killed, though lots of men can't bear that; but those black hands stretched out over the fire were the one thing I could n't destroy.

'The idea that flashed on me, standing among those reeds, I have been turning over in my mind for years, and it always seemed sound to me, and it does even now. You see, of all the links in the world that there are between us, and of all the barriers against those that are not like us, it seems to me that there is one link, one barrier, more outstanding than any other you could possibly name. We talk of our human reason, that may or may not be superior to the dream of the dog or the elephant; we say it is — that is all. We say that we alone have belief in an after life and that the lion has not; we say so — that's all. Some of them are stronger, some live longer than we, many may be more cunning. But there is one thing, gentlemen, one thing they have n't got, and that is the knowledge of fire. That seems to me the great link, the great bond between all who have it and the barrier against all who have not. See what we've done with it: look at those fire irons, that fender, the bricks of which this house is made and the steel structure of it; look at this whole city. That's our one great possession — knowledge of fire. And when I saw those dark hands stretched out to that fire on the edge of the marshes, that is what I thought of all at once; not at such length as I have told you, of course, — it all flashed through my mind in a moment, — but during that moment I hesitated, and the abu laheeb saw the sun on the tip of my rifle or heard me breathing there, for he suddenly craned his great neck over the rushes, then stooped again and scattered the fire with his forepaws, with one swift jerk, into the reeds all round me. They were alight at once, and through the flame and smoke I only dimly caught sight of him leaping away; but above the crackle of the burning reeds and the thump of his hind legs leaping I heard him uttering gusts of human-like laughter.'

He paused a moment. We were all quite silent, thinking of what he had lost. He had lost a famous name. He shook his head and seemed full of the same thoughts as the rest of us.

'I never went after him again,' he said. 'I had seen him, but who'll believe that? I have never quite been able to bring myself any more to try to shoot a creature that shared that great secret with us.'

There was silence again. We were wondering, I think, whether his scruples should have prevented him from doing so much for Science. I suppose that the too sensitive and overscrupulous seldom make famous names. A man leaning forward and smoking a pipe took his pipe out of his mouth and broke the silence at last.

'Might n't you have photographed him?' he said.

'Photographed him!' said Mr. Jorkens, straightening himself up in his chair. 'Photographed him! Are n't half the photographs fakes? Here, look at the *Evening Picture*. Look at that now. There's a child handing a bouquet

to someone with its left hand so that both of them may expose as much of their surface as possible to the camera. And here's a man welcoming his brother from abroad. Welcoming indeed! They are both of them being photographed, and that's obviously all that they're doing.'

We looked, and it was so. They were almost turning their backs on one another in order to be photographed.

'No,' he said, and he looked me straight in the eyes and flashed that glance of his from face to face. 'If Truth cannot stand alone, she scorns the cheap aid of photography.'

So dominant was his voice as he said those words, so flashed his eyes in the dim light of the room, that none of us spoke any more. I think we felt that our voices would shock the silence. And we all went quietly away.

SOLDIERS AND STATESMEN OF THE CIVIL WAR

I. PRESIDENT DAVIS AND GENERAL JOSEPH JOHNSTON

BY GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

It is a commonplace of military textbooks that policy and strategy should go hand in hand. This, like most other attempts to present truth in the form of a caption, is only partially successful. Indeed, without explanation it is misleading, for the picture it is apt to call up, of two associates advancing together in close union to their task, is not a fair representation of relations which are in reality far more complex than are those of simple comradeship. If analogy be needed I prefer that of parent and child. It is the duty of policy to choose the road for strategy, to set it on its way, to provide means sufficient for the journey, to give timely counsel, to watch the youngster's progress carefully, to be prompt to give a hand should he stumble, to be ready to turn him in a new direction should a change of course seem necessary or opportune, but to resist the temptation to interfere save as a measure of real emergency, and then to make interference as little obvious as may be. It is no easy task to be a wise parent, and as strategy is born only in days of stress and strain the task of father policy is one of special difficulty. It is indeed so difficult that statesmen have not infrequently wrung their hands in despair when it has been thrust upon them. In the midst of the Boer War Lord Salisbury, then Prime Minister, said: 'I do not think that the British Constitution as at present worked is a good fighting machine.' More than one British minister used during the Great War very similar words in conversation with me, and I have listened to French ministers bemoaning the difficulties of conducting war in a democracy, while it was not unusual to hear Germany's military strength ascribed in a measure to her autocratic system of government. Certainly democracy had a very terrible price to pay for victory.

If it be true that modern democracy can neither prevent war nor wage it save at undue cost, its incapacity to deal with what is probably the greatest evil to which modern civilization is exposed is a serious count against that form of government. But before we assume that the charge is true, democracy should at least be heard, and there is the more reason for this in that the alternative system of government has a record in the conduct of war which is by no means beyond reproach.

It has often been said that the autocratic system is superior, at least in time of war, because it admits of a closer alliance between policy and strategy than any other; but Napoleon, who in his own person directed both, failed to hold the balance between the two, and for that reason more than any other brought about his own downfall and all but ruined his country, while in the Great War Germany's failure to coördinate policy and strategy contributed directly to her defeat, and the memoirs of Ludendorff disclose a state of friction between soldiers and statesmen as great as any that existed in the countries of Germany's enemies. It would appear, then, to be at least possible that mistakes in the conduct of war are not necessarily the consequence of any particular form of government, but may be due to causes which are remediable, whether the form of government be an autocracy, a constitutional monarchy, or a republic.

We are too near to the events of the World War to make it possible to examine dispassionately the relations which existed between statesmen and soldiers in the countries concerned, nor have we yet, save as regards such portions of the war as have been the subject of official inquiry, the material needed to enable us even to begin a judicial examination of questions which bristle with controversy. But some sixty years ago there was fought out a bitter and protracted struggle between two democracies, and the documents relating to the conduct of that struggle are unusually complete and accessible.

The similarity, in their broad lines, of the problems of the American Civil War and of the Great War has struck more than one critic. In both one side held, relatively to the other, a central position, and it happened in each war that the side which was centrally placed was exposed to the rigors of a blockade. In both there were numerous theatres of war, and in both the coördination of effort was difficult, yet urgently needed. 'Unity of command' is a phrase which appears at an early stage of both struggles in the correspondence of soldiers and statesmen. In both wars there were two main fronts, and in both there was a controversy as to which front should be regarded as decisive. Easterners and Westerners fought in council and on paper sixty years ago as they did ten years ago. It has seemed to me, therefore, to be worth while to examine critically, in the light of our own recent experience, the method of conducting war adopted by North and South in the years 1861–1865, in the hope that this inquiry may help us to decide whether the British Constitution, while — to quote Lord Salisbury again — 'unequaled for producing happiness, prosperity, and liberty in time of peace,' becomes but a feeble instrument when battle is joined. Such an inquiry has this of interest: that it brings into contrast widely different characters, minds, and methods. It would be hard to find men more diverse as statesmen than Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, as soldiers than Lee and Grant. In the clash of personalities we may hope to discern some spark of truth.

I

I propose to begin with Jefferson Davis, who has been as bitterly criticized as has the leader of any cause which has been defeated. And this is natural, for, while it is the usual lot of statesmen and soldiers who have led a people to disaster to share the obloquy and abuse of quondam friends and foes, in this case the soldier, Robert E. Lee, had the rare experience of retaining in defeat the devoted affection of his men, and of gaining the respect of his former enemies. There remained, therefore, but one of the chief targets of criticism, which gained in volume by concentration. Much of this had to do with the causes of the conflict. There have been many less competent statesmen in time of war than Jefferson Davis. It happened that he was opposed to a giant, and the inevitable comparison has made him appear to be a dwarf, which he was not. In another milieu he would have appeared to be an administrator of more than average competence; where he failed was in the general direction of military operations, in combining policy and strategy; and he failed there because he had never worked out in his mind a system for the conduct of war.

When Jefferson Davis was chosen to be President of the Southern Confederacy he possessed an unusual equipment for a statesman confronted with problems of war. The son of a small farmer of the South, he obtained through the influence of an elder brother a nomination to West Point, and passed through the Military Academy at a time when two men with whom he was to be closely associated, Robert E. Lee and J. E. Johnston, were there. He entered the United States Cavalry in 1828 and was engaged as a young officer in that Black Hawk War in which his great opponent, Abraham Lincoln, served as a volunteer captain. But he tired of military service and, his elder brother having made a fortune as a cotton planter in Mississippi, he left the army to become, like his brother, a successful grower of cotton and employer of slaves. Turning his mind to politics, he was elected to Congress in 1845, and was a member of the Federal legislature when the Mexican War broke out. He then raised and commanded a regiment of Mississippi Rifles, which he took to the front, and at the battle of Buena Vista he gained with his regiment a somewhat facile success over the Mexicans which made him one of the heroes of the war. The effect of this upon his political career was immediate, and may be compared with the consequences of Roosevelt's not dissimilar exploits in Cuba. He was made a Senator at once, and became one of the protagonists of the Southern cause and eventually the Southern leader in the Senate. When Pierce became President, in 1853, he chose Davis as his Secretary of War, and for four years the future leader of the Confederacy controlled the War Department of the United States, returning in 1857 to the Senate to resume his advocacy of the Southern cause.

Naturally, then, when the breach came, the South turned to him and unanimously elected him President. In that position he had, out of such resources as the several states could provide, to create a government, an army, and a navy, to provide the Confederacy with a financial system, and to organize the supply of munitions and of war material. If the fact that the North was almost equally unready for war assured him of some leisure for these preparations, their magnitude would have taxed the capacity of the greatest organizer with unlimited time at his disposal. The South, in which the chief industries were the growing of cotton

and tobacco, was poor in manufacturing resources; all the powder factories and most of the coal and iron were in Northern territory, while the Federal fleet, if small at the outset, was sufficiently strong to make communication with Europe precarious even in the early days of the struggle. Criticism of Davis's war administration must therefore be tempered with a sense of the weight of the burden which he had to carry.

II

The Confederacy, on its creation, adopted the Constitution of the United States, with a preamble affirming the right of secession and with the addition of clauses securing the right of property in Negro slaves and making it the duty of Congress to protect slavery in any territory which might subsequently be acquired. Therefore both North and South possessed a Constitution which conferred on the President such powers as permitted him, if they did not specifically authorize him, to act as a dictator in time of war. These powers were freely used both by Jefferson Davis and by Abraham Lincoln, and on the whole this attempt to adapt to the needs of modern democracy the custom of the Roman Republic stood the test of a prolonged war amazingly well.

The practice of placing supreme authority temporarily in the hands of one man in a time of great emergency, when rapid decisions are frequently needed, has been proved by the experience of the Civil War to have, for the purpose of conducting war, most of the advantages which have been claimed for a permanent autocratic system of government. It may, however, be doubted whether the provision of the Constitution of the United States that makes the President Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy proved to be equally wise. The control of military forces by the civil power could be assured in other ways and the distinction between control and command should be clear. In fact, as we shall see, on such occasions as either President was tempted to exercise the military functions of Commander-in-Chief he was usually unsuccessful, and in the event Jefferson Davis was forced by the pressure of circumstances and of public opinion to hand over those functions to another, while Abraham Lincoln abrogated them voluntarily.

Undoubtedly Jefferson Davis found his military experience to be of great value when he was shaping his administration; later he was tempted to rely unduly on that experience, and to take too much upon himself, a not uncommon failing with ministers who have some expert knowledge of the department which they administer. The greatest asset which he possessed was his knowledge of the character and qualifications of the officers in the Army of the United States. His first selections for command from among those who threw in their lot with the South proved him to be an exceptional judge of men. When he moved the Government of the Confederacy from Montgomery to Richmond he found in the capital of Virginia Robert E. Lee, whom he made his military adviser. He sent A. S. Johnston to the Mississippi front and chose J. E. Johnston and Beauregard to watch the Potomac. It is indeed rare that the selection of four commanders, made before a shot was fired, proves at the end of a long war to have been more than justified, though it must be confessed that some of Davis's later appointments to command in the west were less happy.

Davis has been accused of lack of energy in providing arms and equipment for the Confederate armies. The best answer to that charge is the fact that the Federal Government, with an

established organization, considerable manufacturing facilities, and free access to Europe, made at first little better progress, while our own recent experience of the time it takes to organize the manufacture of munitions and to obtain them from other countries should make us skeptical of suggestions that, in the first months of the war, Davis should have succeeded in providing arms for all who were willing to fight.

He has also been charged with neglecting to use the cotton of the South to provide his administration with financial facilities in Europe. There has been more misunderstanding about the influence of cotton upon the war than about any other of its features. By the time the Confederate Government had been constituted, the whole of the 1860–1861 cotton crop had been exported, and before the 1861–1862 crop was ready the Northern blockade had become sufficiently effective to make exportation in bulk impossible. There was no substantial neglect of opportunity. Davis, like most Southerners, had an excessive belief in the influence of 'King Cotton' in Europe. His conviction that a cotton famine would certainly cause Great Britain, and probably France, to intervene undoubtedly influenced his conduct of the war, and here he was wrong in his estimate of the situation. Professor Channing, in the latest volume of his *History of the United States*, has shown conclusively that when the war broke out there was a glut of cotton in Europe, and that the brokers of Manchester were actually reëxporting cotton to Northern ports as late as May 1862. Before the cotton famine had become severe Lincoln's first Emancipation Proclamation, of September 1862, by making abolition the prime issue in the struggle, so won over popular opinion in Great Britain as to remove what little prospect of British intervention had ever existed, and later the distressed cotton hands of Lancashire were among those who sent addresses of sympathy and encouragement to the Federal President.

But if Davis was wrong in this respect his administrative measures at the beginning of the war compare favorably with those taken during the same period at Washington. He cannot fairly be accused of lack of foresight, seeing that, when most of his countrymen believed that they would be allowed to secede without fighting, he insisted that the North would fight and fight hard. He was one of the few who foresaw and said publicly that the war would be a long one. He succeeded in getting Congress to change its proposal that first enlistments should be for sixty days in favor of a term of twelve months. Later he obtained authority for the acceptance of volunteers without limit of numbers for the duration of the war, and in April 1862 he had a conscription act passed. In many of these measures he had the advantage of the advice of Lee, but he had the merit both of recognizing good advice when he received it and of acting upon it. The terms of service of the Confederate Armies were more judiciously arranged than those of the North and this fact materially increased the power of resistance of the South.

III

I have been at pains to answer some of the critics of Davis's war administration and to show my agreement with those who take a kindly view of his capacity because, if he had been merely a blunderer, there would clearly be nothing to be learned from his experience. Davis was not a great man, but I believe him to have been above the average of war ministers, and during the first year of the war his experience

of affairs in general and of military affairs in particular made him a formidable opponent of Lincoln, who had no such experience. His weaknesses were due to his failure to insist that the interests of the Confederacy as a whole should take precedence of the interests of the individual states, to an excess of caution, and to a tendency to rely too much on his small military experience, which caused him to concern himself with minor details.

The first of these weaknesses was inherent in the Southern claim of the precedence of the rights of the states, but Davis appears often to have made little effort to get the states to relinquish their several rights for the common good, and even to have gone further sometimes than the states themselves required. One example will suffice. The Confederate law authorized the President to accept contingents from the states, but left him free to choose all the commanders of larger formations than regiments. Esprit de corps would naturally be promoted by keeping troops from the same state together, under a commander from that state, but the first essential was that the commander should be efficient. We find Davis writing on October 10, 1861, to Major-General G. W. Smith: 'Kentucky has a brigadier but not a brigade; she has, however, a regiment; that regiment and brigadier might be associated together. Louisiana had regiments enough to form a brigade, but no brigadier in either corps; all of the regiments were sent to that corps which was commanded by a Louisiana general. Georgia has regiments now organized into two brigades; she has on duty with the army two brigadiers, but one of them serves with other troops. Mississippi troops were scattered as if the state were unknown.'

There is in this letter and in a number of others of similar tenor no hint that military exigences should be considered, or that commanders should possess some other qualification than a birthplace in a particular state. Ample evidence exists that Davis was subject to considerable political pressure on these and similar matters, but his position was sufficiently strong, at least in the first years of the war, to have made it possible for him to explain to his complainants that military requirements must have precedence over sentimental considerations and that such matters must be in the hands of the soldiers. As it was, his time was taken up with these details, which he should have insisted on leaving to his War Department, and his generals were worried and sometimes even seriously hampered by untimely requests to change commanders and reorganize troops. Later in the war a number of those generals who had most distinguished themselves proved to be Virginians, and in this the influence of Lee, a Virginian, was seen by jealous citizens of other states. There is good reason to believe that the difficulties between Lee and Longstreet, which had very serious consequences for the South, were not remedied by Davis because Longstreet, a gallant man and a good tactician, but a bad subordinate, was a favorite son of Georgia, and the President was fearful of offending that state.

This kind of difficulty usually arises when forces have to be raised at the outbreak of war. Kitchener has been considerably criticized because he did not use the existing Territorial Force for the expansion of the British Army in the Great War, but preferred to raise new armies *ab ovo*. The chief factor which influenced him was his memory of the pressure brought by county magnates and persons of influence during the South African War to get employed at the front units which they had raised, or were prepared to raise,

according to their fancy, and he feared that similar influences would prevent the development of the systematic organization which he knew to be necessary. The best way to deal with this matter in a country which has not a system of compulsory service, and in which the general public is therefore usually ignorant of the principles and requirements of military organization, is to explain it frankly. A public eager to win the war and not lacking in common sense may be trusted to respond when it knows what is wanted and why it is wanted. If Davis had exercised in this matter the same courage which he displayed in getting the conscription act adopted, which might fairly have been considered a violation of state rights, he would have rendered the South a very real service, and incidentally relieved himself of much vexatious labor.

IV

But the Confederate President's desire to foster state sentiment, doubtless for what he believed to be good military reasons, led him to make an even more serious mistake. He organized the Confederacy into military departments, placing a general in command of all troops in each department. Such an arrangement, excellent in time of peace, was fatal in time of war, for the military situation took no account of geographical boundaries, while the departments followed, in the main, state lines. The Mississippi early in the war was seen by the Federals, with their command of the sea, to be a promising line of attack, but the great river was a dividing line between Confederate military departments, and lack of cooperation between them was one of the reasons why Lincoln was able, in July 1863, to proclaim that 'the father of waters goes again unvexed to the sea.'

Nor was this all. For a great part of the war the only coördinating authority between the several departments was the President himself, and he had neither the military competence nor the leisure to arrange and direct timely concentration. The consequence of this was that the Confederacy failed to obtain the fullest advantage from its central position, which was the greatest strategical advantage it possessed. When Lee was at Davis's side there was combination, and the first battle of Bull Run was won because of J. E. Johnston's opportune junction with Beauregard. But for a great part of the war Lee was not in Richmond, and combination between departments was then the exception. It is, however, only fair to Davis to say that in 1861 no Power in Europe save Prussia had devised an effective system for the provision of military advice to the head of the State in time of war. Davis's military knowledge was sufficient to keep him from interfering, save exceptionally, with the operations of his generals in the field, his interference being usually confined to matters of organization and personnel; but that military knowledge was insufficient to enable him to appreciate the difficulties of and the need for unity of direction of forces scattered over a wide area. Failing to understand the difficulties, he could produce no solution. Here is one more example of the danger of a little knowledge. Davis's small experience of war had taught him what a name and an association may mean to soldiers. He recalled the pride which his Mississippi Rifles in the Mexican campaign had taken in their name and in their state connection, and remembered what this had meant in military efficiency. But he did not realize that the command of a battalion in the field might be an inadequate schooling for the direction of a great war.

When the news reached Richmond

that the first battle of the war was about to be joined, the soldier in Davis took control. Having once smelled powder, he could not keep away from a battlefield, and he took train for Manassas Junction on the way to Bull Run. The rear even of a victorious army in battle is never a pleasant sight; and the President, on arriving at the Junction, met, first, stragglers with tales of disaster; then, as he rode forward to the battlefield, more stragglers and wounded, with stories of loss and suffering. He endeavored by personal exhortation to stop what he conceived to be a rout, and was appealing in impassioned tones to the soldiers to rally and to do their duty, when a senior officer, who was having a slight wound dressed near by, told him gruffly that the men were his and had won the day. The officer was Jackson, who had just gained that sobriquet, 'Stonewall,' with which he was to go down to history.

Having chosen to appear on the battlefield, Davis had to take the consequences. There was no Confederate pursuit after the first battle of Bull Run, and a disappointed public jumped to the conclusion, from the fact of the President's presence in the field, that there had been political interference with the soldiers. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement of the two very capable Confederate generals on the spot — J. E. Johnston and Beauregard — that the disorder consequent upon engaging very partially trained troops in battle made pursuit impossible. Pursuit after battle is one of the most difficult operations of war, and the number of successful pursuits even by highly trained armies is small. It is possible that pursuit in the air may be a normal sequel of future victories, and have results as deadly as those of Allenby's air pursuit in the battles of Megiddo; but as the nervous strain of battle increases, pursuit on land is likely to be less, rather than more, frequent. An eager public has always expected, and but rarely been gratified by, a dramatic pursuit after victory.

Davis, like his public, expected pursuit after Bull Run. He met J. E. Johnston and Beauregard on the night of the battle, inquired whether pursuit had been ordered, and, on hearing that no troops had been sent forward, became the Commander-in-Chief. He asked what troops were available and himself dictated what he proudly claimed after the war was an order for pursuit. It turns out to have been nothing but an order for a reconnoissance by two regiments of infantry, some cavalry, and a battery of artillery, which were ordered to 'scour the country and roads' to the front, to collect wounded and all abandoned stores. A very amateur conception of a pursuit after a victory.

V

If it was not possible for the Confederate troops to advance from the field of Bull Run across the Potomac and carry the war into Northern territory, it soon became not only possible but urgently necessary to do this. The North was much depressed by the defeat; the general in command in Washington was expecting and was apprehensive of attack. The term of service of the militia, which had been enlisted for three months, and formed a considerable part of the Federal Army, had expired and new levies were required to replace it. The North had its difficulties in creating a supply of arms and munitions, and was at this early stage of the war far less well supplied than was supposed in the South. The loss of a quantity of war material at Bull Run was therefore a serious matter. Indeed,

at no period of the war was the North so vulnerable; but, given time, the loss would be made good, new armies could be created. Clearly, then, the policy for the South was to allow the North as little time as possible for recovery.

But it was at this period of the war that Davis showed himself to be at his weakest. Lee had been sent off to conduct a difficult campaign in the mountains of Western Virginia, and the President, left to himself, was seen to have no policy save to protect as much of Southern territory as might be and hope for foreign intervention. This was a futile policy: futile politically because the border states, Kentucky, Missouri, Western Virginia, and Maryland, were wavering, — they might be won by enterprise; they would certainly be lost by inaction, — futile militarily because to give an enemy with superior resources time to develop those resources was to make him a present of what he needed most.

The soldiers saw all this. J. E. Johnston, Beauregard, and Augustus Smith were all agreed that, given reënforcements, which they believed to be available, they could and should take the offensive. But August slipped by, and September, and nothing was done. Then, on October 1, Davis came, at Johnston's request, to the army for a conference with his generals. Johnston said he needed 19,000 men to enable him to invade Maryland. Smith thought 10,000 would suffice. The President answered that he had not a man to give them. More than the number Johnston asked for were guarding the coasts against possible raids by the Federal fleet. That fleet, weak as it then was, saved the North from a great danger.

In Davis's defense it may be said that there were risks in weakening the garrisons on the coast. The South at this time was uncertain and nervous as to the effect of the war upon the large Negro population in its midst. When the white men went off to the war women and children were left in the midst of Negroes. There were fears that Federal incursions might be the signal for servile risings, and the President was inundated with demands for the protection of exposed points. Davis, who could never make up his mind to take risks for a great end, yielded to these demands and adopted a policy of passive defense, which he mitigated with proposals for enterprises of so minor an order that one is amazed to find the head of a State permitting himself to be concerned with such details. 'I hoped,' he wrote, 'that something could be done by detachments from the army to effect objects less difficult than an advance against his [the enemy's] main force, and particularly indicated the lower part of Maryland, where a small force was said to be ravaging the country and oppressing our friends. This I thought might be feasible by establishing a battery near to Acquia Creek, where the channel of the Potomac was said to be so narrow that our guns could prevent the use of the river by the enemy's boats, and by employing a steamboat lying there troops enough could be sent over some night to defeat that force and return before any large body could be concentrated against them.' The President, instead of devising a policy, plans the emplacement of a battery and the employment of a steamboat load of soldiers!

There is possibly another reason for Davis's reluctance to give Johnston the troops he needed. He disliked the soldier. That dislike may have originated at West Point, where Johnston was a model and Davis but an indifferent cadet. Be that as it may, Johnston, who was Quartermaster-General in the United States Army when he resigned

from its service, held, not without some reason, that Davis had treated him unfairly in the matter of his seniority in the Confederate Army, and expressed his opinion plainly. Davis's answer was brief and discourteous. Lee would never have troubled his head about such a matter; but Johnston was a man of different temper, and Davis, as head of the State, should have been big enough not to have quarreled with him as long as he wanted to use him. In the event, the ill feeling then begun grew, and the correspondence between the two shows the existence of friction so constant as to have affected seriously the cause both were serving. Neither of the men was blameless, but of the two Davis is the more blameworthy. Either he should not have given Johnston the most important command in the Confederate Army or, having placed him in it, he should have trusted him. To retain a general in command and bicker with him is not the act of a statesman. Johnston was one of the three ablest soldiers of the South, and Davis's treatment of him is among the less creditable acts of his Presidency. Davis eventually dismissed him in favor of a gallant but incompetent favorite, and Johnston was only in the last stage of the agony of the Confederacy called back to command by Lee, when Davis had handed his powers as Commander-in-Chief to that great soldier. Since Davis made no endeavor to stop Lee's invasions of Northern territory in circumstances certainly not more favorable than those which existed in the autumn of 1861, it may be that he had not sufficient confidence in Johnston to charge him with a mission which he held to be dangerous. There is little prospect of harmony between policy and strategy when there is discord between soldier and statesman.

The price of lost opportunities has to be quickly paid in war, and the lethargy which followed the battle of Bull Run created the crisis of the spring of 1862. That battle, which acted as a spur to the North, sent the South to sleep. In the latter, strategy without a lead from policy was helpless. The people, finding their chiefs inactive, naturally assumed that no special effort was needed, and were the more alarmed when, before winter had gone, they found themselves menaced on all sides. In the west one Ulysses Grant captured, in February 1862, Forts Henry and Donelson, which guarded the roads into the Confederacy by the valleys of the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, and thereby secured control of a great part of Tennessee. Federal naval and military expeditions had in March captured Hatteras Inlet and Roanoke Island off the coast of North Carolina, and Port Royal on the coast of South Carolina. The blockade was becoming more and more effective, and, greatest danger of all, a large and well-equipped army had been assembled and organized by McClellan on the Potomac, before the menace of which J. E. Johnston had retreated. Alarm in the South was turning to consternation, and the President, who had been the hero of 1861, became the target of criticism and abuse. But Davis appeared at his best in an emergency, and in this one he did a brave thing. Robert E. Lee, loudly acclaimed when he placed his sword at the service of his state, had proved a disappointment. The public, unaware of the valuable work he had done quietly in council and in office, knew only that he had been sent to command a force in Western Virginia, and had failed. But Davis had learned his value, and now his calling him to his side as military adviser made possible a swift change in the fortunes of war.

THE THIRD NOTE

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

No! do not speak! It is better to stand so
in air as palpable as water about us
with lips close-shut lest it should drown us. No!
we need not speak, since this had never been without us.

It is your hand in mine that has lit the lake,
a bowl with a lamp shining through alabaster,
a bowl some Ganymede has lifted to slake
the thirst divine of his tall white mountain-master.

It is your still gold head, in the wave of the wind
like a Naiad's head, that makes the great mountains dress
their spears at the salute. A thought in your mind
tumbled on the autumn trees their sunset loveliness.

It is because you stand, remote, above
the beauty of the world you are making, slender
as the slim reed at the young lips of love,
that Time has broken his sword, and the years surrender.

It is because you have leaned a little toward me,
not as a lover, but as the holier part
of the poet's mind, that this fugitive ecstasy
outpaces even what the heart can say to the heart.

For love has but two notes, and those notes shake
beyond themselves from the heard to the unheard note,
and so fall back. And in dark the lovers wake,
but we shall not wake in dark; for this is the third note.

GHEEL

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

SANDY, pine-covered levels of the Campine, then a return to the multicolored carpet of vegetables and grains that covers most of Belgium. A cool green canal, more purple cabbages and flowering beans, and geese and cows in pasture. The spires of Saint Dimphna and Saint Amand. Our little train rolled quietly into the station of Gheel.

I was unencumbered and dropped lightly to the platform. Eagerly I looked about for Dr. Sano, who was to be my conductor through this extraordinary town, unique among the villages of the world, hospitable abode of disordered minds.

Some dozen stolid, amiable-looking Flemings lingered at the station, inspecting the train and the stranger. But no familiar Dr. Sano, nor could I catch sight of him anywhere along the wide paved street. In any like circumstance, in another town, I should have started off quickly to find him. But in Gheel I hesitated. Perhaps my face showed a certain anxiety; at any rate it was not long before a youngish, dark-haired man moved toward me and said in a friendly tone, 'If you wish to see the town, I will show it to you. It is small; we can make the tour as quickly as you like.'

'Well, why not?' I answered mentally. This might, after all, be a fruitful beginning. It would postpone by very little the real visit.

The young man appeared happy over my decision. We turned into the clean, quiet street — quiet, but by no means deserted. What a pretty, fresh look the little place had, with its plain gray façades, its churches, and green fields in the distance! What an uncanny naturalness about it! Everywhere geraniums and lace behind the window glass. The perpetual Belgian pail and broom and mop in full activity, the perpetual painting of lintels and sills in progress. I peered inside the doorways when I could, and scrutinized the moving groups of grown-ups and children, but I noticed no strangeness in their general appearance. After a few minutes my sense of unreality had increased to the point where I was ready to call out, 'This cannot be; I have missed my station.' But my interesting guide, quite oblivious of my uneasy perplexity, led on. And then, in answer to my question, he replied in some astonishment, 'Mais oui, c'est bien Gheel!'

We had passed through the churchyard gate, and were following a winding path toward the oldest and most beautiful wall of the Cathedral of Saint Dimphna. As we walked, he suddenly stopped, facing quickly about. But even in advance of that swift movement she too had turned — the shadowlike figure in the purple calico dress and black sun hat — and stood already, her back toward us, before a tall gravestone, so close to it, so immovable, that she seemed a purple shadow thrown against the gray marble.

We watched her silently a few moments; then my guide began pointing out especially fine bits of carving over the chapel entrance. As we turned again down the path toward the gate, there, as still, seemingly as imponderable as the air, was the purple figure against the gray stone. Butterflies hovered about her.

Just outside the gate, children were playing with hoops and ropes. Again the startling naturalness of the cheery street and its tranquil people. Only fifteen minutes, and yet I could no longer support this sensation of the abnormality of the normality of the atmosphere of Gheel. I must go directly now to Dr. Sano.

'You have been most kind,' I began — but my guide was entirely absorbed in the approach of a villager.

'Ah, there you see' — he took me suddenly by the arm — 'a poor man, a demented one, for he has the hallucination that he is Jesus Christ. And you must know' — deeply and impressively — 'that *I* am the true Jesus Christ.'

I caught my breath. I had not missed my station!

He waited for no comment, serenely certain of my acceptance of him. And I realized that not far away I should find Napoleon and Charlemagne and Mohammed and Julius Cæsar, and others who at some moment had captured the world's imagination. Here they enjoyed a bizarre immortality.

II

A few more sights pointed out, and then at last Dr. Sano. After the first exclamations and explanations, 'But it was, after all, better this way,' he said. 'I could not have planned it so well. You have begun, however, near the end, for your conductor is almost restored to society. Now we will begin at the beginning.'

Dr. Sano, in charge of the colony of the insane at Gheel, is rather below than above medium height, slight, with brown hair and eyes and a neatly trimmed beard. His manner is strikingly quiet and sure. One has at once the impression of a man whose energies are focused, whose devotion to an ideal is complete.

We walked away from the centre of the town, — the Director has no motor, — turned into an avenue of magnificent trees, and soon reached a pleasant red-brick building set in a park — the Infirmary and administration centre. Some eight or ten aids were standing at desks in an advance office, beyond which we found Dr. Sano's plain little room with its books and reports.

My disquietude over the incongruity of the usualness of Gheel did not surprise him. 'But I warned you of that,' he smiled. 'The uninformed visitor does not realize that it differs from other pretty Flemish towns. And just there, of course, is our triumph. Here we have a city of eighteen thousand inhabitants, and we bring to them three thousand insane — one insane for every six sane — whom they must guard and nurse, who will share their houses and their work in the fields or at small trades, or who will pass their days aimlessly following their careers of emperors or Christs. And we manage the commingling of normal and abnormal so naturally that you, a normal, are unstrung as you comprehend it.'

In truth, day and night each patient is under surveillance, but that surveillance is so naturally a part of the life of the inhabitants that one is unaware of it. The least child is almost unconsciously a guardian. If he sees an *innocent* wandering too far away, he leads him home. If he suspects trouble anywhere, he quickly reports it either to the family concerned or to the

district physician — the town is divided into five sections, each in charge of an expert alienist. For thirteen centuries children have been born into this milieu; to watch an innocent is as normally a part of their day as to eat a tartine.

Nothing more natural, then, than the naturalness of the surveillance. The great majority of families share their lives with either one or two guests; in fact, the family that has none is rather looked down upon as a slacker. To have them in the house has become a habit, even a necessity; and this is the very core of the explanation of Gheel's success. But that is the 'time' story, and must wait.

Incoming patients are received in the Infirmary and held for observation until the method of treatment is determined and they can be properly placed in families. Here they return, later, during periods of excitation or when for some reason they need special watching.

They enter Gheel from all parts of Belgium and from foreign countries as well. There is, of course, a special selection before anyone is sent at all. Since the purpose is to give each individual a course of treatment calculated to bring him back into society, no case known to be hopelessly a danger to society can be accepted. There is thus no place for imbeciles, who completely lack a base on which to build. A mental aberration may be cured; an imbecile, who may have been quiet for years, remains still an imbecile.

'We do not wish a stationary colony, and indeed there is much movement in it,' said Dr. Sano. 'From six hundred to seven hundred arrive each year; about one hundred and fifty are sent back to society, about one hundred and fifty are returned to asylums, and about one hundred and thirty-five — approximately four per cent — die.'

Immediately after the war there was a marked increase in the number of patients sent, and after the enactment of Belgium's partial prohibition law a marked decrease, especially in cases of delirium tremens and kindred ailments. In the past three years there has been again an increase, due probably, the Gheel physicians believe, to a larger percentage of alcohol in beer and a more prevalent use of port wine.

Patients come from all classes of society, but in Gheel they are thought of as belonging to one of three classes: there are the poor, those from families fairly well off, and those from families better off. There is besides, since the war, a special colony for children. The State pays for the indigent — two and a half francs a day to the family host; but to that is added the labor of the guest. To many a peasant the innocent is as much an asset as the family cow. Relatives pay as they are able — sometimes as much as ten or fifteen francs a day, and the innocents thus paid for need not work unless they choose to.

All have the same relation to the Infirmary. An anthropological dossier, as complete as possible, is prepared for each, and as complete a history of his heredity and environment as can be obtained, including all the direct and indirect causes of his dementia. From that information the line of proposed treatment is determined and the family host is chosen.

I asked again about the proportion of insane to sane.

'We do not feel that we can hope for the results we aim at if our percentage is more than one to six. Five or six times other countries have tried to imitate our experiment and have failed, largely because they did not sufficiently realize this principle of separation, of favorable proportion, in our eyes so important.'

Some patients need not pass through the Infirmary. It is often an advantage

if the dossier can be carefully prepared in advance, and the placing arrangements made. The *aliené* has been told that he will be taken to the country. He will not, then, have the further disillusionment of finding himself again in detention.

The choice of the family is of the utmost importance. Not everyone can qualify. Those who aspire to be listed as hosts must give proof of irreproachable conduct and good will. If they can do that they are given professional instruction to prepare them for their delicate métier of nurse-friend. In general, the direction attempts to give the newcomer an accustomed environment. If he has been an artisan, he is lodged with an artisan's family. Patients from cities are placed with families of the bourgeoisie in the middle of the town, while those from the country live with *cultivateurs*. The great number of available families permits much liberty of choice, and the adaptation of the aliené to his new environment can be made under excellent conditions.

'This is the Infirmary,' the Director concluded, 'the starting point of our work — our laboratory, and at the same time our hospital. And just leaving it, there, is Dr. ——, in charge of readaptation. When a physician thinks a patient in his district is ready to return to the world, he gives him over to this specialist.

'It is highly desirable that the person going back to society should find himself in a new environment, where no familiar conditions will facilitate the return of the old malady. And he must, of course, be surrounded by the best moral influences. But that is another story — that of his return to the world, and of our increasing effort to engage the coöperation of larger and larger groups of normal citizens to help him remain there. Groups, for instance, like the volunteer one in Antwerp.'

III

We went from the Infirmary to visit a few of the alienés in their homes, beginning in the simplest peasant house, — simple, yet a perfect Breughel picture, — a kind of shop-counter in front, where the robust wife was arranging her raisins and a few provisions, the big general room at the left, where the man was smoking after the midday meal and the children and two innocents were cleaning up. Dr. Sano had entered without knocking — every door is his own door. From all there was a smiling welcome.

These were both congenital cases, paid for by the State. One was a flaxen-haired, pink-cheeked young woman, who had worked all morning in the vegetable field at the rear, who did not once speak, but kept very close to us, smiling continually; the other was a deaf-mute, dark and agitated. At the moment of our entrance she had begun running back and forth, clapping her hands and uttering weird cries. The mistress had gone to fetch the 'patient's book,' which every family must keep, recording the name, date of arrival, and various facts regularly reviewed by the attendant physician, and we did not read any meaning in all this agitation until she returned.

'Oh, I think it must be the new calf,' she laughed; and we followed to that most fascinating part of every Belgian homestead, the animal-shed. There the excitement culminated. It was, indeed, the calf that the deaf-mute wished us to see. Her cries ceased, but she continued running about between the lambs and the geese, clapping her hands. She had been chiefly engaged all morning in caring for these animals.

We inspected the small, airy bedrooms, each with its window looking on the garden, and then went on to a family a little higher in the social scale

There they had just begun dinner — the postman, his wife, several children, and two young men guests. No disturbance over our visit, though all got up to greet us. One of the young men, as he stood with closed eyes and delicate immobile face, seemed asleep. Dr. Sano took his hand; it was purple. 'You will scarcely believe,' he said, 'that there is much improvement here; yet I have strong hope for this young man.'

In this case there is no question of a contribution in labor; the family pays and the hosts carry out the prescribed treatment. At the rear of the house again the gardens and the quarters for the animals, among them a goat that furnishes the milk ordered for the young man who seemed asleep.

A few doors farther along we found a still more comfortable type of home, and again two guests — women. The fair and gay one was at work with threads and beads; her companion was dark and melancholy and unoccupied. And while the bead-worker was happily excited over our praise of her chains, the other's burning glance asked, 'Your praise, how can it interest her? How can she laugh?' 'In prison,' she muttered, as we passed her. Originally a menopause case, she has been there sixteen years.

We next visited the daughter of a former director of Gheel and her two charges. The fine old house was surrounded by green lawns and great trees and flowering red-rose bushes. Monsieur Louis, the brother of a French physician, was crossing the hall as we entered, but he paid no attention to Dr. Sano when he called him. It was only when Madame herself went to fetch him that he came, and then for some time he would have nothing to do with us; but finally Dr. Sano's questions about a proposed visit to his brother in France brought him round. A proposed visit! Louis has been in Gheel thirty-six years!

'You do some work? What is it?' I asked.

M. Louis shook his head.

'Oh, yes, he is very busy indeed,' Madame interrupted quickly. 'He keeps constantly *au courant* with all that goes on in the village. I need never leave the house, for M. Louis reports all the news. Then he is continually going on errands for me — which is not saying, however, that he may not add to or subtract from my commission,' she laughed. 'Yes, indeed, he is a very much occupied person!'

'And what news of Mr. John?' Dr. Sano inquired. Mr. John is the brother of an English physician, and was away in England to have some dental work done. He too has been in Gheel many years, — seventeen, — but he has improved enough to be able to make the journey to his brother unaccompanied.

In similar surroundings we found a tall, blue-eyed Englishman, who at once offered me cloth samples and proceeded to write down my measurements in a little book. 'I hope the last suit was all right?' he questioned anxiously, and his blue eyes shone with satisfaction when I told him it was. He goes freely about the town, always taking measurements, delivering imaginary suits, and being continually assured that they have proved satisfactory.

Here, too, was the prettiest, most exquisitely graceful Irish girl. As soon as she had heard us coming, she had run upstairs to adorn herself, to appear in a few minutes with her brown curls charmingly arranged, a flower at her belt, and tiny artificial ones wreathed about a cross she had hung from her throat. Such dainty ways and graces as she curtsied and smiled! Such a deliciously musical voice as she followed her fancies! An artist to her finger tips.

'Yes, they came, Ina and Michael, and you did not keep it from me. Ina had flowers in her hair.' Then suddenly, tragically breaking — 'But why did she steal in at dawn and tear the clothes from me?'

I do not know how, but Dr. Sano quieted her. She had just passed a period in the Infirmary and he was watching her closely.

'But I want to go and take care of your mother,' she appealed to him. 'I *must* take care of her.'

'No, mother is quite all right there in Antwerp.' He patted her shoulder.

'Then your wife — I *must* take care of her.'

'Yes, you can take care of her,' he agreed, and she was happy again. 'Bon jour!' She tiptoed about me. 'I will speak French with you,' and she threw me an airy kiss.

How merciful, that space in which she still may circle and curtsy and run upstairs to adorn herself!

IV

I had lived many years close to a hospital for the insane and had become accustomed to the red-brick city set apart. But this was different. Here was no visible demarcation. Here the insane abide with the sane. Only the invisible border line, crossed and recrossed by the errant spirit. She talked of her flowers, then in a lightning flash was a planet away. He showed me a Gothic doorway, then he too was beyond my reach. I felt the ground slipping from under me. Here all was adumbration, evanescence — so many degrees of approach and retreat. Where, after all, *was* the border line? How insupportably poignant! How slight the mooring of any spirit! Yes, to succeed, this experiment demands the equable, unemotional Flemish temperament; a less equable one would fail.

These were all milder cases, whom a visitor would least disturb, but their relation to the household is typical. Everywhere I felt how truly at home they are. They are valued, almost revered guests, largely because they are a source of income, — because their work in the fields or the house is a distinct asset, — but also because from early centuries Gheel has considered it her religious duty to give hospitality to the insane. To-day the work is a state work, but the religious tradition still strongly persists.

And just here is the most dramatic aspect of this accomplishment. It traces its origin, not to some highly specialized modern laboratory, to recently developed experiment centres, but to faith in the power of a sixth-century saint to cast out devils! There have been three stages in the development of this extraordinary community work: the first, or purely religious period, when the insane pilgrims who believed that through Saint Dimphna's intercession they would be cured lived in cells adjunct to her Cathedral, and in families closely connected with it; the second, when they were grouped around a communal hospital; and the third or present period, dating from 1852, in which the State has entire supervision over them.

Tradition places the beginnings of the practice of housing the 'possessed' in this village of northern Belgium as early as the martyrdom of Saint Dimphna, in the sixth century. Historically it dates at least from the fourteenth century. When the cells adjoining the Cathedral proved insufficient to house the suppliants, families devoutly offered their rooms, and so the work spread. From the point of view of her achievement there is no more interesting saint in the whole Catholic calendar than Saint Dimphna.

Her story is beautifully carved on the

altarpiece of the Cathedral. It represents her in the dim sixth century fleeing from Ireland and the pagan father who tried to force her to marry him. After long wanderings she and an aged confessor found themselves in the Campine, where they set up a chapel. There Dimphna's days were filled with holy works, and love for her spread through the whole region. But the father relentlessly pursued her. One of his agents discovered a piece of Irish money in an Antwerp tavern. How had it come there? Why, they told him, the holy woman of the Campine had Irish money. And so they hunted her down. The incestuous demand was repeated, and again Dimphna repulsed her father. His soldiers assassinated the aged priest; he himself cut off his daughter's head.

The carving shows him, with the devil that possessed him standing close behind. In the last panel the innocents crowd about the martyr, now Saint Dimphna. She who had power to resist her father's devil would surely help them to free themselves of their own. A woman in epilepsy leans backward, the epilepsy devil escaping from her head. 'That is as accurate a portrayal of a position in epilepsy as the one in Dr. Charcot's office in Paris,' Dr. Sano explained. The imbecile, the others in the foreground — all are remarkable. And so inevitably Saint Dimphna's shrine became more and more a holy place of pilgrimage for the demented; and, as we have seen, the custom of offering them hospitality spread from the Cathedral outward.

Behind the present altar is the actual shrine, lifted aloft on carved supports. The exquisite silver *châsse* rests in the crypt below. Each May, after the procession of aliené pilgrims has marched three times around the nave, they must drop to their knees at the side of the shrine, and on their knees pass under it. If this feat is successfully accomplished, the innocent may hope to be cured. 'Good medical sense too in that,' Dr. Sano commented. 'There *is* hope in such capacity to direct movement.'

Tradition reports wonderful cures in the name of Saint Dimphna. And wonderful cures are still wrought in Gheel. Here is no conflict between science and religion, for the last word of science repeats the early word of religion. To-day the city's device might well present Religion and Science, hands clasped, welcoming the innocent.

We inspected the ancient cells, now kitchen and living quarters for Cathedral attendants, and passed into the churchyard by the lovely old door my guide of the morning had brought me to see.

'You will find buried here, with the villagers, demented ones from Poland, from Czechoslovakia, from other far places,' Dr. Sano pointed out, as we looked across the serried ranks of stones. 'They mingled in life; here they are together in death.'

Then, just as my earlier guide had done, he suddenly wheeled swiftly about, and there again close behind us was the purple-clad figure. And again she glided noiselessly to a grave. As we passed through the gate I stood for a moment to watch her, immovable, a purple shadow against the gray stone.

DAWN

BY HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

I

Barbara felt she could not be blamed for detesting Frank Wallace even before she saw him. The Wallace twins lived next door, and those stupid fourteen-year-old boys talked of nothing else but Frank from morning to night. He hated girls; he could shin up a flagpole, using only one hand; he could lick a fellow twice as big as he was; he was a 'peachy' rider; he was coming to stay a whole week, maybe longer. Barbara told her mother she simply wanted to scream every time she saw the twins coming. But she never did more than say, 'Huh — your old Frank!' and walk away haughtily.

It could n't be that she was jealous. She was sure she was not of a jealous nature. When the twins boasted that their cousin Frank could ride better than any old girl, she did n't even laugh, though the idea was utterly absurd. Why, she had been riding since she was a child, and in only seven months she would be sixteen years old. Besides, it was ridiculous to say that a boy could do anything better than she could.

He was coming on Monday, and his coming made no difference whatever in Barbara's life. She did n't even see him. She was very busy with her own affairs.

Tuesday afternoon she glued up a crack in the handle of her riding crop, and when it was done she went into the living-room. Mother was sitting by the window, sewing, and Barbara stopped to look at her, because the sun was shining on her red hair. No other girl in the world, Barbara thought, had a mother quite so beautiful as hers. Just to look at her sitting there, with her hair shining, and that look that was n't quite a smile on her face, and the white stuff in her lap, made one have a feeling — a warm, happy feeling, yet queer, too.

Mother looked up and saw the riding crop. She said at once, 'Oh, Barbara, surely you are n't going to ride this hot afternoon? You 'll make yourself sick, dear.'

Barbara had n't thought of riding until that minute, but of course she said in a disappointed voice, 'Well, Mother, if you 're going to be upset about it — It is n't hot down by the river, honestly it is n't; it 's shady there. Don't you think I 'm old enough to be trusted to take care of myself?'

Mother sighed a little, breaking off her thread and knotting it again. 'I wish you were n't such a tomboy, Barbara,' she said. Barbara knew that meant she might go, so now she felt that she must. She did n't bother to change into riding breeches. She had n't really wanted to ride, and everyone was too busy keeping cool to notice what she had on.

Bobby was furious at being taken out. All the way down the driveway he walked stiffly, his head down. The Wallace twins were lying under a tree on their lawn, and someone was with them — a tall boy, stretched out in the shade.

There he was, the smarty! Barbara's heart began to thump. Why not show him some real riding?

She felt that the idea was unworthy of her, but at the same time she felt that the opportunity was too good to lose. With Bobby in such a temper, she'd need only to tickle his stomach, which he could n't bear to have touched at any time, and he'd buck wildly.

The dusty road wavered in the heat, and drops of perspiration were already trickling down her back. It would be mean to tease Bobby. She would n't do it.

Barbara gathered up the reins and Bobby trotted obediently down the path to the Wallace lawn. When they were close to the group under the tree, suddenly she struck Bobby lightly under the stomach with her whip. He stopped indignantly. She touched him again, and felt him crouch as he gathered all his four little hoofs close together under him. 'Now!' Barbara thought. She would sit him easily, splendidly, nonchalantly. Frank Wallace should see that a girl could ride!

Bobby sprang straight up into the air, and came down with a jerk. He sprang again. Frank was sitting up now. So were the twins. This was an old story to them, but they were always interested, thinking there was a chance she might be thrown. Bobby was leaping and leaping again, with magnificent sidewise twists, the muscles under his smooth skin quivering with rage. Barbara sat straight and smiling, the riding crop lightly dangling from her wrist. She wanted to shout triumphantly, rocking there in the saddle; but she preferred an effect of supercilious ease, so she continued to smile, though it was difficult not to be jerky about it.

Bobby's leaps were less violent; he was tiring of the game. Barbara had always let him stop when he wanted to, but this time she struck him again, lightly. With a snort of astonishment Bobby jumped forward, stopped suddenly, and ducked his head. Barbara pitched over it.

It was so horrible that she could n't believe it was true. There she was, on the ground, between the twins. She drew her legs up under her and crouched there, hiding her face in her hands. The twins were rolling on the grass, yelling with laughter. Barbara knew she could never hold up her head again so long as she lived. She wanted to crawl away somewhere and die. Frank was n't laughing with the twins, but in a minute he would be. She could n't bear to go on living.

She felt two hands on her wrists, pulling her to her feet. He was looking at her with anxious blue eyes. She realized then that Frank Wallace was very good-looking, that his hair was black and wavy, and that he was wearing a smart sport shirt, open at the neck. 'Aw, that's too bad!' he was saying. 'D' he hurt you?'

Barbara stammered something about being all right. She had a horrible feeling that she was going to cry. She *would* n't cry. Nobody'd ever catch her crying in front of any boy.

The twins were still laughing, and Dexter, the blonde twin, began to hoot: 'Look at Frank — holding hands! Frank's holding hands with Barbara! Oo-oo-oo, Fra-a-ank!'

Frank dropped Barbara's wrists and turned on the twins. 'You shut up!' he said sternly, taking a step toward Dexter. Both twins scrambled to their feet and backed away, their mouths open.

'Get out!' Frank said.

He was so lordly, standing there with his arm flung out, that it was easy to see he was a born leader of men. Dexter and Johnny slunk around the corner of the house without a word. Then Frank turned on his heel and folded his arms.

In any other boy this would have been funny, but Frank seemed so strong and brave. Barbara felt that he could do anything.

She had always known that she was a person of action, very impulsive and decided, but now she was standing there, tongue-tied, looking at her feet. She realized that the occasion called for sweet graciousness on her part, but she could only remember how she must have looked, sprawling on the grass.

Frank began to kick at a pebble. Then he leaned over, picked it up, and threw it in a beautiful whizzing curve against a telegraph pole. The shock of the pebble's striking startled Bobby, who was cropping grass at the edge of the lawn, and seeing this gave Barbara an excuse to do something. She dashed over to Bobby, took the reins, and walked away toward home with as much dignity as she could. Instantly she heard Frank running after her.

'Listen — wait a minute — '

Barbara stopped on the driveway. 'Yes?' she said, fluttering. She thought she must seem like a perfect idiot.

'Say,' he said, in a funny breathless voice, 'I — I think you 've got awfully pretty hair.'

Barbara was astounded. Boys had always called her 'Carrot-top.' But she had to answer him. 'It needs washing awfully,' she said, and walked on.

Tears of misery smarted in her eyes as she hurried up the driveway to the stable, dragging Bobby after her, and not looking back. She ran to her own cool little bedroom as quickly as she could, and sat there, hunched in a chair. Of all the things she might have said, to have come out with that! Being pitched off Bobby served her right for trying to show off, but why had she kept on being an utter fool? When he said that to her, she might have said something brilliant and careless, like, 'Oh, really? Do you think so? I had n't noticed, myself. Awfully hot day, is n't it?' But no; she had to blurt out that she needed a shampoo, and then stalk off without even thanking him.

A tiny breeze came in and touched her hot cheeks. Daddy was mowing the lawn, and the gentle sound of whirring mixed with her thoughts. She wanted some lemonade, but she was too miserable to go downstairs for it. If she 'd only acted like anything but a silly fool, perhaps — She caught her breath. Had —love — come to her at last? Perhaps it was for this that she had scorned all other boys. But now all was in ruins. The thought of what might have been swept over her. She saw herself coming in from a long ride, and Frank helping her to dismount. She slipped from the saddle into his arms, and he held her so for a moment, tenderly. But she disengaged herself with gentle dignity. His love for her would only be the greater. 'My dear,' he said, 'you cannot know how great is my respect for you.' She rested her hand for a moment on his bowed head, and he dared to hope that some day, perhaps —

Then another picture came, and strangely disturbed her. She knew some girls were kissed by boys, but it had always seemed silly to her and she had been sure that she would not allow it. But now — she saw herself standing on the porch in the moonlight. Frank was there, quite close to her, looking at her, and suddenly she felt all trembly. He came closer and closer; he put his arms around her and whispered in her ear. 'Dearest,' he whispered. And then —

Barbara jumped to her feet. 'No!' she heard herself saying in a queer voice. 'No, no, please don't!' She was frightened, she did n't know why, and tried to push the picture out of her mind. She walked back and forth, trying to think of something else. Once she thought of going down and telling Mother about it,

but somehow she knew Mother would n't like it.

'Barbara!' Mother called from the foot of the stairs. 'Dinner 's ready.'

She felt a tremendous relief, as though she had come home from some strange place. After all, nothing had happened except in her own mind. Almost happy again, she hurried to wash and change her clothes. He would n't want to kiss her anyway, and even if he did want to he could n't do it if she would n't let him. So everything was all right.

II

Next morning it rained. Barbara had always liked storms; they gave her such a feeling of being safe and cozy in the house. On rainy days mother let her make candy, or she could rummage in the attic and dress up in old-fashioned clothes. Mother seemed to enjoy it almost as much as she did.

But this time Barbara could n't settle down to anything. She did n't feel like making candy, and dressing up seemed so childish. She wondered what the Wallaces were doing, but she was too dismal to do any imagining about it. She roamed over the house, looking out of the windows and wishing something would happen. She did n't care what — just something. She watched the raindrops hurrying down the windowpanes, running together, making little silvery tracks. They thought they were going somewhere; then when they reached the bottom the poor things had to spread out — nothing more happened to them. Barbara felt sorry for them, cheated like that.

The wind howled, and the rain streamed on the roof. Even the trees looked wretched, thrashing their black dripping branches.

About two o'clock Mrs. Wallace telephoned, asking if Barbara might come over to spend the afternoon. 'She 's so energetic,' Mrs. Wallace said, 'I thought perhaps she 'd wake up the boys. They 're dragging around, more dead than alive.'

Mother told Barbara this, and added, 'Button your raincoat up tight, dear, and don't forget your rubbers.'

Barbara could hardly wait to get out among the merrily splashing raindrops. The wind whooped gayly, and the trees swung their branches as though they wanted to whoop with it. The world was a gay and joyous place. Even the Wallace house looked different, somehow. Barbara was struck by the way it stood out. It was as though she had never seen it before. And the lucky twins, having him around all the time — it must be wonderful for them!

She considered how she should act. After yesterday she must be careful about the impression she made. Should she be cold, and very grown-up, and polite? Or should she be gay and fascinating? She decided that the best plan would be to be gay and fascinating, gracious, but a little distant. He would see that she was not to be trifled with. Her heart was pounding.

Mrs. Wallace let her in. 'I'm so glad you've come, Barbara,' she said. 'Let me have those wet things. You'll find the boys in the living-room.' Mrs. Wallace need n't have bothered to tell her that, Barbara thought, because she could hear the phonograph playing some screechy song. She had always hated cheap song records. It was the twins' choice, she was sure.

When she came in, Frank was lying on the couch and the twins on the floor. Frank rose at once and shut off the phonograph. Barbara had never seen such courtesy in a boy. They shook hands. She was very gracious, and said not to mind her, but just to go on playing. Frank said, 'Aw, it 's a bum record, anyway.' It was thrilling to see that they had the same taste in music.

After that they stood there awkwardly. Frank asked her if she liked to ride, and she said she did. He said he did, too. It was wonderful to feel that they had the same tastes in everything. But Barbara wished she could think of something interesting to say, something that would show how clever she was. It was so hard to be gracious when she could n't think of anything to say. But her mind seemed to have stopped, and they stood there until Frank said to Dexter, 'Say, why don't you kids go out and play in the barn?'

Dexter sat up lazily and yawned. 'Aw, no,' he said. 'It ain't any fun in the barn; is it, Johnny?'

'Nope,' said Johnny, promptly. He always agreed with Dexter.

Frank looked annoyed, but he did n't say any more. Barbara knew just how he felt; it was so tiresome to have children around all the time. She felt that she must do something, so she sat down on the floor and began to look through the dance records. In a little while she came across the new fox trot, the Limehouse Blues, and held it up to Frank. He put it on the phonograph, and when the first throbbing wail floated out his eyes began to sparkle. 'Say,' he said, 'let's dance.'

He was a beautiful dancer. Barbara was surprised; he was slim, yet he looked rather heavy, and she had thought he might be stiff. But he was not. He glided across the floor slowly and easily, keeping perfect time. Barbara could have danced on forever. The only flaw in her good time was the twins. They had n't moved from the floor, and they began to grab at her feet. It was perfectly horrid of them! Barbara felt sorry for Mrs. Wallace, who had tried so hard to bring the twins up well. She hoped Mrs. Wallace would never know how they were behaving in Frank's presence.

Frank behaved admirably. He was awfully mad, Barbara could see that, but he did n't say a word. He merely kicked at them, *hard*, every time he danced near them.

When the music stopped, the twins were whispering and giggling; then suddenly they got up and ran out of the room. It was much nicer then. Frank played the Limehouse Blues over and over again, and when they were tired of dancing they sat on the table and talked. Every little while they danced again, just for a change.

Frank said he had known a great many dancers, but he had never known any so good as Barbara. She said she thought he danced perfectly himself. Frank said his father said there was going to be another war, and if there was he was going to be a captain in it. Barbara could just see him, brave and inspiring, leading his men over the top; she had felt right away that he would be like that. She said that if there was another war she was going as a nurse. It was strange that they could tell each other about their inmost thoughts. She had never before found anyone who understood her.

Frank's eyes lighted up, and he said he'd probably be terribly wounded, and maybe he'd get to the hospital where Barbara was, and she could nurse him.

They were so startled by the way in which life always works out for the best, and by the thought of how wonderful it would be, that they stared at each other. Then Frank said in a low voice, 'I don't care how many times I'm wounded, if you take care of me.' Barbara had known that he was brave, but she had n't known he was so brave as that. She felt queer, and said hurriedly, 'Let's dance.'

For a long time they said nothing. Barbara did n't care if they never stopped dancing, and she was thinking how mysterious life is, when suddenly

something hard caught her ankle. She stumbled, and looked down just in time to see a cane disappearing under the couch. Frank snatched it and pulled, and there was that wretched Dexter!

Frank dragged him out and said sternly, 'You listen to me, Dexter. You know that knife of mine?'

Dexter's eyes glistened.

'Well,' Frank said, 'I was going to give it to you, but now I won't! The way you act is n't even human! If I'd let you have it you'd prob'ly 've killed somebody.'

Barbara wondered that Dexter did n't shrivel where he stood, but children are so thick-skinned. Dexter only dodged into the hallway, yelling back, 'I don't care! I would n't take your old knife — not even if you begged me to.'

Frank and Barbara looked at each other and laughed; children are so amusing. They started Limehouse Blues again, and were going to dance, when Mrs. Wallace called from the other room, 'Children, could n't you play something else for a little while? You've had that going all the afternoon, and I'm sure there are other nice dance records!'

Barbara was speechless. She just would n't have believed it of Mrs. Wallace. When her nephew was entertaining a guest for a little while in her house, to force her wishes on him like that! It would serve Mrs. Wallace right if he never came again. But he was very courteous about it, simply saying, 'All right, Aunt Dot,' and shutting off the record. Then Barbara realized that Mrs. Wallace's voice had had something very patient in it, and that she had said 'all the afternoon.'

'My goodness, it's almost supper time,' Barbara said. 'I'll have to go.' The afternoon had seemed only a minute long. But Mother said that time went faster and faster as one grew old, and now Barbara knew what she meant. She realized for the first time that it was terrible to grow old, and that she was doing it.

Fortunately there was no time to think about it. Frank went into the hall to help her with her things, and when she was opening the door he said, 'Say, could you go to the Park with me Saturday night? There'll be open-air dancing, you know.'

'Well,' Barbara said, 'I don't know. I'd love to, if — I mean — Well, you see, I could n't decide right now. I'll have to look in my engagement book and see if I'm doing anything Saturday night. Could I let you know tomorrow or next day?'

He looked worried, and Barbara felt her heart thump. But she could n't tell him until she asked Mother. Then he said slowly, 'Well, you see — if it's a good day to-morrow we're going to the beach to stay till Friday night, and I — I gotta see you again. I'm going home Sunday. Look here — I'll telephone you soon as I get back. Can you tell me then?'

'Yes, indeed,' Barbara said politely. She took it bravely, for she had n't known that life could be so cruel. Three beautiful days that meant everything in the world, simply torn out of their lives and thrown away at the beach! Probably the Wallaces had n't even consulted him; they arranged things and he had to do them. Being a guest, he could n't say he did n't want to. It was hard to bear. But nothing could be done about it. Life was like that.

There was still Saturday evening, their one evening.

Barbara rushed home across the lawn. As soon as she kicked off her rubbers she ran to find Mother. Mother was setting the table for dinner, and Barbara told her all in one long sentence about

Frank's asking her to go to the Park. 'I *can* go, can't I, Mother?' she begged. 'Can't I, Mother, *please?*' She was following Mother around the table; it did seem as if Mother might stop a minute and listen to her. But Mother went on around the table, laying down knives and forks.

'I don't know, Barbara,' Mother said at last. She looked a little startled. 'You're rather young for this sort of thing, yet.'

'Oh, Mother, I'm almost sixteen!'

'I'll see what your father says, dear.'

Barbara was in agony, for she knew what Daddy would say. 'Oh, please, *please*, Muddy dear, can't you make him let me go? I'll be perfectly all right. Lots of girls go, and — and it's Frank's last night. Can't I have just this one last good time?'

'Mercy, Barbara!' Mother said. 'Don't crumple the tablecloth like that, dear. If you feel it's so important I'll do what I can; but you know how your father feels about your going to dances before you're eighteen.'

'Yes, I know!' Barbara said bitterly. 'He never, *never* lets me do things like other girls. I — I just can't *bear* it!' She turned and fled.

Daddy said exactly what Barbara had known he would: 'I'll think it over.' He left her in aching suspense for two days, and she did n't dare mention the subject again in all that time. If she did he would say she was teasing, and that would settle it. He never let her coax for things as other girls did. And Saturday was the last time she would see Frank. If she could n't go to the Park she might never see him again. All she would have to live on, all her long life, would be the memory of that one rainy afternoon. The tragedy of love, instead of its happiness, was to be her lot. She would grow old before her time, and bitter, and no one would know the reason. But she *must* see him again, just one last time.

Those two days were like being ill, she felt so feverish. She could n't stay in the house, but went off for long rides with Bobby, so that she might be alone and think.

On Friday, at dinner, Daddy said, 'Oh, Barbara — about Saturday night. Your mother seems to think it will be all right for you to go with that Wallace boy, but I don't think much of it. Understand, you leave the Park not one minute later than eleven o'clock. You're too young to be skylarking around nights.'

'Yes, sir,' Barbara said quietly. She wondered if people ever died of happiness. She continued to eat her soup. If she showed the least bit of excitement Daddy would change his mind. He had always said she was very nervous and must not be excited, and he was a doctor, so she could n't argue about it.

She kept out of Daddy's way as much as possible that evening, and Saturday. It was only natural that she should be excited, in this great crisis of her life. All her will power barely kept her voice from trembling when Frank telephoned, but she was proud of the way she talked to him, gayly, brightly, as though she did n't care at all.

III

When he came for her Saturday night she knew she was looking her very best. She had put on a tiny bit of Mother's powder. Frank came in Mr. Wallace's rubber-tired buggy; the car was being repaired, he said, and anyway, he thought the buggy was nicer. Barbara thought so, too. Mother watched them from the window, smiling and waving, and the twins capered and yelled on the lawn, but Barbara hardly noticed them. She told Frank

at once that they must come home at eleven o'clock, and he said, 'All right.' Barbara thought he looked wonderful in his white trousers and blue serge coat, his black hair sleeked back.

The first thing the orchestra played was Limehouse Blues, their very own tune. Barbara was almost frightened by the mysterious powers of Destiny. The music and the dancing and the lights all seemed to be there just for them. Everything was so perfect that it was like a dream or an enchantment. It hurt — that nothing so beautiful could last. And yet it seemed to go on forever. Over and over again Frank asked the orchestra to play Limehouse Blues, and Barbara knew that never again would she hear it without feeling dreadful inside. Even then, while he was there and they were dancing together, she could hardly bear it when the first thin notes wailed out and the drums began to throb.

Quite suddenly it was eleven o'clock. The end of everything. They went silently down the steps of the open-air pavilion, picked their way through the crowd on the fringe of carriages and motors around the grove, climbed silently into the buggy, and drove away. The music grew thinner behind them, until at last it was just a faint reminder that somewhere others were happy and did n't have to say goodbye.

Outside the Park, they seemed miles away from everybody. A copper-colored moon floated in the great arch of the sky. The moonlight made little lacy patterns all along the road under the trees. The woods were a velvety blackness, full of fireflies, and there was a cool smell of honeysuckle and of new-mown hay. Everywhere tree toads were trilling and whippoorwills were calling. Barbara wondered dully how she could go on living after that night was gone.

Frank was not sitting close to her at all, but after a while she felt his arm on the back of the seat. It did n't touch her, but she knew it was there. She did not move. Little by little his arm came nearer, until it was around her shoulders. She did n't dare look at him, and she hoped he could n't hear the pounding of her heart. Neither of them spoke. The horse's feet went *plock, plock, plock* in the dust.

They came to a fork in the road, white in the moonlight, and Frank said, 'Where does that road go?'

Barbara answered, 'It joins this road, farther down.' Then she added, 'But it takes us about a mile and a half out of our way.'

Frank turned the horse into it, without a word. The wheels went on crunching, the fireflies glittered across the road, and far away an owl hooted. Frank leaned forward and wrapped the lines around the whip. Then he put his arm gently around Barbara's shoulders again, and his cheek touched hers. She could feel his hair moving softly against her forehead in the breeze. Somehow their hands were clasped together.

Barbara felt that she should n't let him do that, but she wanted him to stay just where he was, forever. She could n't tell him to stop. All the world was so beautiful.

For a long time the horse slowly drew them onward. Then she felt his lips brushing her cheek.

'Please,' she whispered gently, 'you must n't.'

He muttered, 'Sorry,' and rested his cheek against hers again.

Why had she said that? She wanted him to kiss her, more than anything in the world. The words had said themselves. She wished they had not been said, yet she was a little glad. Then for a while she could n't think any more. She could only feel his hand holding

hers, and his smooth, warm cheek. She thought again, if he would only not listen to her, but kiss her anyway, she could n't help it. And she would have it to remember when he was gone. But she had told him not to, and now it was too late.

It was forever too late. They would never have that moment again. This night, and the woods, and the fireflies, and the moon, all were going away from them; nothing they could do would keep one moment of it. To-morrow he too would be gone, and she would never see him again.

The horse went onward slowly.

Slowly, bit by bit, the long white road went backward under the crunching wheels. Shadows of trees came over them, and were gone, and other shadows came and went. There was the Wallace garden wall, and the sidewalk, all bare and empty now, where she had played hopscotch when she was little. There were the posts of her own driveway, and with a strange pang she remembered Bobby, how glad he'd always been to see her coming, and to nuzzle her pockets for sugar.

Then, quite suddenly, all in a breathless instant, it happened. Frank had kissed her. She did n't know how it had happened, but she felt the kiss there, a hard, quick kiss under her right eye. She was sitting very straight on the edge of the seat, looking at the horse's ears, and Frank was saying, 'I'll never forget you, never!'

Barbara could n't speak. She jumped out of the buggy and ran up the porch steps. She wanted to get into the house quickly, where she could n't hear the wheels going down the driveway, going away — into the house quickly, where she could be alone.

Her father rose from a chair in the living-room and stalked into the hall. 'Barbara,' he said, 'do you know what time it is?'

She stammered, 'N-no, sir.'

'It's one o'clock. I thought I told you to come home at eleven.'

Barbara heard herself saying, 'I — I did, Daddy. Honestly. We — we left at exactly eleven.'

'Where have you been all this time?' His voice was strangely harsh.

Barbara blinked at him. He looked very tall, and his eyes were hard and cold. But he did n't seem real. 'Been?' Barbara said. 'Been? Oh, why — I — we were j-just coming home. W-we walked the horse all the way. We t-took the fork, you know. It was such a lovely night.'

Was he going to laugh? Why should he laugh? He did n't; he looked stern again.

'All right,' he said. 'But you won't go to the Park again this summer. Do you understand?'

'Yes, sir,' Barbara said, and turned to the stairs. The kiss was still there on her cheek; she could feel it there. In a minute she would be in her room, alone, with so much to remember. Frank was gone. She would never see him again; but always, always, she would remember him. She might go on living a long, long time yet, but she knew that nothing else would ever matter at all.

At the turning of the stairs she paused. She suddenly realized what her father had been saying. He was still in the hall, thoughtfully rubbing his chin. Barbara leaned over the banisters and said softly, 'Daddy!'

He looked up. 'Well?'

'Daddy,' Barbara said slowly, 'it is only just that you should punish me, but I think it only fair to tell you that it does n't matter to me. Nothing matters any more.'

She thought her father looked startled, but she forgot him, hastening up to her room, where she could be alone.

ARE SOME TREES CIVILIZED?

BY DON KNOWLTON

To attribute civilization to a tree would appear to strain even poetic license. We think of the forest as wild. Our pioneers cut and burned the original timber to make way for farms and cities. The tree has ever been the symbol of the primitive state. And yet, in Cleveland, Ohio, there has been going on, throughout the last twenty years, a reforestation that gives rise to an interesting speculation as to the nature and habits of certain trees.

Once Cleveland was known as the Forest City. Its great elms and maples helped to make Euclid Avenue one of the show streets of the world. There were, too, oak and ash and whitewood and beech, and many others, some of them relics of the old forest. The elms and maples had been planted along the streets in the early days. They were, of course, native to the locality, and rose high and wide, lending a dignity and elegance to the city.

Then came industrialism and expansion.

Real-estate men, opening new subdivisions, sought trees that would grow rapidly. They hit first upon the Lombardy poplar, the tree that grows straight up, like a church spire, and planted whole streets with those leafy telegraph poles, as shade trees! Residents upon the streets sought to change the habits of the Lombardy by trimming it down every year, in an effort to persuade it to branch out; but the Lombardy has eyes only for the sky, and straight up all those trees went, trim or no trim. At the same time, their roots pried open so many drains and water pipes that they had to be taken out finally, roots and all.

In the meanwhile the next crop of allotment adventurers had discovered the Carolina poplar, a compromise between the native cottonwood — whose branches grow horizontally — and the Lombardy. The Carolina poplar branches at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and, though it begins to shed its leaves almost before spring is over, it is nevertheless a prodigious grower and does afford some shade. In spite of the fact that it too has a propensity toward sewer exploration, the Carolina poplar has remained.

That stage passed; and nurserymen, allotment owners, and the city forestry department began to plant elms and maples and oaks, with an eye toward permanent beautification. But in the meantime industrialism boomed, smoke and gases poured into Cleveland's air, and the problem became, not one of planting new trees, but of saving old ones.

The oaks died outright. So did the sugar maples and most of the elms. The soft maples lingered along, dying not so much from the smoke itself as from various parasites, such as the cotton moth, which took advantage of their weakened condition. The trees on the Public Square went first; then out Euclid Avenue, block by block, crept the slowly blasting tide of industrialism until by 1917 little was left of the grand old trees save a few pitiful branches, still trying to shelter the trimmed

and blackened stubs from which they sprang. The decay and death of the old trees was well-nigh universal throughout all of Cleveland that lay within the smoke-covered area. True, thousands of the old-timers are alive to-day, but, save in May, they are sick and ugly, and those that do remain are swiftly dying.

Failing in conservation, in spite of spraying and trimming, forestry men and landscape gardeners sought to find trees that would grow in the smoke and gas. The first successful experiment, perhaps, was with the catalpa. It is a common sight in Cleveland, in July, to see a catalpa in vigorous growth and full bloom standing beside a soft maple whose leaves are already rusty-red and crinkled, and which has but a few more years to live.

The European sycamore also proved an exceptionally good smoke grower. Whole streets were planted to these sycamores a number of years ago, and to-day they are magnificent. Their mottled white-and-brown bark, their broad horizontal leaves, and their wide-spreading branches make them highly ornamental, and they shade as thoroughly as does the sugar maple. But with European sycamore and catalpa the venture of the planters stopped. Foresters at last practically gave up conservation of the old trees in the downtown section, and transferred their attention to outlying parks and streets where pin oaks, Norway maples, and elms would thrive.

And then, downtown, began an amazing natural reforestation.

Whoever first brought the ailanthus to Cleveland, I do not know. It is a pithy, rapidly growing tree, with great compound leaves sometimes three feet long — a sort of glorified sumac. The ailanthus adopted downtown Cleveland. It spread by self-seeding, and with incredible rapidity. The thicker the tenements and the population, the thicker the ailanthus. Where smoke and dust and grime and gases seem most vile, there the ailanthus flourishes prodigiously.

Old Erie Street cemetery, where the ancient élite of the city lie forgotten beneath a layer of coal soot, is reforested entirely by these trees. The colored section of the city, along Thirtieth Street near Scoville and Woodland, has grown up solidly to ailanthus. The trees spring up in one-by-two-foot plots, next to cellar windows, behind sheds, beneath porches, sometimes even in cracks in the stones. A growth of three feet a year is common. Where people tramp and youngsters play, where not a blade of grass will grow, the ailanthus germinates and prospers. It sprawls over houses and garages; it shelters tiny porches from the sun on the red-hot summer days; it hugs upstairs windows; it appropriates to itself every nook and cranny of soil. A large vacant lot on Euclid Avenue, near the downtown business section, is grown thickly with ailanthus, the trees standing about as far apart as is the case in any normal second-growth wood lot on an Ohio farm.

The ailanthus loves smoky sections where humanity swarms, but it seldom ventures into the bare slag piles, the cinder banks, and the city dumps. There the white poplar has taken hold. Beneath Central Viaduct, next to a switchyard, in the dirtiest place in all Cleveland, a grove of white poplars has flourished for some years; and those trees have now begun to seed themselves along the ash-covered banks of Cleveland's ugly industrial ravines, concealing the tin cans and factory refuse. Gases from the blast furnaces kill almost every other form of vegetation, but the white poplars turn the silvery bottoms of their leaves to the wind and breathe.

Along the lowlands of our downtown gullies, where former brooks have become carriers for factory waste, crack willows grow rank. In the steel section, where even the grass is seared, weeping willows have spread in abundance, rising in humble back yards and brushing foundry walls.

This, mind you, is not man-made reforestation. It just happened.

So to-day a survey of the healthy trees in the smoke-covered areas of Cleveland reveals the following: —

European sycamores on the Public Square and along certain residential sections

Catalpas on the Public Square and in scattered localities

Ailanthus throughout the entire district of the downtown, poorer-class, crowded homes

Carolina poplars along downtown streets that are still residential

Weeping willows in the steel districts

Crack willows along the refuse drains of the industrial ravines

White poplars along the slag and cinder banks

Pear and ginkgo still flourishing here and there upon the remains of old downtown estates

I do not mean that other trees, such as elm, maple, and whitewood, may not be found alive in smokier Cleveland. Thousands of them do still leaf; but, with the exception of isolated cases in which special care has preserved them, they are dying, and dying rapidly. The above list includes all the trees that really grow and prosper, and within another ten years this list will constitute the complete arboreal catalogue of downtown Cleveland. Of this list, the catalpa, European sycamore, and Carolina poplar have been knowingly planted; the pear and the ginkgo have successfully survived; the ailanthus, weeping willow, crack willow, and white poplar have sown themselves. By far the most numerous and aggressive is the ailanthus.

Now to the point which leads to speculation. *Not a single one of the trees on the above list is native.*

I am not an historian of trees, and am forced to rely upon textbook accounts of their origins; but I do know our native trees, every one, and these city dwellers are strangers. The nurserymen call the city sycamore a European sycamore. Whether it came from Europe in its present form or is a hybrid between a European tree and our native sycamore, I cannot say. My old Latin professor used to say that the sycamore was the 'plane tree' of which the Romans spoke so often. It is possible that the catalpa is a native of the southern part of this country, but it comes probably from China or the West Indies. The ailanthus is a native of China, where it is called the 'Tree of Heaven.' It was introduced into England by Jesuit missionaries, and came thence to this country. The Carolina poplar shows the influence of its ancestor, the Lombardy poplar, which, according to good report, originated in Afghanistan and is common in Europe, where it often borders the highways. The weeping willow grew first in the valley of the Euphrates, and is popular in China. The crack willow comes from Europe. The white poplar is a native of Asia and Europe, and was early introduced into this country as an ornamental tree. How long the pear tree has been associated with mankind may only be surmised. The ginkgo came from China, by way of Japan and England.

Thus are we led back to Asia and Asia Minor, to the days of clay tablets, of Sanskrit, and of Chinese dynasties that rose and fell ere history — as we know it — began. These trees that to-day alone survive where men throng thickest shaded the cradles of the race. For countless thousands of years they have acclimated themselves to the

goings and comings and buildings and crowdings of humanity.

Have they, perhaps, become civilized? Is it possible that they thrive in downtown Cleveland to-day, not in spite of urban congestion, but because of it?

The catalpa, pear, ginkgo, sycamore, and Carolina poplar were deliberately planted, it is true; but what of the white poplar, crack willow, weeping willow, and ailanthus, which have of their own accord reforested the most grimy, desolate, and crowded districts? The ailanthus, mind you, practically never occurs outside of the tenement quarters. Why does it not seed itself in the better, cleaner, residential sections? Why, with its prodigious powers of reproduction and growth, does it not emigrate to the country, and crowd out our native trees?

The ailanthus does not flourish in the country. I know of only one ailanthus that grows outside Cleveland's city limits, and that was planted there years ago. The clearer the air, the more frequent the open spaces, the thinner the population, the fewer are the numbers of ailanthus. It is a veritable English sparrow among trees — a follower of mankind. The ailanthus bears large wingèd seeds, which no doubt are carried far into the suburbs, yet in the outlying vacant lots, where young elms and oaks and maples appear, the ailanthus is not seen. It would seem that what are ideal growing conditions for our native trees are unhealthy for the ailanthus, and that the very trampling of thousands of human feet, which kills the elm and the maple, makes the ailanthus feel at home and among friends. The ailanthus is native to mankind.

Perhaps it is not merely because the ailanthus can successfully combat the smoke and gases that it has reforested downtown Cleveland. Smoke and gas are products of the last twenty-five years, but this tree has been with man through the ages. It is far more pleasant to conceive that the ailanthus, like man, has adapted its physical mechanism to the exigencies of industrialism. If civilized man can live in an atmosphere of soot and cinders, should not also a civilized tree?

Mark you, this tree is not cultivated, in the same sense as are our garden shrubs and flowers. Those are pampered. With few exceptions, they need not only quite pure air but diligent attention. The ailanthus grows, not because of direct human aid, but in the face of all factors ordinarily considered fatal to vegetable life.

It is indeed a delightful speculation to imagine this ailanthus, this Tree of Heaven, gracing the pagodas of Chinese nobility ere Khufu built his pyramid; to fancy weeping willows lamenting over the follies of Babylon; to dream of the poplars of old Asia, which first set their leaves quivering to the gusts rising from man-made fire below; and to believe that these trees — civilized, if you please — have followed the fortunes of mankind down through the centuries and follow them to this very day, faithful in spite of steel, gasoline, pavements, tenements, railroads, sulphur dioxide, and slag.

THE SWALLOWS OF MONT SAINT-MICHEL

BY THEODORE MORRISON

Swallows of Mont Saint-Michel, I remember the rush of your wings
Through the still, blue motes of the deepening vesper sky.
You sprang to the glistening air in the lighted hour that brings
A fading image of peace to the lands that lie
Thick with the yellow sheaves of vestal fire.
For the Norman farms, and the distant, shadowy choir
Of the village roofs that watch by the waste of sands,
Are bright with the golden ears that never are reaped,
Save from afar where the walls of the Mount are steeped
In the silence that watches the shapes of all things die.
But the dusk is awake with swift, soft-winnowing bands,
And scattering down in a shrill, wild shower of sound,
Over the lance of the Abbey's mist-gray spire,
Over the tawny glint of the bay to the uttermost bound
Where the ebbing sea shrinks back from the Breton ground,
I remember your rattling cry.
Yes, I remember you well,
Swallows of Mont Saint-Michel.

Up from the coigns of the wall, from your tiny caverns of stone
That hide in the lichened chinks of turret and stair,
You leap with a flutter of wings to the heights where swallows have flown
Perhaps since William the Bastard halted there
With Harold come from an island over La Manche.
Could you have seen, you swallows, the Conqueror launch

The fleet that bore his chivalry over the strait,
While minstrel Taillefer whetted his sword and his lay,
'Roland,' sung to the blade he tossed in play
When the knights rode out at Hastings? Did you not share
The thrill of a feast that sat in the eye of fate
When captive Earl and conquering Duke were brought
To St. Michael's board? There reveled many a paunch
Whose blood drained down to the earth when Saxon and Norman fought
Till the race of England out of their wounds was wrought.
From the still, blue dusk of the air,
What of such men can you tell,
Swallows of Mont Saint-Michel?

Great lives darken and die, but Life is borne without rest
Into the current whose flowing is all in all.
The flesh will conceive when the spirit is sore oppressed,
And babes are begotten to hope while the ages pall.
Yet still the swallows rise on flickering wings
Into the light where the lance of Michael springs.
Over the Mount the warm, small breasts of the free
Circle and flash with sharp-tipped pinions, and cries
That tumble like bells of light from the darkening skies
And over the golden meadows rattle and fall.
The rays of glory flood from the hills and the sea,
But men are not more happy than they that are dead.
We have dwelt too long with war, and a tocsin rings
In the beauty that still is left to beacon a world of dread
To the Peace whose image walks in the warm light shed
On the yellow fields of Gaul.
They fade; but your throats yet swell,
Swallows of Mont Saint-Michel.

ARTIST AT LARGE

BY ISABEL COOPER

I

THE migrations of artists are usually determined by such practical considerations as seasonal changes in the beauty of hills and seas and forests. They æstivate in pleasant coastal towns of New England, which smell of fish and honeysuckle and salt. They winter in large numbers near the exhibition galleries, and at all times swarm naturally in regions abounding with good models, old-fashioned gardens, rock-bound coasts, or the glamour of obsolete shipping. Sometimes they merely move from studio to studio, a few steps ahead of careworn landlords who pad dejectedly after them. Or they yield to the temptation George Moore speaks of, 'which the artist spends his life in fighting — the temptation to go and talk to someone.'

The peregrinations of my early student days were much along these general lines. I used to sketch through long, peaceful, north-temperate summers on the shores of Connecticut, and through interesting winters in a variety of metropolitan studios, which have merged in my memory into a fantastic picture of the conventional workroom of an artist: a not too draughty space of cold, trenchant light in the midst of a lofty room, with a sort of twilight of graven images round about the edges, a few nymphs standing at gaze within their plaster prisons, and a Periclean philosopher or two frowning down with sightless plaster eyes upon a dusty flotsam of throne chairs, and books, and prints, and worn, muted stringed instruments, and coffers full of precious junk — all the gay, inconsequential ingredients of a background that would help the mood of such a romantic-minded and absurd trifler with art as myself, at least!

But my work, of late years, has been among surroundings far different from this. Aboard a variety of ships on a diversity of seas, in tropical rain forests, on desert-island strands, I have set up workrooms original and eccentric to the last degree. I have been an artist at large, in the truest sense of the words — an actual nomad, with never a day's work in a real studio, and scarcely a model that has ever been heard of before. I held, for seven years, the position of scientific artist on the Tropical Research Expeditions of the New York Zoölogical Society. A formidable title for a profession, indeed. And a fairly formidable profession, if you consider the possibilities it offered for adventure, and interest, and that satisfactory occupation, work which is not toil. Briefly, my work was the painting of small, perishable creatures of tropical forests and seas — a task of living portraiture, to be done with accuracy and miniature precision before captivity or death impaired the natural appearance of these frail, exquisite models — snakes, frogs, lizards, fish, insects, all of whose tones and tissues fall away into ugliness almost at the moment of death.

Imagine a succession of artist's models ranging all the way from a tree snake, like a length of molten emerald glass slowly flowing through rustling leaves with uncanny, stealthy silence, to a crab from the bottom of the sea, a great, clanking creature with scarlet spines and turrets, and moonstone eyes waving out of unison far in front of his ingrowing face! Imagine a series of problems for an artist to work out which would include the proper delineation of the burnished, green-bronze greaves and corselets of a pair of glittering wasps, or the expression of a gloomy little sunfish who had the knack of swallowing her gross of young when danger threatened, or the bright web of design that fitted so perfectly over the intelligent countenance of a little jungle lizard.

An odd job, you are thinking. And most exceptional models. But the most troublesome and absorbing feature by far of these interesting years of work was the astonishing variety of the landscapes and environments in the midst of which I was supposed to be concentrating upon mere animal-painting. Whereas the rational environment of an artist is planned to furnish just enough charm and no distraction whatsoever from his work, my perfectly outlandish studios furnished too much of both! Every problem of my animal work is associated in my mind with some equally complicated problem of landscape sketching — the quivering calm of a palm swamp, the wild rhythm of a bamboo grove in storm-haunted sunlight, the violet mystery of a pumice isle drowned in equatorial rain.

The strange, beautiful animals should have been enough to take up all of my time and interest. Instead of which, my many days of work in different, peculiar, tropical studios seem to me, in retrospect, like no more than fussy little pools of feeble endeavor, stirred round and round by mechanical things such as hands, and brushes, and little spurts of human skill and concentration, while all the time just beyond my elbow — and, I am afraid, not far enough beyond the range of my eyes — there were beautiful, wild, glowing landscapes: tropical islands with their palms, and hyacinthine mountains, and incandescent, white, curving shores; tropical rivers, cutting their dull, swift, topaz ways through the green curtains of the forest; desert slopes of volcanoes, with their livid, unearthly patterns against the sky and sea.

In the interstices of my busy days on duty I was wont to trifle with some of these problems of landscape sketching. I am probably the only person who has profited by the trifling, but this only supports my theory that the great joy of almost any undertaking is in the actual work involved. I believe that the sum of happiness of the working hours of artists' lives would outtotal the sum of all the merriment felt by the populace strolling past their finished products in the picture galleries. So, pragmatically speaking, the time I have spent tinkering with the beautiful surfaces of the world has not been a complete loss!

II

Much of the work of the Tropical Research Department has been done at the Zoölogical Society's Station at Kartabo Point, Demerara. My corner of the laboratory there was probably the most comfortable and suitable of all my peculiar ateliers. I have usually been obliged to perch upon a lava crag, or the heaving deck of a ship, or the rather too well populated surface of a fallen jungle tree, always with the added complication of having to adapt

some portion of my immediate surroundings to the uses of a desk. At Kartabo Point I had at least a roof over my head, and a window against wind and rain, and a space, smooth and steady and comparatively free from animal life, where I could attempt the segregation of my tools and my restless subjects.

But there, even in just the space before me, were distractions — a great green tree frog, hunched sadly in his glass cage on my desk, all his frog heart in his bulging, jeweled eyes, as he tried to think of some way of leaving or some way to bear it if he could n't; and friendly wasps, who brought their loot of opal and amber and turquoise spiders to the storehouses of my brush-ends; and silver and gold and crystal chrysalids that hung motionless for days before me, finally to split and shrivel and curl back from the new, delicate bloom of moth wings.

And even more fascinating than all the varied pageant of these small, intricate lives was the beauty of the clearing around the camp: the sharp, monotonous pattern of the bamboos against the sky, and their green profusion, where a hundred green tree snakes could hold a séance and fool you completely. You would think that their slim green lengths were merely their ectoplasms! Beyond the bamboos went shifting the moods and phases of land and sky and rivers. I wish I could have painted them as they looked during the big rains, and under the spells of fog, and thunderstorm, and glittering tropical sunlight. But the swift changes were too much for me. I would be working carefully upon the face of an iridescent rain cloud, fussing with pigments and washes and so on, only to find that between brush strokes it had changed to a sinister gray, or acquired a rainbow diadem, or dissolved into a swaying curtain of rain that completely hid the bits of hills I had planned to put in to give the picture substance!

I have written elsewhere, and at most ponderous length, about the work that I did in this jungle camp — about the hundreds of marvelous small creatures that were brought to pose for me, with all the complexity and interest of their colors and textures and strange, beautiful forms. But it was a problem in concentration, indeed, to work even upon these fascinating models in such a place of beauty. I had a band playing continually outside my window — wood doves and cicadas and toucans mingling their notes against a scale of soft, involuntary sounds, from the washing of the river tides upon the beach to the eternal rustling of the palms, a quiet undercurrent, like the snapping fingers of a crowd of gnomes.

I had a delightful auxiliary studio down upon the beach, among the tide-water roots of the giant trees that grow along the shores of the Mazaruni River. The studio was a sketchy affair, merely a natural armchair and footstool and desk made of roots and vines, with a small ants' inland sea to furnish the water for my aquarelles. It was at the foot of the tallest tree, and I could go there only when the tide was out, as the whole thing was covered with eight feet or so of tea-colored water when the swift river met the backwash from the ocean.

These marvelous trees wade up to their ankles at high tide, and show the tortured sinews of their twisted gray feet only during the slow hours of the ebb. They maintain themselves against the shifting sands and the slow seeping of the bush water with a million tangled, tortuous phalanges and agonized tendons, and queer, clutching toes. And the space around their trunks is like a zone of motionless twilight, between the sparkling blue

river on one hand and the varied, busy life of the forest on the other.

I used to visit this dim, leaf-shaded studio with paints and brushes, and the firm intention of sketching the foolish little crabs that scuttled about the tide pools and queer, mirrorlike ponds in the hollows of the roots. Or the lizards that came to meditate, stretched out upon the gray bark a few feet above the rippling of a musical little rivulet. Or the strange little moths that came flickering silently through the green dusk, with their white, feathery pinions all frilled and trimmed with gold and black, and looking completely out of place, with their fairy frailty, against the mighty, staggering architecture of the trees. But I would find myself longing and even attempting to transfer to paper the powerful contours of this straining life that exists so strangely and subtly behind the surface tones of the lichens and mosses — the mysterious, deep tree heart, which moves so silently beneath the quick footsteps of the creatures that walk upon its monstrous muscles. And it could n't be done! Colors and lines and lights and shadows that might be manipulated and teased into the semblance of a comical crab countenance, or the gay, graceful poise of a lizard, or the fairy pattern of a moth, could never be worked into the meagre dimensions of a sheet of paper to show forth the strength of these clenched creatures in their combat with the waters. They seem to stand, buttressed on all sides and gray in the shadows of their own bright, leafy heads, as the very substance of silent, incorruptible power.

III

In sharpest contrast with this realm of the struggling river giants is the coastal swamp region of Guiana, where I went with my artist's paraphernalia, to sketch birds and insects. It is an unspeakable place: miles and miles of plantation land, with the look of a mirage or something seen in the bevel of a mirror, hung somewhere between land and sea, not much above low tide and not much below high tide. The Dutch, who settled all this land, must have searched the coast of South America for the soggiest part — something that would have to be diked, so that they might not feel too strange in their exile from their beloved inundated homeland. The plantations all around Georgetown are maintained in this complicated fashion, and kept from sagging badly only by an endless wall against the muddy ocean. Sea-gates rise up at intervals like guillotines, between the sea birds' rookeries and the bleak outposts of tottering palm trees.

The divide which backs up the drainage system of all this region had to be made. Imagine civil engineers being so hard up for geological coöperation that they had actually to manufacture it for themselves, and throw up an artificial height of land for miles along a canal. Tedious to make and to think about; but most pleasant to travel along this waterway, bent upon the capture of specimens and models. With our noisy motor boat, and our gear, and our active human interest, we made a unit of hostile contrast in the mazes of this quiet, sunlit swamp land.

It was the end of the rainy season, so that the swamp was pretty well flooded with black bush water. The few palms were rotted at the roots, and stood up dead and blasted, looking like groups of wasted fakirs, united in a covenant to stand forever holding aloft their skinny arms and tattered sleeves. In some places our tent-boat was completely overtopped by a maze of arum lilies

and tall reeds, and in dark little laneways between the reeds there were multitudes of tiny rushes, all pointing aloft like the spears of the magic phalanxes of Cadmus that sprang full-armed from sown dragon teeth, or each with a backward rake, like the masts of a fairy squadron in a fairy port. Most lowly of all were the small blossoming water plants that grew up between the serried ranks of the rushes, with frail flowers of porcelain blue and white.

I think these tiny flowery places in the shadows of this wilderness of waters were the most beautiful things I have ever seen. I wish I might have enlarged them to man's size, to a scale that could be recognized as that of scenery, so that the world might see the incredible freshness and bloom on the petals of these infinitesimal lily-cups that floated between the dim air and the dimmer water. A frog's broad-grinning countenance would appear sometimes below the delicate flower throats, with staring eyes, and grizzled, receding chin, and fantastic moustache of green or white. Or fleets of dragon flies, like red velvet dirigibles, would cruise in and out of the motionless, filtered air of the fairy glades, with tremendous whirring of their propellers. Or a sad fish would move slowly through the drowning vegetation, with cynical silver gills and rude golden tail.

You can see that here again I failed to be a concentrated, matter-of-fact, and single-minded animal artist! I could not sit calmly on the shaky deck of our boat and sketch the various creatures, but must needs waste time observing the hopeless, unpaintable beauty of their habitations, and watching the fragments of heron-wing shadow as they slowly eddied down through a myriad stems, to settle in violet flakes upon the murky water.

IV

I traveled through another wild, trackless swamp land, up the San Juan River to the Pitch Lake in the interior of Venezuela, to sketch the wading birds, and a tropical snake or two that preferred Latin government to British. We steamed for hours between the slowly advancing battalions of the mangrove armies. These land-conquering tropical trees made me think of a strange sort of cavalry, galloping through the swamps, with new earth surfaces ever forming under the spidery, pawing forelegs of their restless vanguards.

I think this Lake of Asphalt is one of the oddest places in the world. Nothing could seem more unvolcanic than its surrounding wilderness of mangroves, with alligators sleeping among their roots, and clouds of scarlet ibis whirring across their scraggy tops. Yet here wells up the strange, black blood of volcanoes. Odd to think of the potential surfaces of a million streets of future capitals of the world lying spread out here between the forests and hills, quietly, monotonously bubbling up, regardless of the strange thirst of humanity for this mysterious substance! A clamoring little railway humps across the lake on stilts, and an army of strong Trinidad blacks hack away at the edges with machetes. The surface is most deceptive. There were places where even my frail heron models would have sunk through, and other spots, just as soggy-looking, where I could camp for a whole day, with no danger at all of either my paints or myself disappearing from view beneath the black ooze.

There is a strange place in the middle of the valley, called the Mother of the Lake, with clumps of withered shrubbery and some rather dark and slimy-looking water. Here the purest

pitch comes up in molten streams through these pools of dim blackness. The men swim about and gather the gruesome stuff in long stringy loops, which have the appearance of the lank black hair of Indians and the consistency of homemade candy that has turned out wrong. When you look away from this half-tone of wet black men and wet black pitch, you get a faint shock from the burning brightness of the sunny world that hems in the scene. Like an etching, most unsuitably framed in orange plush.

V

My most recent studio was probably the most completely outlandish of all the makeshift spots in which I have chosen to work. It had some truly remarkable features. It was on board the Arcturus, of the New York Zoölogical Society, a floating oceanographical laboratory, which steamed eastward last February to a place somewhere between Hatteras and Cape Sierra Leone — if you can call such a nameless thing a 'place,' that bit of blue, rimmed desolation through which a ship may pitch and toss, and which becomes just a fragment of the dimmering wake even while men and instruments on the bridge are naming it with numbers.

The Arcturus visited many other 'places' of this same indefinite character, such as the spot where Echo Bank should be, to the northeast of the Antilles; and a waste of green shallows south of Saba; and a rendezvous of restless tides west of Panama; and a very empty bit of ocean north of the Galapagos Archipelago, which is known as Latitude 0°, Longitude 90° West; and a desolate place of shifting waters somewhere on the great circle that swings around the globe from Australia to the Canal. We revisited the desert Galapagos Islands, and sailed down forgotten paths of the trade winds to the treasure island of Cocos, a gray-green wraith of rocks and trees and cataracts, which looks always like something seen through eyes suffused with tears. The clouds weep continually round this lonely, beautiful island, and its own tears never cease to flow in crystal torrents down its jungle-filled ravines.

And my job was the concentration of all my craft and skill and thought upon the problem of painting fish from life, as they swam about in rather rickety aquaria, upon a most unsteady deck!

My studio on the Arcturus was prosaic enough, as far as its material existence went. It consisted of a wooden desk, hooked to the deck, and fitted with an elaborate system of paddocks to keep things from sliding. Instead of a studio light I had merely a large port that hardly ever opened to the north. I suppose that nothing short of a complete upsetting of the principles of relativity, as they exist to-day, would have ensured me the north, with its clear, white light, always on the port side and slightly astern, as I should have liked it!

It was the dizzy situation of my studio — aloft, on a small ship that wallowed most of the time at half speed — which made it an exciting, disturbing place in which to work. I gradually became an expert at balancing in all weathers. My various tools were battened down as well as possible. I developed a careful toe-hold which steadied my chair, another which helped to keep me in it; a gyroscopic left hand that held my rapidly swimming or crawling models, and an arch-athlete of a right hand, which worked, at the same time hovering watchfully over inks and paints and microscopes. Ball-bearing eyes, and a set of hands

and feet like a shrimp's, would have helped me considerably in dealing with the oscillations of my studio, and the extraordinary activity of its contents.

A web of difficulties, indeed, in which to enmesh an artist and her inadequate physique! But it was interesting, nevertheless, to work away at my strange job, sketching the queer creatures that were fished up from the depths and rushed — alive, preferably — to my rolling, rocking studio, to float for an hour or so beneath the concentration of a human being's senses, and the lenses and mirrors which make up the sensitive glass eye of civilization.

I had a hundred different, shining, slippery models from all depths and zones of the oceans. There were heavy, active fish from the ocean's surface, caught in mid-career, as they splintered the spun sapphire of the wave tops in their racing with our steamer. They would be dragged up out of the crystal water, and be brought, dripping and thumping, to within a few safe feet of my brush-strewn desk. And then I would sit and try to think up the simplest way to sketch them without having everything in the place completely wrecked in the process. But it was a great mistake to spend much time upon reflection, because rage and discomfort had a strange effect upon their color schemes. Right before my eyes the gleaming steel and gun metal of their visors and armor plates would dim and darken and film over with streamers of purple mist, or jagged patterns of ultramarine, or shadows of leaden grayness. And I would be left guessing, somewhere between the myth of what they had been and the myth of what they were rapidly becoming, with nothing remaining of the truth which the scientists so earnestly desire.

At these times, when action counted for so much more than thought, I usually jumped into the very middle of a sheet of paper, with brushes and pigments flying as fast as the fish flopped, and with as judicious a combination of intuition and observation as possible under the circumstances. Sometimes the very wateriness of water colors is a most tremendous advantage when you are working with models so essentially wet and shining as fish, though at other times the interval necessary for the drying of a tone will be just long enough for the lavender blush upon a sculptured fish jaw, together with its accompanying normal expression of blithe well-being, to drain away somehow into the place where his neck should be, leaving a pallid mask of bitter disillusionment in its place.

Our nets drew up a most queerly assorted collection of creatures from the deeper levels — infinitesimal silver fish, with long, thin streamlines, and lights along their sides; and many little night-roaming gargoyles of the deeps, humpbacked, with angry fangs, and fox fire rubbed on their fins and foreheads; and strange misshapen creatures from the very sea floor, from spaces blacker than the darkest scene of horror and shooting in a modern mystery play, and cold as the breath of a glacier, and eternally silent, with a quietude which must be to our idea of stillness what unconsciousness is to our wildest turmoils of active thought. Along with these various specimens there was always to be found a sort of shrimp soup — thousands of different brilliant creatures made of opal and amethyst jelly, and all caught in a gleaming web of microscopic life that seems to exist in its perfection of translucence and crystal delicacy for no better fate than to serve as soft diet for the Mongol and Tatar fish hordes that swim through it.

VI

The fish along the shores of the Galapagos Islands were marvelously brilliant. And of course, the minute I began to work on these desert beaches, I began to be distracted by the still more marvelous brilliance of the scenery round about my various studio perches. The creatures of the Islands are as strange and rare and wild as could be found anywhere in the world. But I still was obliged to throw a few glances at the remarkable geology of the place — weird, beautiful landfalls, and wild lava cliffs drenched with surf, and blue craters boiling over with thunderstorms, and volcanic hills and ash-heaps, rimmed with coral sand.

I camped once on the floor of a small crater. I was completely surrounded by gannets, the parents with their cobalt feet and wild, foolish faces, the young ones fuzzy and awkward and shy, and self-conscious under the gaze of visitors from over the rim of their little world — much like the young of our own race when there is company about! It was a very hard place to work in. It did not seem to matter that a great lumbering brute with flippers instead of wings made greasy-looking smears upon a paper. And it was particularly hard to concentrate with crowds of curious birds padding around me, leering down their beaks at me with a sort of cynical distrust.

I have had many an open-air studio upon the Galapagos beaches — wild, desolate, incredible places, known only to sea lions and sea gulls, and multitudes of scarlet crabs. The crabs were my models upon one occasion, and I spent most of my time trying to think up some way to keep them still. It was impossible to tether them; they had nothing in the shape of a waist around which to fasten a leash, and their claws dropped off at a touch, so I just had to let them sidle about, and watch them out of the tail of my eye. I could paralyze them into an instant's immobility by yelling at them, but this was not very satisfactory.

Perhaps my most uncomfortable and at the same time most diverting pseudo-studios have been among the thorns and rattling lava of the cliffs, with sunshine flashing on the wheeling gulls or filtering through to little caves under the bushes where the great white gannets lurked, cooling themselves and gazing vacantly about with their shy, idiotic expression. I was obliged to perch once in the very middle of a clump of cactus, in order to sketch a retiring little sea-gull chick who had been ordered by his gruff parent not to stir until the towering menace of a human being should move off. I could just see his funny little gray body through a rift in the cactus leaves, an obedient morsel of stone-colored fluff, with his absurd webbed feet firm against the gray lava, and scarcely a flicker of his wild, intelligent eye. So I knocked off a few of the leaves, scraped the spines from a few more, and, draping myself into this unrestful spot, managed a quick portrait sketch of my little involuntary model, without too much annoyance from the sharp green needles which made up the interior decoration of this studio.

But of all places in the world that I have rejoiced in I think that the shore of this island, from this precarious vantage point, had the most rare and distinctive flavor. There was a liquid fire of blue and green surf thundering at the crumbling base of my lava cliff, drenching a score of scarlet, basking crabs, and seeping away in dimmering cataracts of foam. A hundred frigate birds swept to and fro above my head, and the many relatives of my sea-gull model stood idly about, screaming the peculiar, imagination-stirring call of

their race. A faint perfume of earth itself rose from the sun-warm rocks and the scorching vegetation. And all around me surged the bright, untainted air of an empty ocean.

VII

It was a strange and interesting experience to follow down the clean slopes of these volcanic islands, beyond the line of the surf, and see how they looked below the level of the ocean's surface. I went down several times in our diving helmet, to observe some of my fish models at home. A *most* disturbing experience — to descend even a few feet down out of our familiar world of air and clarity into quiet, golden water shadows, where banners of green-gold, tarnished sunshine made a restless, moiré pattern of flickerings upon the sea floor — shadows so like the restless little fish themselves that whole schools of the casual, golden little creatures could glide past before your eyes, with all the safety of incognito.

The homes of these Trappists of the deep are stately and beautiful, when seen through the glass windows of a diver's hat. The most wonderful scenes are among the coral groves, with their wild colors and branching, twisted fingers. Rocks and seaweeds loom dark and mad against the misty distances. They have the appearance of dilapidated but still glamorous ancient stage sets, which have been forgotten and left standing, stark and tattered, and waving feebly with the tide, to be scenery for the endless pantomime of the fish — sad, mute actors, who pass and repass across their shadowy stage, and enact a drama of impenetrable monotony that we of the upper world could never understand. These fish, swimming about in their remote grottoes, made me think of Verlaine's words: 'Maskers, delicate and dim . . . who have an air of being sad in their fantastic trim.' I suppose the habitual fish expression, as of sorrow and deep prejudice, is mostly due to the fact that a fish's mouth never turns up at the corners.

I wonder what a fish would think of us, if he could think, and could be fitted out with an invention that would keep his own beloved element flowing comfortably through his gills, and could manage somehow to flop about among our trees and meadows and hills. I wonder whether he would consider our natural backgrounds artistic, if slightly antique, and our expressions unnecessarily cheerful, and our motions unaccountably jerky and sudden, considering how much less pressure we have to contend with in the space about us. He would probably be most interested in the racket we make. A fish is one of the few creatures in the world who do not feel obliged to express themselves with any kind of noise. (With the exception of a catfish of British Guiana, who is said to roar. I have never heard this noise, and, consequently, find it hard to believe that there is such a thing.)

The under-water strolls were, of course, a wild diversion in the midst of many busy days of work upon the rolling deck of the Arcturus. But there was a permanent and potent distraction around me all the time in the reality of the sea itself — its omnipresence just beyond my porthole, with its beauty and its moods and its complete hopelessness as a subject for an artist's efforts. You cannot paint the sea. It would be like trying to write a review of a dictionary. I have noticed that even very skillful painters compromise with it and put in a ship or a few rocks, something for us to concentrate upon, so that we may not note the failure of brush and pigment to reproduce the beauty of monotony.

I have, on many past ocean voyages, during my roamings at large, been absurd enough to suppose that I might transfer to canvas some of my emotions about the sea. But the deck of a steamer, even upon a quiet sea, is not the most satisfactory place for easels and paint and brushes, or for the artist. Everything slants. I usually ended by camping as evenly as possible on the deck itself, in the lee of a chart house or lifeboat, having first made certain that the sailors had not been at their favorite occupation of painting ship. But my sticky canvas would have just time enough to collect a few cinders and repudiate a few drops of spray when the ship would swing around to windward. Or the sun would shrivel everything up. Or the wind would remove my incipient masterpiece to the uninterested shores.

Even so, I have spent many a hopeful hour, brush in hand, gazing at the sea and sky, and at the waves that loom against the horizon or pile up around the decks in pinnacles of green light, with the net result that I am convinced I could never hope even to think up words enough for the beauty of the sea. Much less could I achieve intricacies of pigment to imitate the glory of it: gallant, sparkling days in sailless tropical latitudes, when the brilliant air seems to rise and fall and surge just like the blue waves beneath; gray days of squalls, when the wind goes raging down lanes of foam, like a mad emperor run amuck, shouting between the files of his glittering, white-plumed warriors; quiet evenings, with sunset or moonrise slowly filtering through space; black nights, when the very spindrift is shattered by the wind, and you feel as if worlds were rushing past you, instead of mere latitude and longitude.

OLD KING COLE IN TROUBLE

BY WILLIAM T. FOSTER AND WADDILL CATCHINGS

Old King Cole was a merry old soul. That you have often heard. But of the serious side of his life — such are the lapses of history — you may have heard nothing at all. History, like a photographer, sometimes says, 'Look pleasant, please,' snaps the picture, and there the subject is, handed down to posterity with a broad grin. Still less chance has any man of being known in all his moods if — like Old King Cole — he becomes immortalized in an epic poem. It will be discovered, when the whole truth is told about Falstaff — But that is another story.

What concerns us here is the fact that the biography of the true King Cole, the studious, sober, sad King Cole, has never been written. As a matter of fact, — as we shall reveal in this, the first published account of his official life, — it was in order to keep from brooding over affairs of State, indeed, to escape mental aberration, that

> He called for his pipe,
> And he called for his bowl,
> And he called for his fiddlers three.

Now the truth is that Old King Cole, who ruled over the large and fertile

Island of Plenty in a remote region of the Pacific, far from being as habitually merry as the pictures of Santa Claus, sometimes became so grievously perplexed over the economic problems of his kingdom, and so confused by the conflicting advice of his experts, that more than once — but we are getting on too fast. About his economic troubles you shall hear presently, with details from the *Annals of King Cole I*, Volume XXXIX, pages 978–1062, recently discovered by Professor Coefficient.

First should be set down some account of the Kingdom of Plenty. Prosperous and progressive it was, and very nearly self-sufficient; skilled in the arts of production, advanced in science, and proud of its schools and banks and hospitals. For many decades the growing population, impelled by the urge of the profit motive, had exploited new sources of materials, opened up new territories, invented ingenious labor-saving devices, and in many other ways added greatly to the means of bringing forth wealth.

Over this rapidly developing land Old King Cole was autocrat; but he was a benevolent ruler, as kindly disposed as Santa Claus himself; and, withal, he was a simple-minded man. Above everything else, he sought the welfare of all his subjects.

Now the King saw clearly that his people could not prosper unless they were provident. They must not immediately use up everything which their fertile soil, and their ingenious machines, and their willing hands enabled them to create. They must continue to save, as they had saved in the past, because only in this way could they add constantly to their marvelous facilities for getting out raw materials and turning them into useful things. 'It is the duty of the State,' declared the King, in his Thrift Week Proclamation, 'to use every means at its command to increase the output of goods, and at the same time to curb the natural desires of the people to use up these goods.'

So the King encouraged the opening of savings banks throughout the kingdom, and the teaching of thrift in all the schools; and he had posters displayed everywhere, calling on his people, one and all, to 'Save and Succeed.' Debts he abhorred; and he lost no opportunity of reminding his people that their prosperity resulted largely from the frugality of their forefathers, who, toiling long hours at the plough and at the bench, had paid their bills as they went along.

Naturally, then, the King was gratified when he found that deposits in the banks were becoming larger day by day, and year by year, and that these savings were being used in such a way that new industries were started, and more good things were created for the enjoyment of the people.

These savings of individuals, moreover, were supplemented by the savings of industrial companies. Indeed, none of these companies planned to pay out as wages, interest, and dividends, in connection with turning out goods, as much money as they received for the goods. They expected, on the contrary, to save a part of their income, and to use it to increase their output. Thus — to use the homely phrase which, according to Professor Coefficient, originated with them — they 'ploughed part of their profits back into the business.'

Under this double system of savings, the King thought that much of the wealth which was produced would be used to enlarge factories, improve machines, open new mines, and reclaim barren lands. In this way, he had no doubt, greater still would become the wealth of the kingdom.

And so it happened, exactly as the

good King had prophesied. Indeed, the increased facilities for turning out goods were used so effectively that warehouses were soon bulging with lumber and leather, wheat and wheelbarrows, not to mention acorns, and bagpipes, and neckties, and no end of other things which nobody would buy; until presently there was no place to put all this surplus wealth. And still his loyal subjects kept on making the surplus larger and larger. An Island of Plenty it was, in very truth — in fact, an Island of Superabundance.

Now the amazing thing about this predicament of Old King Cole is that, as far as can be gleaned from the *Annals*, it appears to be the very difficulty — usually called 'overproduction' — which every now and then confronts the great industrial nations of our time. How effectively we deal with such a situation to-day, and how thoroughly our experts agree concerning its origin, are so well known that many people will wonder that Old King Cole had so much trouble in finding a solution.

First of all, it seems, the King called in his Chief Advertiser and put before him the problem of surplus stocks.

'O wise and worshipful King,' replied the Chief Advertiser, 'that is no problem at all for one of my profession. There is evidently the beginning of a "buyers' strike," a little "sales resistance"; that is all. Advertising will overcome it. "The Truth Well Told," — told by someone who understands the psychology of the consumer, — nothing more is needed.

'Now, for instance,' continued the Chief Advertiser, 'it appears that there is an oversupply of acorns. Very well. The Chief of the Royal Chemists must announce that acorns contain the life-giving principle of vitaflakes or santamins, or something else that nobody understands; and we'll make acorns "The Health Food of the Kingdom." In every street car the World's Champion Typist, and the Highest-Paid Actress, and the Home-Run King will declare, over their own signatures and under their own portraits, that in their opinion the chemical constituents of vitaflakes are indispensable for success in life. The surplus bagpipes we can sell just as easily. We'll have a Bagpipe Club in every village. Why, with a persistent campaign, we might even sell saxophones!

'Again, you say the country is producing twice as many neckties as the people are buying. The way out is simplicity itself. We will make it fashionable for every man to wear two neckties. Then any man who wears but one will feel indecently clad. And, by the way, as the Royal Family must set the style, and as there is no time to lose, would it not be well to send at once for the Chief Haberdasher and the Chief Photographer?'

So the King turned his troubles over to the Chief Advertiser. And straightway the magazines and billboards began to cry out: —

EAT MORE ACORNS
BLOW MORE BAGPIPES
WEAR MORE NECKTIES

Nor were the surplus surgeons and lawyers forgotten. Everywhere the people were urged to

TRY MORE OPERATIONS
HAVE MORE DIVORCES

Many equally brilliant advertisements appeared daily, until it seemed as though the King's problem must be solved.

It turned out, however, that although operations and divorces became fashionable, and all the advertised goods — not to mention ink and paper — were consumed in larger quantities, the problem of surplus stocks still remained; for, as the sales of advertised

goods increased, the sales of other goods fell off in proportion; and since the goods received at warehouses during the year had been greater than the sales, the whole situation was even worse than before.

In growing consternation the King called in the Chief of his Wise Men. To the question, 'What shall we do about it?' the Wise Man replied, 'O great and good King, there is but one thing to do: the country must build more warehouses.'

Accordingly the King called upon his ministers to form the Warehouse Finance Corporation, and to see to it that the necessary buildings were erected at once. Only a few of the new warehouses were finished, however, when the King was astonished to learn that no more would be needed. A strange thing had happened. The people had produced no more for the markets than formerly, but they had bought more. It seems that the laborers on the warehouses had spent their wages to buy some of the surplus stocks; but in the meantime they had created nothing but the warehouses, and these the people had not as yet been asked to pay for.

No more warehouses were built, and for a while all appeared to go well. Everybody found work to do, and everybody was paid the standard wages. But one day the Chief Minister came to the King in distress; it was plain that the warehouses would soon be overflowing again.

So again the King asked the Chief of his Wise Men what to do. 'O great and good King,' he replied, 'there is but one thing to do; we must build more warehouses.'

The King, however, — perhaps because he was a simple-minded King, — thought the Chief Wise Man was losing his wisdom. 'Must we go on at this rate,' he cried, 'until the kingdom is covered with bulging warehouses, and we are all pushed into the sea? No, there must be a better way out of our troubles.' So he sent the Chief Wise Man to the Royal Psychopathic Hospital for examination.

Then the King said to himself, 'After all, this is a matter of statistics. There is no doubt where I should seek counsel.'

Now when the Chief Statistician had heard about the difficulties, he spread out his charts and said: 'O wise and gracious King, that is a very simple problem for a statistician. At present you have too many goods: soon you will not have enough goods. To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. It is the Law of Nature. These curves prove it. What goes up must come down. First a drought and then a deluge; famine and feast; summer and winter. It is inevitable. Do not interfere with economic laws, and they will work everything out in the long run.'

This, however, sounded to the King like some kind of religious fatalism; so he sent the Chief Statistician the way of the Chief Wise Man.

The King, perhaps because he was unversed in economic laws, was not disposed to ascribe all his troubles to Divine Providence. On the contrary, he began to wonder whether he and his Chiefs of This, That, and The Other Thing had not themselves created their chief troubles. Had they not, on the one hand, piled up the goods and, on the other hand, determined how much money the people received wherewith to buy the goods? Natural law did not seem to have much to do with the case; unless, indeed, it was a natural law for men to blame Nature for everything they did which turned out badly.

'Figures, figures, figures,' thought the King, 'unbalanced figures; that

seems to be the root of the trouble. Surely the Chief Accountant ought to know what to do.'

So the King put the case before his Chief Accountant.

'Your Majesty,' said he, 'that is a very simple problem for an accountant. The figures show that your people are producing about ten per cent too much; so one tenth of them must not be allowed to work until the surplus stocks are used up.'

But this proposal seemed to the King monstrous. In the Royal Library, it is true, were many scholarly treatises which explained exactly why it was necessary, and always would be necessary, to throw a great many people out of work just about so often, because Venus behaved badly in the skies, or because the sun had spots, or women had votes, or because of some equally potent factor. The King, however, not having read these books, did not know that periodic excesses of unemployment were necessary. In fact, he had no idea that such a view was held by many men who were otherwise sane. So, after he had sent the Chief Accountant to the Hospital with the other unbalanced Chiefs, he returned to his unbalanced figures.

Presently he put the problem before the Chief Admiral.

'Your Majesty,' said he, 'that is a very simple problem for an admiral. As I understand it, you want all your people to keep on working because it is good for their souls; but whenever they do keep on working they create too much; and then nobody knows what to do with the surplus. The answer is easy. Your ships are in the harbor, awaiting your command. Dump the surplus into the sea. Then all the shelves will be empty, and all your subjects can return to their work with renewed enthusiasm, knowing that there is plenty of room for all they can produce.'

'Nonsense!' cried the King. 'I should as soon think of jumping into the sea myself.' Then, after a pause, he added, wearily, 'I may yet be driven to that.'

'Do not despair,' pleaded the Admiral. 'There are more ways of killing a surplus than drowning it. A huge fire would do the trick, or an earthquake. Best of all, of course, would be a war.'

This was too much even for the patient King. Having long suspected the Admiral of mental disorder, he knew where to send the Admiral.

Then came before the King the Chief Financier.

'Your Majesty,' said he, 'that is a very simple problem for a financier. There is a country across the sea which will be very glad to relieve you of your surplus, and even to send its ships to take it away.'

'How is this country to pay us?' asked the King.

'Not, of course, with its own products,' answered the Chief Financier, 'since our main trouble is that we already have more goods than we know how to use. Payment can be made to us, however, in part ownership of mills and mines and plantations across the sea.'

'What good will that do us?' objected the King.

'Why that,' answered the Chief Financier, 'will give us dividends and interest, wherewith we can acquire ownership of more mills and mines and plantations across the sea.'

'Will the time, then, never come,' asked the King, 'when my own people will receive something they can enjoy, in return for the wealth which they have sent across the sea?'

'Certainly not,' replied the Chief Financier. 'Our own industries now turn out, and can continue to turn out, more goods than our own people can

buy. That is our very trouble. To import any more goods would only increase the trouble.'

But the King — being, as we have said, only a simple-minded man — could not follow such intricate reasoning. He doubted, in fact, whether anyone could follow it; and so, to be on the safe side, he committed the Chief Financier, along with the other Chiefs, to the watchful care of his Chief Mental Hygienist.

For a long time the perplexed sovereign thought, and thought, and thought; and this is what he thought: —

'Clearly enough, the Island of Plenty is able to create good things much faster than it is using them. There is the wealth, in fact, already created. That is where my troubles begin. Neither is there any doubt that my people want more of this wealth than they are able to acquire. Indeed, if they do not get more, there may be an uprising. Somehow I must keep on encouraging habits of thrift, and yet enable my people to buy all the good things which they want, and are perfectly able and willing to produce; but first I must find a way of selling them the goods which they actually have produced. It is plainly a problem of distribution. I should have consulted my Chief Merchant before.'

The Chief Merchant agreed. 'It is well,' said he, 'that at last you have summoned the right man. I hardly need assure you that your problem is trifling, indeed, for a merchant. All we need to do is to sell everything on the installment plan.

'Not by that name, of course,' he hastened to add, seeing the King's displeasure. 'Let us call it "The Consumers' Budget Plan." That sounds well. Let us teach the people to buy what they want out of income, not out of capital. "Dignified Credit for All"; "Government Finance Applied to the Home"; "Keep Up with Your Neighbors." A few judicious slogans will put the plan over.

'Take chewing gum, for instance,' continued the Chief Merchant, warming up to his subject. 'Why should anyone be obliged to pay cash in advance for a package of chewing gum? The gum may last a week. "A Penny Down and a Penny a Day." That 's the idea. "Chew While You Pay."

'In fact,' said he, 'everyone could enlarge his business in this way — ministers, for example. As it is now, many an ambitious young man has to postpone getting married, merely because the clergy are so far behind the times. Why should a man pay fees in advance, when the marriage may last a lifetime? It is outrageous. Let us form an Amalgamated Marriage Financing Corporation. "A Dollar Down and a Dollar When You Think of It"; "Enjoy Marriage Now, Pay Later"; "Start a Home on the Principles of High Finance." There you are: the unemployment problem among ministers solved for all time. Seductive slogans will save the State.'

Still Old King Cole was not convinced. For generations his people had been taught to pay as they went and save money. Now it was proposed to urge them to spend more money than they had. How far would that take them?

'It sounds to me like another "something for nothing" scheme,' objected the King. 'Suppose you did mortgage the incomes of our people for a year in advance in order to increase sales this year. How would you increase sales next year?'

'By the same method, extended and improved,' replied the Chief Merchant. 'We could mortgage incomes two years in advance.'

'And then?'

'Then three years, of course. The

future is limitless. By the time a father had spent the income of his own life in advance, he could mortgage the future income of his children. By that time we should have a new name for buying on installments, which would make people think that debts were the handmaids of prudence and thrift.'

'Take him away,' ordered the King, 'and treat him kindly. Do not put him in a strait-jacket unless he becomes violent.'

As a last resort, the King appealed to his Chief Engineer.

'Now as a practical man,' said the King, 'can you not tell me how to get rid of these surplus stocks without throwing any people out of work, or dumping the stocks into the sea, or sending them abroad to people who cannot pay for them, or plunging my people into debt, or into war?'

'Your Majesty,' replied the Chief Engineer, taking out his slide rule, 'your problem is —'

'Spare me that,' broke in the King. 'I have already heard that the problem is a very simple one. In fact, it is so simple that there is already an overproduction of cases for the Psychopathic Hospital.'

'Nevertheless,' insisted the Chief Engineer, 'you shall have a simple solution. Now, it so happens that I have just discovered a means of harnessing the waves and setting their power to work. All I need to carry out the project is laborers and money wherewith to pay them. Then these laborers will buy the present surplus without creating a new one, for they will produce nothing to be marketed. Best of all, at the end of the year the new power will be ready for use.'

'And what then?' asked the King.

'Then,' proudly exclaimed the Engineer, 'the mighty force of the sea will be at the King's command, and one laborer will be able to do the work of ten.'

'Confusion worse confounded!' cried Old King Cole; and a merry old soul was he *not* — at that moment. 'I ask you to solve the problem of disposing of our present output, and you propose to increase the output tenfold. How much worse off we shall be then! Have all the Chiefs of Wisdom gone mad? In order to hear sense, must I summon the Chief Maniac?'

'Nuncle,' cried the Chief Jester, 'send him to a madhouse with the rest of the learned ones. The problem is too simple for wise men. Wouldst have the answer from a fool?'

'Speak, Fool,' cried the King, in despair.

'Well, then,' said the Fool, 'hast heard that ten minus one never equals ten? Wouldst sell to your people all the wealth they make? Then see that they have money enough to buy it.

> 'When they have the cash to pay,
> They 'll quickly take the goods away.'

But the King was too distracted to listen even to his Chief Jester. In fact, he was on the verge of seeking refuge with the other demented ones when he bethought himself of a better balm for hurt minds. Then it was that

> He called for his pipe,
> And he called for his bowl,
> And he called for his fiddlers three.

THE ANCIENT VIRTUE

BY HARRIETT BRADLEY FITT

I

In good business years there is general activity throughout all industry. This means an increasing volume of sales, a minimum of unemployment, a spirit of optimism and confidence, a great stir of life throughout the whole economic structure. Prosperity, once under way, is cumulative. The revival of one business is easily transmitted to others, calling as it does for materials, for tools, for transportation and banking services, for labor. The wages spent give an impulse toward prosperity in the retail trade which is reflected back through the sensitive structure of industrial society. The great basic industries which supply raw materials and the railroads are directly affected by the good fortune of any field of industry. The intricate correlations of finance and industry are so sensitive that good business in one locality or in one trade sooner or later tends to promote general prosperity, and eventually every mill is running to capacity, the railroads are jammed with traffic, the unemployed are all at work and working overtime, jobbers and wholesale houses are hardly able to handle their orders, there is a press of confident buying, and retail stores are thronged with purchasers. This is prosperity. The greatly augmented flood of produce, from building brick to lip sticks, is bought by the thousands of purchasers who are now receiving high wages for full-time and overtime employment. They are now able to afford washing machines, wrist watches, a set of Shakespeare, and a car bigger than the Browns'. Novelties and ephemeral luxuries of every sort are in demand, as are also more durable and conservative commodities like woolen blankets, gas stoves, and bathtubs. Neither does there fail to be a quickening demand for old portraits, antique highboys, 'landscaped' gardens, and other things of beauty.

The authors of 'The Dilemma of Thrift,' in the *Atlantic* for April, would persuade us that these good times need not come to an end were it not for thrift. This is a serious charge against a habit which we have been taught to cultivate as a virtue. Let us examine the evidence with care.

It is argued that the flow of money to consumers is less than the flow of goods, because some money is put aside as a saving instead of all being paid out in the conduct of business or manufacture. If a company making shoes pays out nine thousand dollars in wages, rent, materials, insurance, and so forth, in a given year, it expects to sell the shoes for ten thousand dollars, but it gives consumers nothing with which to buy the extra one thousand dollars' worth of shoes. Individuals, as well, save some of the money they receive, so that not even all that is paid out by the corporations is spent to buy the produce. A man may decide to save five dollars instead of buying a pair of shoes, and the money saved is withdrawn from

the shoe market. But, we object, this money is not saved to be hoarded — it is saved to be invested. The reply is made that money saved by the corporation and the individual is, indeed, usually invested, but that there is an important difference between money spent and money invested, for money invested results in increased production. The thousand dollars saved by the corporation and the five dollars saved by the thrifty man are invested, let us suppose, in such a way as to produce more shoes. The money is spent on wages, and so forth, and thus is dispersed to consumers, so that they now have enough to buy the original output of shoes. But they have received nothing with which to buy the additional shoes. Production must, therefore, be curtailed, and business thrown out of gear; and all of the hardships and wastes of idleness result from the simple fact that people do not spend all the money they make.

In considering this charge against thrift, it must first be made clear that it is general prosperity which is under discussion, and not the prosperity of this or that industry. Differences in the rate of expansion of various industries are conspicuous during a period of general expansion. Although all businesses are interdependent and intricately related, there is no constant ratio in the changes which take place. New inventions, new fashions and tastes, are obviously important in determining the trends of trade. In a period of expansion, when all industries are touched by quickening demand, business is usually especially active in luxury articles, the consumption of which is reduced to a minimum during hard times, and there is demand for goods of better quality and for more expensive things generally — clothing, food, housing, furniture. If the volume of trade from year to year is represented by a series of circles, it is the relative size of the different circles with which the present discussion is concerned and not that of the different segments which represent the trade in shoes, motor cars, harvesters, perfumeries, and so forth.

This point is emphasized because the first effect of thrift is to change the direction of consumption. Where money is saved and invested, it is spent on one thing rather than on another. The demand for shoes is reduced, but the demand for steel is increased. At the same time the expansion of other trades may cause a greatly increased demand for shoes by ditch diggers and miners, while general prosperity stimulates the market in gilt kid slippers. Thrift is only one of a great number of factors determining the size of the market for shoes or any other particular commodity. The tendency in saving is to decrease the potential demand for certain types of luxuries and to increase the demand for producers' goods. Industries must be adjusted to their own peculiar, changing trade condition, and the influence of thrift in promoting certain industries rather than others must be considered as only one of a number of influences which prevent modern business from attaining a stable equilibrium. In considering whether thrift undermines prosperity, this effect of saving is not what is held to be objectionable. For the purpose of sustaining general business activity one industry must be counted with another in making up the totals, and Messrs. Foster and Catchings do not mean to imply that business as a whole is benefited more when trade is relatively active in caviar, chiffon hose, and orchids, and relatively dull in pig iron and lumber. The different trades all employ labor and the other agencies of production, and by means of all of them money is kept in circulation. If money is spent on machines instead of on shoes it is

yet ultimately in the hands of consumers and is used in buying the product of industry as a whole. General prosperity, then, is stimulated by saving and investing as much as it is by spending money on shoes and motor cars, so far as the first effect is concerned.

II

The dilemma arises, we are told, because the motor cars and shoes wear out without any after effects, while the effect of investment is to produce more goods. It is this surplus of new goods without a corresponding amount of money in the purses of buyers which causes the difficulty. A man saves five dollars; he invests the money; another pair of shoes is the result. The effect of investment on the volume of produce is exaggerated in this illustration. The price of a pair of shoes does not buy the equipment to produce another pair the following year, and it is the effect of this investment on the immediate situation which is being discussed. The influence of saving in the long run is somewhat beside the point, as it is the short-termed business cycle which is under consideration. By the time the investment of five dollars resulted in the manufacture of one additional pair of shoes, the period of prosperity under which the saving took place would long since have seen its end.

Overlooking the unintentional exaggeration, we find that there is, indeed, made possible by saving and investment some addition, year by year, to the product of industry. But it is hard to believe that this increase of production is significant in the rapidly changing conditions which mark business prosperity. We are asked to picture a balanced flow of money and goods, which is upset by draining off some of the money and adding more goods. There is no such balance during prosperity. The situation is complicated by a very rapid increase of the volume of produce quite aside from the effect of new investment, by an uneven expansion of all the different industries which make up business as a whole, by a rapid increase in the volume of currency through the extension of credit, and by rising prices which make it impossible to compare the market for any commodity this year with that of the next. In this welter of change, we are asked to consider thrift, with its tendency to increase the productivity of labor through providing men with better machines, as the important factor. It seems, however, that the illustrations used are too simple to fit the case and that certain factors, such as rising prices, are too important to be left entirely out of consideration. The changing price level will be discussed presently.

At this point, however, we may pass over the general complexity of the situation and suppose that the production of new goods due to saving is an important factor in the volume of trade. In 'The Dilemma of Thrift' it is stated that no additional money is given to consumers with which to pay for the extra goods — shoes, motor cars, or whatever they may be. But investors do not give up their savings without promise of reward. They expect and receive interest. This interest represents, in the long run, the value of the produce their capital has made possible. By the time the five dollars saved by the thrifty man results in an extra pair of shoes, he will receive a dividend check with which to buy them. Producers are willing to pay for the use of the tools of production, and must, as a general rule, pay interest which approximates the marginal productivity of these tools. Competition between different industries and different producers for capital ensures to investors

a reward for self-denial and places at their disposal the funds with which to buy the surplus produce made possible by their thrift. Capital will, of course, flow to the industries which are able to make the highest bid for it. Investments will, therefore, not be made in businesses already overstocked, like the shoe trade of the illustration, but will go to industries in a favored position for expansion. Instead of resulting in another pair of undesired shoes, the five dollars saved on shoes will result in radio tubes, clipper-ship models, tractors, or oil burners, and the interest paid the investor will enable him to purchase his share of the new products. It is clear that thrift does not reduce the amount of money offered for the profits of industry in the first instance, and it is now also clear that the interest paid on savings takes care of the additional goods produced as a result of saving.

III

Further, in defense of thrift, we should point out its positive service to society. The material progress of humanity is based upon an increase in the productivity of human labor. This is made possible by improvements in the human stock, by the development of new natural resources, by improvements in knowledge, technique, and business organization, and, finally, by increasing and improving the mechanical equipment which men use in their work. The possibility of improving human stock is problematical and the outlook is not encouraging, but knowledge, technique, and organization are more promising fields for improvement. The exploitation of rich natural resources cannot be continued indefinitely, and there is, therefore, all the more need for the improvement of the tools and machines which supplement human hands. Harvesters, lathes, spindles, excavators, ships, locomotives, have multiplied the productivity of society a thousandfold, and these things are created out of savings. Without thrift we should not have even the simplest tools which the savage makes for himself instead of spending his time in idleness or pleasure. Without thrift we could not now add to the complex mass of mechanical equipment which is gradually increasing the economic freedom of humanity and releasing society from the bondage of the struggle for mere existence. Decade by decade humanity is adding to its savings and steadily building up the structure of labor-saving capital. The rapid multiplication of the powers of industry which took place during the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century has been followed by a period of more gradual development. In 'The Dilemma of Thrift' figures on the increase of real wages — the net gain when the increase of wages is measured against the increase in the cost of living — in the United States from 1890 to 1919 are quoted. It is stated that the gain did not average one half of one per cent a year. This is slow progress, but it is progress; and the gain for the generation is nearly fifteen per cent — not a negligible amount of material progress, covering, as it does, panic years, years of depression, and war years.

It is worth our while to consider the effects of the war as an illustration of the influence of spending on material progress as compared with that of saving. According to the argument used in 'The Dilemma of Thrift,' economic security is strengthened by spending and endangered by saving. During the war many nations ceased entirely the investment of savings in new tools and machinery, and spent lavishly on poison gas and gunpowder. As long as the war demands continued

there was industrial prosperity, but the end of the war left these nations stricken and crippled. Spending on ephemeral products does ensure industrial activity for a time, and there is nothing to choose, so far as immediate prosperity is concerned, between extravagant spending and wise investment, but there cannot be any permanent progress, any gain which is maintained in the long run, unless money is saved and used for the increase of the capital equipment of society. Anything which undermines the habit of thrift must eventually injure society by endangering the slow material advance now being made.

IV

Although there is a gain from decade to decade in material welfare, we are all agreed that this gain is slow. Again and again industrial society has been swept up in a gust of prosperity, only to be dashed to earth after a brief period. Prosperity culminates in panic and is followed by depression. But if industry could for long maintain the pace which characterizes the best years, or if the periods of depression could be made less severe and less prolonged, material progress would be accelerated and the gains now made would be insignificant by comparison. It is this problem that is attacked in 'The Dilemma of Thrift.' We have shown that thrift is not the cause of the periodic collapse of business prosperity, and we have shown that thrift is indispensable as a basis for permanent economic progress, but we have not explained the failure of industry to maintain the level reached in the height of prosperity. Let us now turn to the consideration of this problem.

Many economists now believe that the fluctuations of industrial prosperity are due to the inherent difficulties of production under conditions of rapid expansion.[1] When business revival brings into operation machines which have been standing idle and plants which have been closed down these reserves are naturally not so efficient as others already in operation. They lack some advantage or improvement or are on their way to the scrap heap because of old age, but the cost of operating them is the same as for the better, more productive equipment. The dependable, picked laborers who have manned industry in its less active phase are now reënforced by the addition of men and women who are not only new to their work and untrained, but are, for one reason or another, less desirable, less productive workers. Not only do these people lack the ability of the reliable nucleus who are too good to be let go even in slack times, but the psychology of the situation favors indifference. Workers are scarce, jobs are easily obtained, and the average man takes advantage of the chance to hold a job without exerting himself unduly. Yet wages for these less productive workers are as high as for the regular staff. There is also widely current a belief that the work will last longer if the pace is slow. The man who speeds up can be made out to be an enemy of labor by much the same kind of reasoning as that used in 'The Dilemma of Thrift.' Many workmen believe there is only a certain amount of work to go around, and class loyalty, as well as laziness, discourages workmen from increasing their productivity.

There also arise annoying and costly delays and obstructions. The railroads cannot handle the shipments properly, and traffic jams occur which cause tremendous losses. The organization of business becomes more complex and details must be entrusted to subordinates. The orderly flow of materials

[1] W. C. Mitchell, *Business Cycles.*

from the raw state to articles ready for use is interrupted by shortages of supplies, industrial accidents, the delay of repair parts, congestion in the shipping department, or jurisdictional disputes between unions which have decided that now is the time to have things out. In order to meet the increasing demand, much work must be done after hours with the extra costs attendant on bad lighting and fatigue, in addition to the higher rate of wages paid for overtime work.

Thus, mounting costs become a problem in the business revival. As prosperity reaches its height, prices must rise or business will be conducted at a loss. The extra volume of trade cannot be handled at the old prices because these prices will not cover the costs. It is no coincidence that every period of prosperity is marked as much by rising prices as by increase in volume of business. The first industries to raise prices find temporary relief from the mounting costs and are still able to show a margin between cost and price; but a rise in the price of steel adds yet another increased cost in the industries using steel, and their prices must be advanced even more if they are to keep up profits. Wage earners find that the cost of living is increasing, and demand higher wages. Thus throughout the economic structure a cumulative advance of prices takes place, which is temporarily successful as a means of protecting profit margins. The need of covering advancing costs by advancing prices is passed from industry to industry and to the ultimate consumer and back again. But since the rising costs are fundamentally genuine, and not merely money costs, this process cannot go on indefinitely. Labor, managing ability, tools and equipment and land, of inferior sorts have been brought into service to add to the volume of produce, and the costs of business have been increased per unit of product quite aside from the rise of prices which is taking place at the same time.

In a period of prosperity we have to do with a phenomenal speeding up of industry, in contrast to the gradual increase which is made possible by social saving, better technical knowledge, and better organization. In the business cycle industry is suddenly called upon to double output, and this cannot be done economically. For a time the advancing prices can be maintained, but eventually it becomes apparent that some goods have been produced at a cost which is excessive. If prices are advanced further the goods will not be bought. Unless prices are advanced a loss will be incurred. When industry faces this situation, prosperity is at an end. Credit is withdrawn, factories are shut down, men are thrown out of employment, orders for materials are canceled. Thus a business crisis is produced, and it comes with sudden force, where the growth of prosperity was relatively slow. All the busy wheels are stilled, the streets are thronged with jobless men instead of with buyers, and depression sets in. When prices can no longer be advanced the end of the boom is inevitable. Prosperity cannot last indefinitely because industrial output cannot be increased indefinitely without incurring prohibitive costs. Prosperity carries industrial activity beyond the point where it can be made to pay, and reaction is certain.

Hope lies in the direction of preventing excessive inflation with the corresponding reaction and depression. There have been improvements in the credit system which have tended to stabilize business, and at the same time economic research has cleared up the mystery which previously surrounded the whole problem of business cycles.

There are now available trade barometers which enable business men to forecast the future more accurately and to avoid the excesses formerly inevitable. As business is now organized it seems impossible to prevent the recurrence of depression, but the peaks and hollows will become less marked, and steady, gradual progress will be better assured.

To sum up, business crises are caused, not by 'underconsumption' due to thrift, nor in any other way by thrift, but by increasing production beyond the point where the cost of additional goods is equal to their value. A reduction in the habit of social saving will not stabilize business. Progress is to be expected only through an increasing knowledge of the causes of business crises and more accurate forecasting of the future.

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There remains but to mention the service rendered by thrift in stabilizing business. Instead of pushing forward new construction in times of prosperity, the work is often deliberately saved to be executed in periods of depression. City and state governments have found it advisable to undertake improvements in off seasons. Not only is this policy an excellent substitute for bread lines and community wood yards, but the improvements are obtained at low cost. Moreover, it is recognized that the reservation of these expenditures for dull seasons tends to promote the revival of business because of the effect upon related trades. Large corporations are pursuing a similar policy for somewhat the same reasons. The reserves for expansion are accumulated during times of prosperity. If spent then, they would add to the competitive demand for workmen and materials and increase the inflation. But by being carried over to dull times they set people at work who would otherwise be idle. Governments and strong corporations can, and some do, thus employ thrift as a definite aid in restricting overproduction in time of prosperity and stimulating production in times of depression. Thrift, therefore, not only can be defended against the charge of being the cause of the business cycle, but is an indispensable factor in the gradual material progress made by mankind, and can be used to diminish the excesses of prosperity and to promote the revival in times of depression.

THE RUSSIAN EFFORT TO ABOLISH MARRIAGE

BY A WOMAN RESIDENT IN RUSSIA

THE question whether marriage as an institution should be abolished is now being debated all over Russia with a violence and depth of passion unknown since the turbulent early days of the Revolution. Last October a bill eliminating all distinctions between registered and unregistered marriages and giving the unmarried consort the status and property rights of the legal wife was introduced in the Tzik, or Central Executive Committee. So much unforeseen opposition to the proposed law developed that the Tzik decided to postpone its final adoption until the next session, meanwhile initiating a broad popular discussion of the project.

Since that time factories, offices, clubs, and various Soviet organizations and institutions have passed resolutions for and against the bill, and the halls have not been able to hold the eager crowds that thronged to the meetings in city, town, and village. One must live in Russia to-day, amid the atmosphere of torment, disgust, and disillusionment that pervades sex relations, the chaos, uncertainty, and tragedy that hover over the Russian family, to understand the reasons for this heated discussion, for these passionate pros and cons.

When the Bolsheviki came into power in 1917 they regarded the family, like every other 'bourgeois' institution, with fierce hatred, and set out with a will to destroy it. 'To clear the family out of the accumulated dust of the ages we had to give it a good shake-up, and we did,' declared Madame Smidovich, a leading Communist and active participant in the recent discussion. So one of the first decrees of the Soviet Government abolished the term 'illegitimate children.' This was done simply by equalizing the legal status of all children, whether born in wedlock or out of it, and now the Soviet Government boasts that Russia is the only country where there are no illegitimate children. The father of a child is forced to contribute to its support, usually paying the mother a third of his salary in the event of a separation, provided she has no other means of livelihood.

At the same time a law was passed which made divorce a matter of a few minutes, to be obtained at the request of either partner in a marriage. Chaos was the result. Men took to changing wives with the same zest which they displayed in the consumption of the recently restored forty-per-cent vodka.

'Some men have twenty wives, living a week with one, a month with another,' asserted an indignant woman delegate during the sessions of the Tzik. 'They have children with all of them, and these children are thrown on the street for lack of support.' (There are three hundred thousand *bezprizorni* or shelterless children in Russia to-day, who are literally turned out on the streets. They are one of the greatest social dangers of the present time, because they are developing into professional criminals. More than half of them are drug addicts and sex perverts. It is claimed by many

Communists that the break-up of the family is responsible for a large percentage of these children.)

The peasant villages have perhaps suffered most from this revolution in sex relations. An epidemic of marriages and divorces broke out in the country districts. Peasants with a respectable married life of forty years and more behind them suddenly decided to leave their wives and remarry. Peasant boys looked upon marriage as an exciting game and changed wives with the change of seasons. It was not an unusual occurrence for a boy of twenty to have had three or four wives, or for a girl of the same age to have had three or four abortions. As the peasants of Borisovo-Pokrovskoie bitterly complained: 'Abortions cover our villages with shame. Formerly we did not even hear of them.' But the women, in self-defense, replied: 'It's easy for you to talk. But if you just tried to bear children yourselves you would sing a different song.'

I was once discussing the subject of frequent divorces with the president of a village soviet. 'What makes women get divorces?' I asked him. Just then a girl about eighteen years old entered the room. 'Here is our latest divorcee,' said the president laughingly. 'Ask her.' I turned around, but the girl was no longer there, and from the window I saw her running away as fast as she could. I ran after her and finally caught up with her in the fields outside the village. We sat down on a haystack and I asked the girl to talk to me frankly, as woman to woman.

Tears filled her eyes as she told me that she still loved her nineteen-year-old husband, but that he had forced her to ask for a divorce only two months after they had been married. He now thought he loved another girl in the village and threatened to kill his wife if she did not leave him voluntarily.

I recall another victim of the breakdown of family ties in the villages, a tall, pale, silent Cossack woman. She was divorced by her husband after their first child was born. He then married another woman, had a child by her, deserted both, and returned to his first wife, by whom he had a second child. The woman was deeply religious, and was tormented by the thought that her second child was illegitimate, although her priest assured her that this was not the case, because the Church did not recognize the divorce.

Several peculiar abuses sprang up in the country districts in connection with the shifting marriage regulations. Many women of light behavior found marriage and childbearing a profitable occupation. They formed connections with the sons of well-to-do peasants and then blackmailed the father for the support of the children. In some cases peasants have been obliged to sell their last cow or horse in order to settle such alimony claims. The law has created still more confusion because it is retrospective in its operation, so that women can claim support for children born many years ago.

Other peasants took advantage of the loose divorce regulations to acquire 'summer brides.' As the hiring of labor in Russia is hedged about with difficulties and restrictions for the private employer, the richer peasants in some districts took to the practice of marrying a strong girl for the harvest season and divorcing her as soon as the work in the fields was over.

The new sex relations have also raised certain problems in the cities. During the winter of 1924–1925 some of the older Communists accused the younger generation, especially the students, of indulging in too much dissipation, of squandering health and vitality in loose connections; they blamed the girl students for practising

frequent abortions. 'You must be either a student or a mother; under present-day conditions you can't be both,' declared one mentor to the modern Russian women students. The latter indignantly replied that love was almost the only cheap amusement left to them and demanded that they be given at least the same opportunity for free abortions that factory women enjoy. Moreover, they retorted that not all the older Communists could serve as a model of pure living.

Some members of the League of Communist Youth, an organization which now numbers between a million and a half and two million young men and women, regard the refusal to enter into temporary sex relations as mere bourgeois prejudice, the deadliest sin in the eyes of a Communist. Some of the provincial branches of the League went so far as to organize 'Down with Shame' and 'Down with Innocence' circles; but these were sharply condemned as rowdy aberrations in the official report on the activities of the League at the last Congress of the Communist Party.

Both in the villages and in the cities the problem of the unmarried mother has become very acute and provides a severe and annoying test of Communist theories. In the early stages of the Revolution the Communists held the theory that children should be reared and cared for by the State. But it soon became evident that the State, especially in war-torn and impoverished Russia, was financially quite incapable of assuming such a heavy burden of responsibility. The figure of ten thousand foundlings, reported for thirty-two provinces of the Soviet Union over a period of six months, illustrates the danger that the present large number of vagrant homeless children may be swelled because of the inability or unwillingness of parents to provide for the offspring of temporary connections.

The session of the Tzik which discussed the abolition of marriage as an institution last autumn took place in the famous throneroom of the Tsars, in one of the Kremlin palaces. The gilded walls and ceilings are unchanged, but the throne has been replaced by a simple wooden structure serving as a platform. Here round-faced peasant women with red kerchiefs over their heads, workers in plain dark blouses without tie or collar, commissars in high boots, mingled democratically and argued with equal ardor.

The bill was introduced by the Commissar for Justice, Mr. Kursky, a large man with tremendous blonde moustaches. He pointed out that whereas, according to the old law, the wife had no rights in the case of an unregistered marriage, the proposed law would give her the rights of a legal wife in holding property and in other matters. Another new point was that wife and husband would have an equal right to claim support from the other, if unemployed or incapacitated for work. The woman would have the right to demand support for her child even if she lived with several men during the period of conception; but, in contrast to previous practice, she or the court would choose one man who would be held responsible for the support. Commissar Kursky seemed especially proud of this point because it differed so much from the 'bourgeois customs' of Europe and America. In those countries, he said, the husband can bring a friend who declares that he also lived with the woman, and the latter is then left defenseless. In the villages, where sons continue to live with their parents long after they are married, the whole family is held responsible if a woman claims alimony, according to the original draft of the proposed law.

When Kursky had finished his report and the floor was open for discussion, so

much heated opposition developed that representatives from villages and factories spoke for days at a time, and the list of speakers who wished to be heard seemed to be continually growing larger. The question which chiefly occupied the attention of the debaters was whether giving the unregistered wife all legal rights would prevent men from making many rash and temporary connections, or whether it would simply lead to polygamy and polyandry.

The Commissar for Internal Affairs, Byeloborodov, argued that the State cannot regard marriage as a purely private affair. It was his view that stable marriages would better ensure the education of the children. He asserted that the break-up of the family was responsible for many of the criminal and beggar children now on the streets.

Another speaker objected to the proposed law on the ground that some women would take advantage of its liberal provisions to form connections with wealthy men and then blackmail them for alimony. Krasikov, a high official in the Commissariat for Justice, contended that it would be most difficult to establish whether people had actually lived in marriage, and drew the conclusion that the law against polygamy would become a dead letter. One debater put the question in more picturesque fashion: 'You want to turn Russia into one huge marriage, where everyone will have married everyone else.'

A working woman from Kostroma, with a shawl over her head, added her voice to the general chorus of opposition. 'In our factories,' she said, 'you notice something very unpleasant. As long as a young man does n't participate in public activities he respects his wife. But as soon as he moves up a little, gets a little more education, something comes between them. He leaves his wife with a child, lives with another woman, and brings poverty and misery to both. I ask the working women to pass a law that will stop the practice of having many husbands and many wives.'

Mrs. Gypova, a peasant woman from Kursk Province, insisted that men and women must not be permitted to live like gypsies, continually changing their mates. The children suffered too much. 'Many husbands who lived peacefully with their wives for twenty years suddenly begin to cry: "We have freedom now. Give me a divorce." Unless some firm limit is placed on frequent marriages and divorces we shall be discussing this question at every session and never get good results.'

The opposition to the proposed law seemed to centre around four points: (1) that it would abolish marriage; (2) that it would destroy the family; (3) that it would legalize polygamy and polyandry; (4) that it would ruin the peasants.

It soon became clear that the bill could not be passed at the autumn session, and a resolution to postpone further action on it until the next session was adopted. About two weeks later a mass meeting was held in Moscow to discuss the proposal. Krilenko, the Soviet public prosecutor, who had a very large share in the framing of the bill and is one of its most passionate advocates, argued that there is neither necessity, importance, nor even utility in the registration of a marriage. 'Why should the State know who marries whom?' he exclaimed. 'Of course, if living together and not registration is taken as the test of a married state, polygamy and polyandry may exist; but the State can't put up any barriers against this. Free love is the ultimate aim of a socialist State; in that State marriage will be free

from any kind of obligation, including economic, and will turn into an absolutely free union of two beings. Meanwhile, though our aim is the free union, we must recognize that marriage involves certain economic responsibilities, and that's why the law takes upon itself the defense of the weaker partner, from the economic standpoint.'

Leon Trotski also pronounced himself in favor of the proposed new law at a conference of medical workers engaged in maternity welfare work. Trotski stressed the point that such a law, by giving more protection to women, would make for the benefit of the country's children.

On the other hand, Mr. Soltz, a prominent Communist authority on legal matters and one of the bitterest opponents of the proposed law, took a very different view of its probable consequences. His argument ran somewhat as follows: —

'We now impose the responsibility for the consequences of loose living on men who are guilty of it, while at the same time we know that they can't undertake the burden of these responsibilities. Women don't get a hundredth part of the alimony to which they are entitled by court decisions because the husbands simply cannot pay. The proposed law seems to favor women, but it will really work out to their disadvantage, because even now husbands run away from their wives and wives run vainly after their husbands and their alimony. Women enter into temporary connections because they think the law will protect them. We must tell them that only registered marriage can involve economic obligations; then they will be more careful. You say we can put alimony defaulters in prison, but if we tried to do this we should n't have enough prisons to hold the guilty. Women will defend themselves better if they know that they can't rely on our laws for defense.'

Madame Smidovich expressed the opinion that the family is still needed to fulfill the function of bringing up children and carrying out other obligations which the State is not yet able to assume. She favored the law because she thought a woman would be best defended if her rights as a wife were legally upheld, regardless of whether the marriage were registered. 'Many applauded Soltz,' she added, 'because they already rejoice in the idea that, if they are only obliged to assume responsibility for a registered marriage, they can at the same time maintain several other connections without any responsibility at all.'

Madame Kollontai, Russia's foremost feminist leader and first woman ambassador (to Norway), offered an interesting contribution to this discussion. She opposed the bill because she did not think women could collect alimony, especially if their husbands had two families. She was against registration and altogether in favor of free love. As a solution for the vexing problem of children she suggested a scheme of 'marriage insurance,' to be financed by an annual levy of one dollar on every adult citizen of the Soviet Union. This would provide a fund of about sixty million dollars a year, enough to provide for all the babies who might be born as a result of free-love unions. She also remarked that, although the present-day Russian youth is accused of dissipation and loose living, it is often forgotten that prostitution has largely disappeared. (In this connection there is a widespread saying that the amateurs spoil the profession.)

If opinion on the proposed law is divided in the cities, the feeling in the villages, where eighty per cent of the Russians live, is overwhelmingly

against it. Recently the official Soviet newspaper, *Izvestia*, printed a résumé of peasant opinion in regard to it. Perhaps the most characteristic spokesman was A. Platov, a peasant from Vologda Province, who declared: —

'Marriage among the peasants has not yet become a toy which can be fashioned to-day and broken to-morrow or next week. The new proposal to have many wives and husbands is considered illegal in the villages. Responsibility for the sins of one member should not fall upon the entire family. Every divorce in the villages brings with it family discords, feuds, trials, revenge, murder, and ruin. One must take into consideration the backwardness of the village population, which feels that the new law will bring polygamy, grief, demoralization, and the dying out of the race.'

In Tetushi, a Tatar village, the meeting of the peasants was described as 'noisy, even stormy.' It began at two in the afternoon and lasted until the following morning. The meeting registered a unanimous vote for the registration of marriage.

Although discussion is still going on all over Russia, there seems to be little doubt that the bill, with certain modifications, will be passed at the next session of the Tzik, which will be held in the summer. The more important changes in the draft law, to which the Commissariat for Justice has agreed in deference to the widespread popular protests and opposition, are as follows: —

Unregistered marriage will entail legal rights only in cases where the parties concerned mutually acknowledge each other as husband and wife, where it is established before a court that they lived together and had joint property, either by the testimony of a third party or by the evidence of their personal correspondence or other documents, where there was mutual material support or joint bringing up of children.

A husband or wife may claim support from the other partner only for one year if incapacitated for work, and only for six months if unemployed. (This change was made as a result of numerous suggestions to the effect that some Russian men are so lazy that they would be glad to marry working women and remain permanently unemployed if they were thereby entitled to claim support from their wives.)

Preference will be given to registered marriages in so far as registration will be considered an absolute proof of marriage.

The whole peasant family will be responsible for the support of the child of one of its members, but the amount given must in no case be so great as to lead to the ruin of the family.

The mere technical details of the proposed new marriage law would scarcely have excited such a flood of ardent popular discussion if the whole problem of sex relations had not been in the forefront of public attention. The discussion simply provided an outlet for the expression of long-repressed feelings on this subject.

The course of the discussion indicated pretty clearly two outstanding developments in modern Russia's attitude toward the problems of marriage, sex, and the family. In the first place, there is an unmistakable reaction, both among the Communists and among the general public, against excessive loose living. Some of the Communists especially stress the point that a comrade who spends too much time in love affairs cannot fulfill his duties to the Party and the proletariat. There is a tendency among Communist writers now to decry excessive preoccupation with sex as a symptom of bourgeois

decadence. Among the general population and especially among the peasants there is a keen realization of the difficulties, material and otherwise, which have come up as a result of a too literal adoption of the 'free love' slogan, and there is a desire for more stable domestic relations.

In the second place, it is now pretty evident that the widespread circulation of revolutionary ideas on the desirability of abolishing the family has not by any means eliminated old-fashioned passions of love and jealousy. The police records are full of cases, some of them very terrible, of murders and assaults and suicides committed by women under the influence of jealousy. One such case may serve as an example. A peasant left his village wife and began to live with a working woman in the town. The village wife kept coming and making scenes before the second wife, until the latter, irritated beyond endurance, poured benzine over her rival, set her on fire, and burned her to death. Such elemental outbursts of jealousy are condemned by the Communists as 'relics of bourgeois prejudice'; but they continue to occur, nevertheless, and even Communist women have been known to commit suicide because their husbands' attentions were diverted elsewhere.

CROWDS AND CRISES

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

It is probable that no one who was not in England during the amazing days of early May can ever appreciate or understand that adventure of the human spirit, the General Strike. Nevertheless there are some aspects of it which can be described — which, in the interests of living history, must be described before the emotional excitement has subsided from the observers who, like myself, looked on and played no part.

For it is not as an episode in politics or in economic conflict — not, indeed, as a conflict at all — that the General Strike will remain in our memory, but, to use a dangerous phrase, as a new variety of religious experience. There will be political repercussions, there have been economic losses, it is true; but with such material impoverishment there is the undoubted fact that there has also been an emotional enrichment, that the strike has acted as a cathartic within our minds. And in this aspect let us briefly consider it.

The General Strike is a matter of crowd psychology, and it is therefore to be deplored that so much has been written around that phrase that it has become a *cliché* and its user a prejudged bore. The mutations of Psyche, the youngest and most human of the immortals, have been many, but they have reached perhaps their lowest depths of stupidity and muddiness in that part of psychology known popularly as crowd psychology.

But if we can forget all that unimaginative sociologists and psychologists have told us about it, what a thing is a crowd! And by a crowd I

mean a real one, such as the crowds of the strike week, so different from the crowds of textbooks or of the stage.

A stage crowd can never be natural, for its members know through rehearsal and previous experience what is required of them. How different the crowd in Whitehall and Downing Street on Monday of the fateful week! It was a mass of individuals cemented together by the common fact that they were all thrown off their beat. They were faced with the knowledge that something had happened, something which would soon have tangible and visible results, though as yet it was invisible; and they seemed to be waiting for this thing to reveal itself. Just as everything appeared to the Greek in corporeal form, so these crowds hoped, one might think, by waiting, to see the personified form of chaos or civic strife hover above the street.

They were absolutely silent; for ten minutes no one spoke. Newcomers arrived, taking off their hats as they passed the Cenotaph, pausing like a drop of rain on the window and then, with an almost appreciable jerk, coalescing with the other drops in the crowd. One after another they looked round as if to catch an eye, a wan ghost of a smile ready to break the tension, but they gave up the attempt, and stood, waiting, and watching nothing.

Neither hope nor fear was evident in the Monday crowds, and I believe that if nothing had happened everyone would have been keenly disappointed. The crowd and the coming strike were linked by a bond for which there is only one analogy, the inevitability of childbirth. The pangs could not be stopped, nor would anyone wish them stopped; the crowd felt itself the mother of the strike, incapable of stopping the pain, and not anxious that it should be stopped. And, having nothing to do as yet for the new life, while the old one was already meaningless, it waited without comment.

Rather less than twelve years ago the same crowd stood in the same place — a larger crowd, but as silent. On August 3, 1914, we waited to hear of war. If the members of that crowd waiting for war could have been honest with an inquirer, they would have had to admit that they wanted war simply because they wanted something new to happen. Their silence was a breathless hope rather than a breathless apprehension, a hope that the monotony of life was going to be broken. It is perhaps important that we should consider this, for those who make war on war are apt to overstress the part played by hatred and pugnacity in the days when the crowds stand waiting. I think that the Germans and hatred of them were for long a rationalization, an excuse, which enabled men to throw themselves into action, which broke the decorous but unsatisfying monotony of life.

And the crowds of Tuesday bear out this suggestion. Look at them as they march down this same Whitehall and the parallel Embankment — an army returning from work; returning from work as they have done every workday for all their working lives. Yet what a difference there is in to-day's return! Not a tram, not a bus, not an underground train; men, shop girls, office girls, everyone walking. Are there signs of resentment? Not at all; everybody is smiling; a broad grin from whosoever may catch your eye. The strike, you would think, has not even brought inconvenience, but rather release from monotony. No happier crowd has ever been seen than the crowd of office workers who walked home on the first day of the General Strike.

There is another important fact which the demeanor of that Tuesday

crowd confirmed: London becomes at moments of crisis, and particularly at moments of industrial crisis, supremely unimportant. It falls into the background, it becomes exceptional rather than typical, its crowds do not understand or feel the significance of what is happening. This is not true, of course, of a war crisis, because then London and the Government are the centre and the crowds the symbol of a national unity; but in a strike it is perfectly true. It would matter little to the conduct of a great strike if every worker in London refused to obey the order to cease work, and a unanimous strike in London, such as occurred in May, can only bring inconvenience, and not great impoverishment of industry. And so the Tuesday crowd in London was more interesting to the observer than a crowd in South Wales, or Lancashire, or Glasgow, simply because it was care-free; it had nothing in the world of daily bread to gain or to lose by the strike, no starvation or poverty to fear, and so the strike brought it merely a boon, the boon of new and unconventional action.

Meanwhile, with those whose nature was antagonistic to the self-annihilation of crowds, affairs began to produce a very deep depression. Partly, this depression was rational and due to a knowledge that things were drifting on to dangerous rocks. But there was more in it than that: if you sink yourself bodily into a crowd and yet keep your thoughts and emotions free from the waves of feeling around you, you will become full of resentment at your own isolation. Such depression is due to feeling that there is something important happening and that you are out of it. If a man finds himself at an uncongenial play which is heartily received by everyone else in the audience, he is not merely bored, but melancholy; and the stimulus for his black bile comes not across the footlights so much as from his neighbors. That is why intelligent people shrink from crises in a democracy and why they abdicate their authority if a crisis comes.

And on Wednesday an act of God, so it seemed, provided the fit environment for such depression; for a thick yellow and black mantle of fog suddenly swooped down on the city at midday and turned it into one of those satanic landscapes which all Americans believe permanent in London, though they occur actually only about five times in a year. It would be difficult to recall the horror and yet the appropriateness of those two hours; it was as if the weather had determined to reflect all moods — the week gave us sun, rain, cold, and wind in succession — and not to forget even the mood of the individualists who had resisted the crowd emotions.

By Thursday the crowds had changed their mood again; the novelty of walking had worn thin sooner than the shoe leather under the unwonted strain, and, moreover, certain realities of the situation had become apparent. Just as crowds wait about in silence long before the crisis begins, so they fail to recognize its existence for long after. But by Thursday another emotional necessity had begun to show itself: people felt they must 'do something.' The vast majority, of course, were answering the Government's call for volunteers, for special constabulary, for drivers; but this was not so much from 'loyalty' as from a determination to play a part.

One business man summed up the feeling of a great many brokers: 'I think both sides are wrong, and I have very little sympathy with either, but if there is anything I can do to help or hinder either side, I am perfectly willing to do it.' Many people volunteered

to help the Government and, finding nothing to do, volunteered to help the Trades Union Council; and vice versa.

And along with new activities came new human associations; yet again we saw a human society which, like all societies, spends most of its time in normal days building up and maintaining conventions, barriers, and divisions between man and man, seizing upon the welcome opportunity to destroy and ignore these very fabrications. Motorists everywhere pasted notices on their windscreens, offering pedestrians lifts to various distant destinations, and girls stood at corners where once they would have caught a bus in order to hail a more cheerful driver in a less costly vehicle.

The visitor to America is early surprised and delighted at the frequency with which he is offered a lift by passing automobiles. Not so in England. Very few are the drivers who willingly raise up a deserving pedestrian. Owing to the appalling number of motor vehicles which litter their continent, Americans have evolved rules, conventions, and courtesies in the motoring sphere which have not yet appeared in England; and one of them is this rule of hospitality which links the new nomadism to the caravans of the Ancient World.

In this matter, then, we may say that the General Strike led to a temporary Americanization of Londoners; but in another direction it accentuated a trait which is thoroughly un-American. Walking down Fifth Avenue, in my capacity of detached observer of human nature, I have noted that the charm of the better-dressed crowds of American girls is diminished by the fact that they never catch your eye as you pass. In Oxford Street it is very different: people smile at one another and even accept invitations to tea from perfect strangers. This is reprehensible, doubtless, but it is also human nature in Oxford Street. 'Picking-up' is an English virtue practised by many respectable people in normal times and requiring nothing more than a sense of social geography, — for there are sections of London where such genial friendliness might be misconstrued into a request for what the Victorian Age called 'bought kisses,' — but there never has been so remarkable an example of mass picking-up as during the General Strike. And we must add to the credit side of that event the opportunities it gave to shy men to meet and be friendly to new feminine faces.

Moreover, the habit soon became universal. One of the surprises of the strike was the way in which the taxi men joined unanimously in a movement which they as owner-drivers could not be expected to support; but quite early in the first day mass picking-up produced a situation wherein there were more empty taxis than full, despite the complete absence of all other vehicles plying for hire in the streets; and it is hard to imagine that this fact had no part in their apparently cordial support of the strike, for now that they are back again fares are still scarce, so easy has it been to acquire the habit of expecting free transport from strangers.

Friday came with new emotions added to all these: people began to be tired and annoyed. Moreover, rumors of how crowds were pulling girls and others off blackleg buses began to increase the general irritation. Perhaps the most significant new thing was the constancy with which people expressed their sympathy with the miners, and this suggests another factor in the emotional make-up of ordinary men.

Crowds upon whom action has been forced require something against which they can exert themselves; this is the genesis of hatred. In a crowd, sooner or later you must hate; but as human

beings are by nature generous and friendly long before they are hostile and cruel, crowds limit their hatred as far as is possible. Thus, in the war, crowds were sedulously taught to hate Germans; but their hatred extended to Austrians, Bulgarians, and Turks only in the most attenuated form. Had there been no General Strike the miners would probably not have become objects of sympathy, but since the General Strike absorbed the emotion of hatred like blotting paper, people were well enough disposed to the other and lesser struggle.

And yet it remains a mystery why so little hatred was aroused. Chief constables in many districts reported that the conduct of the strikers was exemplary; police and strike pickets everywhere helped one another to carry out their difficult work; billiard tournaments were arranged between the special constables and strikers; the crowds were quiet and good-humored. At Hammersmith trouble was reported, but all that it proved to be was the pulling of some volunteer drivers off buses, and the yelling of 'scab' and 'blackleg,' and general booing by strikers and their sympathizers.

Why was this? It was not because the strike was unpopular with the men themselves: very early it became clear that it was a rank and file movement, spontaneous and determined. Unions came out before they were called by their leaders, and we have yet to learn if they are going to answer the call to return without delay.

Some will attribute the general goodwill to the absence of inflammatory newspapers; they will probably be wrong, but the absence of newspapers was undoubtedly one of the most significant new phases of social experience, and the possibilities for the future in this direction are many.

It must not be forgotten that the General Strike began as a newspaper strike, and it could not have had a more surprising beginning. On Monday one of the most read of the London daily papers did not appear; workers in the printing department, on their own initiative and with instructions from nobody, refused to print an article which they considered unfair and inflammatory. Apart altogether from the question of the justice of such an action, it was at least sensational; but even more sensational was what happened on Monday afternoon. The neighborhood of Leicester Square is occupied by many news vendors, whose chief trade in evening papers is with the betting fraternity and its customers. A van appears, a bundle of papers is thrown out; the air becomes raucous with shouts of '2.30 Winner!' and the street gaudy with placards screaming in yellow and red, '2.30 Winner.'

To-day it was different: the news vendors did not even unfurl their placards or call their wares; if requested, they sold a newspaper furtively, unwillingly; the papers were few and they were keeping them for their regular customers. The evening papers, all three, had been stopped by the printers; direct action was upon us with a vengeance.

From that moment newspapers ceased to exist, seeing that the little sheets produced from day to day carried none of the associations of the usual paper; and for the first time the crowds found themselves without their Greatest Common Measure, the daily press. The hastily improvised official *British Gazette* and the trade-union bulletin, the *British Worker*, in no way filled the gap, and the way was cleared for the final victory of the youngest of man's great inventions. The old lady nodding over her crystal receiver and listening-in to the Savoy Havana Band scarcely realized all the things which

had happened to her. The grandson who put the set up during the Christmas holidays with an enthusiasm for the machine-making which would flag after half an hour's experience of its use — he did not realize either. Nor yet did that happy family of wireless 'aunts' and 'uncles' who succeed night after night in being natural while engaged in the ludicrous task of talking into a little box behind which crouch two million hidden auditors — an act of faith surely unrivaled in the history of religion. None of us realized what had happened until the General Strike.

Yet, in a phrase, wireless has transported us out of the days of imperial obesity into the days of the city-state of the Greeks and the Romans, for the simple reason that once more we are members of a state whose boundaries are narrow enough to permit the gathering of all its citizens within the sound of one voice. We realize that now, for when the caprice of the political arena had shuffled away from us the old cement of crowds, the newspapers, the reality of the new crowd, the radio crowd, impressed itself upon our consciousness with a new force.

And what can we prophesy of this new crowd? It will be less emotional and more thoughtful: for while in the old crowd feelings became accentuated and thoughts were canceled out, in the radio crowd the process may be reversed, since radio is inimical to feeling — witness the sad fate that befalls a broadcast joke. Nobody ever laughs at a joke until he has heard others beginning to laugh, and so a joke which comes to us on the radio is a failure though hundreds of thousands may have heard it, simply because we have not heard them. Surely, in the radio crowd, feeling is at a discount.

This, then, was a new human experience; without warning, without expectation, without hope, millions of people, unseen, unknown, a crowd whose members were all alone, or nearly so, heard a voice say: 'The following notice is official: "The General Strike is at an end."'

Later news said that the announcement was received calmly, which may be interpreted as meaning thoughtfully rather than emotionally. Is, then, the radio crowd not a crowd at all? Since, apparently, with it feelings are not accentuated and thoughts not canceled out, does it not belong in the least to the devious paths of crowd psychology? Perhaps we can hope for a new and portentous thing from it: a crowd which by reason of its strange combination of multitude and solitude feels like the old crowd, yet keeps that feeling insulated, keeps it from discharging itself meaninglessly into the ground or air, through those curious explosions of useless energy, human laughter and tears, keeps it until it can be used at a future date for good and useful action. This would indeed be a great contribution to social possibilities.

There is one other lasting result of the General Strike which we must mention: it is the adoption as a national hymn of William Blake's poem, 'Jerusalem.' Measured by some quite permissible standards this is the most remarkable thing that could have happened. For some years the verses, cryptic though they be, have found a place in the songbooks of adult schools, Labor choirs, and various places where they sing 'The Red Flag,' the 'Internationale,' and the marching songs of William Morris.

Only a week or so before the strike a Conservative M. P. drew down upon himself the derisive wrath of his Labor opponents by quoting it in the House of Commons. Then, on the first Sunday of the strike, it was sung at the service broadcast from St. Martin's-

in-the-Fields. Together with the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermon, it was heard by hundreds of thousands; and then, when the news of the sudden peace dropped down upon us from the radio, after messages from King and Prime Minister calling upon the nation to build a better world for all, the announcer, in a voice of emotion, recited it to the invisible crowds from Land's End to John o' Groat's; the wireless orchestra struck up the tune, the wireless staff and choir sang it, and, as it came through on loud speakers, waiting groups everywhere joined in.

'And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

'And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

'Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

'I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.'

A stranger application of great poetry has never been; and we may be perfectly certain that the thousands of people who have so suddenly accepted the new hymn have not the remotest idea what Blake meant. For the verses occur in the preface to the long prophetic book, *Milton*, in which he teaches that there is only one good, love and imagination, and one evil, law and realism; and here is the passage which precedes them: 'Rouse up, O young men of the New Age! Set your foreheads against the ignorant hirelings! For we have hirelings in the camp, the court, and the university, who would, if they could, forever depress mental and prolong corporeal war. Painters! on you I call. Sculptors! Architects! Suffer not the fashionable fools to depress your powers by the prices they pretend to give for contemptible works, or the expensive advertising boasts that they make of such works; believe Christ and His apostles that there is a class of men whose whole delight is in destroying. We do not want either Greek or Roman models if we are but just and true to our own imaginations, those worlds of eternity in which we shall live forever in Jesus our Lord.'

And that is the revolutionary hymn with which we greeted the sudden vanishing of a revolution — a strange thing, perhaps, but one which is in keeping with the emotional immensity of our recent experience. For there is something bizarre about the whole of this affair: a nation of more than forty millions completely paralyzed, civic strife involving everyone, high feeling, passion. And news came through that, on one afternoon of that week, in Paris some royalist demonstrators, sentimental adherents of a lost cause, clashed with the police; and in half an hour more people were injured than in all England during our week of conflict. A few bottles thrown, some tramlines deranged, broken glass and half a dozen broken heads — and yet we know that the shadow of death has passed very near the dream of life in which we live, and that even now we are pausing before the real labor of forging a better dream for the future. Well did Blake append to the verses which have become our new Marseillaise a quotation from the Book of Numbers: 'Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets.'

THE HINDU–MOHAMMEDAN PROBLEM IN INDIA

BY J. COATMAN

A VERY slight acquaintance with Indian affairs will discover the importance of the Hindu-Mohammedan problem. Though there are many different communities in India, with interests and ideals which differ widely from or are even inimical to each other, the Hindu-Mohammedan problem is *the* communal problem. The words 'communal tension' are a sort of technical phrase in India, and mean tension between these two communities. The time is ripe for a close study of this great question, for — as will be seen from this short account, in which I can only hope to indicate its main features — Hindu-Mohammedan rivalry has, during the past few years, shifted its ground from its old base of purely religious fanaticism and unreasoning prejudice to the fields of political and economic struggle.

The scope and gravity of the problem are thus immensely increased, for the old sectarian causes of difference might have yielded to the solvent of education, whereas these new differences can only be multiplied and made more urgent as education spreads among the Indian masses. For it must be remembered that the level of education is far lower among Mohammedans of all classes than among Hindus, and so the wider diffusion of education means the raising up of Mohammedan rivals to the Hindu occupants of places of profit and power in all branches of Indian activity, in many of which the Hindus hold at present a virtual monopoly. Further, — and here its immense gravity is revealed, — the communal problem is perhaps the chief obstacle in India's path to responsible government, transcending in importance or even including such major problems as that of India's defense against external foes, and the maintenance of law and order in India itself.

Thus, in examining the Hindu-Mohammedan problem as it is to-day, we must not look exclusively to the fierce riots and the savage crimes against individuals which have disfigured communal relations during the last decade or so, for such things have been with us in India for centuries past. Rather must we inquire into and try to understand the importance of certain developments of the last few years which have given organization and direction to the age-old feuds and hatreds.

I

A cynic has observed that in India there are two answers which are found adequate to dispose of any proposal for change or improvement. These are: 'It has never been done so' and 'It has always been done so.' Certainly these are the answers which find favor with critics of all attempts at a solution of the devastating rivalry of the two communities, and it must be admitted that past history is on their side. For a thousand years now, India has known Hindus and Mohammedans, sometimes as bitterly hostile armies, more generally as somewhat uneasy neighbors, but never as a homogeneous social unit.

Succeeding hordes of invading Mohammedans from A.D. 1000 onward brought with them the fierce proselytizing ideas of Islam, but, after a longer or shorter space of time, marked by cruel massacre and destruction on the one side and ruthless revenge on the other whenever occasion offered, even the sword of Islam found itself powerless to make much impression on the ineffable calm of Hinduism, which is to its devotees more than a religion, or, as it has sometimes been described, 'a way of living'; it is all of life — life which has been in the past, is in the present, and will be in the future. To the caste Hindu, life outside Hinduism is not so much wrong as impossible and unthinkable. Practically the only conversions which the Mohammedans made in India were among the depressed classes or pagan tribes. On the great body of the Hindu community of India, with its infinity of castes and divisions, the Mohammedan invasions left no enduring mark save one. That, unfortunately, was one which has had and will still have damaging effects on the whole of Hindu life. I refer to the seclusion of women within the zenana. This has greatly accentuated ideas of the natural inferiority of women, which had already grown up under the Brahmanical system, and it is to this day one of the greatest obstacles to social and religious reforms among the Hindu peoples.

When the first fierce impact of the invading armies had spent its force, Hindus and Mohammedans had to settle down as neighbors, but as neighbors separated from each other in all the intimacies of life by an utterly unbridgeable gulf. Intermarriage and even most of the ordinary amenities of social life, such as dining together and meeting each other's families in friendly intercourse, were impossible. Generally, peace between the two communities was observed because the people of the one knew better than to raise their heads when their prince belonged to the other religion. But the persecutions of Aurungzeb and the fierce revolt of Shivaji of the Mahrattas reveal the strength of the animosity which existed under this forced restraint.

It has sometimes been said that Hindu-Mohammedan antagonism has become more formidable under the rule of the British than it was before their time. The charge has even been made that the British have encouraged communal rivalry on the principle of 'divide and rule.' This, of course, is demonstrably false, if only for the reason that, as we have seen, the rivalry is so deeply rooted and the numbers of the rivals are so enormous — two hundred and fifty million Hindus and sixty-six million Mohammedans — that any such encouragement by the paramount power would have led to an explosion utterly beyond its ability to control. The truth is that the British principle of not interfering in religious matters has allowed both communities to observe their religious ceremonies in practical immunity, even in the very strongholds of the rival religion. Naturally there have been many breaches of the peace, but, save in a very few cases to be noted later, these affairs have not been worse than many election riots or many of the clashes between Protestants and Catholics in Belfast or Liverpool.

Only in one way has British rule contributed to the exacerbation of Hindu-Moslem feeling, and that contribution was inevitable under any rule which, like that of the British, is based first and last on law. The Mohammedan rural population, by far the greater part of the whole, has undoubtedly suffered from the operation of the law of contract, which, until the legislation of 1900 made it impossible for land to

be alienated to men of nonagricultural classes, even had the effect in some places of expropriating large numbers of Mohammedan cultivators from their ancestral holdings. Very many Mohammedans are by nature of a reckless and spendthrift disposition, and the Hindu money-lending classes took full advantage of this fact to batten on their less sophisticated neighbors. So the annals of crime in British India are marked by many brutal murders of money-lenders and many savage riots, which now and again, as in the Southwestern Panjab in the early part of 1915, have attained the character of general risings of the Mohammedan peasantry against their Hindu neighbors.

II

This, in broad outline, was the state of Hindu-Mohammedan relations before 1914, the general economic and educational position of the Mohammedans steadily falling relatively to that of the Hindus. From time to time, attempts were made by leading Mohammedans to open the eyes of their fellows to the disabilities of their condition. The great Mohammedan leader of mid-Victorian days, Sir Syed Ahmad, to whose exertions the existence of the Mohammedan University at Aligarh is mainly due, was the most notable of these reformers. Again, during the stir of opinion and feeling in the India of Lord Ripon's viceroyalty, in the early eighties of the last century, the question of Mohammedan education was again raised, and for a time the establishment of a Mohammedan university at Hyderabad was well within the range of practical politics. But the enthusiasm died down without having accomplished anything of note, and it is broadly true to say that the maulvis, the Mohammedan priests, frowned on the extension of secular education as being likely to turn the students into skeptics or even atheists. The education given at mosque schools and at Deoband, the Maynooth of Mohammedan India, was purely religious and traditional, and aimed at nothing more than the provision of a supply of priests for the villages and country towns.

As the twentieth century advanced and it became increasingly clear, even in India, that the unorganized and the unqualified had to go to the wall, leading Mohammedans once more took up the duty of rousing their coreligionists to an appreciation of the danger of their position. And as before, during Lord Ripon's time, the final urge came from a wave of feeling which had its origin in political grounds. This is not the place to trace the genesis of the great Indian Reforms of 1919, but it will be remembered that the most conspicuous landmark on the road to them is the Morley-Minto Reforms of exactly ten years earlier. Those were preceded by an agitation of unparalleled fierceness in Bengal. This agitation — which arose ostensibly out of the separation of Eastern Bengal from the rest of the province, for the better administration of the backward tracts of the East — had important repercussions in other parts of India, notably in the Panjab, and soon extended its scope far beyond the revocation of the partition of Bengal. The recklessness of the leading agitators and the extent of their pretensions showed to thoughtful Mohammedans, as by a flashlight, the dangers to which they were exposed.

It must be remembered that the Eastern part of Bengal is mainly Mohammedan, that the partition was in accord with Mohammedan sentiment, and that the leading agitators were all Hindus. The extreme claims of the agitators had, of course, no chance of being met, but leading Mohammedans realized that any extension of popular

control in the Government of India would put their community still further behind the Hindus, who, from their education and superior social and economic organization, were much better able to push their claims and to occupy and to hold administrative and other appointments. So, in 1906, the All-India Moslem League came into being, as the result of a spontaneous and widespread determination on the part of all thoughtful Mohammedans to organize for the protection of their communal interests. The Morley-Minto Reforms were even then under discussion, and the question of separate Mohammedan representation in the legislative councils which were to be set up under the reforms proved a bait attracting large numbers of Mohammedans to the League. Its original objects were the promotion of loyalty to the British connection, the protection of the political and other rights of Mohammedans, and the representation to the Government, by strictly constitutional methods, of the desires and claims of the community. Its scope slowly widened.

Disappointment with the Morley-Minto Reforms grew, and in 1913 the League included within its objects the achievement of self-government for India within the British Empire.

Then came the war. India's response to the peril of the Empire was prompt, and, save for certain sections of the population, whole-hearted. As the conflict dragged on, and the contrast between the ideals of the Allies — of which self-determination was one of the most important — and those of the Germanic coalition became more pronounced and more easily comprehensible, it became also increasingly evident that changes of a far-reaching kind in the government of India would be made by the British Parliament. In the years 1916 and 1917, when this was fully understood in India, the Moslem League was at the height of its power. It challenged comparison in importance with the other great unofficial organization in India, the Indian Congress, an organization which owed its origin to the stir of Indian feeling in Lord Ripon's days. Until three or four years ago the annual meeting of the delegates to the Congress from all over India was one of the most important events of the year, and at it the demands and aspirations of Indian Nationalism were frankly and fearlessly put forward. To the leaders both of the Congress and of the League it was obvious that Hindu-Moslem unity not only was the most important, but was, in fact, an absolutely indispensable preliminary to anything approaching Home Rule for India.

As the prospects of a more liberal constitution for India became more certain, and as the thing itself approached more closely, the clash of interests between Hindus and Mohammedans came nearer home to the members of both communities and showed itself in various ways. The grim events of 1915 in the Southwestern Panjab, followed later by the even more terrible events in Bihar and Orissa, could not be dismissed as petty affairs between ignorant and obscure fanatics. They pointed to a fundamental antagonism of interests — of which religious differences were not the most important part — between Hindus and Mohammedans, interests which neither side could possibly leave to the good feeling or sense of fair play of the other. If there were going to be any extension of Indian control over the Government of India, the Mohammedans, at any rate, meant to see that their interests were safeguarded to the fullest possible extent. So in 1916 the League and the Congress, a mainly Hindu organization, arrived at the so-called 'Lucknow Pact,' in which the proportion of seats to be held by the two communities in the

various legislative bodies was settled.

But was such a pact likely to prove acceptable to the masses, or settle any of the outstanding causes of quarrel? The answer is given by certain happenings in the Southwestern Panjab and in Bihar and Orissa, where the clash of the two communities attained the dimensions of local anarchy — before the Pact, in the case of the Panjab; after it, in the case of Bihar and Orissa. In the Panjab, the unusually ignorant and credulous Mohammedan peasantry had swallowed with even more than the usual Oriental gullibility the wildest stories about the prowess of the Germans. In February 1915, the rumor ran around the Jhang and Mozaffargarh districts that a German force had landed at Karachi, led by the Crown Prince in person, and that it was within two days' march of Multan, the greatest city of that part of the Panjab. At once the ignorant rustics assumed that the British power in India was broken. The Mohammedans immediately — and as by instinct — rose en masse as a sort of Jacquerie, and proceeded to ill-treat and pillage the Hindus to their hearts' content. Villages were sacked; small towns were plundered, and, as in the case of Juggiwala in the Mozaffargarh district, put to the flames. The Hindus were dispersed over the countryside, to make their way as best they could to central points where there were police to protect them. For some days this anarchy went briskly forward, until police reserves could be rushed to the storm centres and restore order after some sharp fighting.

The Bihar and Orissa rising, which was a similar bursting into flame of the pent-up hatreds of years, affected a wider area and greater numbers of people, and called, in the end, for military intervention. The main scene of these disturbances was the district of Shahabad, and for six days law and order disappeared. The Hindus were the vastly stronger party and were the aggressors. In one case the Hindu mob, estimated at twenty-five thousand strong, attacked a village and was driven off only after a hard fight with the police. In a neighboring district over thirty villages were attacked. The mobs were in some cases led by landowners mounted on elephants and horses, and great amounts of loot were taken. The Pact, then, was obviously not binding on the masses of either side.

III

I have gone into these details in order to show the state of feeling which exists between the majorities on the two sides, and to emphasize the point that any amelioration must be preceded by a vast improvement in the economic position and the chronic state of indebtedness of the Mohammedan peasantry. But the amelioration of such a position, which is the result of historic and deep-seated causes, is clearly a matter for long and arduous legislation and for a determined effort toward improvement on the part of the Mohammedans themselves.

Thus it is possible that the Lucknow Pact would have been stillborn, — for the interest which the Indian peasant, of whatever community, takes in politics is still of the very slightest, — had it not been for two very grave features of the situation in India immediately following the war. These were the Noncoöperation movement and the Khilafat agitation. The first of these made a certain appeal to both Hindus and Mohammedans, but the second was of purely Mohammedan interest. The Noncoöperation movement began as a protest against the Indian Government on the ground that undue force had been used in suppressing the fierce and widespread mob

uprisings in the Panjab in April 1919, while the Khilafat agitation was frankly a Mohammedan move to secure better terms for the Turks. Certain astute Hindu politicians were quick to identify themselves with this scheme, and a temporary Hindu-Mohammedan entente was thus achieved. Throughout 1920 a good deal was made of this entente, and fraternizing even went to the extent of the admission of Hindus to Mohammedan mosques.

But an entente reared on such foundations could not in any case have been permanent. The terms of the Turkish Peace Treaty and, still more, subsequent events in Turkey would have knocked the bottom out of the Khilafat agitation, while the Noncooperation movement, as events have shown, was a passing emotional phase. Anyhow, the end of the entente virtually came with the bringing into operation in 1921 of the Government of India Act of 1919 — the present reformed constitution of India. For this Act brought both communities up against the solid realities of politics, such as separate communal representation in the legislature, allocation of seats between Hindus and Mohammedans, and the share of each community in the powers and privileges of office. Here were no matters of mere social and religious amenities, but things which affected the future and the welfare of both communities. The Mohammedans see their rivals with a strangle hold on economic affairs and with an overwhelming proportion of administrative posts in their grasp. If they are to add political power to their other advantages, then the outlook of Mohammedans is sorry indeed. Thus Mohammedans argue, and in the light of such considerations the entente vanished like mist in the sun. And so begins the dismal tale of present Hindu-Mohammedan dissensions, of which so many passages are marked in red.

The present stage of intercommunal relations may be said to begin with the fierce Multan riots in September 1922. Followed shortly by riots in Wadhwan, an Indian state on the Bombay side, the old hatred flared up fiercely in the United Provinces over an attempt of the important Hindu proselytizing sect, the Arya Samajists, to reconvert to Hinduism a community known as the Malkana Rajputs, who for centuries now have counted themselves as Mohammedans. Throughout the year 1923 the tide of dissension rose steadily, the Panjab and the United Provinces in particular being kept in ferment, while every other province in India experienced the contagion to some extent. Cities of prime importance, like Amritsar, Panipat, Agra, Allahabad, Lucknow, Saharanpur, Jubbulpur, Ajmere, and Shahjahanpur, were the scenes of riots, some of them of repeated riots.

Throughout 1924 the situation grew steadily worse. The press on both sides seemed to loose all restraints, and gave way to boundless scurrility. In nearly all provinces there were riots or threats of riots. Delhi, Lucknow, Nagpur, Allahabad, and other important places saw severe fighting between Hindus and Mohammedans, and the tale of casualties mounted. The riot at Gulbarga, in the Nizam of Hyderabad's dominions, was one of the worst.

This year has seen less actual rioting, but the tone of the press is bad, and the two communities are manifestly drifting further apart. Not long ago the rival factions at Panipat attempted to stage a clash of the first magnitude, some thousands on either side having gathered, and a bloody fight would have ensued but for the skill and staunchness of the local police.

But all these clashes pale beside the stories of Kohat and the Moplah rising. In Kohat terrible riots broke out at the

beginning of September 1924, during the course of which about a hundred and fifty persons were killed and wounded, and property estimated at about sixty thousand pounds was stolen. In the end the Hindus evacuated the town, and it was some time before they could be induced to return.

The Moplah outbreak of 1921 was a small war, almost on the scale of some of the frontier expeditions. It was a direct result of the Khilafat agitation, working on the fanatical Mohammedan community of the Moplahs in the Madras Presidency, and from the first it took the form of savage attacks on non-Mohammedans. Many Hindus were murdered or forcibly converted to Islam. Railroads were torn up and communications destroyed. Fighting took place between the Moplahs and the military and police, the scale of which can be judged by the casualties suffered by the government forces: fifty policemen and soldiers were killed and over a hundred and thirty were wounded. The Moplah losses are not accurately known, but they ran into some hundreds. The effects of such happenings as these on the minds and feelings of the two communities in India need no description.

It is not necessary to continue this grim catalogue. The latest affray occurred at Sholapur in the Bombay Presidency, and any day might see similar occurrences in any other province in India. The newspapers of both sides fan the flame, and the one or two leaders who still preach Hindu-Moslem unity are merely paying lip-service to an ideal. The antagonism reaches an incredible extent. I was told the other day by a magistrate that a Mohammedan gentleman came to see him recently and in the course of conversation mentioned that his son had thought at one time of going up for his M.A. examination. 'But,' continued the old gentleman, 'he discovered that the examiners were all Hindus, so, of course, he had to abandon the idea.' Again, last summer a rumor started in one of the greatest cities of Northern India to the effect that gangs of Mohammedans were at work kidnaping Hindu children. Though there was not the faintest cause for the rumor, the wildest stories were believed by the Hindus, and there was every likelihood of a serious collision between the two communities until the local district magistrate and the superintendent of police, by wise and timely mediation, exposed the mistake.

At the present moment a bill before the Bombay Legislative Council, introduced by a Mohammedan member, —to make compulsory the registration of marriages before the District Board authorities, which are units of local self-government,—is being bitterly opposed by all Hindus because, they say, the real object of the bill is to make legal the marriage of kidnaped Hindu women to Mohammedans, which means, of course, their conversion to Islam. Such instances as these could be multiplied indefinitely.

Naturally attempts have been made to reconcile the warring interests, but the history of these attempts is, if possible, more melancholy than that of the riots themselves. Congress met in Delhi in 1923 and appointed a committee to draw up a scheme for a national agreement. The scheme, when produced, proved abortive, for it only dealt in a general way with religious differences and made rather ineffective suggestions for arbitration in cases of conflict. Following this, the late leader of the Swarajist Party, Mr. C. R. Das, together with a few friends, drew up an agreement for Bengal, which sought to fix the amount of representation to which the two communities were entitled. It favored Mohammedans

unduly, however, and so was rejected by the Hindus.

The most resounding failure of an attempt at compromise remains to be chronicled.

At the beginning of 1925 a subcommittee of both Hindus and Mohammedans was appointed by an All-Parties Conference to try to find a solution of the ancient problem. In February the subcommittee adjourned *sine die*, as it had failed hopelessly to reach agreement on the practical problems of communal representation in the public services and the various legislative bodies, and on political affairs generally. Of great significance is the following comment on this fiasco by Mr. Gandhi in the issue of his paper, *Young India*, for March 5: —

'The atmosphere for reasonable solution is lacking. Each distrusts the other. In such circumstances there can be no common ground of action. . . . *Nor does one notice real anxiety on the part of any of the parties for a solution.*' (The italics are mine.) The Delhi election riots, which occurred shortly after these words appeared in print, gave point and emphasis to them.

So we see how the very first steps toward Home Rule have carried both communities clear of the common ground which they occupied for a brief time during the days of Noncoöperation, and how the ancient feud has widened its scope. From time to time the new trend of Hindu-Mohammedan rivalry is expressed by questions and resolutions in the Indian Legislative Assembly, directed toward ascertaining and trying to increase the numbers of Mohammedans in government service.

IV

We have seen the rise of the Moslem League and how it was eclipsed during the entente which arose out of the Khilafat and Noncoöperation movements. The death of the entente and recent events have now led to a revival of the League. In May 1924 it met again at Lahore under the presidentship of Mr. M. A. Jinnah, the leader of the Independent Party in the Indian Legislative Assembly and perhaps the most important politician in India at the present time. The Lahore meeting reorganized the scattered branches of the League and fixed the regular annual session for December 1924, at Bombay. There its chief objects of interest were the representation of Mohammedans in all legislative and local bodies and in the services. All the signs point to its exercising an increasingly hostile opposition to Hindu pretensions, and it will divert Mohammedan membership from the National Congress. There is, in fact, no reason why the Moslem League should not be the coördinating and guiding authority of all Mohammedan political associations. It must be confessed, however, that this is mostly in the future, for Mohammedan organization is still in the rudimentary stage. Even in the United Provinces and the Panjab, the two provinces where tension is worst, there is little definite Mohammedan organization.

The *tanzim* — that is, the uplift — movement among the Moslems of the Panjab, which was started nearly two years ago by the well-known Panjab politician, Dr. Saif-ud-Din Kitchlew, was meant to be a movement to organize the whole Mohammedan community. Actually, it has hardly extended beyond the Panjab, and even there it is a somewhat nebulous and incoherent affair. It is difficult to trace any definite organization. Meetings are held and speeches made, but proof that these give rise to any permanent effects is still to seek. But the object of the tanzim movement, as declared by its founder, is clear enough. It is primarily

the organization of Mohammedans for economic purposes, for the education of Moslems in industrial, mercantile, and banking operations, so as to break the economic strangle hold of the Hindus on their communal life.

In the United Provinces the tanzim movement has hardly begun, but there are a few nebulous and disjunct Mohammedan organizations there, whose objective is somewhat different from that of the tanzim. A multitude of local societies exist under some such general title as *Jamiat-i-tabligh-i-Islam*. Their main object is to fight the strong Hindu *shuddhi* or purification movement, which is directed toward the reconversion to Hinduism of certain more or less recent converts to Islam. In other provinces no recognizable general Mohammedan movements can be perceived; but there are signs that Bengal at any rate will not lack one for long, and the Moslem element in the local Legislative Council is strong and well led.

Turning to the Hindus, we see a very different state of affairs. To begin with, their caste system, while it no doubt makes for division between different classes of Hindus, does at any rate provide the community with a number of strong and natural associations. Then, too, their vastly superior education, their greater subtlety of intellect, and their age-old practice of commercial and financial pursuits have put the Hindus into an immeasurably stronger material position than that occupied by the Mohammedans.

Again, the recent developments have called into being certain organized Hindu movements that are much more definite and effective than the tanzim and other movements of their rivals. Of these the best known is the shuddhi movement, already mentioned, which has its chief centres in the United Provinces. This is really a revival of an old movement for the reconversion to Hinduism of certain tribes who went over to Islam as far back as the reign of Aurungzeb. From 1923 onward, — from the year, that is, when communal antagonism touched its highest point in the United Provinces, — the shuddhi movement has taken on a militant aspect, and has solidified Hindu efforts for communal advantage.

Elsewhere in India, Hindu organization has taken the form of the *sangathan* or unity movement. *Sangs* or associations are formed, whose objects are to prevent the conversion of Hindus to Christianity or Islam, and to close the ranks of Hinduism itself by healing the differences between Arya and orthodox Hindus, Brahmins and non-Brahmins, and the like. But the sangathan movement has wider aims than the purely religious. It seeks to safeguard Hindu material interests, and is a counterblast to the tanzim movement.

One very significant feature of these recent Hindu movements is the importance attached to physical culture. Some societies make provision for gymnasiums, instruction in wrestling, the use of the singlestick, and so on. There have even been cases of associations laying down as one of the compulsory conditions of membership the possession of a *lathi* (stave) and the ability to use it efficiently.

All these Hindu associations are meant to culminate in the *Mahasabha*, the great central meeting of delegates of associations, the last annual conference of which was held in Calcutta last April. It will be interesting to consider its activities for a moment. The outstanding figures were the two well-known Hindu leaders, Pandit Madan Malaviya from the United Provinces, and Lala Lajpat Rai from the Panjab. In the speeches made in the Mahasabha, abundant lip-service

was paid to its national, as opposed to its purely communal, character. But nothing can alter the fact that it was a conference of Hindu organizations which have been formed for militant communal purposes, and that communal interests and advancement formed the real business of the session.

The following points from the programme for the Hindu Mahasabha, as laid down in the Mahasabha itself, show conclusively its communal character. The objects of the Mahasabha are: —

1. To organize Hindu Sabhas throughout India.
2. To provide relief to Hindus impoverished on account of communal disturbances.
3. To organize gymnasiums and gymnastic clubs.
4. To represent the communal interests of Hindus in all political controversies.
5. To encourage Hindu boys to take to industrial pursuits.
6. To improve the condition of Hindu women by abolishing purdah, providing educational facilities, and so forth.
7. To reconvert Hindus who have been forcibly converted to Islam.
8. To further the spread of the Hindu tongue.
9. To promote better relations between Hindu agriculturalists and nonagriculturalists.

This, then, is the Hindu counterpart to the Moslem League; and it now remains to consider the effects of all these recent developments, both Hindu and Mohammedan, on Indian politics.

These effects will be important and far-reaching. As one moves from province to province, the same fact is forced upon one's attention, and that is that everywhere the purely communal organizations — the Hindu Mahasabha and the Moslem League — are taking the place of the Congress. The Mohammedans have already forsaken it; that is clear enough from the proceedings at Belgaum in December 1924; and the Hindus in increasing numbers are beginning to suspect the Congress policy, which they believe has been concerned too much with the placating of Mohammedan jealousies rather than with the safeguarding of Hindu welfare. The signs everywhere are that their hopes and activities will centre more and more in the Hindu Mahasabha.

Nothing could give clearer expression to the completeness of Hindu-Mohammedan alienation in politics than the recent publication of a plan for an Indian Commonwealth which has been devised by Mrs. Besant with the help of a committee. The members of the committee were nearly all Hindus. The result of their labors has evoked no Mohammedan interest, and only the academic interest of the Hindus themselves.

The approaching meetings of Congress and of the Moslem League should provide adequate commentary on the present unfortunate state of communal relations in India.

V

From what has been said in this article it is clear that there is no obvious or easy solution of this great problem. It ranks with the problem of North versus South in Ireland and with the Negro problem in America. Many difficulties and an infinite number of empirical adjustments and mutual concessions will mark its future history. But a student of the problem can at any rate say with confidence that its solution does not lie along the way of pacts between the communal leaders, real or *soi-disant*, nor will it be found in the issue of manifestoes and pious injunctions to harmony. The nature of the present problem has been stated, and it has been shown that for the present and for some time to come education is likely to be a disruptive rather than a consolidating element in the situation.

Where, then, are we to look for the solution?

The problem will have to be approached from several sides. Perhaps the most fruitful line of approach will be by way of the rural side; in particular, any amelioration of the present state of rural Mohammedan indebtedness will greatly soften the asperity of the situation as it affects the most ignorant and excitable part of the Mohammedan community. There are not wanting signs that this side of the problem is about to be tackled in earnest.

Mohammedans, again, must cease to rely entirely on official protection of their interests in the services, and must see that their sons get the education that is necessary to enable them to compete on even terms with Hindus. A good deal of the bitterness of the present situation arises from the consciousness of educational inferiority in the minds of Mohammedans, and, looking only at the thing itself, they overlook its causes, many of which are removable by their own efforts. The decrease of rural indebtedness will greatly help the cause of Mohammedan education by making it possible for parents to afford both elementary and higher education for their children. As we have seen, this will accentuate rivalry, but it is a necessary preliminary to a permanent improvement of the present state of affairs.

And, lastly, some common and absorbing interest must be developed in which both communities can work for a common and worthy end. Such an interest must transcend the partial and hostile interests of each sect, and can be found only in the rise of true political parties in India. So, paradoxically enough, the Reformed Constitution, whose introduction gave rise to the present Hindu-Mohammedan situation, holds also its solution — and a solution, be it noted, such as would have been impossible under any native rule or under the pre-1919 British rule.

Hindu peasants as well as Mohammedans are loaded with debt; there are certain Hindu classes that lack education and material advantages; there is a vast field of social and other legislation for which members of both communities might work whole-heartedly. Exploring all lines of common interest, leading men of both sides should try to show their electorates how the new constitution has put power into their hands, and should try to induce them to join forces to gain specific objects of common desire. As long as action proceeds on purely communal lines, so long will the gulf between Hindus and Mohammedans widen under the conditions of the present day, and the coming of Swaraj be delayed indefinitely.

This is not an easy or a complete solution of the problem. The ignorant and fanatical on both sides will not let religious animosities die easily, but the growth of true political parties in which Hindus and Mohammedans can work together whole-heartedly for common aims will be a great and increasing force against fanatical ebullitions. It is in this direction, I am convinced, that the solution of the problem must be sought; and once again I emphasize the vast importance of the rural problem in this respect. The improvement of agricultural methods, the diminution of indebtedness, and the raising of the standard of living in the villages are indispensable preliminaries to the formation of political parties and the establishment of true and abiding Hindu-Mohammedan unity. Here is a tremendous field of work for the leaders and the educated members of both sides, whose active help and sympathy would magnify the effects of government action a hundredfold.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE RETURN

I stood on the doorstone of the Hôtel Du Lac and poked holes in the dust with my walking stick. Should I go and look at the place where the camp had been, or should I pack my bag and go away without seeing it? My friends had assured me, with more enthusiasm than tact, that I was crazy. They need n't have bothered. I knew it. It is always a mistake to return to a place that has been idealized by memory. Yet here I was, wandering over the French countryside where I had lived so vividly during my years of war nursing.

So far the experiment had been worse than I had expected. Paris-Plage, which I remembered as swarming with handsome English officers, was now filled with sedate English mammas and their offspring. Étaples was commercializing her ruins. Camiers was dead. Even the Hôtel Du Lac had passed away, for, although the familiar name was still painted over the door, the interior was that of any pension. The room that had been the Tommies' bar, and which I had never seen except through a fog of cigarette smoke, had become a quiet, sunny dining-room. My bedroom was the very one in which I had had so many dinners, and its window the one through which — but no matter.

I ached with the loneliness of awakened memories as I stood there on the step, hesitating. The camp itself was the only place I had not yet visited, and I was not sure that I had the strength of mind to go — to look at what had been the home of the Harvard Unit, and see the huts tumbling down, and bare spaces where the tents had been. I had a moment of panic. I could n't do it. I would go away at once. And yet, there were my hills. I had loved them so, and they would be the same — smooth and grassy and flecked with cloud-shadows, with the wind from the Channel whispering among the grasses. It was summer now, too, and they would be red with poppies. Perhaps, if I walked through the camp without looking at it, and climbed to the top of the range —

I moved slowly down the street, swinging my stick. How still the village seemed when there were no army boots clumping over the cobbles! There were girls standing in the doorways of the little thatched cottages, but no Tommies passed to look at them with admiring eyes. A whiff of peat smoke came to me on a little breeze and went away, leaving a lump in my throat.

There was the railroad track and the sentry box beside it, empty. And there — I stood still. The canteen was gone! Razed clean. I huddled my memories together and shoved them into a deep, dark hole in the back of my mind. I would n't look any more. I must keep my mind on the hills. In a moment I could see them from the turn in the road, and they would be shimmering a little in the heat.

My eyes betrayed me, however. They strayed, and I caught a glimpse of the remains of the officers' hospital before I had the will power to look elsewhere.

I walked rapidly after that, my attention on the road before me. But I

was compelled to look up at last to see which road led into my own camp, and I stopped again, startled. Someone was living in our officers' quarters. 'French families,' I thought bitterly.

Here was the sign: GENERAL HOSPITAL 22. B.E.F. Evidently the French had not yet decided to make kindling wood of signs. I turned in, and suddenly, at my very feet, there appeared a small, sunburned urchin dressed astonishingly like an American Boy Scout. He stared and so did I. Then I really looked at the camp. It was alive! Not a tent had been taken down, and through the open doors I saw rows of beds. Smoke was coming out of the chimneys of the cookhouse and the operating theatre. And in every direction I saw khaki-clad little boys running in and out of doorways, playing in the road, dashing after each other with shouts. I stood silent, looking from the camp to the youngster before me, and back again. Something cold and heavy was lifting from my heart.

'What —' I began, and was interrupted by the clear notes of a bugle call. A bugle there in camp, echoing among the huts as in the old days!

The small boy at my side forgot me instantly, and, turning, fled up the road in the direction of the football field. Every child in sight followed him, and more appeared every second. They scampered out of tents and huts. They leaped from the windows of the theatre. They rose up out of gutters. Camp swarmed with capering, yelling boys, not one of whom could have been older than twelve.

I ran after them, my feet, trained to those paths, carrying me safely over forgotten ditches. At the corner of the mess I halted, and gasped. I had never seen so many children at one time in my life.

They were forming a solid square on the football field, and their voices had the sound of surf on a pebbly shore. A grandstand had been erected at one end of the field, and on it stood a man in running trunks and jersey. Just as I looked, he raised a bugle to his lips and blew — a single note. The voices ceased at once, and the brown square spread out, two paces to the right, arms extended, finger tips touching. The man on the grandstand shouted something through a megaphone, and a wave of movement swept over the ranks. Hundreds upon hundreds of bare little arms shot out and up.

'Well!' I said aloud. 'Setting-up exercises!'

'Yes, of course,' a voice remarked from behind me. I turned, and behold! another man in running trunks and jersey. He was tall, fair-haired, and American to his very shoestrings. And he was looking at me with an amused glint in his eyes.

'What *is* all this?' I begged. 'This is my camp, you know. I was a nurse here during the war.'

'Oh,' he said, 'I see.' And then he told me all the astonishing story, while I leaned against the weather-beaten side of the mess and listened, my eyes wandering now and then to the football field, and beyond to the smooth flanks of my hills.

He explained that these were Belgian children, who had lived in the area occupied by the Germans during the war, and whose growth had been retarded by malnutrition. There were six thousand of them here for three months, being fed, exercised, and toned up generally. Six thousand little girls had come first. Now it was the boys' turn. They were all doing well. He himself was one of the physical instructors. There was a woman teacher to every twenty children, so that they got individual attention. The whole arrangement was being financed by a wealthy American whose son had been

killed in the war. Yes, they had a good time. Went swimming every day at the beach, three thousand at a time. Certainly, I was to go anywhere I liked. Glad to have me.

So I stayed and rambled over the camp, poking into corners, looking into rooms, remembering. But I did n't mind remembering now. Beyond the football field the hills lay warm and silent, the cornflowers at their feet rippling in the summer wind. Behind Matron's hut a lark sprang from among the poppies and circled upward, singing.

It was long after lunch time when I went away, down the road to the village, and paused at the bend in the road for a last look at the hills. And then I heard it — the sound that was woven through my memories of every moment I had spent in this place — the sound of many feet, marching. It was ghostly. For a second I felt cold. Then I saw them, coming on steadily: three thousand little boys, going to the beach for a swim. They marched four abreast, bare legs moving in joyous unison. At the head of each company marched a woman, her eyes alert for mischief-makers. As they drew near me, the front ranks began to sing and the melody swept all down the lines. I heard my own voice taking up the loved refrain: —

'Quand Madelon vient nous servir à boire — '

They passed me, still singing, and their fresh young voices came back to me on the Channel breeze long after the last little straggler had disappeared into the grove beyond the village.

I stood looking after them. It may have been that there were tears in my eyes, for a peasant, passing, looked at me curiously. But I did not care. The camp still lived. The spirit of Number 22 was carrying on. It was all that mattered.

SUMMER TIME-TABLES

Summer time-tables — and some are not; most of them are not. They are time losers; and I do not refer to the hour that is lost or gained, according to the point of view of the milkman or the T. B. M., but to the valuable minutes lost by the earnest seeker after trains who turns to the railway guide for information as to the best means of reaching a given point.

A friend asks me to spend the day with her at Seamarge, a small way station on a branch road.

'It is very easy to get here,' she writes, 'if you make good connections. I have lost my general time-table, but I'm sure you can easily get hold of one. Take any train that reaches Swampville Junction in time to get the train leaving for Seamarge at 11.09. Then you will be here in time for lunch. I shall expect you Thursday.'

That sounds very simple, but why, oh why, should my friend think that it is easy to get hold of a time-table? It is one of the commodities that neither love nor money can procure — nothing but stern necessity, and the first step in that harsh school involves a special trip to the distant railway station. Too late do I repent not having thrown myself on the mercy of that omniscient one who answers to the name of 'Information,' as if he were in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and whose mission consists in aiding the progress of other pilgrims, telling them not only where to get off but when to get on. Foolishly I decide that it would be a sign of feeble-mindedness to ask a question to which a little research work on my own account would provide an answer; so I procure a summer time-table.

Oh, here we are — perfectly simple! Trains for Swampville Junction: 7.07, 8.02, and 10.06. Perfect! The 10.06

should connect admirably with the 11.09 to Seamarge; but — wait a minute — what does that little star mean? 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are.' Let's see. 'Does not run Tuesdays or Thursdays.' How provoking that I should have planned to go on a day when trains stop running! Well, I shall have to take the 8.02 and arm myself with an interesting book to read at the junction. But — is this a dagger that I see before me? It is, and a similar dagger in a footnote stabs me with the information, 'Runs only on Saturdays and holidays.' That is pretty bad; it leaves only the 7.07, and that means that if I oversleep I shall miss the train and upset my friend's entire day. (It also means that I shall have to buy a reliable alarm clock, because when I borrowed the cook's it went off with a false alarm at three in the morning and I did n't dare to go to sleep again.) Ah! Here seems to be a train at 10.27. This is excellent. Perhaps that is what the letter *x* means. No, that merely signifies 'Carries no baggage.'

Well, now for return trains. I am already feeling homesick at the thought of going away. Why is one day in the country with a friend so much longer than two days? Hello! This is funny. Here's a misprint, a palpable misprint; and in a time-table such a thing is inexcusable. No amount of errata on an inserted slip can make up for such carelessness. It appears that the trains arrive at the junction *before* they have left Seamarge, just as if they were in *Through the Looking-Glass* — but what is this little footnote? I fetch a magnifying glass and decipher the words: 'Read *up* in this column instead of *down*.' Ah, that accounts for it! I finally dig out a return train (coming *up* and not *down*) at 3.30. That will be the hottest part of the day and will spoil the afternoon at both ends, but never mind, I shall be headed toward my own beloved home. Horrors! I suddenly find that I have been consulting the return trains in the 'Sunday only' column! This is shattering, but as I correct my mistake by turning to Table LXXVIII (if there is such a number) I console myself with the thought that I have at any rate shown extraordinary sagacity in never for one moment forgetting to add (or should I subtract?) one hour for daylight saving.

Finally I have my programme neatly arranged. I am to leave very comfortably at 10.27 (which is really 11.27 — that is, it is n't really, but we all pretend it is), reaching Swampville Junction at 11.01. This will give me plenty of time to change cars, with a dignity and deliberation becoming to my years, and to take the 11.09 to Seamarge, as my friend directed.

Thursday comes; the 10.27 leaves according to schedule; my dignity is there, my years are all there — only the little branch train is *not* there when, after waiting eight minutes, I cross the tracks at the junction to board it.

'Where is the 11.09 train for Seamarge?' I ask a baggage boy sitting on a truck and chewing gum.

'Ain't none,' is his concise reply.

'You must be mistaken,' I gently correct him; 'I have my friend's letter here' — and I fumble for it in my knitting bag.

'Last train left at 10.09; next goes at 2.17,' he snaps out. Then suddenly he takes pity on my age and sex. 'If it was a lady friend that wrote to you she was probably givin' you the trains in daylight savin' time. They always do,' he generalized.

'Oh, these summer time-tables!' I wail despairingly, and I sink on the truck beside the gum-chewer, realizing that my day at the seaside is to be spent at the junction where Daylight Saving and Standard Time never meet.

THE WATER WIZARD

THE man I bought this farm from frequently strolls over to see how we are getting on. He is now a retired farmer; that is to say, he has no business of his own and so has plenty of time to attend to the business of others. Our hired men, though disagreeing in all else, agree in disliking these visitations. They call him Snuffy, which is n't a bad name for a little old man with so large a bump of curiosity. Only one of them, however, has ever had the courage to tell Snuffy to go home when he appeared with his interminable advices, a display of spirit for which I apologized in due course for the sake of peace, though recognizing that it was not without merit. Everyone in the village stands a little in awe of Snuffy, without quite knowing why. For my part I recognize that he has some right on the place, in morals if not in law, for he was born here and lived here more than sixty-five years. And though he left these acres poorer than he found them, being no great shakes as a husbandman, whatever his life has meant to the world is here recorded and can be reviewed better here than elsewhere.

I have another and more selfish reason for maintaining the truce with Snuffy. Occasionally his advice is good. He told us exactly where to place the new barn, alleging that the barnyard would always be damp in the location we had chosen. 'There's a vein of water close to the surface there,' he said. 'You'll tap it when you dig for your foundations. Better put your barn above the lane — just there. That's as I would do if she was mine. Of course, it's none of my business; you can do as you please, but I thought it right to tell you.' On this note, compounded of duty and condescending wisdom, end all of Snuffy's advices; perhaps that is why we resent them so, even when we profit by them. As for the barn, he was exactly right; we put it just where he said and have never regretted it. Moreover, in piping water to the barn we found the water vein he mentioned.

There is no doubt that Snuffy knows more about this particular farm than anyone else does, and so I sit at his feet when he is in a talkative mood. The best way to thaw him out, I have discovered, is to build a bonfire. At sight of smoke up our way, Snuffy will leave his warm house and his radio, even though the temperature be zero, and come hither. Perhaps there is more than curiosity in this; it may be the persistence of the fire-watching habit on this property for a lifetime. Then, the windy side of an open fire makes an excellent forum for conversation. After he tells us how the logs should be arranged, and we have adjusted them to his satisfaction, he may throw off hints worth treasuring.

It was under such circumstances that he confessed that he had a way with water. 'I've never advertised the fact, but it's God's truth that I can take a forked peach stick and walk around slow with the two ends in my hands and the fork will turn down when I'm over running water. I don't understand it, and between trials I somehow don't exactly believe in it; but all three of the wells on this place I found that way. If I had faith enough maybe I could be a "water wizard," like some around here, and get five dollars for every good well I brought in. This is a tricky country on water; there's plenty of it, but it flows in channels underground and it ain't no manner of use to set up a drill just anywhere and start to work. I know one stubborn feller in this neighborhood who's spent more drilling for water than his land is worth; lucky he's got plenty of money. You nor I

could n't stand it. — Now if you was to upend that pine butt and h'ist it this way — so — you'd have a fire.'

After we had obeyed instructions, he resumed: 'Yes, it's queer about me and water. Just to see what 'd happen, I've held those peach twigs tight and had 'em twist the bark off right in my hands, such was the pull of that running water. But you, or anyone else standing around, could take the sticks out of my hand and there would n't be any pull at all. Them sticks would straighten out the minute you laid hold of them, and stay straight all the time you held 'em, unless you happened to have the power — like me. I say "power," but maybe that's the wrong word. I've been tinkering with radio enough to see that what pulls them peach forks down to running water is n't any power o' mine. I suppose it's electricity and I'm just part of the conductor — me and the peach twig both. It gives a man a queer feeling, thinking of it afterward, but at the time I don't feel anything out of the way.

'First time I saw it done I was a small boy, visiting in the next county. The wizard was old as Methusalem, with a long white beard. While I watched him, the thought came over me that I could do it, too. After he'd finished, I told him so and everyone laughed except him. He took my hand and, after holding it a minute, said: "I reckon you can, some day. But not yet. Don't start for another ten years and then don't overdo it. 'Witchin' water' is a chancy business and there ain't nothin' in it any more, anyway."

'Well, I came home and said nothing. Then, when I was past twenty, we needed another well and I tried it. None of the family had any faith in it except my father. Right where the peach fork pulled hardest we dug a twenty-foot well — dry as a bone. Some were for digging another, but we decided to wall it up and let it stand. That's the well your stock gets water from to-day. It filled at the first rain and has never gone dry since. The other two wells I found the same way. They're both good yet. But if you think you need another well I'd be willing to try again, though it may be I ain't what I used to be in that line. They do say that a water wizard is at his best in the prime o' life.'

'No,' I said, 'we don't need another well; but I'd like to see it done — just for an experiment.'

'No,' he answered, 'that ain't the kind of thing a man ought to be doing unless he's in earnest about it. When I was younger, I thought some of showing off that way, but I never did. There's some kind of a mystery in it. Water's a gift and this knack of finding water is likewise a gift — and an old man like me ought not to be tampering and playing with the gifts of God. Not that I'm what you'd call a religious man, as things go round here. Still, it don't seem right to me to hunt water that way unless you need it. — Well, I guess your fire'll be all right now, but I'd damp it down come night. Bye.'

With that the man who sold this farm to me walked away, not with the heavy tramp of the countryman, but lightly, like an aged dancing master. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the soil they trod so many years. There is, undeniably, something queer, quaint, and eerie about him. But having discovered that he is a man of scruples, of almost exquisite scruples, in his confidential relations with the Deity, I resolve never again to think of him as 'Snuffy.'

JANE, CRITIC

Ever since babyhood Jane has shown just enough of that sanitary acid quality that gives critical tone to a character.

When she was eight months old, round and sweet, with a 'liquefactious' gurgle, she would sit in her carriage and look out upon the world with an occasional hint of irony in the depths of eyes that were not quite blue. Once, when she was beating on her tray with her feeding spoon, I was made to think, by a sudden mental shift, of a prominent leader of women striking her desk with her gavel.

At the age of three her qualities gave her a sort of position among the older children. A tumultuous baby fumbling at life, she often displayed in the face of a crisis a touch of dignity, a hint of inner poise, that was more protective than a strong fist or a summoning howl. Now, at eight and in full swing as a citizen of her world, she is not infrequently called in to arbitrate in the affairs of children older than herself.

'You yelled names at him first, Billy. I heard you,' she tells her ten-year-old brother, emerging slightly battered from a conflict with an older boy.

Jane is not a prig, for she can apply the acid to herself with detachment, and toward the faults of others she frequently exhibits the tenderness that goes with a finer irony. Drawn up before the mirror and scrutinizing her gnomelike face, with its wide frontal gap, she said without passion or pity, 'I'm homely as anything, and I won't be any prettier when I get big.'

Toward her ten-year-old brother Billy, a golden-hearted child with a lameness of tongue that makes him facile prey for the sprightly, she has assumed the rôle of interpreter, and seldom is she at loss for the right word at the right moment. They come fresh-minted into her mind when she has need of them, and the stamp of childishness detracts but little from their dramatic fervor.

'You're a swiveling sneak,' she hurled at a persecutor, the sinister hiss of the *s*'s touching off the epithet like the fuse of a bomb.

Jane's humor is akin to irony. She laughs, to be sure, when the clown falls down and the motor carries on in spite of the loss of its aft quarter, but other and subtler phases fascinate her. I have never seen her so whole of heart in mirth as over a certain situation in *Robinson Crusoe*. Robinson had been telling Friday of the nature of God and the Devil, and Friday, with his fresh intelligence, asks, 'If God much strong, why God not kill Devil, so make him no more wicked?'

Robinson is strangely surprised at his question and, 'rising up hastily as upon some sudden occasion of going out,' sends Friday for something a great way off. Jane threw herself upon the ground in a whirl of mirth. She had no words, being a child, for the tumult that was being created within her, but could only say over and over, 'It was funny though, was n't it, Mommy, when Robinson sent Friday for something a long way off?' Was it only Robinson's discomfort that amused her, or did she detect the irony in a pretty arrangement of ideas toppled over by one light blow of intelligence?

The children are playing school.

'Jane, you be teacher!' Jane adjusts her slender body to the spirit of the rôle with a slight straightening of the spine and a grave down-curve of the upper lip. She will break down and laugh when Billy plays at being the very bad boy. She will not, as Anne would, assume the manner of a Caliban in managing her unruly brood. She carries with her even into the wildest play a hint of reserve, a delicate command, a quiet supremacy. Jane was born with a gavel in her hand. Even now one may hear a faint tap-tapping amid the tumult and babble that accompany the dynamic fashioning of one human child.

OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS

A CORRESPONDENT of the Club sends the Toastmaster this letter written upward of a century ago from Montpelier, Vermont, by a young man not unrepresentative of his generation: —

Dec. 7, 1814

DEAR SIR, —

I hope you will pardon my intrusion when without the formality of an introduction I proceed to inquire if it is your design to accommodate the coming year, any number of young gentlemen with board and tuition? Mr. Wheeler of this town informs me that he thinks this to be your intention. If it be, I should be very happy to be thus accommodated, and would thank you to give me information if it would be agreeable to you — I wish to ingage for about thirty-six weeks; — The branches I propose to attend to are Mathematics, Geography, composition and perhaps some History. —

If you comply with my request I wish you to send me the price you shall ask per week for board and instruction. — I should have foreborn to make this last request had not fortune dealt niggardly with me at my birth and doomed me to strive for a much desired object without any pecuniary assistance, or only that to be acquired by dint of industry and œconomy, — especially knowing as I do that no price is exhorbitant for an able instructor to demand for his services. Being confident that a youth of my age is constantly liable to depart from the path of Christian rectitude and stands in need of being constantly overlooked, I desire if you conclude to receive me into your family, to consider *you* as my Father and your *Lady* as my Mother and to have you both as occasion may require, give me parental instruction, advice, admonition, exhortation, and reproof —

I wish to commence study about the middle of March.

Receive as an apology for the many errors in this scrip, the haste in which it has been written

With sentiments of respect
I am yours etc.
TH. REED. JR.

REV. JOHN FITCH

P. S. I choose to pay you in advance.

The reply was of a practical nature, honorable to school-mastering: —

DANVILLE, *Dec.* 31, 1814

DEAR SIR, —

Not long since I received a letter from you, in which you request admission into my family and instructions. — It is my present calculation to accommodate a few young gentlemen and know of nothing but that I can receive you. I think it, however, necessary to observe that I have not been much in the habit of instructing in those branches to which you are calculating to attend, and perhaps you may find it for your advantage to place yourself under some other instructor. — As to my terms, considering the high price of provisions, I think I cannot afford to board and instruct under $1.75 per week. —

Yours etc.
JOHN FITCH

MR. THOMAS REED JUNR.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Our national debate on the Volstead Act has sunk to an interchange of abuse. From a discussion of moral principles, it has degenerated to acrimony, and from acrimony to vituperation. It is the aim of the *Atlantic* papers, of which **George W. Martin's** is a conspicuous illustration, to bring back the debate on a subject of almost unparalleled importance to a high level of sincerity and sobriety and sense. Squabbling about drinks is one thing, discussion of rights quite another. In the defense of his principles and his profession Mr. Martin, a New York lawyer and the son of E. S. Martin, familiar for his editorials in *Life*, has, as he says, 'rewritten Mill's *Essay on Liberty*.' ¶In this month several thousand college graduates are tackling their first jobs. What they may expect of business and what business will expect of them are foretold by **Anne W. Armstrong,** who holds an honorable record as an employment manager for a concern numbering some seventy-five hundred workers. ¶'A paper of the highest importance' does not belie the characterization given it by Mr. Winston Churchill in his brilliant *World Crisis*. Our older readers will remember the great political interest which followed the printing in the *Atlantic* of the unpublished correspondence between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George that led to the replacement of the former by the latter. We now publish another chapter yet unknown to history, but which history must reckon with in its final estimate of Mr. Lloyd George. The *Atlantic* publishes the plan in Mr. Lloyd George's own words. **A. Edward Newton** has built a handsome new library in his Philadelphia home where he may sit in the stimulating company of his books and plan his next pilgrimage to London. ¶In and out of school **Leslie Hotson** is a literary detective who finds hot adventure on a cold scent. His discovery of Christopher Marlowe's murderer was described in the *Atlantic* for June 1925.

That **Lord Dunsany** pursues dragons in the flesh as well as in imagination may be seen in the letter which he has recently written us: —

> I have been on three hunting trips . . . two to the Sahara and one to Central Africa, and I have nearly doubled my collection of heads since the war. . . . Last year I shot a python nineteen feet long. You'll never be able to see a snake like that in a dry country.

Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, who in 1915 was made Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff, and who therefore ought to know, declares that there was a 'similarity, in their broad lines, of the problems of the American Civil War and of the Great War.' **Humbert Wolfe,** an English poet whose renown has reached our shores, is Principal Assistant Secretary in the Ministry of Labor. ¶Ever since her war work with the C. R. B., **Charlotte Kellogg,** wife of Dr. Vernon Kellogg, has been intimately concerned with Belgium. Her account of Gheel more than corroborates an *Atlantic* paper of a decade ago. **Helen Dore Boylston,** a young Bostonian whose war diary lately appeared in the *Atlantic*, is now living — and we trust writing — in the Albanian mountains.

* * *

Don Knowlton, a publicity expert of Cleveland, declares that the constant observation of trees has become an almost involuntary part of his daily habits. ¶Seasonably, **Theodore Morrison** taught English at Harvard and migrated to Europe before becoming a member of the *Atlantic* staff. **Isabel Cooper,** who paints what Mr. Beebe catches, was the official artist on the Arcturus adventure. ¶To the April *Atlantic* **William T. Foster** and **Waddill Catchings** contributed a critical paper on 'The Dilemma of Thrift,' containing the essence of their book, *Profits*, recently published by the Pollak Foundation. In this issue these economists supplement their theory, which,

since it is both novel and 'heretical,' has drawn general fire from the orthodox camp and particularly from **Harriett Bradley Fitt.** Mrs. Fitt received her doctorate in economics from Columbia University.

* * *

From **A Woman Resident in Russia** we have received a clear and unalluring picture of free marriage and freer divorce. From England **John Langdon-Davies** sends us his own observation of a modern and national crisis. **J. Coatman** has been appointed Director of Public Information to the Government of India.

* * *

This precious daguerreotype of an American mother is best expressive of the many welcome letters that have come to us in praise of Lucien Price's 'Olympians in Homespun.'

BELFAST, IRELAND

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just finished reading 'Olympians in Homespun' in your April number, with tears in my eyes, as hundreds of other Americans may be reading it to-day. It is a complete answer to the article called 'The Weaker Sex,' but that is not what has brought the tears. My own father and mother were married in 1871. My father had served throughout the war under General Lee. My mother was brought up on one of the great old plantations, attended a fashionable finishing school, read a graduation essay called 'The Minutiæ of Life Are Its Jewels,' made a proper début, and was married two years after the opening of the Suez Canal, of which Walt Whitman sang in his 'Passage to India.'

Now, with grown children of my own, I have come to live in a country only a few hours' journey from the beautiful home of my great-grandmothers. I like to feel that I am the only descendant on this side of the ocean who invokes their watchful care.

To-day I am reminded of how that dainty and accomplished mother followed my father to California with three of us, as the wife of a country doctor. In the later seventies ours was a village of ten thousand people, with five churches and, it was said, forty saloons. During the time we were there, my mother became the ideal of all the young people of the community, and as they married and had children they named their little girls for her. She established a library club and sent back to the old plantation library for encyclopædias, dictionaries, books of reference, Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, and Gibbon. These books were installed in a room behind the chemist's shop. There my mother went daily to give out the books to the young people eager to read, and there she gave advice, encouragement, and conversation with a gayety and charm I have never seen equaled in any person. She established a musical society and trained the young people who performed at the concerts, and it was the exquisite picture in the last paragraph of the 'Olympians' which drew tears to my eyes.

One evening, gowned in a Nile-green silk for which there had been few occasions during those long and incredibly hard years, with a white rose in her lovely fair hair 'piled high in a corona of plaited braids, and golden lights on her radiant face,' she took me and my five-year-old brother to a concert. I had watched her dressing with infinite joy, and we hurried away, leaving my father in charge of the three-year-old brother and the baby, both asleep.

My father had jokingly promised that he would be faithful and keep watch, but I think he must have said good-bye unwillingly when he saw his wife going off, young and radiant and smiling, to sing before the audience crowding into the 'Opera House.' We had seats in front, and were not the only children there in a community where every mother took care of her own brood.

How lovely she was to us as she stood above us singing those splendid arias, and I watched for the high notes with ecstasy. In the midst of the encore I saw a startled flash come into her eyes, and the gay song, 'Il Bacio,' was hurried to its conclusion with intent purpose. There was a stir at the back of the hall, and, turning to see what was attracting my mother's attention and causing her such trepidation, I saw the small three-year-old brother standing in the midst of the aisle in his little crumpled white nightgown, gazing at this vision of a mother, quite rapt. Amid the applause she hurried down to him, receiving warm smiles and amused sympathy from every side, but my father, conscience-stricken and apologetic, met her there. The evening was so warm, the two small boys were so sound asleep, and the hall was so near, that he had ventured forth and was standing at the other door, also rapt, I am sure, when my little brother, who had followed him down the dusty road, had found his way into the hall. My mother was not dismayed, but lifted the small son up, wrapping her silk overskirt about him. I wore that Nile-green silk as my first party frock and it was still fresh and beautiful when 'made over' for a girl of seventeen.

These are our American mothers.

Yours sincerely,

MARY MORWOOD

In the midst of evidence and disputation for and against Prohibition, this parable must command attention.

San Jose, California
April 27, 1926

Dear Atlantic, —

As we entered the Santa Clara Valley, motoring northward from Southern California last February, the distant visions of sea mists entangled in tree tops on nearer approach were transformed into pink and white sprays of exquisite blossoms. All nature smiled a welcome, and we concluded we had reached our Beulah Land. A plantation in San Jose was acquired, and we began intensive cultivation and improvement.

Then it was that the small black ants came to the fore en masse. They operated in squads and companies, in platoons and battalions, in regiments and armies, millions and millions of them, going up and down our fruit trees in close formation, in skirmish formation, single file and by fours, absorbed in the task in hand — to destroy the trees, root and branch, to pick the roses, and to herd their aphides on the green pastures of all living vegetation, milking their cows, making butter and cheese, and engaging in divers other pastoral pursuits. Girdling the tree with tanglefoot (tree gum) but whetted their voracious appetites, and they smacked their mandibles, stroked their antennæ, and waded into it to the bridle rein, eating their way to the pastures beyond.

And now the recommendation of a friend that we feed them Argentine Ant Poison (arsenic and soothing syrup) has presented an effect which is a commentary on the difficulty of enforcing the Prohibition laws, disclosing that the staid, sober, dependable ant wants only the opportunity, access to the Argentine Red Eye, to stray from the paths of rectitude. The precept, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard,' implies that it is incorruptible, industrious, useful, a shining example to the festive grasshopper. And yet every ant of the myriads which call this place home has been demoralized, perverted, led astray, and has degenerated into an habitual imbiber of the demon rum or its equivalent, Argentine Ant Poison, with which we have saturated sponges, placing them in covered cans, each can having several holes poked near its bottom. These portable saloons are deposited in the haunts of the impeccable, the incorruptible superman of the insect world, and, presto, he will not do another tap of work, but henceforth leans his elbow on the bar, his foot on the rail, and exchanges ribald stories as he sips his cocktail and nectar with glazing eyes and thickening voice until he is well 'jagged,' when he staggers home to beat his family and slaves, to abuse his cattle, to break the eggs and mix the pupæ so their own mother can't identify them, upsetting all calculations and spilling the beans generally.

And then next day, if he survives, he swears off and goes about holding his aching temples between trembling antennæ, never again to fall for the flowing bowl or to look on the wine when it is red. But, alas for his resolutions, on his return to the field to cultivate his crops and tend his flocks and herds, he is lured by the open saloon, the barkeeper waving to him from its cool portal, until he succumbs and dies with his boots on upon the second bibulous experience. And however we, the unregenerate, rejoice at this consummation, the end is not yet — his amazing powers of recuperation and reproduction make his elimination a slow process, and we can only hope for the best.

Yours for the extermination of the ant,

George W. Patterson

* * *

Disillusioning is this pretty tale of one who followed in Modestine's footprints.

Paris

Dear Atlantic, —

I too have followed the tracks of Modestine's shoes from Florac to Pont de Montvert, and like Mr. Ford, in the April *Atlantic*, I have seen the Spanish chestnuts like herded elephants on the slopes above the Tarn; like him I have slaked my thirst at the village inn and conversed with the indigenous, but unlike him I collected no Stevensoniana. Not a vestige, not a memory, much less fragments of Modestine's personal wardrobe. To be sure, I talked not with the blacksmith but with the publican, and perhaps the latter, notwithstanding the reputation of his profession for a liberal attitude toward the truth, felt that Mr. Ford's smith had already attained heights that lay beyond him.

I was at Florac, and I engaged a small and inexpensive car, of a make not unknown to fame. We set out along Stevenson's rattling stony river, though owing to certain peculiarities of our vehicle the rattling of the stream had to be taken on trust. But it looked rattling. The driver seemed to have reasons of his own for getting the job over as quickly as possible, and once out of Florac we shot into the bays of shadow and out again into the promontories of light, heedless of the possibility that death might be lurking just around any of the numerous corners. I mentioned this to him, but he replied that at that hour and that season no other vehicle might, would, could, or should be seen on the road from Florac to Pont de Montvert. In spite of this assurance I would gladly have exchanged the car for Modestine, whose lack of speed, her most

distinguishing characteristic, seemed to me just then a very desirable quality in a conveyance. But we reached the village without a wreck.

We stopped in the tiny *place*, where the Archpriest was dragged to receive his fifty stabs from the Camisards, and where a few days later Esprit Séguier was burned for the deed. I stayed our progress here while I looked about me. 'Du Chayla's house,' says Stevenson, 'still stands, with a new roof, beside one of the bridges of the town; and if you are curious you may see the terrace-garden into which he dropped.' I was and I did. There was no mistaking the house, though the roof is not now so new as it was in 1878. I came back to my chauffeur, and together we sought the inn for refreshment. At the iron table on the terrace we were hospitably joined by our host.

'That, doubtless,' I asked my driver, pointing to the house by the bridge, 'is the house of Du Chayla?'

But the metropolitan from Florac denied all knowledge of the dwellers in so insignificant a spot as Pont de Montvert.

I turned to the publican. According to Stevenson the spirit of Séguier goes marching on, and the very children of the Cévennes are nourished on the story of the Camisards.

'That, doubtless, is the house of Du Chayla?'

There was a brief colloquy in Provençal, which I was unable to follow. Then our host looked at me, hesitating: —

'This Monsieur Du — this gentleman of whom you speak, has he been living long in Pont de Montvert?'

WALTER PEIRCE

* * *

It is appropriate to receive from the edge of the desert this early manifestation of Colonel Lawrence's genius.

MONASTERY OF ST. CATHERINE
SINAI PENINSULA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It was in the desert behind Tor that I read the March *Atlantic* containing the splendid article by my friend Edmund Candler about my friend Lawrence of the Hejaz. Can one adequately describe the pleasure of reading the *Atlantic* amid such surroundings? It is useless to try.

In one phrase it seems to me Candler is unfair to Lawrence and to his own highly enlightening account. He speaks of an 'entirely unexpected genius for handling men' which bobbed up in Lawrence the guerilla. But in Lawrence the archæologist, at Carchemish, where I first knew him in 1913, there was evident a decided genius for handling his freedom-loving Kurds and Arabs. Both Lawrence and C. Leonard Woolley, late of Ur of the Chaldees, showed such uncanny skill in organizing and directing desert men as threw the methods of the Bagdad Railway builders into unfavorable contrast. Lawrence could handle men then, and however unexpected his genius may have been to those who did not realize how essential his 'touch with the Bedou' was, it could never have been unexpected to those who saw him bringing Hittite art to light beside the Euphrates.

MAYNARD OWEN WILLIAMS

* * *

This stalwart declaration of how one woman faces life must encourage others, both strong and weak.

PHŒNIX, ARIZONA

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*,

DEAR SIR, —

I read with deep interest 'Leaves from a Secret Journal,' 'Good-night, All,' and the letters that followed in the March number. I agree with E. E. C. Valuations of life change and compensation follows. I cannot walk; I cannot sit up; I must remain on my right side in order to breathe. To turn over is an adventure. I have been in this condition for over eight years, and I too have seen many doctors, including specialists in heart and lung troubles. They hold out no hope for my recovery. I must face life. Death may be far in the future. To meet this situation is my concern. So far I have been helped by two things — work and prayer. Fortunately I have the free use of my hands and my eyesight is fairly good; and I was taught to pray at my mother's knee. Prayer is a mind-saving habit with me. I do not ponder or speculate or question why. I know in Whom I have believed.

Very truly yours,
B. M. K.

* * *

Here, and for the benefit of Mr. Calkins and all advertisers, is an elemental principle which is practised, alas, on every American roadside.

WASSAIC, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I wonder if Mr. E. E. Calkins ever heard this ditty: —

> The man who has something good to sell
> And goes and whispers it down a well
> Is n't half so likely to collar the dollars
> As he who climbs a tree and *Hollers!*

I s'pose he has — but maybe he has n't! You might ask him!

Yours truly,
ONE WHO ENJOYS YE ATLANTIC

A Short Course for Prospective Grandmothers.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I finished Mr. Leuba's article on 'The Weaker Sex,' shut the April *Atlantic*, and went to bed. His closing words, 'Though childbearing should fall completely under the ban of polite fashion, to the admirable enrichment of women's leisure, this article would still stand,' tickled me with their just and delicate satire. Is that why I dreamed this dream?

I seemed to have gone over to the university where my daughter was doing graduate work (as she really is) and found myself waiting for her in a large hall, beside a table strewed with pamphlets. A lively little old lady who saw me glancing at them explained: 'They are synopses of the Short Courses; there is a good one on Housekeeping for Women over Sixty.' Apparently she had sized me up.

'Perhaps that is the course you are taking yourself?' I ventured.

'Oh no,' she laughed, 'mine is on Fitting In Nicely and Not Being a Nuisance. It is an interesting course,' she assured me with great sprightliness. 'And useful,' she added with a little sigh.

I had been watching a young man at the far end of the long hall. He looked like one of my daughter's classmates whom I had seen with her frequently of late. He was a tall, athletic-looking chap, but he had just put the finishing touches to an elaborate structure of building blocks and was now hanging on the wall behind it long strips of white with verses on them in bright pink lettering. 'What in the world is that young man doing?' I asked her.

'He is placing his exhibits,' she informed me. 'They form part of his examination in the Short Course he is taking. Those are original Mother Goose rhymes, composed by himself. They say they are very clever.'

'But is n't he to receive his Ph.D. in Modern Political Science this June?' I objected.

'Oh yes,' she admitted eagerly, 'he is a brilliant student. They predict great things of him. But this is an extra — a Short Course on Baby Tending. A great many of the young men take that now, especially if they have any idea of getting married, you see.'

I saw. Suddenly I seemed to remember, as if it had been perfectly familiar to me, but had temporarily slipped out of my mind, the compromise that had been effected several years ago, in an attempt to keep up the human race. It was a sort of 'gentlemen's agreement' (and ladies') entered into by the men and women of all civilized countries, that if women would bear a certain number of children and nourish them by the proper mammalian method during the first year of their existence they were thereafter to be entirely free from any responsibility in regard to them. This was called 'Dividing the Handicap.' At least, that is all I could remember when I waked up, but in my dream the term used was more sonorous and more scientific, I am sure.

Again I looked at the young man, with still greater interest. I hoped my surmises were correct. All at once I felt that I must look up a certain Short Course for myself, and I began to rummage hastily among the pamphlets; but already the surroundings were getting blurry and resolving themselves into bedclothes and windows. I never shall read the synopsis of a Short Course for Prospective Grandmothers.

The above is a real dream, told as well as I can put it into words.

MRS. J. H. ARNOLD

* * *

More than once in these columns we have printed communications regarding the axiomatic immunity from male attention which any young lady may secure by carrying an *Atlantic* under her arm. We are sorry to say that the practice is not universally successful. A lady from Philadelphia writes us: —

May I say that the U. S. Navy is not even afraid of your magazine, as I was accosted twice by sailors when I was strolling around City Hall in Philadelphia recently, even though I had the latest copy of the *Atlantic* tucked firmly under my arm. I was merely admiring the statuary and inscriptions while waiting for a train, but it is so unusual to observe anything of that sort in Philadelphia that I soon had a small crowd at my heels, trying to discover what I was looking at.

* * *

The most modest of measures.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Dinner was over in the boarding house, and as the diners left the room one woman said to another, 'Come on, let's get the *Atlantic* and hang our skirts.' That had to be explained, and these astonishing young women said that if they made their skirts come just to the top of the *Atlantic* when up on end they were just the right distance from the floor! So doth your usefulness increase!

F. O. N.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1926

HOME!

BY A RETURNING AMERICAN

I

I HAVE just returned home after a winter in England. It is not a novel experience. When I first 'came home from Europe' I was four years old, and since then I have crossed the water many times. As I grew older and could compare the adult and the younger civilizations on the two sides of the ocean, I became increasingly aware of the contrast between them, a contrast which has grown steadily more striking as the years have passed. But never before have I been so startled on reaching my native shore as I was a fortnight ago. I asked myself over and over whether America had gone crazy, and where this wild dance, this bacchanalian orgy into which I was plunged by my return, was to end. Some of the impressions I received that seem to me most significant are informally jotted down in this paper.

The first thing that struck me was the infernal noise. People in this country seem to have come to enjoy noise for its own sake, as Negroes beat tom-toms in the African jungle. I spent most of the winter in London, a city half again as populous as New York. My hotel was in the heart of Mayfair, a few hundred feet from Piccadilly in one direction and but three minutes' walk from Regent Street in the other — two of the busiest thoroughfares in London; yet day and night it was as quiet as my country place here in America. With a third-floor front room I could sleep with my window open and not hear a sound all night. The seven nights which I spent after my return at my usual excellent hotel in New York were as restful as if I had been trying to sleep in a boiler factory. Although on the twelfth floor, I could get no sleep unless I closed the window. Fire engines tore by all night with a gigantic shrieking, like damned souls. The surface cars made an unholy racket and seemed always to apply their brakes a hundred feet from the corner on which the hotel is situated and to slide the rest of the way with a grinding that defied endurance. Motor-car horns honked and honked and honked without intermission every hour of the night. When I took the train, after a week, to come to my country place, I had a seat in what happened to be the Pullman nearest the engine. For the first hour of the trip the engineer forced ear-piercing shrieks from the whistle at about three-minute intervals without a let-up. It was not a question of grade crossings, and what his purpose, other than pure

love of noise, could have been is inexplicable. My companion and I gave up all attempts to converse and resigned ourselves to being tortured by what appeared to be a mad locomotive driver. There is absolutely no need for this nerve-racking bedlam of noises unless people really like it. The traffic in such London streets as Piccadilly, the Strand, and others is as heavy as on any street in New York. It is a continuous stream of motor cars and motor buses, yet it moves as swiftly and as silently as a river. One rarely hears a horn blown. The people prefer quiet, realize its value for the human system, and in some way have enough control over the organs of government to secure what they want. It is now against the law even to whistle for a taxi, and no one does whistle. London is at once the biggest city in the world and the most quiet and restful. This love of noise strikes one on coming home as being among the most symptomatic features of American life to-day. Children love noise, savages do, and some types of the insane.

II

Another contrast that was most forcibly impressed upon me was the respect for law and order in England as opposed to the utter breakdown of law and of protection afforded to the citizen by his government in America. Almost the last day before I left New York in January, I had occasion to go to my bank in Wall Street. In one block I saw three armored cars, with machine guns and armed guards, engaged in transporting valuables in the heart of the financial district of the biggest city in America. A few days after my return I stopped in to see my lawyer, who happens to be the attorney for a large public service corporation. As we left the door of his building I noticed two armored cars with the name of his corporation on them. I asked him why, in heaven's name, his company had to have armored cars and machine guns and men with revolvers in their hands? His reply was, as though the matter were a mere commonplace, that they had to move considerable sums of money for pay rolls and so on, and that use of the armament I had noticed was the only safe way to do it. What have we come to when government can no longer afford protection to its citizens in the heart of our greatest city? In London, while I was there, a steamer arrived from South Africa with five millions of gold consigned to the Bank of England. At the dock it was placed in an open dray; a tarpaulin was thrown over it, and it was driven to the Bank with no guards of any sort. Respect for law and order, as shown in the recent strike of five million men, pervades all classes in England, and the law is always *enforced*. In London one feels and knows that one can trust a policeman utterly. At a dinner of a group of magazine and newspaper editors which I attended just before leaving here in January, the question of the police in two of our largest cities came up for discussion, and the statement was made, by one who had studied the situation thoroughly, that the most dangerous person to whom a young girl could apply for protection at night in one of those cities was a uniformed member of the police force. Pleasant situation, is n't it? In London, again, every taxi driver is scrutinized by Scotland Yard, and only men with good characters and clean records are allowed to drive. It is perfectly safe to hail any taxi night or day and trust one's self to the driver. In America?

On the other hand, in England, although the law is rigidly enforced and respected, one's private life is remarkably free from interference. One can

dress as one pleases, marry whom one pleases, pursue such hobbies as one pleases, read what one pleases, say what one pleases, and in general express one's personality in one's own way of living. In America I am more and more impressed with the growing restraint placed on individualism in private life. It is not necessary to stress Prohibition. Restriction is becoming evident in every direction. Different groups have their own *mores*, but each forces all its members to become alike as two peas. It is not only in the small town that one does not dare strike out for one's self. There is no more type-compelling community to-day than a prosperous New York suburb. The men all dress alike, think alike, talk alike, lead almost identical lives. The lawyer who is on the wait for clients, the broker playing his social life for customers, the merchant who needs credit or tips from his banker, feel that they must wear the clothes, have the manners, and think the thoughts that are supposed to conform to the generic concept of a prosperous, conservative business man. Failing to resemble this auspicious image, they may be considered queer, if not 'Red,' and may lose business. A friend of mine to whom I spoke, on my return, of this soul-deadening monotony of American life agreed with me in the abstract. 'But,' I said, 'are you not doing as much to force it on everyone as anybody else? If a bond broker came into your office to sell you bonds, and was not dressed just as a bond broker is supposed to dress; if he did n't have just the ideas on economic questions you think he ought to have, and just the usual suave bond-broker manner, would he be likely to sell you bonds?' My friend laughed, but confessed that the young man would probably not effect any sales. An editor of a well-known paper, who is extremely well-informed on the conditions underlying contemporary American life, told me he could name a half-dozen financiers who, by the ramification of their financial influence, could introduce any social custom into all the country clubs and club cars on suburban trains around New York in a month if they gave it out that such and such was what a successful business man should do. This may be exaggerated on the literal side, but it expresses a profound truth about American life to-day, and points to one of those conditions that most strike a home-comer.

He realizes that this growing restraint of personal opinion and way of life is not wholly due to the fear of losing money. Organized bodies and even the law of the land are taking a hand in the game. As an historian I have watched, in the last year or two, legislatures passing laws as to what shall and shall not appear in histories. On my return I found that more laws had been passed against the teaching of evolution, an issue that I thought would die a natural death when I left here some months ago. In this morning's paper I read that a powerful organization has been formed, one of whose purposes is to drive from the pulpit of every evangelical church any preacher who believes in evolution. Such matters cannot be taken lightly, though we seem to pay no more attention to them than we do to the need of the citizen to protect himself with machine guns. We have seen in the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment what an aggressive, organized minority, backed by ample money and using terrorizing methods on candidates for political office, can accomplish. But if Americans, wholly occupied in 'getting and spending,' have lost all sense of serious issues, they seem also to have lost all sense of humor, for the Lady Cathcart case, viewed through a

perspective of three thousand miles, was inconceivably grotesque for any mature and civilized nation.

III

Again, what struck me was that the pace has become so terrific in this country that money must be had at any price. And it is fantastic how money is being made. One friend of mine told me casually that he had made $70,000 outside his regular income while I had been gone. Another has made $100,000 in the last year. Neither of these is a wealthy man or a speculator. They consider themselves conservative. A Polish farmer near me in the country has made $19,000 in small real-estate deals in the past year and has recently refused $80,000 for the farm which he bought by aid of a mortgage two years ago for $18,000. In another part of the country I chance to know an enterprising boy who is, I am informed, making $400 a week helping bootleggers. Another neighbor, a New York business man, has made half a million in some stock. These are merely a few cases that have come to my personal notice in the fortnight since my return.

On every side I am struck with the orgy of expenditure. It is not only among the rich in the city. In this quiet country village it is just as true. There is not a farmer or mechanic who does not drive a much more expensive car than I do. At the post office last night I watched an old man drive up to the curb. He had to quit his small blacksmith business a few years ago and applied to me for the job of janitor in a building I am interested in. We were sorry not to give him the job, for he needed the money. So far as I know he has no occupation now but occasional carpentering, but he was driving a new Studebaker closed car. Cars, radio sets, vacuum cleaners, motor lawn-cutters, — any sort of machine that takes their fancy, costing from a hundred or two hundred dollars to two or three thousand, — are to be found in the homes or garages of these village farmers, mechanics, or small tradesmen. One wonders where they get the money and how long such a condition can last.

England is still simple. In the hotel in London where I stayed, one of the best of the purely English type, with a royal suite occasionally used by royalty (the late King of Belgium used to stay there), there is no running water in the bedrooms and the only heat is still the open coal fire. Yet there were quiet and peace and genuine comfort that I am unable to obtain at double the price at the hotel where I stay in New York. When one comes in late in the afternoon, tired from a stroll or a day's work, it is after all more restful to sit in front of an open fire than to gaze at a radiator. On a table at my side was a whiskey and soda for further solace. When the evening paper was due, instead of my having to shoot myself down twelve stories to buy one at the news stand in a noisy lobby or tip a bell boy fifteen cents for getting a three-cent paper, it was automatically brought to my room by the page with a pleasant greeting and no expectation of a tip other than his modest one at the week's end. Instead of my having to waste fifteen minutes and ascend a bootblack stand in public whenever my shoes needed shining, they were attended to at night with no waste of time or energy on my part. Small matters, it may be, but all tending to reduce the wear and tear of life.

Yet, as far as simplicity is concerned, it was the children who struck me most. I am fond of them, usually observant of them, and incidentally have young English cousins of my own,

though my family has been in America for three hundred years. In England the children are still children. They play with simple toys, they sail toy boats in the Round Pond in Kensington, they tramp the moors with their fathers, they go in for the simpler sports which have not been professionalized. They may have bicycles, but they do not dream of automobiles and the more expensive machines of all sorts. I have been talking in this country with a man who has $5000 a year. He was objecting because his son insisted on joining a golf club and, after he had done so, insisted further on having the family car to go to it, a mile away. When his father told him the walk would do him good, he stared, open-eyed, and answered that none of the boys walked and that he would 'look queer.' In this seaside village the country boys no longer care for swimming, or, indeed, for anything except cars and radios and all that costs money. And they get them. I have seen some of the summer children of thirteen and fourteen driving high-powered cars — against the law, of course, but no one any longer pays attention to law. I have also seen other things. Last summer I found myself trailing a handsome car along a road which led to the woods. The curtain was up at the back and I could see through. On the front seat were a boy and girl with their arms around each other's necks. They were about fifteen years old. On the back seat was another youthful couple, about fourteen years old, similarly occupied but 'more so.' All were clothed only in one-piece bathing suits. The party subsequently disappeared into the woods. One wonders what American parents, who can scarcely be acquitted of all knowledge of their children, think of such occurrences, or whether they have reached a paralysis of thinking. Again, after watching the simply dressed English children I am staggered at the amount and costliness of the American child's wardrobe. One of my small friends, to make my comment specific, has a $350 shawl, though her parents are not very well off.

Indeed, — and this is one of the most startling things that greet the returning traveler, — price seems no longer to be considered in America. My companion and I were more luxuriously housed and fed in one of the best hotels in Paris for eight dollars a day than we were in New York at twenty-eight dollars, a difference of over seven thousand dollars a year. In England, in spite of high costs and terrific taxation, a family can still live comfortably on what I am told would be very hard sledding for a young couple here just starting out. It is not difficult to see that a large part of the high cost of living in America is due to the orgy of spending for all sorts of luxuries and machinery of life, and to the highest tariff we have ever had. With all America scrambling to own motor cars, radio sets, clothes, and everything that takes its fancy, regardless of price, the prices naturally go up. Moreover, the enormous demand for such things must take a vast amount of labor away from the more genuinely productive trades. Mr. Coolidge may preach economy, but I notice he has never stood for any reduction in the tariff. When I landed at the dock the lowest duty I paid on any article was 60 per cent and from that the duties ran to 80 per cent. It is needless to tell me that a duty of 60 per cent on clothes does not increase the cost of living when I have to hand over thirty-six dollars on a suit that cost me in London sixty dollars. One asks one's self how much such increase in the cost of what he buys benefits the American workingman and how much it may be for the sole benefit of a small group of manufacturers.

At any rate one gasps, when one comes home, at the fantastic increase in both the scale and the cost of living, and when one turns from one's personal plight to consider the effect on society generally one wonders where the situation will end, and how much real happiness the new scale of living is bringing to people. I asked a friend of mine whether the marriages of the group of her young friends in a community where I used to live had turned out happily. She thought for the most part they had not. When I asked her what she thought the cause of this misfortune might be, she said that five or six thousand dollars went nowhere now, even if the wife did all her own work. For a young man to earn that he had to work himself to death in the competitive struggle, and in the evenings both were so tired, with worry quite as much as work, that they had nothing of their best to give each other. They either passed a dull evening or went out for excitement. After a very few years of that sort of thing the situation became rather hopeless unless the man happened to make money fast. Americans, now highly industrialized and living the most extravagantly luxurious life of any people, still cling to the frontier ideal that any young man should be able to support any girl, and that a dowry is 'un-American.' That was all right when all he needed was an axe, a pair of strong arms, and neighbors to come for the 'house-raising.' But now a father who deliberately accustoms his daughter to foolish luxury expects her to be happy when she leaves a home where the scale of expenditure has been forty thousand dollars a year to scrabble along, without even a cook, on five thousand dollars a year for her family. And it is not every young man of education and cultivated tastes who can offer a girl even that much. The result is no marriage, late marriage, or a soul-racking struggle for mere living in such a way as to enable the young couple to keep in some sort of social contact with their former friends.

IV

Another thing that struck me is that the American has no sense any more of simple enjoyment. Conversation is a lost art. People no longer talk for the interchange of ideas. Indeed, ideas seem to be taboo. Any suggestion that everything is not for the best in this best of all possible worlds is considered dangerously radical. People are not expected even to pretend to exchange thoughts any more. I have in mind three American hotels where I have stayed recently, all houses which I have frequented because of their former quiet and because if I happened to give a dinner to friends there was in each case a quiet room to which we could adjourn afterward to talk. Each of these hotels has installed a radio in these rooms this winter, and conversation has become simply impossible in them. One cannot talk when an agricultural specialist or a Y. M. C. A. man is bawling in one's ear out of a loud speaker.

In England one feels everywhere a real love of beauty in the countryside. The simplest cottage of a workman has its flower garden and there the man works after hours with his family about him. The hedgerows, the clumps of trees here and there in the fields, all tell of an appreciation of nature and natural beauty on the part of not only the great landed proprietors but the small farmers as well. Here where I live the entire countryside has been spoiled in the past three years because farmers have ploughed down all the hedgerows and have planted potatoes, not only to the very outside inch of their own lands, but even well into the public

highways. For miles the roads have become mere narrow strips of dirt between the dirt of the fields, and indistinguishable from them. In spite of many complaints, every town official interviewed has 'passed the buck' to another, and now it seems settled to the satisfaction of all but a few 'kickers' that no one has any right to interfere with farmers who take as much of the public roads into their own fields as they wish. Between this and the wholesale careless burning over of tract after tract of woodland, the countryside which was beautiful ten years ago has been completely ruined. And nobody seems to care. Anyone who insists on the right of the public when the farmers appropriate the roads or who suggests that the beauty of the country has a value at all comparable to a few more bushels of potatoes is a nuisance and a hopeless crank. Fresh from the well-kept beauty of the English country, I was staggered at the devastation which has been wrought in my neighborhood even since I left it last autumn. One of the prettiest wood roads is now a wilderness of charred forest, of orange-colored gasoline stations, of real-estate signs and 'hot dog' places. Another is lined on both sides for at least a mile and a half with dump heaps of tin cans and all sorts of refuse.

Still another thing that struck me was our commercialization of our own sentimentality. We Americans are a mawkishly sentimental people. What people who were not would inaugurate a 'Mother's Day'? But, having inaugurated it, how promptly and completely we have commercialized it! Everywhere as I went about New York in those first few days home, in candy shops, card shops, and all sorts, were signs not to forget Mother and to send her whatever the advertiser had for sale.

When I was sputtering about some of these impressions to an acquaintance, he objected: 'Grant that much of what you say is true; nevertheless we are a happier people and more intelligent than the English.' I doubt it. I find lots of excitement here, but very few genuinely happy and contented people. We are looking for happiness in things and in what we can buy, and I doubt if it is permanently to be found there. We have motors, bathrooms, telephones, and all other mechanical accessories to an extent undreamed of in Europe, yet I do not find the people who enjoy them any happier. I talked with a number of English wage earners of different sorts and they told me that in spite of high wages in America, where one could earn in a day nearly as much as in a week in England, they would not care to come over, and many of those who had done so had gone back after a while because they found that the wages all went in living expenses, and that in the rush and excitement they did not find so much happiness as they did in their life at home. Having crossed on the same steamer six times in two years, I have come to know some of the stewards rather well. One of them was talking of this on the trip home. He said he and his wife had a small cottage a little out of Southampton on the edge of the New Forest. He described it to me, with its flower gardens and the things he loved, and then said, 'What could I get in America like that even if I were earning a lot more pay in New York?' As for intelligence, I am not so sure that the average American *is* more intelligent. He is quicker to use new machinery and has wider superficial knowledge of a practical sort, but I doubt if he takes a really more intelligent and rational view of life. I asked my dining steward what he did when he had time off in New York. His answer was that he and his friends spent most of their time in the Natural History Museum, and he

told me with much evident interest of the new acquisitions there. Would an American boy of twenty-five, of the same class, spend his time off in London at the South Kensington Museum? He would scoff at the idea. Is it a sign of inferior intelligence that between four and five million men can be on strike with practically no cases of violence? On the basis of comparative population that would mean thirteen million men on strike at once in the United States. In such a national upheaval as that would the strikers and 'struck at' here have shown any more intelligence?

V

These are but random impressions set down at haphazard. There are doubtless other sides to the picture and I am not attempting to indict my own country. I am by no means an Anglophile or an unpatriotic American, but as I contemplate what seems to me a restlessness of life almost bordering on insanity, the growing love of mere noise and excitement, the unprecedented making of money, the extravagance of all classes, the attempts to suppress thought by law, the complete breakdown of law enforcement by our governments, national, state, and municipal, the rapidly growing contempt for law, and the substitution of unlimited spending for the simple human pleasures, I cannot help wondering whither we are bound if another decade sees any such rapid change as has the last. And I am wondering, as a personal but practical question, just how and where a man of moderate means who prefers simple living, simple pleasures, and the things of the mind to rapid money-making is going to be able to live any longer in his native country, where he would much rather live than exile himself. He can get as much enjoyment out of a Chevrolet as out of a Pierce-Arrow. He much prefers a good inn to a hotel with the usual marble columns and costly and uncomfortable furniture in its lobby. He wants to lead a simple and sane life. He wants companionship of people who are neither too tired nor too excited at night to exchange ideas rather than personalities. He wants to be legally and socially free to express his own ideas. He wants to be able to think and work and write in quiet. Incidentally he wants a cook. He does not belong to the international idle rich, nor even to the idle new poor. He is a hard worker and a good American, but as he looks about him in his own country he wonders whether everyone has gone mad in the rush for money and extravagant luxuries, and whether such a life as he wants is any longer possible in it, as it easily is still in England. How long can American nerves and minds and the American soul withstand the pressure and pace of America's present insane and noisy life, and the increasing restrictions on independent thinking and individual expression? There are ample signs that a devastating financial and commercial panic is not many years distant. Will the newer rich who may arise after it lead us a livelier dance yet, or will the history of the orgies of extravagance following the Revolution and the Civil War be repeated and a period of returning sanity ensue after the financial bloodletting?

PLAYING AT PROVIDENCE

BY WILLIAM P. GEST

I

It is a fine thing to write a law. It displays our patriotism, demonstrates our intelligence, practises our rhetoric, flatters our pride, encourages our delusions, and all this without undue expenditure, for the burden of enforcement is cast upon others. Still better is it if we make that a crime which was not a crime; then we become as gods, knowing good and evil. We wave the wand of justice, and see in our mind's eye untold generations bow to our ethical sense as to a superior and inevitable Providence. It is certainly an ample ambition to

> Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
> Rejudge his justice, be the god of God.

Recognizing the omnipotence of the lawgiver, the American sovereigns — of whom, according to popular theory, there are now over one hundred millions — are playing at Providence with as much enthusiasm as if it were a new amusement. It is not, however, a new amusement, but has always been popular.

How is it possible to tell a good law when history displays such contradictory standards?

According to the Seventh Aphorism of the Eighth Book of the *De Augmentis* of Lord Bacon, 'That law may be set down as good which is (1) certain in its meaning, (2) just in precept, (3) convenient in execution, (4) agreeable to the form of government, (5) productive of virtue in those that live under it.'

Amplifying the implications of these principles, we may add the following technical rules: Laws should be (6) as few as possible, (7) as simple as possible, (8) suitable to the happiness of the people, (9) general and not special, (10) not lightly changed, (11) not too severe.

With these principles we are now prepared to reform the world, outlaw war, and prove that the pen is mightier than the sword. Before doing so let us consider a few laws as illustrations.

II

In order not to give offense, let us choose a foreign country, an ancient time, and a law that was never passed. That kind of law has many advantages. Nobody is required to know about it, it runs no risk of judicial construction, and it has no unforeseen and injurious effects.

So, at least, thought the Emperor Tiberius. In his reign, as Tacitus relates, the Roman ædiles — that is, the directors of public safety — complained that the sumptuary laws were not being observed (as usual); that prices were rising, contrary to law (as usual); and that too much was spent on feasts, contrary to the lex Julia (as usual). The Senate, as is natural and frequent in all times, passed the difficulty up to the Emperor. Tiberius, having considered the possibility of checking extravagance by

law, pondered, in the words of Professor Ramsay, whose translation I am using, whether 'it would not be unbecoming to take in hand measures which he could not enforce,' and sent his famous letter to the Senate, in which he said: —

'The many laws devised by our forefathers, and those passed by the Divine Augustus, have but given immunity to extravagance; the former have passed into oblivion; the latter — what is more shameful still — have been contemptuously disregarded. For if a man desires what has not been forbidden he may be afraid of prohibition; but if he may with impunity do what has been prohibited, neither fear nor shame can restrain him longer.'

So the Senate remitted the matter to the ædiles, and by degrees the intemperate expenditure fell out of style. The philosophical Tacitus suggests that there may be cycles in human affairs, and that fashion may be more powerful than law.

Afterward the lure of a bad law proved too strong for the self-restraint of even a Tiberius, and he endeavored to prevent the wearing of silk by men, and to reduce the expenses of the table. These laws, however, faded into oblivion, following the lex Oppia and the lex Orchia and the lex Fannia and the lex Didia and the lex Julia and the lex This and the lex That, and many other leges whose principal function in history is to supply learned men with material for lists. If an extreme sumptuary law is passed, requiring too sudden a change in the habits of the people, it induces a reaction toward lawlessness. 'Virtue itself hath need of limits' — that is, the virtue we would impose on others,

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

A convincing example of this is the English Gin Act (9 George II c. 23, 1736). Lecky states that the passion of gin drinking was the momentous event of English history in the eighteenth century. Its terrible effects are known to everyone, perhaps most effectually by the horrible prints of Hogarth, in which even the houses are intoxicated. This exaggerated form of drunkenness from distilled liquors was due in large part to improvident legislation — perhaps it would be more correct to say too provident legislation. The English Government in 1689, partly through hostility to France and partly to encourage home distilleries, prohibited the importation of spirits from foreign countries, but threw open the trade of distilling, on payment of certain duties, to all its subjects. This protective legislation worked to a charm. The home industry of distilling was so fostered that, in default of French wines, the product of British distilleries rose from 527,000 gallons in 1684 to 5,394,000 gallons in 1735.

This magnificent success began to frighten the legislators. They naturally turned around to destroy by law that which had been built up by law; the property whose existence had been approved by taxation must now be destroyed by taxation. The home product flowed so fast and cheap that anyone could be made 'drunk for a penny and dead drunk for twopence, with straw for nothing.' And so in 1736 the celebrated Gin Act was passed. It was really intended to be a prohibitive statute, under the guise of a tax. There were no precedents for prohibition in English legislation; the canons of the law had theretofore been exploded, not against drink, but against bad drink, — certainly a humane object, — and a brewer of bad ale was made to 'sit exposed on the seat of filth.' But already there was evidently a growing belief that people could do without drink; otherwise so fine a welcome would not

have been extended to Ben Jonson's splendid prohibition lyric, which echoed through the land in the seventeenth century: —

> Drink to me *only* with thine eyes
> And I'll not ask for wine.

The Gin Act was well sponsored, being introduced by Sir Joseph Jekyll, foremost among the philanthropists of his day, a noble-minded man, albeit he may have been thought a little 'puzzle-headed.' Walpole, the worldly-wise, did not favor the Act. He thought the law could not last, for it would diminish revenue, encourage smuggling, and exasperate the poor. The law affected only the retailers; it left the wholesale trade as it was. But after the law was passed an unaccountable thing happened — incredible, indeed, if it were not a matter of history. Prohibition did not prohibit. It seemed as if the reformers must have omitted to consider one or two points connected with the general subject — as, for instance, human nature and the nature of law. 'For never,' says Luke Owen Pike, in his *History of Crime*, 'was the powerlessness of a single statute to alter the whole habits of a people more clearly shown than in the results of this law.'

After initial riots and a temporary decrease, the output went up to 7,000,000 gallons by 1742. In 1743 the duties and licenses were reduced, 'against the opposition of the whole Bench of Bishops'; but still the pandemonium increased. In 1749 more than four thousand persons were convicted of bootlegging, as we call it now, and the 'private shops' were estimated at over 17,000. Crime and immorality increased. In 1751 and 1753 some strenuous measures were introduced which looked to regulation and not to prohibition. Of these measures Lecky says: 'Though much less ambitious than the Act of 1736, these measures were far more efficacious, and they form a striking instance of the manner in which regulation, if not overstrained or ill-timed, can improve the morals of the people.'

In the next century there was a somewhat similar attempt to enforce a limited prohibition on the Irish people. It was received with the degree of calm native to that country. 'In 1811, when the duty on spirits was 2*s.* 6*d.* a gallon, duty was paid on 6,500,361 gallons, while in 1822, when the duty was 5*s.* 6*d.*, only 2,950,647 gallons were brought to the charge; but the estimated consumption was not less than 10,000,000 gallons.' Illicit profits encourage desperate risks. 'A heavy fine was imposed on every parish manor or lordship in which an illicit still was found, and the unfortunate wretches found working it were transported for seven years; but smuggling and anarchy were perpetuated, the populace exasperated, and part of the country put in opposition not only to the civil authority, but also the military force of the Government.' In the words of J. R. McCulloch, 'The real effect of the high duties was to superadd the atrocities of smuggling to the idleness and dissipation of the drunkard.'

It was the failure of such laws as these which led Pike to say: 'Forbid men to drink openly, and they will buy it secretly; forbid native manufacture of drink, and importation will become the substitute; forbid importation, and the smuggler will regain his popularity; destroy the smuggler, and every household will supply its own wants by its own brew house or its own still.'

It is interesting to observe that the Gin Act produced a temporary effect in the direction intended. It is an unfortunate thing that laws so often seem successful on the surface, while, underneath, the subtle, inevitable principles

work on with deadly finality. It takes some time for people to realize the immense sums which can be made out of illicit trade, and more time to establish the trade. Once established, it may spread by leaps and bounds.

III

Let us pass to other kinds of law. The transition of the Highlands from their wild freedom to civilization affords a number of entertaining examples. 'There insolvency was considered disgraceful. Bankrupts were forced to surrender their all, were clad in a party-colored clouted garment with hose of different sets, and had their hips dashed against a stone in the presence of the people by four men, each taking hold of an arm or a leg.' Insolvency is frequent with us now, indeed it is almost a profession with some; but it was very unusual in Scotland, where there was too little wealth to make bankruptcy attractive. The Scotch punishment was 'Toncruaidh,' and no judge or jury nowadays would inflict such a horrible name on anyone. The party-colored garment reminds us of the green cap which the Roman bankrupt wore in later mediæval times, as Scanarolus records in *De Visitatione Carceratorum*, for it appears that the cap was a permanent ornament, and men trusted him who wore it at their peril: *Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge* (Flee him far, he has hay on his horn). 'Beware of poets,' says Horace. 'Beware of bankrupts,' says the law. Not so far apart! The theory was that what the bankrupt could not pay in cash he should pay with his body. '*Solvit in corpore ignominiose ferendo biretum viride et a cæteris irrisionem et contemptum perferendo.*' Such was the legal value of ridicule in the ages when the grotesque still leered through art.

Or take the Highland punishment for violation of the marriage vow: 'The guilty person, either male or female, was made to stand in a barrel of cold water at the church door, after which the delinquent, clad in a wet canvas shirt, was made to stand before the congregation, and at the close of the service the minister explained the nature of the offense.'

I am glad to learn that this punishment was seldom necessary. Nowadays such a punishment would be uncongenial to the congregation, for the Church has ceased to be the censor of morals, and the sanctuary is no longer the scene of penance, at least in the Scottish Kirk. Imagine such a punishment inflicted now at the door of one of our fashionable churches! It would be opposed by the most conservative of clergymen. The Low Church would say, 'It is a civil matter'; the High Church would say, 'The ceremony comports not with our ritual'; the Broad Church would say, 'It is a little matter anyway'; the devout scientist would say, 'Let us thank God for evolutionary ethics, which has taken away the reproach of sin, but has not deprived us of the thing'; and a few others would say, 'Go, and sin no more.'

It is well known that the favorite Highland sport which had been skillfully, profitably, and prayerfully pursued for generations was cattle stealing. James the First, the Solomon of his age, having been told that a cow had strayed from the Highlands of Scotland to the southern parts of England, asked, 'How passed she unstolen through the debatable lands?' Scotch instinct could not understand how so many chances had been lost. But after the failure of the last Jacobite rebellion the scene changed, for one of Culloden's 'dread echoes' was a law imposing the punishment of death for the sportful error. At that time England was enjoying the

fad of capital punishment to the full. Parliament had quite a run on it, and the number of capital crimes was largely increased, until when Blackstone wrote (1769) there were one hundred and sixty offenses punishable by death. Let me explain that this was really a sign of progress. The growth of civilization and wealth had correspondingly increased the ways of stealing, and therefore the number of available avenues to the gallows had become correspondingly abundant.

Sheep stealing had always been a capital felony in England (if the sheep was over 1*s.* in value), and after 1742 without benefit of clergy, —

> It is a sin
> To steal a sheep;
> It is a greater
> To steal a cow.

Capital punishment for cattle raising followed as a logical necessity. This logic was not so obvious to the Scots, and so it happened that when Donald Cameron, a scion of the brave Clan of the Crooked Nose and a distinguished leader in the sport, having been convicted for a lapse into the prerevolutionary pastime, was hanged at Kinloch Rannoch in 1752, he was quite hurt. He could not understand the situation; he had done nothing but 'remove cattle from the grass of those with whom he was at feud.' Why indeed? It was, after all, only 'spulzie'! (What an affectionate name!)

Now, of course we know that

> No man e'er felt the halter draw
> With good opinion of the law,

but that is a mere commonplace prejudice and is not to be compared with the noble resentment of the Highlander. He saw his dear little hills of freedom submerged in the rising tide of civilization. The consequent indignation is characteristically expressed in the lament of the widow of Gilderoy, the Red Gilly or youth of the Clan Gregor: —

> Wae worth the louns that made the laws,
> To hang a man for gear,
> To reave of life for sic a cause
> As stealing horse or mare!
> Had not their laws been made sae strick,
> I ne'er had lost my joy;
> Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek
> For my dear Gilderoy.

This Gilderoy, celebrated in ballad and story, is worthy of a moment's consideration. Like many another criminal, his experiences were both judicial and extrajudicial. His extrajudicial experience, for instance, was when he picked the pocket of Cardinal Richelieu, with the innocent connivance of the French King, who was really an accessory before the fact. The King —Louis XIII— thought it was a joke, so neither royalty nor Gilderoy was prosecuted. His first judicial experience was when he hanged a judge on a gallows that happened to be handy. His last judicial experience was when that action was reciprocated. One can appreciate the first incident better if the facts are remembered, and no one who has a spark of that artistic temperament which incites us to hang our judges and all other critics will be inclined to blame him, for, 'as he went along the road,' so the legend reads, 'he passed the gallows,' —

> The Tree, old Tree of the Triple Beam,
> And the power of provocation;

and it cockered the Brute with its dreadful fruit, — but this was an extraordinary gallows, and extended not a triple but a quadruple beam. It had accommodations for four, but only three were using it, and these three were his friends. Fortunately he had just kidnapped a judge and still had him on hand. He naturally appointed him to the vacancy. By this obvious

act he fostered economy of operation with an increased output, elevated a public servant, restored balance to the instrument of justice, and clothed a public monument with symmetry. For the moment retribution brought its solace.

Let us descend to earth, and may the gallows never tempt our feet heavenward again. Poor Gilderoy, let us shed a tear (if we have one) on his grave (if he has one). '*Sus. per coll.*' Terrible, terrible words, which shall be blotted out of our judgment books when King Buncombe and Queen Namby-Pamby come into their own.

Such ballads as 'Gilderoy,' which was a great favorite with the Scots, afford a strange commentary on that celebrated aphorism of Fletcher of Saltoun (1704): 'I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all of the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.' But if that same very wise man had lived a little longer he might have seen in the land of the patriotic Fletcher that after a period of carnage and oppression the ballads were all Jacobite and the laws all Hanoverian. Of course, if the ballad makers and ballad singers do not care about this, then the opinion of Fletcher's wise friend is, in a sense, correct.

We may well believe that the degradation of the Highlands into paths of civilization was due rather to the commercial union with England and its attendant changes, the introduction of roads, and the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions, than to the elimination of a few gentlemanly banditti of the Old School.

In fact, the efficacy of a criminal code depends not so much on its severity as on its prompt but deliberate execution, and the consequent connection of crime with punishment in the public mind. It is now, as in the days of the Preacher: 'Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.'

IV

From these occasional and unphilosophic acts let us turn to two enlightening streams of legislation, coming down from ancient times in contradictory currents. They demonstrate a mighty conflict in legal theory. One illustrates the romantic, individualistic, and ethical tendency, the other the practical, socialistic, and utilitarian tendency in the legislative mind. I mean those laws requiring men to wear beards, and those requiring men not to wear them.

The laws against beards may be justified politically on the ground that they expropriate the beard for public use just like any other unearned increment; for why should a man be allowed to retain that for which he has not worked? Philosophically, Occam's razor alone — if it be still sufficiently sharp — would be sufficient to shave the world. The principle of the Invincible Doctor is as invincible as he: *Entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem.*

Egypt was the cradle of civilization, and men did not wear beards in the cradle of civilization. A beard was the mark of a stranger. The Israelites, on the contrary, were devoted to their beards, though an occasional concession to prejudice was allowed, as when Joseph shaved his beard to go before the royal presence. In general that virile and persistent race preferred the wastes of Arabia with beards to the fleshpots and garlic of Egypt without beards. They may, indeed, have found that a full beard is a great inconvenience in the proper treatment of fleshpots. At last they could stand it no

longer. To the desert! Then came the great law of Moses: 'Neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard.' Behold the power of the pen! For these are fateful words, responsible to this day for the bushy entanglements of South Fourth Street on a market day.

The law is an excellent example of the rule that a good law should accord with the national genius. During thousands of years this law has been observed, certainly more obviously and perhaps more consistently than parts of the Decalogue; and why? No doubt because it is easier to keep, and appeals more directly to imagination and personal pride. Tested by Bacon's rules, we see that it is certain in its meaning, because its intent is as plain as the nose on your face; just in precept, because it applies equally to all men; convenient in execution, because it is purely negative in its requirements; agreeable to the form of government, which, being hierarchical, required all the talents with which men are endowed to be cultivated as a trust; and productive of virtue, in that it inculcates natural beauty of appearance and the moral habit of obedience.

Henceforth the beard is sacred in the Semitic mind. From Aaron's beard with its shining ointment, which rapt the Psalmist into ecstasy, to the beard of the Prophet, which has given inspiration and sanction to many a noble oath, the beard has waved its benison over the people of the East. I have heard that there is in India a temple raised as a monument and reliquary for a mere strand — nay, a single fibre of that feature of Mohammed, which symbolized his wisdom. So true is it that religion, like beauty, 'draws us by a single hair.'

However, the Jews were to find, as part of their unique experience in history, that the beard a man wears is one thing and the beard another man wears is another thing. Certainly the resentment against another man's beard is natural, universal, incurable, and implacable. It is not a casus belli — at least, one cannot find it in Grotius; nevertheless the Tartars waged war against the Persians because they liked not the cut of their beards. Unfortunately they did not have Grotius to consult; though perhaps, like other nations, they would not have consulted him at the crisis.

The whole question is momentous and affects the honor of nations. It is quite possible that some mighty potentate by the prodigious and exasperating tilt of his mustachios might involve the whole world in internecine strife. The League of Nations should consider whether this question is justiciable or not.

In like manner the surrounding nations derided the Hebrews and were no doubt glad of a chance to shave them by force; this may be the basis of the jape which the Amorites put upon the servants of David.

V

In early times Europeans also wore beards, but the general tendency was changed by Alexander the Great. The pen ruled until the advent of the sword. There are some who say that Alexander's part in history was the organization of the world, the dissemination of a philosophy to inform and a language to articulate the doctrines of Christianity. And it is true that diligent students have extracted this theory from the maze of history; but Alexander's obvious triumph was over the beards of Europe, and thereby of the world. He discountenanced the beard, and changed the face of Europe.

The learned Dr. Doran, who has

written entertainingly but unsympathetically on the subject of beards, says that Alexander saw that the beard afforded a handle to the enemy. No doubt many a hairbreadth escape — or worse — resulted. Alexander's order was popular with some, as military orders frequently are, but the conservatives arose in their power. Byzantium and Rhodes passed laws against cutting the beard. We might have expected this of Byzantium.

It is sufficient to say, as a justification for the laws against beards, that beards have always been an incentive to murder, as might be illustrated with many an incident in history. When Brennus and his Gauls invaded Rome, in 390 B.C., the bravest of the Romans took refuge in the Capitol, while, in order to impress the invaders, they left a number of aged and defenseless exconsuls seated on curule chairs, with their robes folded about them. 'With calm and fixed eyes, they rested on their ivory staves.' Among them the ancient Papirius, like an

> . . . old romantic goat,
> Sat, his white beard slow waving.

The barbarians at first were quite disposed to think that they gazed upon supernatural beings, but curiosity, ever the enemy of peace, or odious fate caused a Gaul to pass his hand over the beard of Papirius; so Papirius, Roman-like, struck him, and the Gaul, Gaul-like, slew him out of hand. Instantly pillage and massacre! Nothing was spared. Above loomed the Capitol, saved by the quacking of the sapient geese; below, stiff and stark, sat in his curule chair and bloody robe Papirius, a martyr to his country and his beard.

How much of all this might have been spared if shaving had only been introduced from Greece ninety years earlier than it was (300 B.C.), history will never tell.

Queen Elizabeth introduced an impost or yearly tax of 3*s.* 4*d.* on a beard above a fortnight's growth. Certainly she was a great admirer of beards, if the poet Gray may be trusted when he speaks of 'My grave Lord Keeper,' Sir Christopher Hatton, the light-footed Chancellor, leading the dance before her: —

> His bushy beard, and shoestrings green,
> His high-crown'd hat and satin doublet,
> Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen
> Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

I should have thought that she had laid this tax for envy, except that a similar tax was imposed in the reign of King Edward VI for the same atrocious offense.

VI

But my subject is growing too long, and I am becoming entangled in it. I intend merely to comb out a few lively and pungent principles which run through it.

History furnishes many examples of the incentives to progress due to compulsory shaving. The first deflections of the Irish in the direction of civilization may be dated from 1446, when the Parliament held at Trim — no doubt incited thereto by the name — prescribed that Irishmen should shave their upper lips. No doubt this was done to inculcate that proper docility in which the Irish are such apt pupils. So in Lacedæmon the ephors, according to Aristotle, made 'proclamation to the people that they should shave their moustaches, and be obedient to the laws.' The idea was, as Plutarch intimates, that if young men would obey this they would obey anything.

Perhaps we should date from this Parliament also the practice of wearing only a chin beard, a habit believed by some to be endemic among the aged

in some parts of the Emerald Isle.

Peter the Great saw the necessity of curbing the beards of the Muscovites, if Muscovy was to be admitted into the circle of civilized nations. Europe looked toward the East, and trembled. The horizon bristled with beards — a complete line of *cheveux de frise* stretched from the frozen regions of the North to the troubled waters of the Black Sea. Peter was not a man to take halfway measures when murder or any real principle was at stake, so he imposed a heavy fine on beards and appointed officers to collect the fines — or the beards. This would have worked an immense benevolence to Europe if it had been carried out and continued; and yet Montesquieu says that this was a bad law! But the reform was not permanent. Beards grew again, and Russia, as might be expected, has fallen out of the civilized circle. So true is it that no nation lives to itself alone. The age-long contest is still unfinished, but the triumph of civilization tends to the utilitarian rule, and now every man who wears a beard is prima facie either a philosopher or a villain; intimate acquaintance often discovers him to be both.

We are now able to answer the proposition stated earlier in this paper, but unfortunately not as we hoped. It is evident that the pen is not mightier than the sword, but only a little mightier than the razor.

What strange principle is at the root of these laws? It has been often stated. It lies in the nature of power, which must always exert itself, and thereby extend its province. Would that we could call back the spirit of Penn, to whisper into the ear of all legislators that admonition which, with more force than elegance, he sent to his Deputy, Lloyd: 'For God's sake, me, and the poor country, do not be so governmentish.'

Knowledge comes, but the wisdom of moderation lingers. Doctors physic too much; preachers preach too much; legislators legislate too much; yes, and you will say writers write too much. I confess it, and yet the astute reader has discovered that all the requisites of a good law cited at the outset have now been illustrated with more or less directness. Some things in the science of legislation I may have left untouched. Let me, then, adopt the apology of Montesquieu: 'We must not always exhaust a subject, so as to leave no work for the reader. My business is not to make people read, but to make them think.'

PROTECTION FROM THE POLICE

BY JOHN BARKER WAITE

I

If John Smith is clearly guilty of larceny, shall he be set free because policeman Jones violated rules in getting the evidence? As the protection of society against crime is not a game to whose rules the criminals adhere, one might expect the police to be unhampered by rules in fighting criminals. But there are rules, necessarily, and they can be invoked even by criminals.

John Cook, for example, sued officer Hastings for false imprisonment. Hastings answered that while he was patrolling his beat complaint came to him of a man who was grossly insulting women and children in a way that the legislature had made criminal; that he went to the place indicated, where he found Cook hiding behind a tree; that Cook refused to tell his name or his business and gave a palpably false explanation for his presence there; that he therefore believed Cook to be the offender and arrested him as part of his duty to protect the public. As these facts were not denied, the trial judge ruled that Hastings, having acted in good faith, was not liable to Cook. The supreme court, however, reversed this decision and held Hastings liable for false arrest, even though Cook was in fact the criminal, because Hastings had no written warrant to arrest Cook, nor was the offense committed in Hastings's actual presence.

The same decision would probably have been rendered by the court of any state. It represents a well-established limitation upon the power of the police. Cook's offense was only a misdemeanor. That is to say, it was punishable only by imprisonment in the county jail, not by sentence to the state penitentiary. Offenses punishable by death or imprisonment in the penitentiary rank as felonies. The rule is that, while any person may arrest without warrant for a felony, even a police officer must have a warrant to arrest for misdemeanor, unless it has been committed in his presence. In some states he cannot arrest without warrant even for misdemeanors committed in his presence, unless they be breaches of peace. Hastings, therefore, should have gone to some magistrate and secured a warrant for Cook's arrest. Then, if he ever saw Cook again and still had the warrant and it was still valid, he could lawfully have made the arrest.

Another rule, universally accepted as salutary and desirable, is expressed in our constitutions, to the effect that the people shall forever be secure as to their persons, houses, papers, and effects against 'unreasonable' search and seizure, and that no warrant for search or arrest shall be issued except upon 'probable cause' supported by oath or affirmation. This rule too runs in favor of anyone injured, be he innocent or criminal. Even a police officer, if he makes an unreasonable search or unreasonable arrest, is liable in damages, and he is liable even though the search or the arrest reveals a criminal, just as

policeman Hastings was. The criminal whom he has caught may come into court and protest, successfully, against the manner in which he was caught. Moreover, the officer may himself be punished as for crime, under certain circumstances. Such rules do exist, then, and the police are legally bound, under penalty, to observe them.

But if the police do apprehend a criminal, shall he go free because they did not follow the rules? One might expect a prompt negation. But there is more in the question than appears to a runner. If the police can successfully catch and convict criminals by violating the rules, will they not be tempted generally to ignore the rules? And if they ignore them where criminals are concerned will they not also ignore the rights and immunities of innocent citizens? Police who transgress the rules are, like officer Hastings, liable to suit. They may be disciplined by their superiors. If they oppress their employers, 'the people,' the people can successfully demand their immediate discharge. But is this sufficient really to protect the people?

The answer to the apparently simple question has in fact divided the nation. Shall the criminal go free because the police have misbehaved? A score of states have answered, 'No — both must be punished.' Some have not answered at all. But another score have freed the criminal, to the extent of holding that evidence illegally secured cannot be used to prove his guilt.

The theory of the judges in these latter states is obviously fear of the executive. Some allege that the constitutional prohibition against unreasonable search precludes use of the evidence. Others are more frank. They hark back to that period when government really lay in the hands of a class and the criminal courts were truly, though somewhat erratically, a shield of mass from class. This was the period when Dr. Horsley, Bishop of Rochester, could say in Parliament, 'What have the mass of the people to do with law, except to obey it?' — the time when 'confessions' were practically rejected by courts because the employer class used its power so unfairly to obtain them. It was a period, moreover, when 'the people' had but little direct control of the executive, and their individual liberties were truly still precarious. Thus retrospective modern judges apparently apprehend that, given an inch, the police will take an ell. They foresee crude policemen invading harmless homes, or seizing or annoying innocent travelers, undeterred by the fear of punishment or the right of redress in the person offended. Accordingly, to forestall such activity, to protect us from our own police, they lay down the rule that illegal activity by its policemen shall profit society nothing in its war against crime.

II

To appreciate the answer which the judges of these states give, one must study their concrete decisions. For the sake of consistency, cases all from the same jurisdiction, Michigan, are here presented. Selected decisions from various states would give a more spectacular picture, but one less accurate. These cases nearly all happen to involve enforcement of the state Prohibition law. But the rules involved apply as well to the enforcement of any criminal law. Bootlegging and burglary are both felonies. If the bootlegger is freed because the police unlawfully found him out, the burglar too must be freed in like situation. The cases arise out of Prohibition enforcement simply because Prohibition enforcement touches so many people, provokes so much emotion, that the question demanded answer where before

it had been tacitly ignored. In some states, indeed, what had been a negative answer before Prohibition was thereafter changed to an affirmative, 'Let him go free.' But the doctrine was originated by the Federal courts before national Prohibition was contemplated, and the rule applies alike to every offender against society.

Note, then, the conviction and subsequent discharge of Adolf Preuss. The county sheriff had gone to Preuss's house with a warrant to search for stolen beans. He did not find the beans, but he did find seven gallons of moonshine whiskey, which he seized and carried off as evidence. Preuss was indicted and eventually convicted of violation of the Prohibition law. He carried his case to the supreme court, however, and that tribunal reversed the conviction on the ground that the seizure of the evidence was *unreasonable* and therefore it should not have been used against him. 'Except as he followed the strict mandate of his warrant,' said the court, 'to search for and seize if found a described quantity of beans, the officer was a trespasser upon those premises.' Not only was the state forbidden to avail itself of the evidence so seized; the officer could not even reveal to the jury what he *saw* while thus a trespasser.

An officer who has gone lawfully into a house to arrest a felon may search to some extent for evidence connected with the arrest. But, said Judge McDonald, of a particular case where the officer had entered with a warrant to arrest the defendant, 'the right to arrest gave him lawful entry only to that part of the house which it was necessary for him to enter in order to serve his warrant. Here, where he was lawfully present, he could search for evidence of the crime for which the arrest was made, but further he could not go without invading the constitutional rights of the defendant. He and his officers did not gain lawful access to that part of the house where the white mule was kept. There they were trespassers. It follows that the liquor was unlawfully seized and that the circuit court was in error in permitting it to be used as evidence against the defendant. . . . The conviction is reversed.'

Of course an unlawful acquisition of evidence against a criminal cannot be made lawful by subsequently going through the proper formalities. The sheriff of Montcalm County went to Claude Alverson's house to serve a legal paper upon him. Alverson was not at home and the sheriff broke in. For this entry the officer was undoubtedly liable to Alverson in a suit for damages and was possibly subject also to criminal prosecution. But he found within the house a complete whiskey-making outfit and a quantity of whiskey. Because the house was being used as a place of manufacture, the sheriff could have got a warrant, had he known the facts before he entered. Having thus learned the facts, he sent his deputy to get a warrant, by virtue of which he eventually carried off the still and the whiskey. Alverson's subsequent conviction, however, was reversed by the supreme court on the ground that the search and the seizure really occurred before the warrant was issued and the illegality could not be cured.

Search warrants themselves are most carefully scrutinized. The commonwealth must prove affirmatively that the procedure of its officers was proper. If question of legality is raised, the state must prove itself right; if it fails, the evidence is suppressed without need for the criminal to prove illegality.

Warrants can be issued only upon affidavit showing reasonable cause to believe that the law is being violated.

A mere oath that affiant so believes, or that the violation is 'a notorious fact,' is not enough. *Facts* must be stated — facts strong enough to compel the magistrate to a similar opinion. And the one who knows the facts must appear in person before the magistrate. He cannot make his oath before some conveniently situated notary public and let a peace officer present it to the magistrate. He must go in person, and the facts to which he swears must be truly convincing.

If any of these requisites is lacking, the warrant is invalid, the search is 'unreasonable,' evidence thereby secured cannot be used, and anything seized — incriminating papers, forged securities, even liquor — may be returned to the lawbreaker.

A conviction has been reversed, and the lawbreaker discharged, because, though the evidence was secured under a written warrant, the affidavit upon which the warrant was issued was deficient in stating only that the affiant had bought liquor on the premises twenty days previous. The supreme court considered that facts which existed twenty days before the asking of a warrant were too remote to justify its issue. They declined to assume that conditions had not changed in the meantime. For the same reason, an affidavit stating that affiant 'has seen persons drinking whiskey on the premises, has seen persons drunk on the premises, and has seen whiskey purchased on the premises' was held insufficient because it did not state the date on which these things were seen.

These were not merely cases where the magistrate refused to issue a warrant on such an affidavit. On the contrary, the warrant had been issued, the facts verified the propriety of its issue, and the defendant was convicted. The upper court reversed the convictions on the ground that the warrants should not have been issued and that the technical insufficiency of the affidavits could not be cured by the reality of the defendants' guilt.

Moreover, even if the affidavit be sufficient, a clerical failure to repeat the facts in the body of the warrant, or neglect to show the warrant to the owner of the premises so that he can read them, has been held to oblige the court to reverse a conviction.

This precision of rule and strict insistence on its observance by the agents of society have been somewhat relaxed in respect to search of automobiles. A police officer who turned the light of an electric torch into the tonneau of a car, without touching the car, was held justified in seizing burglars' tools which he saw therein, and the conviction of the owner was sustained. And in general it is conceded that an automobile may be searched without any warrant if the police have legally arrested its occupant, or if they 'reasonably' believe that it is being used in violation of the law. But whether or not the searcher's belief is reasonable depends upon the judge's reaction to the pictured circumstances, and cannot be bolstered by the mere fact that it is in truth correct. Convictions resulting from 'unreasonable' molestation even of the guilty person will not be sustained.

Arrests and searches of the person are likewise scrutinized with sedulous care to render unprofitable any illegal police activity. For felonies and for any offense in the officer's presence, arrest without a warrant is permissible. But again there must be reasonable ground to believe the arrested person guilty — reason for the belief over and above the mere fact of actual guilt. Mere suspicion, however correct, will not avail the officer or profit society.

To policeman Klumpel, sitting at headquarters, came an anonymous

telephone message that one Harry Ward was coming in on a certain street car with a suitcase full of whiskey. It might have been a joke, but Klumpel already had some suspicion of the gentleman named and took a chance. When he found Ward he was not sure that he had just got off the street car, but it was obvious that Ward was carrying a heavy suitcase. When asked if he had an objection to showing the contents of the suitcase, Ward said that he had. Klumpel arrested him; the suitcase was full of whiskey and Ward was convicted. Three appellate judges thought Klumpel had insufficient ground for making the arrest, despite the accuracy of his suspicion, and urged that the conviction be upset. The others considered that the circumstances as a whole justified Klumpel's belief. Had there been only the anonymous message, however, they would have agreed in upsetting the conviction. Even a telegram from a known police captain, reading, 'I hold warrant for Frank G. Krotzer charge making a false statement . . . arrest and advise,' was considered by two judges in another case as insufficient to protect the officers who made the arrest from a suit for false imprisonment.

Or, had there been no telephone message, the conviction would not have stood. Mr. William Foreman stepped from an interurban car, carrying a grip. A policeman said, 'Say, Bill, wait a minute. I want to talk to you.' But Bill hurried into a hotel. The officer arrested him and found whiskey in the grip. In this case the upper court agreed that the trial judge should have instructed the jury not to convict the defendant. Even the fact that the arrested person is 'intoxicated to a certain degree' is said not to be reasonable ground for believing that he is carrying liquor externally. It was held improper, although the suspicion was correct, to arrest a certain Mr. Kamhout on that basis.

III

This meticulous protection of even the guilty in order to save the innocent from police oppression may have a base of clay. Certainly the superstructure is dubious.

Even the limitations upon the power of the police to make arrests — their personal liability even when they get the right man — seem anachronistic in these days of complete popular control of the executive. The true interest of society to-day might rather require that the officer who gets the criminal be protected. Were he protected if right, his liability to suit or discharge if wrong should sufficiently restrain undue activity against innocent citizens. In the words of a minority judge, 'The officer has no judicial immunity for errors of judgment. He must be right or suffer. Therefore, if he is right by ultimate determination, he ought not to suffer, provided he has acted in good faith.' And certainly when an officer has a right to arrest on 'reasonable' suspicion the guilt of an offender should not be wholly ignored in adjudging the reasonableness of his suspicion. Guilt often betrays itself in impalpable manifestations which convince the beholder of its existence but which he cannot so depict as to persuade a cold judicial mind — especially if the narration be the inarticulate speech of an $1800-a-year policeman.

But, whatever their merits, this rule of holding the officer liable, be he right or wrong, and the refusal of the judges to consider the guilt of the person arrested, are not confined to the courts of Michigan. They are the common law of the country. In Florida, for example, one finds a gun-toter successfully suing

the policeman who arrested him because the officer, though right, had not reasonable ground for his belief. And even in England constables were held liable for arresting a man whom a woman pointed out as having tried to pick her pocket.

Where Michigan differs is in saying not only that the officer shall be liable but that no advantage shall accrue to society because of his illegal action — that the criminal must not be convicted thereby. Though this apotheosis of protection developed under Prohibition, the rule extends its shield to any type of criminal. The 'equal protection' upon which our law is based makes no distinction in the privileges and immunities of felons. For just this reason, that it does extend to every criminal, whatever his crime, many states reject the practical exoneration of the criminal which in other states follows police neglect of rules. To use the terse phrase of Judge Cardozo, 'The pettiest police officer would have it in his power, through overzeal or indiscretion, to confer immunity upon an offender for crime the most flagitious. A room is searched against the law, and the body of a murdered man is found. If the place of discovery may not be proved, the other circumstances may be insufficient to connect the defendant with the crime. The privacy of the home has been infringed and the murderer goes free. Another search, once more against the law, discloses counterfeit money, or the implements of forgery. The absence of a warrant means the freedom of the forger. Like instances can be multiplied. We may not subject society to these dangers until the legislature has spoken with a clearer voice.'

Shall criminals be freed, that the police may be kept in bounds? The answer is an evaluation of two conflicting public interests — public interest in freedom from crime, and public interest in freedom from police oppression. Unless the legislature speaks, the interests must be weighed and the answer given by the courts. Need criminals be freed to protect us from the police? To answer, the facts of modern conditions must be considered and the balance read by the judges. There are no more honest eyes to see the facts, if they can, and no truer scales in which to weigh them than those of the judiciary, but on those scales should be legibly graven Beccaria's warning: —

'It is a false idea of utility which thinks more of the inconvenience of individuals than of the general inconvenience.'

FREEDOM CONSIDERED

BY HARRIET SAMPSON

Freedom, considered, seems to be
Only another boundary,

And liberty a picket fence
With one small gate of common sense

And pointed palings of control
Marking the meadow of the soul.

And if in time my fence and gate
Seem insolent and obdurate,

And if rebelliously I lean
Over the gate or look between

The palings and grow keen for some
Unending jaunt to Kingdom Come,

I shall remember in my wrath
I set the posts, I nailed the lath,

And built this sturdy fence to be
My own preferred austerity.

THE NEW SECESSION

BY LANGDON MITCHELL

I

FAVORED many years ago by an invitation to dine with the Round Table, a club in New York, composed in the main of men who had in some way distinguished themselves, I found my undistinguished self in a seat with John La Farge on my right and a man whose name was as yet unknown to me on my left. Of this gentleman I observed only that he had marked features, and spoke in a low voice.

La Farge, I imagine, put all young men at their ease, especially so if they were ambitious beginners in some art. Accordingly, I enjoyed his talk, and even after these years recall the substance of what he said. Presently, however, I spoke to my unknown neighbor on the left, and in so doing could not but feel — it was apparent in his glance — that he was a man of natural and profound reserve. He listened, indeed, seemingly with the best will in the world to his youthful neighbor, but there was all the while a something withdrawn in his eyes, something impenetrable. Prompted, I feel sure, by him, I found myself discussing the relation which education holds to politics. I cannot pretend to recall his words, save only the substance of his opinions in a single phrase as it was spoken. He said that in his opinion it was unfortunate that Americans, the mass of them, did not much dwell on their historic past; did not make use of it; 'did not draw on their pasts for present counsel.'

I was told, in the course of the evening, that my unknown table companion was Mr. Woodrow Wilson of the University of Princeton.

I am sure that I did not hazard the suggestion, as I should now, that history has become stiff reading, and is so because the spirit of science, and research, has taken it over. Thus the modern historian is first a scholar, and then an artist, if indeed he is an artist at all. No doubt there is something inevitable in this; no doubt it answers to some necessity of the times. But, whether easy or hard, we are all, I feel sure, agreed that historical reading is not one of the pleasures our citizens frequently give themselves, and that if our countrymen, taking them in the mass, can become wise only through the perusal of Mr. Rhodes, or Henry Adams, they will likely remain foolish for a very long time to come. It will be said, however, that editors, clergymen, and statesmen read; and that, as these men are those who enlighten and direct public opinion, this is enough. But even these gentlemen dwell none too frequently in the region of history, and certainly draw very seldom on it for present counsel.

And yet, clearly, we Americans need more than most people to be conversant with our own past. We need it more, for example, than the English, because of the number of the foreign-born we have invited to live with us. For we are all pretty well of one mind

about it, that we must either Americanize these foreigners, or else, as Jefferson himself said, submit to foreignization at their hands.

And, aside from the Americanization of Europeans, we have our own people to think of. This consideration comes to us as a matter of some gravity, since, in these last years, great numbers of our native-born Americans seem to have lost their hold on American principles. The thing has been spoken of so much that it seems hardly necessary to mention these sinners by name, or to recall the occasions when they lapsed from the grace of a true Americanism. For, without entering on the delicate task of defining what we mean by the word 'Americanism,' we are all, I imagine, of the opinion that justice and moderation are, or have been, dear to the American heart. And, without describing the interplay of these two forces, we know they are both necessary to the life of the Republic: justice as an end, and moderation as a temper of mind qualifying the means to be employed in attaining that end. But justice and moderation have, of late, been apparently so little in evidence that even our President has seen fit to upbraid us for our intolerance. I do not know what, especially, Mr. Coolidge had in mind, but certainly expressions of a very intolerant sort are much in use. We are even getting accustomed to them. So that it may be as well for us to ask ourselves what tolerance really is, and why we are become intolerant.

The latter of these questions is, unfortunately, easy to answer. We are no longer a homogeneous people. There are some fourteen millions of foreign-born among us, whose ideals are not ours. Where we seek to Americanize them, they tell us in their foreign tongues that the country is as much theirs as ours, and that they propose to remain themselves, to remain European, and even to Europeanize our social, moral, and political state of affairs. When we protest, these people accuse us of intolerance. And they are not beside the mark in doing so, for clearly we do not tolerate them as they are. But, on the other hand, — a thing not so often mentioned, — they do not tolerate us: our literature, art, morals, habits of life, our ideals, religion, traditions, and the Republic we have created. There is no mistaking their feelings in the matter, for they tell us in plain words, in editorials, in books, in plays, in political addresses, that they don't like us and our ways. We reply in as plain. And, as I have indicated, this growth of mutual intolerance has come about because our fundamental ideals are at variance.

To cover the whole immense and complicated state of affairs with a word, we are no longer 'like-minded.' And this, I take it, is the gravest mischance which can befall a people. Hence, and quite inevitably, the spirit of extremism, of unrest, of dissension, of dislocation, which, under a calm surface, is continually in evidence.

These various foreign races, often greatly gifted, and gifted in ways other than our own, — peoples, therefore, that we like, or certainly admire, — have really created, in their mass, a spirit which is in no wise different from the spirit of Secession. They are here; they are with us; we have one State and one Fate; but they have seceded in spirit, and they think it as right and reasonable as did John C. Calhoun.

I am not now accusing or blaming anybody. I seek merely to describe a state of things, a state of feeling, a clash of human wills, and to account for the intolerance, not of the foreign-born for us, but of the old-stock American for the ideals, aims, and activities of these foreign-born.

But what is tolerance? It is founded, no doubt, on a sense of justice and the spirit of moderation. Things, it will be agreed, dear enough to the American heart of the past. But the word and what it represents are not very accurately understood. It must be remembered that tolerance is not indifference. It is not the spirit that permits any and every thing because it values nothing. Tolerance has its limits. We do not call a man intolerant who refuses to have his house burned down or his wife taken from him. And just so we Americans have in the past been intolerant of some things. When our deeper ideals were violated we took action. For example, we did not tolerate the practice of polygamy. Perhaps this was unjust; but clearly it was intolerant. There was a clash of ideals, and, deciding for our own, we forced the Mormons to be monogamous.

In the late war the Government and the people were both intolerant of the refusal to bear arms. And if to-day any large body of our citizens should set about doing away with the State we should not tolerate it. Again, we will stomach a deal of tyranny, of interference with our personal habits, but not beyond a certain point, be the reformers never so native-born. It may be said that when a people is like-minded, the ideal aims not being too far apart, it tolerates much, though not all. But we are no longer like-minded. We are at variance. And accordingly the wise and the moderate among our native-born people are themselves forced into intolerance. They are ready, or not far from being ready, for extreme action. So that, at last, we are somewhat in the situation of continental Europe, where moderation is not popular, not expected, not a tradition; where now one extreme is followed by another; and where it is possible that at any moment force shall be employed, whether to wreck or to save from wreck the Government or the State involved. It is useless to wring our hands and ask how it happened. Useless to blame ourselves or the stranger within our gates. We have simply to admit that this is the state of affairs and apply what remedy we may be able to apply.

But will history, our own history, avail us in the matter? Will it, that is, help the few who read it to help those who do not? Will it incline us to be more like-minded? And, since individual character is so deeply involved, we may even ask the larger question: Will the reading of any portion of our historic annals awaken in the foreigner and reawaken in us the love of those virtues which are Roman, constructive, unifying, and upbuilding? Will it make young men more eager to serve the State? Will it indeed make them feel that the State is a worthy object of effort, and that not to save it is, at least in some degree, a betrayal of their race? Will such reading teach us any possible lesson, other than that of the uniform folly of mankind? In short, what counsel can we draw from any portion of our past for the present emergency?

The answer comes readily enough: there are a thousand pages of our history, a thousand events, which teach us, if at all we can be taught, the immense value, the imperative necessity for a people, or nation, of like-mindedness. We may be too full of irritation and wrath, too eager in disagreement, to be willing to agree. We may want to disagree, and be resolved to do it. But if we do not close our minds to the lessons of events, and the teachings of facts, we can hardly avoid learning that only by and through like-mindedness can a nation and culture flourish and remain one.

I am not unaware that many readers

will doubt the actuality of any grave disagreement among the masses of our people. Others will hold that the views I advance on the whole matter of the divergency of ideal aims are ludicrous and of no value. And yet others will insist that a little easy kindness and a display of understanding will set the whole thing right. The end I have in view is, indeed, not the bringing forward of some proof that we differ profoundly and dangerously among ourselves. My purpose is simply and solely to attract attention to the virtue, the value, the necessity of like-mindedness. And to compass this I propose to put aside the polemical spirit, with all argument; and, leaving the irritating and dubious present, to seek in a period of the past a time and place, a state and city, where men lived and thought and felt as one — where their agreements were profound, and where, accordingly, they were enabled to govern themselves well, and at the same time to erect a state of civilization and culture of no inconsiderable sort. And, even though we shall be so unfortunate as to be able to draw no counsel from such a study of former times, something may still accrue to us; something of pleasure in the presence of a high degree of spiritual concord; something, too, of that serene delight with which we contemplate beauty, when it is no longer subject to change. For the past, when it is reviewed in the recorded word or action; when we do not throw upon it the light, or it may be the darkness, of our own minds; when we take it as it stands, and without interpretation — the past, or at least the nobler passages of it, so come upon, possesses the charm of art, the appeal of what is finished and permanent. The disputative spirit dies in its presence. There is no question of fact; argument is not in point. These things were; these inspiring words were said; this noble death was died, this life well lived. We see and hear, as it were, in a vision; we contemplate and are satisfied. And all the more are we satisfied if some art of the time has wrought upon the transiency of things; has taken over the words spoken, the feelings felt, the deeds done, and has added to them, not nobility or grace or beauty, but the permanence which comes of perfection. For the past is then, I repeat, like a statue or picture: authentic, stable, secure, changeless, and changelessly calm. And, it being so, we are enabled to look upon it with a pure mind.

II

As I copy these words at an open window, the bells of St. Michael's sound softly against the incoming sea air — for I write in the city of Charleston, in South Carolina.

The bells of the old church ring their distant peal, as I say, with an astonishing softness; the waves glitter and wash upon the wall of the Battery; the strong, fresh south wind blows; the palmettos toss their green spiked fans of foliage and rustle, loud and dry; and under the dark green of Live Oaks, on the Battery, I see and hear young people, laughing, teasing, and talking. Faint odors of acacia and orange blossoms are in the air, the flowers themselves unseen behind the high-walled gardens of those houses which are so irritating to the inquisitive Northern tourist; since, being of another time and taste than ours, they are built sideways to the street, almost as if the owners actually dared wish not to be seen by every passer-by in the most intimate moments of their leisure. But nowadays the clean, sunny streets of this end of the town are little troubled with passers-by, and less with the noise of traction engines or motors. Indeed, the quiet is such that the

whistling of a distant mocking bird floats in at the window. And what a grace and dignity the town has, with its wide bay — to the south the low-wooded shore of the Isle of Pines, and to the northeast Sumter, looming over the turbid water, darkly blue in the haze of an April sea.

Very natural, it may be thought, in Charleston and with Fort Sumter in full view, to have fallen into a train of reflection on that spirit of extremism which follows on unlike-mindedness. Natural, with these surroundings, to dwell on the political fanaticism of the South, comparing it with the same spirit in the North.

But happily the world is full of surprises; and what I now seek to lay before the reader, and to interest him in, is a number of local and little-known records which in their sense are the reverse of everything extreme, bigoted, fanatical. These records are in the main memorial inscriptions and, displaying, as they do, a spirit of moderation and a great love of political justice, lead up inevitably to an historic scene which for a certain greatness of feeling would, I believe, be hard to parallel.

These records, epitaphs, and inscriptions are, many of them, composed upon obscure or forgotten men. They are, however, all of a public nature, and possess the interest which attached to public memorials. And, as the reader will at once discover, they are composed in an admirable literary style. Let me dwell for a moment on the unique quality of their style, and the cause of this. It must be remembered that the art of laudation in stone is not the art of the novelist or the lyrist. Where a man graves words on marble, or incises them on granite, he must, first of all, be brief. If the lines are to have force, their felicity must consist in the 'much in little' of the Roman phrase; the writer must say the main thing and have done. Furthermore, if he is celebrating public men or public events, the tone of his celebration must itself be public. He must be general, downright, plain, and to the point. And as he is writing for those who stand, if they do not run, he will be unwise if he shall venture to be eccentric or obscure, or shall venture on what is too novel to be taken in at a glance. He must speak the language of the day. And clearly he cannot be subjective, intimate, and full of his own ego, however much his own ego may interest him. In short, the nature of the material on which the words are to be written, and the public occasion to which they are dedicated, condition his style — color, or even, it may be said, create it.

It must be further remembered that this art of epitaph — the art of laudation on stone — is highly traditional, replete with reminiscence, and special to its occasion. Thus, in the things I have such pleasure in presenting to the reader, there are whole or half lines from Simonides of Amorgos, or echoes of the great Roman memorials in prose. I must, however, not fail to add that, as we read, we feel that much of what is written is conventional; that the praise is given in such way, for such qualities, as that expectation shall be gratified. On the other hand, the extraordinary and abiding interest of these memorial words I shall now beg to quote lies herein, that they convey the feelings of a time and a people with a great degree of felicity.

It must be understood that I am not setting out to praise the people of that period as being greater or wiser or nobler than the people of to-day. But they were in some sort different. And this difference is full of instruction, and even of inspiration. Thus, the Southerners of that time display a

profound enthusiasm for the State as a necessary and ideal agent. Again, they express their relish of manly virtue in the most open and candid way, reminding one in this of no one so much as Plutarch. And they lay a special emphasis of praise on habits or virtues which it would seem odd, or certainly old-fashioned, to mention in our day, let alone cut into the cold and permanent face of a piece of marble. For example, if the president of the Connecticut Coal and Iron Company died, and, having a stone on his grave, we read on it that 'throughout his life he displayed the manly Virtues,' the casual reader would feel it to be strangely said. Or if on the tombstone of an unknown youth, dying, let us say in Newark, in his twenty-second year, we read that 'Integrity, candour, and courtesy uniformly characterized his life and conduct,' we should, I think, pause in mild wonder at these citizens of Newark who think so loftily of courtesy that they praise the youthful possessor of it on his very tombstone.

No doubt, as I have said, these expressions are, in a measure, conventional, and conventions change. But, on the other hand, — and this is the vital point, — taken as praise, and when evidently sincere, these things indicate a certain general preference, in the scale of moral values, of the men who composed them, and for whom they were composed. Above all, they bear witness to the amazing like-mindedness of the Carolinians of that day.

III

Turning directly to the records themselves, we learn at once, and from the least important of them, that a young man was, in those remote times, expected to have a public career, not solely a business one. On one humble stone we read, 'Devoted to the State: untiring in his Labours for His Townsmen.' On another, 'His Country was his first Thought'; on a third, 'Successful in his Career as a Merchant, he was Liberal to the Arts, and eager in the Service of his State.' Simple and conventional enough; yet clearly the words reveal the general expectation that a man shall devote some measure of his time and energy to the service of the Commonwealth.

In reading these epitaphs, I could not but recall the words of a Southern statesman, words spoken many years ago. He was referring to the time previous to the Civil War. 'South Carolina and Massachusetts produced so many great public men,' he said, 'so many more than did the other states, because in those two states young men were encouraged on all hands to aspire to a public career. It was not thought very well of a youth if he evinced no public concern. So, as soon as a young man showed he was something more or better than the rest of us, the rest of us made much of him.' It would be easy to quote a dozen epitaphs exemplifying and supporting the sense of these words. 'He was not False to the Expectation of his People'; 'Urged by all who knew him, he accepted Office to the detriment of his Private Fortune'; 'Fell in defence of his Country, Christ's faithful Soldier and Servant.' But let me turn to something larger and more important, only asking the reader to remember that he is in the presence of one of the arts, even if a lesser art; and that these words so carefully selected, so brief and succinct, are really a sort of free verse in prose form; or, at all events, a prose of a highly condensed sort — a prose from which every vague and useless word has been deleted.

Dying in his ninetieth year, John Julius Pringle was, in his day, a man

of some note and performance in his city and state. Printed as they actually stand on the stone, the lines read, in part, as follows: —

His Life was Service to the Commonwealth.
He was not less admired for his Knowledge,
which was Various and Profound:
than for those qualities of Heart and Mind
which made that Knowledge practically useful.
Preferring the calm of Retirement
to the distinctions of Public Life,
he rather shunned than sought Office:
and was as remarkable for declining,
as many are for courting its Honors.
But, the Appointments which he did accept,
both elevated and responsible,
were discharged with becoming Ability and Fidelity.

This, if conventional in form and phrase, is at all events modest, collected, and succinct — a man's character in brief, and chiefly his public service. The felicity of phrase is sufficiently apparent, and with this that public tone of which I have spoken.

On another stone, and in a churchyard distant from Charleston, there are the following few plain and feeling words, but this time not of a man who could be active for his people or the state. The words are in remembrance of a Negro slave whose Christian name was John — this name being the only one on the tombstone, since his surname was that of his owner.

John:
A faithful Servant
And true Friend:
Kindly, and considerate:
Loyal, and affectionate:
The Family he served
Honours him in death:
But, in life, they gave him Love:
For he was one of them.

And, a little removed from and lower than this epitaph itself: —

There shall be neither bond nor Slave.

A monument above Trumbull's grave in Charleston has, with much else, the following words: —

The intrepid and successful Assertor
of the rights of the States.
This Stone is erected by his Countrymen,
In testimony of their Gratitude
For the wise, persevering and beneficial
exertion
of great Talents,
In the Service of his Country.

Of another public man, whose name I omit, but a man of the same period, it is written: —

The Hour of Conflict,
The Day of Defeat,
The Years of Oppression
Brought to his Courage
No slackness;
And to his loyal service
No abatement.

We can hardly fail to feel that the man who lies in that quiet grave possessed the quality of heroic persistence; but we must remark, too, that his fellow citizens honored him for what he possessed. And with what becoming sobriety they expressed this public praise! 'The Hour of Conflict, the Day of Defeat.' It would have been easy for a conquered people, prostrate and yet indignant, to have qualified 'conflict' and 'defeat' with two violent and enfeebling adjectives — easy to have been what is called flowery. Instead of which we have it as it stands — brief, solid, weighty, strongly felt, well

composed, and with sufficient dignity and point. It would naturally occur to a Northerner to wonder what these Southern men would have to say of less public characters. Well, the South Carolinians had a poet; his name was Timrod — reckoned to-day, I imagine, as a very minor poet, and accordingly in the North known chiefly to literary students. His bust stands in a square of Charleston, and beneath it is this inscription: —

THROUGH CLOUDS AND THROUGH SUNSHINE,
IN PEACE AND WAR,
AMID THE STRESS OF POVERTY,
AND IN THE STORMS OF CIVIL STRIFE,
HIS SOUL NEVER FALTERED:
AND HIS PURPOSE NEVER FAILED.
TO HIS POETIC MISSION HE WAS TRUE TO THE END;
IN LIFE AND IN DEATH
HE WAS NOT DISOBEDIENT TO THE HEAVENLY VISION.

It is, I feel, not without interest that nothing is said of his poetry as achievement, nothing of his private life; that no mention is made of fame; that no complaint is leveled and that nothing is mourned. And how much at home we feel with these words. How much we feel that we are in the presence of a great people. It is, after all, not unworthy of remark that a people should praise its poets for their courage.

In the portico of St. Michael's Church you have on the wall: —

OLIVER H. MIDDLETON.
ONLY SON OF OLIVER H. AND SUSAN M. MIDDLETON;
VOLUNTEER IN THE CHARLESTON LIGHT DRAGOONS, 4TH.
REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA CAVALRY, WHO, IN HIS
19TH. YEAR FELL IN BATTLE NEAR COLD HARBOR, VA.
JULY 17, 1845 — MAY 31, 1864.

THIS TABLET RECORDS THE PATRIOTIC DEVOTION AND HEROIC
SPIRIT OF ONE WHO, DYING, DECLARED, 'I WOULD DIE
AGAIN FOR MY COUNTRY.'

Facing this there is a tablet upon which the lettering runs as quoted below. The author of the couplet is unknown to me.

TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD OF CHARLESTON:
HOW GRAND A FAME THIS MARBLE WATCHES O'ER:
THE WAR BEHIND THEM; GOD'S GREAT PEACE BEFORE.

A little below this are the following words: —

THEY FOUGHT THE PATRIOT'S FIGHT;
THEY KEPT THE FAITH OF THEIR FATHERS;
THEY FELL ON THEIR STAINLESS SHIELDS.

When Robert Young Hayne died, Charleston celebrated her great protagonist with this inscription: —

BENEATH THIS MARBLE
LIE THE BONES AND ASHES OF ONE
TO WHOSE GREATNESS
NO SCULPTURED STONE CAN ADD.

NO SON OF SOUTH CAROLINA WAS EVER
MORE CHERISHED THAN THE SUBJECT OF THIS
MEMORIAL;
HIS HONORS WERE HEAPED UPON HIM
IN EARLY AND RAPID SUCCESSION.

There follow the many and important offices he held. South Carolina is then spoken of, and so, again, to the epitaph itself: —

HAVING ELOQUENTLY VINDICATED HER PRINCIPLES,
SHE ENTRUSTED HER HONOR TO HIS KEEPING,
LAYING UPON HIS SHOULDERS THE BURDEN OF HER
GOVERNMENT:
NO SOONER WAS THE SWORD SHEATHED
THAN SHE SUMMONED HIM TO ADVOCATE
THE INTERESTS OF HER AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE.
IN THE FULFILLMENT OF THESE TRUSTS
HE SACRIFICED HIS LIFE,
HAVING LIVED LONG ENOUGH FOR HIS OWN FAME:
HAVING DIED TOO SOON FOR HIS COUNTRY'S GOOD.

This, again, is in the conventional phraseology of the period, and yet it is not too much to say that the spirit of a whole people lives in the words. The character of a man is suggested; a race is portrayed. And, once more, how much at home we feel with these lines. How inevitably they appeal to us. There is, too, that certain sobriety of statement, which I feel we cannot too much admire; and with this sobriety there is a great degree of moderation in the praise accorded. And yet what ardor of feeling for the Commonwealth in the quotation, 'Having lived long enough for his own Fame: having died too soon for his country's Good.' Eloquent and able a creature as Hayne was, we cannot continue or revive his reputation to-day. But, for self-evident reasons, one sentence of his remains in the public memory: 'The greatest of all evils is a government of unlimited powers.'

To desert Charleston for a moment, there is in Warrenton, Virginia, a monument to a general of the Confederacy. This soldier is spoken of as having labored and fought, 'not for Empire and Renown: but for Right and Commonwealth.' A stone's throw from this grave there is a granite shaft, and on one face of it are the lines: —

TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD:
SIX HUNDRED:
VIRGINIA'S DAUGHTERS TO VIRGINIA DEFENDERS

On another face is an adaptation of the famous line of Simonides: 'Go tell the Southerners we lie here for the rights of their States.' Following this is a line from Byron: 'They never fail who die in a great cause,' and on the fourth face of the stone: 'God will judge the Right.' The lines speak for themselves, but it may not be superfluous to indicate in passing that there is no argument about States' rights. The fact that these six hundred men died for these rights is stated simply as a fact; and we who read are touched. We may disbelieve in the advisability of the States having any rights whatever, and yet feel that a high and pure taste dictated the words. So a Frenchman standing on the Heights of Abraham may regret the loss of Canada; but if he is a man of feeling he will hardly fail to be moved, and even a good deal moved, by the brief sentence which, on that pillar of stone, celebrates at once the heroic death and the great achievement of Wolfe: —

HERE LIES WOLFE: — VICTORIOUS!

The Southern people, as is well known, made up their minds after the war was over that the cause for which their soldiers had fought and died was a lost cause, and was not something which could be revived. It was done with. After Appomattox, General Lee could not be described as anything but a Union man; and he carried the South with him. The velocity and completeness of the change were astounding, and testified to the immense common sense, the political and moral wisdom, of the

people as a whole. I am frank to say I know nothing like it in history. For the Southern people did not cease to believe in the *right* of secession — they simply faced the fact that they were beaten, and therefore they must be true to the Union. And they were so. Accordingly, when they first began to raise monuments to their dead, they praised them, not for the cause they had espoused, but in the main, as we have seen, for their heroism, their sense of duty. There is, however, a monument in Columbus, upon which the words inscribed do speak of that cause, and speak of it with admirable self-restraint and dignity.

This Monument
Perpetuates the Memory,
of those who
True to the Instincts of their Birth,
Faithful to the Teachings of their
Fathers,
Constant in their love for the State,
Died in the performance of their Duty.
Who
have glorified a fallen Cause
By the simple Manhood of their Lives,
The patient Endurance of Suffering,
And the heroism of Death.

Let the Stranger,
Who may in future Times
Read this Inscription
Recognize that these were Men
Whom Power could not Corrupt,
Whom Death could not Terrify,
Whom Defeat could not Dishonor.
And let their Virtues plead
For just Judgment
on the Cause in which they Perished.

The traditional style of these memorials — that something of Roman which they have, or even, though more rarely, of Greek — is plain enough. But there is an example, and an extraordinary one, of an epitaph deriving from another source. This occurs in the city of Savannah. There is, in one of the public squares of that beautiful and now prosperous town, a shaft of stone dedicated, once more, to the men who gave their lives to the Confederacy, on which there is a simple and brief quotation from the Bible, the words being a part of the thirty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel — that astonishing chapter in which the Hebrew Prophet endeavors to prove to the people of Israel that nothing is impossible to God, not even that He should raise the dead. The words thus quoted and engraved on the granite are these: —

Come from the four Winds,
O Breath!
And breathe upon these Slain,
that they may live.

In order to appreciate these words, we have, of course, to recall that they were inscribed many years ago, at a time when the Southern States were wrecked; their economic structure shattered, their young men dead in battle; their civilization overthrown, and their hopes defeated — at a time, therefore, when men's hearts were burning, when there must have been every temptation to say much more than the brief, poignant, and imaginative sentence which the men and women of that period actually preferred.

But even to-day the Southern people continues to abound in its tradition, composing its inscriptions with much the same self-restraint, much the same dignity. Its epitaphs — in many examples, at least — are as impersonal, as public in tone, and as concise as those of seventy years ago. And this is not without a degree of interest, since so much of the writing in the South has been done in a florid and Corinthian tone. The words I shall now quote are modern, and were composed, I am told, within the decade. The monument which bears them stands in the cemetery at Arlington, commemorating once more the Confederate dead in battle.

To
Our Dead Heroes
by
The United Daughters
Of the Confederacy.

Not for Fame or Reward:
Not for Place or Rank:
Not lured by Ambition:
Or goaded by Necessity:
But in simple
Obedience to Duty
As they understood it:
These men suffered all,
Sacrificed all, Dared all!
And Died.

IV

The historic event of which I spoke earlier, and to which these inscriptions very naturally lead up, was one which occurred in Charleston in the spring of that year which saw the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. But previous to the narration of it I must speak of the man whose death was the occasion of it, and quote the lines placed upon his tombstone.

There lived in Charleston before and during the first years of the Civil War a certain James Lewis Pettigru, a lawyer and a public man. Knowledge of him has for a long time been confined to the South, or to students of history. His grave is in the yard of St. Michael's Church; and, the epitaph on the stone at the head of it — an epitaph which, I understand, has long been known and admired by the few — awakening the interest of the present writer, he sought out among his older acquaintances in Charleston those who should give him a first-hand account of the gentleman who was the subject of it. Some few persons have seen the man in their boyhood, seen him on the street and in court; their fathers were his personal friends. But, apart from these intimate narratives of eyewitnesses, the man's memory floated in the general atmosphere.

This could hardly be otherwise, since for more than thirty years Pettigru was active in all matters of common interest. Standing high at the bar, he spoke on almost all public occasions. In a time of eloquent men he was among the most eloquent. His probity, industry, and the powers of his mind were of such a nature that there was no office to which he could not have aspired. Office appears to have been little to his taste; but he was a leader in his own way, popular with all classes in the community, rich and poor, black and white — in short, with the whole town and state.

And this is the more remarkable in that Pettigru was a wit; and, as we all know, the power of illuminating the folly and unreason of mankind by those flashes of pure rationality which we call wit is not ordinarily a popular trait. Such men are more feared than loved, more admired than trusted. There was, however, that in this man's make-up which brought men to his feet, and kept them there. Perhaps it was that Pettigru's nature was open, ardent, and generous to a fault. He was outgoing and warm-hearted; and, though he knew men for what they are, he loved them and showed it. There was, in short, nothing of repression or restraint about the man. He expressed himself, his views and his emotions, freely, and with force. And at times, his mind overcast and dark with apprehension for the future of his country, and his whole being in a storm, he loosed the powers of his invective — those powers of irony, sarcasm, and intellectual contempt of which I made mention.

Such was this man, and such his popularity. But popularity is a flower that withers overnight. Mankind in the gross mass is fickle: if the object of its liking pursues a course opposed to its ideas, its interests as it conceives

them, he is reprobate and to be discarded.

Not without amazement, therefore, we learn that, living and working in the very seat of Secessionist feeling, and supporting throughout his entire career, as he did, the Federal Union, Pettigru yet lost nothing of the abundant and glowing regard in which he was held by the people of his state.

There were, to be sure, other men, a small but capable company of them, who were Unionists on principle and labored unceasingly for their cause. Pettigru was, however, decidedly the leader of the movement; and he led it with all his mind and all his heart. To specify his opinions, it appears that he held slavery to be wrong, and a grave misfortune to the South; but he was not for that reason an abolitionist. He thought, apparently, that these sudden drastic and unconsidered solutions of a problem at once moral and economic create as much evil as they abolish, saddling aftertimes with a problem different, indeed, from the original one, but no less fraught with evil. He seems to have cherished a truly Anglo-Saxon respect for justice, law, precedent, and custom, and to have held the opinion that if slavery were left alone it would, in the end, abolish itself.

But he was utterly opposed to the extension of the system. He spoke in public and in private, again and again, of the madness of Secession, and the infatuation of the people of his state. It is said that on the occasion of a political dinner he was imprudently asked to drink a toast to South Carolina, and replied, in no very pacific tone, as he rose, 'Certainly. To South Carolina: and may she recover her senses!'

Passion, it need hardly be said, ran high at the time — the years between 1840 and the outbreak of war. Great financial interests were involved; the system of slavery; the fate of the Union; the future of the South — its prosperity, the form and character of its civilization. It might readily be imagined that such a man, a man so opposed to the popular feeling of the day, would sooner or later have been stoned in the streets of Charleston, as Whittier was in those of Boston. Not a few of the Southern sympathizers in the North — the gentlemen called Copperheads — suffered at the hands of their fellow citizens of the opposite, the Union party. And Pettigru was, relatively, in the same position in South Carolina. He was, so to say, a Southern Copperhead. His sympathies were with the Union men.

It might naturally be imagined that he would be deprived of office, or certainly that he would not have had office thrust upon him, previous to the outbreak of war, and assuredly not after that event. We should guess that he would live under a shadow and die neglected; and, if he died before the close of the conflict, that his funeral would be private, and some degree of obloquy would follow him to his grave.

Pettigru did indeed die before the war was ended, though not before the Secessionist Legislature had elected and appointed him, the implacable foe of Secession, to digest and codify the laws of the state. And this legislature renewed the appointment the following year.

He lies, as I have said, in the yard of St. Michael's, the stone at the head of his grave bearing the epitaph mentioned — the spelling a little difficult to decipher now, as the years have obscured the lettering with green lichen.

The epitaph reads as follows: —

JAMES LEWIS PETTIGRU
BORN AT
ABBEVILLE MAY 10TH 1789
DIED AT CHARLESTON MARCH 9TH 1863

JURIST. ORATOR. STATESMAN. PATRIOT.

FUTURE TIMES WILL HARDLY KNOW
HOW GREAT A LIFE
THIS SIMPLE STONE COMMEMORATES:
THE TRADITION OF HIS ELOQUENCE,
HIS WISDOM, AND HIS WIT MAY FADE:
BUT HE LIVED FOR ENDS MORE DURABLE THAN FAME.
HIS LEARNING ILLUMINATED THE PRINCIPLES OF LAW:
HIS ELOQUENCE WAS THE PROTECTION OF THE POOR AND WRONGED.
IN THE ADMIRATION OF HIS PEERS:
IN THE RESPECT OF HIS PEOPLE:
IN THE AFFECTION OF HIS FAMILY,
HIS WAS THE HIGHEST PLACE:
THE JUST MEAD
OF HIS KINDNESS AND FORBEARANCE,
HIS DIGNITY AND SIMPLICITY,
HIS BRILLIANT GENIUS AND HIS UNWEARIED INDUSTRY.
UNAWED BY OPINION,
UNSEDUCED BY FLATTERY:
UNDISMAYED BY DISASTER,
HE CONFRONTED LIFE WITH ANTIQUE COURAGE:
AND DEATH WITH CHRISTIAN HOPE.
IN THE GREAT CIVIL WAR
HE WITHSTOOD HIS PEOPLE FOR HIS COUNTRY:
BUT HIS PEOPLE DID HOMAGE TO THE MAN
WHO HELD HIS CONSCIENCE HIGHER THAN THEIR PRAISE:
AND HIS COUNTRY
HEAPED HER HONOURS ON THE GRAVE OF THE PATRIOT,
TO WHOM, LIVING,
HIS OWN RIGHTEOUS SELF-RESPECT SUFFICED
ALIKE FOR MOTIVE AND REWARD.

NOTHING IS HERE FOR TEARS, NOTHING TO WAIL,
— NOTHING BUT WELL AND FAIR,
AND WHAT MAY QUIET US IN A LIFE SO NOBLE.

This inscription was, I learned, composed by several hands, and in part, at least, by Northern admirers of Pettigru. As it was set up shortly after the close of the war, we may suppose that partisan passion had somewhat cooled; and thus our wonder that such words could be placed on any stone of that city, at that time, may be somewhat diminished. Doubting a little, then, whether the lassitude and indifference of after-war days were not the cause of this permission rather than a sense of justice or a continuing, obstinate regard for the dead man, we naturally ask ourselves what happened. How was he regarded at the time of his death and funeral? His death occurred, as his epitaph tells us, in the thick of the war, the funeral taking place March 10, 1863. His body was, I understand, laid out in the Court House, the face being uncovered. An immense crowd gathered and viewed the corpse. Men and women, and among them many slaves, attended the service, following the body to its grave. The only business of the day, in Charleston, was this funeral. The shops were closed. Nothing further was done.

Some weeks later the Charleston bar held a memorial meeting. Once more there was a great concourse of his former fellow citizens. As the room would hold but a few, the people thronged the steps of the building and extended, in their mass, into the street. The leading men of the city and state — lawyers, statesmen, soldiers, orators — were within doors, and spoke in praise of Pettigru. And their eulogies appear to have been as open, sincere, and unstrained as we should have expected them to be the reverse. Yet among those who spoke there must have been men pledged to the doctrine of Secession — life-long, bitter opponents of the man they mourned, who, doubtless, had received hard blows at his capable hands.

Recalling those things which would unavoidably affect the temper and mood of the men who thus celebrated Pettigru, we must not forget that there was almost immediate danger threatening their city. A fleet of ironclads was at that moment anchored in Northern waters, preparing to bombard and reduce Charleston. Had the speakers of the occasion delayed but a few weeks, the town would have been on fire from shells thrown into it; and the ringing gallop of mounted infantry detailed to extinguish the flames, with the reverberations of the concussion of bombs, would have drowned the voice of their praise. But if they were safe for the moment, and perhaps not fully informed, there were other considerations which must have saddened and embittered their minds and which could very easily have rendered them intolerant. There was no speaker present who did not well know that the issue of the prolonged struggle was uncertain. Hardly a man of them but had lost some youthful member of his family. All Charleston was in mourning, severely impoverished, cruelly anxious, straining nerve and courage to meet the prolonged trial of war and the agonies of personal loss. These were the circumstances of the time and the inevitable emotions of the hour. But the meeting took place. The enemies of Pettigru spoke. The dead leader of a militant minority against Secession was eulogized by the supporters of Secession. His enemies expressed their admiration and their grief.

The scene is surely not lacking in greatness and magnanimity. It could, however, hardly have taken place except at a time and in a place where the people, all classes of them, cherished the same moral and political ideals. There was doubtless no one present who did not admire eloquence and value probity; who did not believe in the State and in service to the State; or who could find anything strange in the phrase, 'He confronted Life with antique courage and Death with Christian Hope.' There were none there who did not believe in patriotism as they understood it; none, doubtless, who did not respond to the sentiment, 'His People did homage to the Man who held his Conscience higher than their Praise.'

That time is long past. Pettigru is a name. But, misty and remote as it all is, we cannot, I think, escape the feeling that a people flourishes and becomes great only when its moral unity is intact; only, or most, when its citizens are in a high degree *like-minded.*

CANDAULES' WIFE

BY EMILY JAMES PUTNAM

I

King Candaules was a lover of the beautiful, and as he was unimaginably rich and therefore able to acquire, arrange, and even bring into being beautiful objects, one would have supposed he must be the happiest of men. And perhaps he was, but if so the level of human happiness is not so high as some persons believe, for Candaules had much to annoy him.

In the first place, he found that his position as absolute monarch prevented the candid criticism and discussion necessary to clarify and ripen his æsthetic ideas. Whatever he recommended his courtiers adopted, or pretended to adopt. Sometimes a courtier would assume an attitude of suspended judgment or even of differing opinion, but it was always with the intention of being convinced in the long run. The artists themselves helped him but little. Generally they were only too eager to discover his views and conform with them. Sometimes if they disapproved his orders they were merely sullen, and made some excuse for abandoning the work. Sometimes he found an artist who differed with him and stuck to his own point of view but could give no reason for it. Candaules was ridden by the idea that beauty is not an accidental thing, depending on the justice of the artist's eye and hand and incapable of giving an account of itself. And then — is 'beauty' certainly the word for what gives us pleasure in a work of art? In all the world Candaules knew no one who could and would discuss these matters with him helpfully and frankly, yet every day the importance for life in general of having some rational understanding of them seemed to him greater. He knew, it is true, one or two pedants who had an almost mathematical clearness of mind in regard to æsthetics, but they did not know a good picture from a bad one.

Candaules' best friend and most trusted adviser was Gyges, the captain of the King's guards and chief of police of Sardis, a strong, handsome man, as young as he could be and yet have arrived at such distinction. Gyges was quite willing to tell the King his true opinion on any subject. But not only was his opinion of works of art of very little value; he went so far as to disapprove of the King's absorption in these things and to try to divert him to other interests. And the reason why Gyges took this disobliging attitude was closely related to another reason why the King was not perfectly happy.

The truth is that the most absolute of monarchs cannot confine his relations with his subjects to educating their sense of beauty. Candaules' subjects were dissatisfied with him. He was aware of this, and since he was a kindly and a conscientious man he was troubled by it. He felt that his view of life was anything but selfish; he had no wish to keep beauty to him-

self. He gave a great deal of thought to public buildings throughout Lydia, to the planning of gardens, to establishing sound standards in furniture down to the humblest utensils, so that it was practically impossible to buy an ugly object. But here he ran against a fact which disconcerted and discouraged him — some people preferred the ugly, and they considered it a grievance if they could not have it.

And an even greater difficulty than this lay in the fact that many elements of his people's life had no relation to the æsthetic question, and these elements Candaules could hardly force himself to consider with interest. International politics, internal questions of taxation, of agriculture, of education — he acknowledged their importance, but he felt his incompetence to deal with them and grew daily more inclined to leave them to Gyges and his ministers. But he knew the folly and the danger of doing this and felt his greatest pleasures shadowed by it.

Of all the beautiful things which Candaules owned, the most beautiful was his young wife. She was the daughter of a neighboring monarch, trained from her youth up in courtesy and all the graces. Candaules had never seen her do an awkward or an unbecoming thing. The sight of her was a constant gratification to him. But her conversation was less satisfactory. There was warrant in her face for believing that she had a mind, but he had no idea what was in it. However, it seemed to him that the exploration of his beautiful wife's mind was a delightful occupation for life, and he was in no great hurry. The trouble was that in the meantime he got no sympathy from her on the main question. She loved beauty, it was true; her taste was sound if purely instinctive; a lovely present brought girlish pleasure into her face. But she took the elimination of the ugly as a matter of course; she was a step higher in the scale than Gyges, who was not disturbed by its presence even in considerable quantities, but like Gyges she preferred to talk about other things. Thus Candaules felt himself somewhat snubbed by the two people nearest to him.

On the morning of a beautiful summer day, which seemed much like other days though it was fraught with fate for Candaules, he sent a message to the Queen to ask if he might wait upon her in her apartments.

The brightest moment of his day was always this in which he visited his beautiful wife in the beautiful room he had made for her. The room looked out from the height on which the palace stood over a great stretch of the prosperous land, with mountains on the horizon and the Pactolus flowing down to the sea. The whole north side was open to the air, with great arches to frame the view into manageable parts, for Candaules held strongly that, as seen from a room, nature should be treated as a work of art. There was another point of importance to which he had given much thought without coming to a decision: should a room be lighted by day from one side only, as this was, or should the light come equally from all sides? When he came to visit the Queen, a second of time as he entered was generally occupied by the fleeting thought: would this room be improved if there were a window in each wall? To make such an arrangement would involve the reconstruction of a considerable part of the palace, but Candaules would have been ashamed of himself if he had been swayed by such a consideration.

On this particular morning he met outside the Queen's room a group of

women who had evidently just been dismissed from her presence. They were poor women; each of them carried a child and most of them were accompanied by other children. The children were a sorry-looking crew. All were emaciated, some were languid. One was whimpering, but the rest had already learned the pitiful patience of the children of the poor. Candaules noted none of this, but he saw with approval that the faded garments of the group had reached a harmony of tone they could not have had when new, and he reflected for the thousandth time on the wisdom of Providence that makes the clothes of the poor fade early and at the same time forbids the wearers to discard them when this has happened. He also confirmed an old impression that there is no curve more lovely than that made by the shawl which covers the two heads of mother and child. He was therefore pleasantly impressed by the encounter, and after he had entered the Queen's room and kissed her heartily he said, 'Dearest, your kindly rule of letting me find you alone deprived me this morning of a pleasure. I should have liked to see you giving alms to those poor women. They made a charming group outside in the corridor.'

The Queen was a tall young woman, strong as well as graceful, proud as well as gentle. In her face there was visible not only mind but character, and even a touch of temper, though it was almost hidden in youthful loveliness. She looked straight into the King's eyes when she talked with him, yet her manners expressed due deference.

'Did you notice anything about them but their charm?' she asked.

'I am afraid not,' said the King. 'I kept the nostrils averted by force of habit.'

'Quite right,' said the Queen. 'If it is true that approaching death gives off an odor, as many people say, that charming little group must smell foully, for those children are all about to die.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed the King. 'Not as a sacrifice? We don't allow such things any longer.'

'Well, yes,' said the Queen. 'I suppose they are a sort of sacrifice. They are all dying of the same disease, and it seems to come upon those only who do not have enough to eat. So they are sacrificed to something, it is hard to say what — the whole system of things, apparently.'

'My dear child,' said the King, 'you ought not to know anything about such matters.'

'Perhaps not,' said the Queen; and then she added very gently, 'but perhaps ought you not to know more? Do you know how many children under four years of age die every year here in Sardis alone?'

'Good heavens, no,' said the King. 'Does anybody?'

'Gyges is trying to find out for me,' said the Queen, 'but we have just begun, so it will take a year to get started. And then the count must be kept for many years, and if it is to mean anything we must also know how many children are born in each year, and how many persons there are in all. It is very difficult, and it will cost a great deal.'

'Of course, my dear,' said Candaules, 'you may command what cost you will. But I feel differently now about the visit of those poor women. It would be a great misfortune if you were to take illness from them.'

'It might, of course, damage my looks,' said the Queen.

'Hush,' said the King; 'don't blaspheme. Should you mind promising me that you will not again admit to

your rooms people whom you know to be ill?'

The Queen's face flushed. 'Would you prefer to have me visit them in their own homes?' she asked.

The King looked at her inquiringly. Was this simplicity or impertinence? He preferred the former hypothesis.

'Dear child,' he said, 'if you will oblige me, you will avoid illness wherever it may occur. If I were to be ill myself, I should forbid you my chamber. And you should not even think overmuch of these serious matters. Let Gyges bring his dismal information to me, and we will see what can be done.'

'Oh, sir,' said the Queen eagerly, 'if I will promise what you wish, will you promise me to make this matter one of your real interests, to spare no pains to get information, to summon the learned men of all countries, to see how it may be stopped, to do everything that can reasonably be done to stop it?'

Candaules was an honest man; he knew he could not promise these things, and that if he did he should break his promise.

'Leave it all to Gyges,' he said. And as the Queen turned away in disappointment he went on quickly, 'I have to ask your help in something that more nearly concerns us both. You know that the Greek artist comes to-morrow to make your portrait statue, and I have not yet made up my mind what you should wear.'

The Queen's eyes filled with angry tears and she said nothing.

'Come,' said Candaules cajolingly. 'No one has so much taste as you, and this is to be a work of art for the ages. Shall he present you in your queenly robes and diadem? No woman ever looked more truly a queen than you. I should even fear that he might be carried away into the allegorical and turn you out as royalty personified. Perhaps it would be better to present you in your own national dress as you came to me. My heart beats when I think of it. To me personally nothing else could ever give so much pleasure of association. But we must think as artists. If you have no other engagement for an hour, perhaps you would kindly let your maidens dress you in various ways to help my dazzled imagination.'

Since a queen is always to some extent a slave, this proud girl stood quietly and allowed her beauty to be exploited. Candaules was charming with the maids and they adored him. They entered fully into the spirit of the business and held many discussions with the King concerning stuffs and colors. But the Queen was silent. She placed a foot or an arm this way or that as she was bidden. She posed as queen, as bride, as maiden, as huntress, and finally Candaules, dismissing the handmaids, dressed her himself in nothing but jewels, a cup of gemmed gold over each breast and a girdle of gold and gems.

'Wonderful, wonderful!' he murmured as he sat back in his chair and gazed at her; but evidently he was still not satisfied, and a new idea was working in his mind.

He rose abruptly. 'My dearest, you have been more than kind. I hope you are not too tired.'

'I am tired,' she admitted. 'Whether too tired who can say?'

'Sit down,' said Candaules. 'I have been inconsiderate. Forgive me and tell me what I can do to help you rest. You have been doing what I want; now let me do what you want. What *do* you want, my dear wife? Let us speak frankly. Your mere existence makes me happy, but you do not love me as I love you. I know that, without bitterness, and I am eager to throw

lover's service into the balance. What do you want, dearest?'

The Queen looked at him searchingly; her eyes were brilliant with emotion and she spoke softly. 'You know what I want most. I want a child of my own.'

Candaules jumped up impatiently. 'That is, you want to spoil a masterpiece. Can you imagine how I should feel as I watched you grow more and more grotesque? No, you can't imagine. I should feel as though I had chipped a piece out of a marble column, or had written my name across the brow of a goddess. Far worse, because you are unique and irreplaceable.'

'You could let me go away by myself to the summer palace,' said the Queen; 'and then, when it is over, perhaps I shall be as good as ever from your point of view — better, perhaps, who knows? And if I am spoiled you can send me home to my father.'

'Ah, my lovely girl,' said Candaules, 'you ask too much of a man who loves as I do. You don't know what love is.'

And with sorrow in his heart, and a strong sense of grievance, he left her.

II

When the King regained his own apartments, he found Gyges waiting to make his daily report. The King always saw Gyges with pleasure, as in fact most people did. He met the primary requirement of being good to look at, but in addition he had an air of being able to cope with life, which transferred itself to those in contact with him. His manner with the King was based on invariable respect, but it was lightened by a sort of irony that played over their mutual relation and made it human.

Gyges' report, however, was not always pleasant hearing, and he had this morning an uncomfortable item to deal with.

'It seems there's the devil to pay at Agron about the new water supply,' he said.

'For heaven's sake,' said the King, 'what is the matter there now? I've taken pains enough about it, and given them the most beautiful nine-mouthed fountain in Lydia and consequently in the world.'

'But it seems,' said Gyges, 'that there is n't any water. You remember that they came to you to lay before you the insufficiency of the old system. You taxed them stiffly, doubled from your own treasury the amount thus raised, and undertook to manage the whole affair. Then you spent it all on your nine-mouthed fountain and forgot to do anything about the water.'

'Well,' said the King wearily, 'do whatever is necessary, at my expense as usual. I wish you could take the whole job off my hands.'

When the day's work was done, — and both Gyges and the King were glad to make it as brief as possible, — it was a matter almost of routine to order cooling drinks and fall to discussing the fine arts and the Queen. Sometimes one topic came first, sometimes the other, but a profound connection between them made it certain that when one was spoken of the other soon would be. On this occasion the King attacked at once.

'What is this new mania for sick, dirty, poor children that you are fostering in the Queen?'

Gyges looked into his beaker of snow-cooled wine and water for a moment or two before he replied.

'The truth is, sir,' he said at last, 'that, as I have often had the honor to tell Your Majesty, you don't in the least understand the Queen.'

'And, pray, do you?' asked the King.

'Of course I do,' said Gyges. 'In the first place, it is my business to understand everybody; and in the second place, she is quite easy to understand.'

'But too much for my poor intelligence, apparently,' said the King.

'It's your own mania that distorts what you look at. If for one day, for one hour, you could see things as they really are — well, probably on that day we should see the Pactolus flow up the mountain.'

'In the meantime, what about these malodorous infants?' said the King.

'The Queen,' said Gyges, 'has two strong instincts — more, doubtless, for she is a strong person altogether and highly emotional — '

'Emotional!' cried the King, helping himself to a spoonful of snow. 'She is as cold, as pure, as delicious as this snow.'

'And highly emotional,' continued Gyges; 'but I restrict myself to two for the purpose of this discussion. The first is the maternal instinct.' He put out a soothing hand as the King began to fidget. 'I am not going to enlarge on that; we've often been over that ground, and I understand you as well as I do her. One point only in your attitude has never been clear to me: how you can fail, as an amateur, to see how far more beautiful than we have ever known her the Queen would be with a little head nestling in her arm. Can't you see the divine look there would be in her eyes, the new sweetness in her smile?'

'By heaven, Gyges,' said the King, 'that's the first sensible argument I've heard advanced on this foolish subject. Could n't we get the baby ready-made?'

'As I was saying,' said Gyges, 'I don't propose to enlarge on this theme except to point out that if this maternal passion is denied its proper vent it will pour itself out somewhere else — on the unattractive children of the poor, for instance. And where I come in is that in point of fact too many children do die in Lydia and especially in Sardis. Recruiting grows more difficult every year simply from lack of male children. Of course I think Your Majesty should have an heir. That is the crying need of the realm to-day. Next to that we need a lower death rate among infants, and if you will not employ the Queen's fine powers for the first purpose I am glad enough to quiet her pain by making them serviceable for the second. We are making plans and shall presently ask you to pay the piper. I know I can never hope to interest you directly in so ugly an affair.'

'I think that's a little severe,' said Candaules. 'Do I ever thwart any of your plans? Is n't treasure always forthcoming when you say the word? But don't for heaven's sake let the Queen get the plague, or even contract fleas.'

'I said,' continued Gyges after a pause, 'that the Queen had two strong instincts. I have spoken on one only; the other is harder to define. I have never before met it in a woman. I feel it as an interest in things in general, and more particularly in things that affect the State. With most women, even the cleverest, the interest is personal — the husband, the lover, the son. But this woman — well, she is not perhaps a great success as a queen, but I think she would have made a great king, one of the kings that go down in history as having made their people happy. If I were you, I would keep her quiet with a child or two.'

The King laughed and drained his cup. 'She is going down in history as a queen,' he said. 'She is to grant to-morrow the first sitting for her portrait statue. And that reminds me that I have something really important to

discuss with you. I can't yet make up my mind how she is to be dressed, and an idea struck me this morning which charms me more and more.'

The King rose and began to walk up and down. Gyges sighed his resignation and refilled his cup.

'Why,' said the King, 'are we enslaved by the purely conventional idea that the human body in life and in art should be draped? Of course I grant you that the questions are quite different. That is, I have never heard that art should be representational. I mean to say that, even if we all went naked habitually, the artist might have good reasons, some purely technical and some psychological, for draping us in significant lines and colors as objects of art. But on the other hand, what an influence it would have on health and on morals if the artist could find his effect in showing us as we are! My dear Gyges, the thing grows on me enormously as I think of it. I believe that in some more enlightened age the sculptor's work will deal with the nude, and that it will reflect the fact that the human body is known and respected and perfected in everyday life to an extent we don't dream of with our prudish notions. Good heavens! If one could start a movement in that direction he would most certainly benefit mankind.'

'Well,' said Gyges, 'if you will go down to the council naked, I will.'

'It is n't time yet,' said the King; 'and do be serious for a moment. Will you oblige me with a friendly service?'

'Probably,' said Gyges.

'This affair of the Queen's portrait is in my eyes of great importance. I believe her to be the most beautiful woman in the world. This Greek is a great artist. Something wonderful must come of it. But I have never believed art to be an end in itself.' At this point Gyges apparently composed himself for slumber. 'The influence of a great work of art is simply incalculable. I want to kill a whole lot of birds with my stone. And I am inclined to believe that in the present case I shall succeed best by having Her Majesty pose for the nude.'

Gyges came to with a start. 'My dear sir,' he said, 'you are quite, quite mad.'

'But I want to be sure first that I do her no injustice. Doubtless she has defects. My eye is too prejudiced to note them, and I do not wish to have them brought to my attention by the artist, either by direct criticism, if he is bold enough, or by adroit management of them in his work. You, Gyges, are certainly a judge of women if not of art. I want you to let me secrete you in the Queen's room to-night so that you may observe her when she quits her clothes and steps into bed. She —'

'Sir,' cried Gyges, springing to his feet, 'accept my sword and let me leave your glorious and indulgent service. There are a dozen reasons against this folly, but what strikes me at once is that if the Queen should detect it — and she would — we are both dead men.'

Candaules laughed. 'You are more afraid of the Queen, then, than you are of me?'

'I am afraid of you both,' declared Gyges. 'In different ways you are both very dangerous people. I wonder that I have dared to live here between you so long. Transfer me, I beg you, to the command of a frontier post where I shall have nothing to fear but Scythians and lions.'

The King was highly entertained by the real dismay apparent under Gyges' extravagance, and he became obstinately determined to make his insouciant friend do something he really disliked.

'Gyges,' he said, 'do not force me to command.'

'Sir,' said Gyges, — and now it was he who paced the floor while the King took a seat, — 'sir, if you have come to consider it no indecorum, but actually in the direction of a public service, that other eyes than yours should behold the Queen's full beauty, why do you not put it thus to Her Majesty and persuade her of her own gracious will to grant the privilege?'

The King laughed aloud. 'Very ingenious,' he said. 'There are, as you know and wish to make me admit, several reasons against that method. But the one that weighs with me is that even if she consented it would defeat my end. For if she knew you were judging her I should never get a candid opinion from you. One shoulder might be an inch higher than the other and you would not dare say so.'

'Candaules,' said Gyges, 'let me tell you again that you don't in the least understand your wife. You think her a plastic young girl. She is really an unusually developed woman with a force of brain and an emotional power that will some day make her master of us all. She is proud as the devil. She does what you order her to do because that is her conception of her duty. But if you play tricks with her, if you subject her to such an indignity as you are hatching, she will never forgive you. And that is the sort of material that tragedies spring from.'

'You seem to admire my wife very much,' said Candaules.

'Who does not?' said Gyges.

'If by any chance,' Candaules went on thoughtfully, 'you admired her too much, how would you respond to my suggestion? Any other man in such a case would jump at it, but I believe it would be your instinct to refuse. I wonder whether that is it?'

The King noted with pleasure that this speech annoyed Gyges quite as much as it was intended to do. It upset his circulation and he flushed red.

'I am a fool to mind what you say when you are in this mood,' he said, 'but one has one's little self-respect.'

'I should n't blame you, my dear fellow,' said the King. 'When I say "too much," I merely mean too much for your own peace of mind. But frankly, I think it is an error in etiquette to be more solicitous for my wife's dignity that I am myself. You might drive me to suppose that she had entrusted its protection to you.'

Gyges was quite calm again. 'It is your own dignity that I am concerned for,' he said.

'Gyges,' said the King, 'you have finally driven me to command. Oblige me by attending me here at ten o'clock to-night.'

Gyges saluted. 'Your Majesty shall be obeyed,' he said. 'Have I leave to retire?'

III

In the evening of that day the King complained of fatigue and retired early to the royal chamber, taking Gyges with him. The Queen, who was in the habit of almost unconsciously noting Gyges' movements, felt nearly sure that he had not returned to the anteroom where the court was assembled. When she in turn entered the bedroom, she expected to find him still in attendance, but apparently no one was there but the King, and he was asleep. A moment's attention convinced her that he was pretending, and a guarded glance round the room showed her a projection of the tapestry at the side of the door. She stood stock-still for a moment, resisting the impulse to cry out. Then quietly, and even more slowly than usual, she let her draperies slip to the floor, threw her hands high over her head with a simulated yawn, and stepped

into bed. When her breathing became slow and regular, Gyges stole from the room, and the Queen watched him go.

Next morning it was the Queen who feigned sleep, and the King rose early and went quietly into his dressing room. When he was gone, the Queen dressed quickly, and, having assured herself that the door into Candaules' room was closed behind its curtain, she sent for Gyges. He came at once, saluted, and stood at attention near the door. The Queen was sitting in a low chair, leaning forward, her clasped hands hanging between her knees. Her face was very white and her eyes looked enormously large and dark, like the eyes of a sick person.

'Gyges,' she said in a dull voice, 'it would be natural to ask you first, why did you do it? But I know why you did it. I know you men have a theory of honor that covers any infamy, and that while you are in the King's service you believe you must obey him. Why you remain in his service when it sets you such tasks as this is another question. But in a general way I understand that you thought you must do it, and so I am not very angry. I am merely in despair. And I am not very angry with the King, either, for him too I understand. To him there was, one might almost say, nothing personal in the matter at all. He had some absurd abstract question to solve and he forgot all about persons. We all are what we are and we act as we must, and nothing is gained by calling names. But, Gyges, I ask you also to understand me, and to realize that I am speaking the exact truth when I say that either you must kill Candaules or he must kill you, for I cannot suffer that there should be two men alive who have seen me naked.'

'Madam,' cried Gyges, 'on my honor as a soldier, the dilemma does not exist, for I shut my eyes!'

The Queen looked at him long and incredulously. Finally she said coldly, 'I think I must now put the question, why did you do that?'

Gyges advanced slowly until he was directly before her; then he knelt and handed her the little dagger which was the only weapon he wore. Slowly he opened his tunic and bared his left breast.

'Madam,' he said, 'here is a dagger, and here between my outspread fingers is the place to push it home. The reason I shut my eyes is that I love you. The reason I have stayed in the King's service is that I have not been willing to leave you alone with him.'

As the Queen did nothing and said nothing, he went on. 'I leave his service to-day, whether by your hand or by my own word. I cannot be useful to you any longer, for you have ceased to believe me. But one thing you must believe if we are speaking together for the last time. I have loved you ever since I went to bring you to Candaules; first, no doubt, for your beauty, but so much more deeply every day as I learned to know your qualities, your gentle heart and your strong head, and to watch your proud obedience to this absurd husband of yours and your patient use of the meagre chance he gave you to develop a nature infinitely superior to his. I closed my eyes because to me you are sacred, as I close them now because I cannot bear to see your pain.'

For in fact the Queen was crying, and she seemed not to know it herself. The dagger slipped to the floor and she laid her hand on Gyges' over his heart.

'If I have been patient since I came to Lydia,' she said, 'it was because you were there. Very likely I have been a better wife to Candaules because I loved you. But it is over now: I cannot stay with him any longer. If he will not let me go home to my father, I will go even farther away. Leave me your dagger, Gyges.'

As she spoke, the drapery over Candaules' door rustled a little and a strange noise came from behind it. The Queen caught Gyges' left hand and thrust the dagger into his right. Quietly Gyges laid down the dagger and set her aside. He went quickly to the door, raised the curtain, and let it fall behind him. After a few minutes he came back, looking strangely at her, and said, 'The King is dead. I found him so. And yet I killed him, after all.'

Strangely the Queen looked back at him. 'At last he has done something really beautiful,' said she.

Gyges sent for the King's physician, who was his friend. Between them they wiped up the blood and prepared the body for exhibition. A bulletin was quickly written: —

His Majesty the King, having complained last night of fatigue and retired early, expired this morning at a quarter before eight o'clock of heart failure.

(*Signed*) Belus, physician in attendance
Gyges, chief of police

One copy was sent to the Prime Minister, one was wafered on the palace door, and one was posted in the market place. Half an hour later the council of the elders, amid the applause of the people and the wild cheers of the army, offered the crown to Gyges on condition that he marry the Queen.

Thus did one dynasty end in Lydia and another begin. Gyges and the Queen had five children, introduced half a dozen reforms a year, and lived happily to old age. The last king of their line was Crœsus.

THE EDUCATION OF AN ENGLISHMAN

BY ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

We think in generalities, but we live in detail. To make the past live, we must perceive it in detail in addition to thinking of it in generalities. In this paper I am jotting down recollections of details and generalities of boyhood in an English school, fifty years ago.

Tolstoy has written, as the first sentence of his *Anna Karenina:* 'Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.' Thus what is best in English boyhood of that period is identical with what is best in New England experience, of today or of that period. But every nation is bad in its own way. We cannot be social reformers all the time. In our off moments we view our peculiar domestic mixture of goods and evils with an affectionate tolerance of their incongruities, which we call 'humour.' So please remember in reading English literature that the humorous aspects of English life are in general minor symptoms of social defects.

Any account of a phase of national life must throw light on two things: (*a*) why the nation is as good as it is, and (*b*) why the nation is as bad as it is. If it be our own country which is in question, the combined complex fact is the country which we love, with its virtues and its defects.

Personal recollections are limited by personal experience. So these pages are not recollections of English education

passim; but they are typical of one important phase, and apart from knowledge of this phase you cannot understand how England functioned during the latter sixty years of the nineteenth century. The limitations of these recollections can be defined by a reference to Anthony Trollope. His novels refer to the grown-up members of the same society. My recollections refer to the children of the families which he writes about. The fathers of the boys were archdeacons, canons, rectors in the Established Church, or officers in the Army, or small squires in the Southwest of England, or lawyers, or doctors. There was a sprinkling of boys from large commercial families.

Most of the moderate capital behind the professional families had come from commerce at no distant date. For us commerce meant trade, banking, shipowning. Manufactures belonged to the North of England, of which our knowledge was about as vague as it was of the United States. Of course we knew about it, and it was a subject for pride as a national asset, but we did not grasp what it really meant. Anyone who comes from the North of England can reciprocate this indifference of boyhood, from the opposite end.

The school was in Dorsetshire, at Sherborne, a small town of six thousand inhabitants. At that time there were three hundred boys. We were locally termed 'The King's Scholars,' in allusion to the remodeling of the school in the sixteenth century by King Edward the Sixth. As time was reckoned in that district, this event was still a recent innovation. It was a blot on the scutcheon, introducing a modern vulgarity into what would otherwise have been an unbroken continuity of a thousand years.

Geography is half of character. The soil there is rich, loamy, and gravelly. The climate is formed by warm currents and warm moist winds from the South Atlantic. My own home was in the Southeast of England, where we are formed by the polar currents and Siberian winds which come down the North Sea, with interludes of South Atlantic weather from the English Channel. But the interludes in the East were the habitual climate in the West. England is the battleground for these opposed currents, polar on the eastern side, subtropical on the southwestern side. Dorsetshire was a rich agricultural district, with apple orchards, and woodlands, and ferns, and rolling grass downs. It did not matter which end of a shrub you put into the ground when planting it; the shrub was bound to grow six feet in the next year. The peasantry had an English dialect of their own, which an Easterner could hardly understand. They were a kindly folk; if a schoolboy on a country walk asked for water, he was given cider and no payment taken.

The town and school had all been founded together by Saint Aldhelm, who died in the year 709, after planting a monastery in that spot. Their importance in the scheme of things has been singularly level from that time on. Perhaps the chief importance came in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, but minor ups and downs hardly count. The most distinguished of the scholars was King Alfred. His connection with the school was mythical, but undoubted. Indeed, vague traditions of the place went back beyond Alfred and beyond Aldhelm to King Arthur, who was said to have held his court on the site of the old British earthworks, amid the neighboring downs. (Every respectable district in the West of England claims King Arthur.) Certainly when you sat there, on Cadbury Castle, on a warm summer afternoon in the quiet of the dreaming landscape, it seemed eminently probable; and the

school song accepted the tradition without question.

So far as sound was concerned, the chief elements were the school bell — a wretched tinkle by which our lives were regulated — and the magnificent bells of the big Abbey Church, which were brought from Tournai by Henry VIII when he returned from the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and given by him to the Abbey. These bells were a great factor in the moulding of the school character, the living voices of past centuries.

This æsthetic background was an essential element in the education, explanatory alike of inertia and of latent idealism. The education cannot be understood unless it is realized that it elucidated an ever-present dream world in our subconscious life.

Some of our classrooms were parts of the old monastery buildings. My own private study in the last two years at school was said to have been the Abbot's cell. The evidence was vague and devoid of documents, but while you lived there it was indubitable. The new school buildings were in the old style, and built of material from the same quarry as that which, centuries earlier, had furnished the stone for the Abbey and the Monastery. This was the Ham Hill quarry. Old Mother Shipton, a prophetess of the early nineteenth century, prophesied that the end of the world would start from Ham Hill. I disbelieve her, because sheer inertia would keep Ham Hill going long after the rest of things had disappeared. To start anything at Ham Hill would constitute a miracle overtaxing credulity.

We had plenty of evidence that things had been going on for a long time. It never entered into anybody's mind to regard six thousand years seriously as the age of mankind — not because we took up with revolutionary ideas, but because our continuity with nature was a patent, visible fact, and had been so since the days of Saint Aldhelm. There were incredible quantities of fossils about; more fossils than stones — or rather, the stones were built out of fossils, welded together.

The boys had thorough country tastes, and knew about the birds, and the ferns, and the foxes, and the gardens. Their fathers rode with the foxhounds, and so did their mothers and sisters. Those who did not hunt planted flowers in their gardens, knew all about the archæology of the neighborhood, and read Tennyson. Browning would have bothered them. Between whiles, they achieved a good deal of patronage of their social inferiors, with more or less brutality or kindliness, according to breeding and character.

The squire of the district was a very big man, owned half the county, and daily drove his own carriage with four horses — a four-in-hand, as we call it. He was an oldish man then, but he did everything in the grand manner. He and his wife were strict evangelical church people. They must have come under the influence of their neighbor, Lord Shaftesbury, the social reformer. His estates were well managed, with great liberality. This demoralized the neighborhood, because the 'Old Squire' was expected to pay for everything, and did so. He was the chairman of the Board of Governors of the school, and when he died he was succeeded by the Bishop of Salisbury. That sort of alternation had been going on from time immemorial. Nobody thought of it as old habit, or particularly cherished it for that reason; it was just the nature of things — either a Digby or the Bishop; there was no other alternative. Nobody in Sherborne ever did anything explicitly because it was traditional. That is a characteristic of modern progressive societies.

The squire lived in the new castle, a Tudor building of the age of Elizabeth. The old castle was on the other side of the lake in the park. Its Norman keep was blown to pieces by Cromwell's soldiers, after it had been defended against the Parliament by the Countess Digby of that epoch. I do not know why the new castle got itself built half a century before the old castle was knocked down. But after all, the Digbys survived the Puritan soldiers, and so have their political principles of West Country Toryism. To-day the government of England is in the hands of West Country men with an industrial experience, — Baldwin and Austen Chamberlain, — who are endeavoring to adapt the Digby traditions to modern times. Chamberlain is Birmingham and Worcestershire, and Baldwin is a Shropshire man who has been a large ironmaster. When he was first Prime Minister, some of his workmen made a pilgrimage to Downing Street and held a bean-feast there.

In the old-world woodlands and orchards of the West Country, with its reminiscent landscape, a secret has been whispered down the generations: the secret of governing England in days when kindly sense and tolerance are required to heal its wounds.

The staff of the school, the headmaster and his colleagues, were all strong Liberals, classical scholars, and modernist churchmen. This was in strict accordance with the Rugby tradition, which had been established by Thomas Arnold, a full generation earlier. The Tory squires of the neighborhood, who governed the school, were conscientious men, and knew how a gentleman should be educated. According to the tradition, which stretched really beyond Arnold, this could only be done efficiently by gentlemen who had read the classics with sufficient zeal to convert them to the principles of Athenian democracy and Roman tyrannicide.

We were taught a good deal of history, very thoroughly so far as it went. But it was characteristically limited according to the prejudices shared equally by the Liberal schoolmasters, the Tory parents, and their children who were the scholars. Our reading was closely limited to those periods of history which, if we might trust our national pride, were closely analogous to our own. We did not want to explain the origin of anything. We wanted to read about people like ourselves, and to imbibe their ideals. When the Bible said, 'All these things happened unto them for ensamples,' we did not need a higher critic to tell us what was meant or how it came to be written. It was just how we felt.

For example, in Roman history we stopped short at the death of Julius Cæsar. Freedom was over then. A gentleman could no longer say what he liked in the House of Lords or in the House of Commons — that is to say, in the Roman Senate or to the citizens in the Forum. Strictly speaking, we ought to have stopped when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon; but human nature is always illogical, and we — that is to say, masters and scholars — were urged on by curiosity to see how it ended, and also by secret sympathy with Cæsar, who was very like a great English landed magnate of cultivated mind and of sporting tastes, contesting his county parliamentary constituency, with a good chance of being unseated for bribery and corruption. Pompey was unpopular; he lacked the West Country touch. Cicero needed no explanation — he was the Roman substitute for a Lord Chancellor.

These things were not explained to us: the facts spoke for themselves. We read Tacitus and enjoyed his epigrams, though they were hard to translate into

English terse enough to satisfy our masters, and we were not allowed to use English versions. Tacitus carried our sympathies along with him in his denunciation of a state of society which had lost all close analogy to the British Constitution. So we made no study of Imperial Rome; it lacked political interest.

I am not wandering from my subject. I am endeavoring to explain the direct relevance of a classical education half a century ago to the state of mind of an English schoolboy. The prayer which one of us in turn had to read daily in the school chapel told us that we were being trained 'to serve God in Church and State,' and we never conceived life in any other terms. The competitive conception of modern industry was entirely absent from our minds; also we were ignorant — comparatively ignorant — of the peculiar problems incident in such a society. The terms in which the Greeks and the Romans thought were good enough for us. What had not been said in Greek on political philosophy had not been said at all.

The Greeks reigned supreme in our minds. Roman gladiators, Roman debauchery, Roman grandiosity, the difficulties of writing Latin prose in the style of Cicero, the absence of a definite article in the Latin language, the Roman Emperors, and the Popes of Rome, all contributed to a feeling that Rome lacked any true intimate affinity with us. Looking backward, I think that our instincts were right. The social tone of Dorsetshire in the eighteen-seventies was really very different from that of Rome at any time of its history, despite the analogies which caught our interest.

But Athens was the ideal city, which for two centuries had shown the world what life could be. I do not affirm that our image of Athens was true to the facts. It was something much better; it was alive. The Athenian navy and the British navy together ruled the seas of our imaginations. It was not oceans that we thought of, but narrow seas. Oceans are the discovery of the last half-century, so far as English schoolboys are concerned, and putting Robinson Crusoe aside as the exception to prove the rule. Our navy has never ruled the oceans. It ruled the seas. It caught its enemies rounding capes, or moored in bays, just as the Greeks did. Cape Trafalgar, Cape St. Vincent, and Aboukir Bay were read into Greek history. In those days, half a century ago, our main fleet was in the Mediterranean just where the Greek fleets sailed; and Russia was to us what Persia was to the Greeks. Scholars may demur to this analogy; but I am talking of schoolboys fifty years ago.

Herodotus and Thucydides, with Xenophon on the Ten Thousand, were the successful authors. We all of us cherished a secret hope of traveling in the East. The East then meant the eastern Mediterranean, including Syria and Egypt. Years ago, two twin brothers — my uncles, as it happens — met by accident in a back street of Damascus, neither knowing that the other was out of England. Happy men! They were traveling in the East.

Archæology and learning were secondary matters then, and, as I strongly suspect, are so now to many English archæologists. It was the flavor of the East that we hungered after, the product of our classical education. To understand what I mean, read Kinglake's *Eothen;* it is short and very amusing. It is redolent of English mentality during the mid-nineteenth century.

The Greek insistence on the golden mean and on the virtue of moderation entered into our philosophy of statesmanship, sometimes reënforcing our natural stupidity, sometimes moderating

our national arrogance. We conceived India through our knowledge of the East derived from the Greeks. Thus we took an immense interest in Alexander the Great. We forgot the loss of Greek liberty in the thrilling spectacle of a small European army making its way through a vast Eastern Empire. In Alexander at Issus we saw Clive at Plassey.

Decidedly, half a century ago a classical education had a very real relevance to the future lives of these English boys. Among the boys at that small school from 1870 to 1880 were a future commander-in-chief in India, a future general commanding in the Madras Presidency, a future bishop of all southern India. 'To serve God in Church and State' was no idle form of words to set before them.

Our school course was a curious mixture of imaginative appeal and precise, detailed knowledge. We had no interest in foreign languages. It was Latin and Greek that we had to know. They were not foreign languages; they were just Latin and Greek; nothing of importance in the way of ideas could be presented in any other way. Thus we read the New Testament in Greek. At school — except in chapel, which did not count — I never heard of anyone reading it in English. It would suggest an uncultivated religious state of mind. We were very religious, but with that moderation natural to people who take their religion in Greek.

The difficulty as to the Old Testament was surmounted by reading the Septuagint in class on Sunday afternoons, though the lower forms had to descend to the vulgarity of the King James Bible. In this Greek presentation of religion the passion for accurate philology sometimes overcame the religious interest. I remember the headmaster stopping a boy who, when translating into English before the assembled class, reeled off the familiar phrase, 'Alas, alas, the glory of Israel hath departed,' with 'No, no, laddie: The glory of Israel has gone away as a colonist.'

A few days ago the head of a Canadian university called on me. He turned out to be from the same school; he went there the term after I left. We called to mind these Septuagint lessons, and agreed that in some way they were among the valuable elements of our school training. The Platonizing Jews of Alexandria are mixed in my mind with monastery buildings in Dorsetshire on warm Sunday afternoons in May. When I try to recall how we thought of the Jews, I think that it is accurately summed up in the statement that we believed them to be inspired, but otherwise unimportant.

We studied some mathematics, very well taught; some science and some French, both very badly taught; also some plays of Shakespeare, which were the worst feature of all. To this day I cannot read *King Lear*, having had the advantage of studying it accurately at school. The failure of the science and of the French was not the fault of the masters. An angel from Heaven could not have persuaded us to take them seriously. Again I am not defending us, but am recording facts.

There was a strict monitorial system. In fact, the discipline out of the classroom depended entirely on the head boys in each house. These boys were chosen merely according to their standing in the intellectual life of the school. If the prefects were also athletic and of high character, the system worked very well; otherwise it worked very badly. In my own schooldays, for about half the time it worked badly and for the other half extremely well. There was some teasing, but no gross bullying. When I was 'head of the school,' I remember caning a boy before the whole

school for stealing. Again I am recording, and not defending. I consulted the headmaster privately, and he told me that the alternative was expulsion.

In respect to games we were much more independent than modern English schoolboys or undergraduates at any American university. We had lovely playing fields surrounded by intimate scenery such as, in all the world, only the West of England can provide. We managed the games ourselves, and trained ourselves. We played cricket, and football, and fives, because we enjoyed those games and for no other reason. Efficiency, what crimes are committed in thy name! To-day, throughout English schools, the games are supervised by the younger masters. Fifty years ago at Sherborne no master either played a game or interfered with advice, except by the express invitation of the boy who was captain of the games. We were not efficient; we enjoyed ourselves. Also, perhaps in consequence of that freedom from supervision, we were on the best of terms with the masters, and were always pleased when any of the younger members of the staff accepted our invitation to play, an invitation which was regularly forthcoming on every occasion.

In the particular 'house' — that is to say, set of dormitories — where I lived, there were ninety boys and four baths. Again I am recording and not defending. Of course there were washbasins in our bedrooms, the water being put there in jugs. Labor was cheap in those days, and plumbing was barely in its infancy. Fifty years before that time, the boys washed under a pump in the school yard. They also managed to serve God in Church and State, so little are some things affected by modern conveniences.

We rose — nominally — at 6.30 A.M. and were in chapel at 7 A.M., if our state of dress, or undress, enabled us to pass the prefect at the chapel door. If not, we had to write out some lines in Greek. I remember cuffing a big boy over the head because I found him twisting the arm of a small boy; but I apologized afterward, because I found that the small boy had called his elder 'a captain of Barbary apes'; this was unpermissible insolence in the school world.

Altogether we were a happy set of boys, receiving a deplorably narrow education to fit us for the modern world. But I will disclose one private conviction, based upon no confusing research, that, as a training in political imagination, the Harvard School of Politics and of Government cannot hold a candle to the old-fashioned English classical education of half a century ago.

SHOPPING ROUND

BY ZÉLIE LEIGH

I

My work as a comparison shopper in one of the world's great department stores, an organization which employs in its intricate machinery approximately ten thousand souls, paid me twenty-five dollars a week — a larger salary, it was impressed upon me, than the majority of those doing somewhat similar work on our staff received at that time. The average wage for a beginner was twenty-two dollars, with the magnificent prospect of a rise to twenty-five as a reward for faithful, loyal, and untiring service. This amount, incidentally, does not begin to pay for the wear and tear on clothing, not to say nerves; but, as the 'Chief' blandly explained, he could get any number of refined women of moderate incomes who did not need the money but did want work, because they were bored. That may have been true, but all the women engaged by him while I was there were working because stern domestic pressure or tragedy made employment imperative. And the quality of our work, the importance that was attached to our decisions on merchandise, the influence that these decisions had upon the subsequent policy of the store, were in no way compensated by our weekly checks.

Perhaps it is because women have been the family shoppers for centuries that comparison shopping is looked upon as one of the few openings for women not trained to a profession. Nor was marriage necessarily a drawback in this field of endeavor. Twelve of the possibly twenty members in the department were tied, more or less effectively, by the bonds of matrimony. Some were traveling as 'Miss' for professional reasons; the majority were frankly 'Mrs. Thus-and-So.' Because I needed a job and the money, and, apparently, because I had qualifications which recommended me to the 'Chief,' I became one of the shopping sisterhood.

Comparison shopping is the development of a system by which a department store is made aware of the business activities of its competitors — 'rivals' is a term never used in this connection — and constantly obtains information, both intimate and accurate, concerning the range of stocks and prices, the color array and method of display and presentation, the equipment, counter space, window treatment, the number of customers in given departments and how and what they buy, and so forth. In a word, the shoppers are scouts whose trained eyes and ears must be quick to seize upon pertinent details in other shops so that those in the home shop may work with greater knowledge and security.

The shoppers are selected with care. It is highly important that the persons chosen should look and act like ladies, for under no circumstances must it be suspected that they are snooping. They must have the air of customers, so

that without rousing suspicion they may elicit information by careful questioning of the clerks or possibly the buyers — for buyers are always called upon to consult with important-looking women — or by listening skillfully to other purchasers. The store for which I shopped was making a distinct bid for college graduates, and a degree was a great asset in getting the job. In addition, the shopper must not only look well in her clothes, which must be fairly smart, for it is the well-dressed woman who gets immediate and full attention from the clerking force, but she must have enough changes or disguises so that she will not be easily spotted. Her costumes then are a sort of protective covering, cloaks of invisibility, permitting her to pass unnoticed in and out of the stores which she must, in the nature of her job, visit more or less regularly. Those in charge of the comparison office must be careful to guard against sending her too frequently into the same departments of the same stores, lest the sales people become suspicious. To guard against this possibility several persons usually specialize in a given general field.

Finally, if, in applying for employment, a woman can show that she has substantial family connections, the entrée to exclusive places, acquaintance in the better shops, charge accounts of her own, she is the more likely to be taken on. Chalked up prominently on the bulletin board of the shoppers' room is the request that each individual designate those stores at which she maintains active personal accounts. Obviously it is easier to return merchandise if it is charged than if it is bought for cash. A merchant is invariably polite to a charge customer, for he knows that he has little comeback; the woman will simply refuse at the end of the month to pay the bill for goods that she considers unsatisfactory. Yet so eager is he to keep this name on his books, and thus make sure of continuing patronage, that he will carry over a debt rather than have the cash in hand, and he treats this type of customer with infinitely more courtesy and consideration than he ofttimes employs with the cash customer. I might mention in passing that I did make use of my personal accounts in other stores for convenience in my work, and that my purchases for the store that employed me ran from seven hundred and fifty to a thousand dollars a month. These purchases were made either to supplement our own stocks, to furnish models for copying if we felt that we could approximate the article at a lower selling price, or to show our buyers what other establishments were offering that was interesting and different.

To illustrate. Sales were lagging in the fine lingerie sections. I was chosen to 'shop' our own lingerie department and those of other stores about town, and to make a survey of the situation. I was to take the pulse of the trade, as it were; to ascertain what was the cause of this unhealthiness; to learn what others carried which we did not, and why; to study what the customer was asking for, what she was being shown, — for by clever substitution on the part of the clerk gaps in stock may be covered, — and what she was actually buying. I was also to note where the departments were placed — on what floor, adjacent to what other departments, so that we could know by what logical steps the customer would be led to this special department; how many clerks were employed, and of what type; to what degree they were informed, and what were their sales arguments, if they had any; the kind of lighting, how the aisles were spaced, how the department was dressed, the type of counter display and its accessories — that is to say, the trimmings in the cases, the

floppy French boudoir dolls, the sachets, pillows, and flowers; how the stock was kept. In a word, I was to study the countless ways by which trade is stimulated and the customer is induced to patronize and purchase.

Since never being satisfied with the present state if, possibly, there may exist a better is one of the basic principles of expansion, and the very breath of life in the nostrils of Big Business, I was to include in my survey the smartest establishments in order to buy there — or anywhere — novelties, attractions, garments that had in them elements which we could assimilate to advantage. We were willing to pay any price for a new idea, an interesting feature or angle. To pirate designs for subsequent quantity reproduction at a popular price was considered entirely legitimate. During this campaign I bought lavishly for the firm — new materials, new 'conceits,' fetching 'ensembles,' anything which I thought had tonic value. Our house preserves at all times an open-mindedness, an eagerness to learn and to improve upon its own methods by careful analysis and adoption of the best elements of another's success. This positive and constructive thinking energizes and vivifies the entire system.

Another time I was called upon to apply these same scientific methods to mourning dresses and coats, and to purchase numbers of garments which after careful study found their way into stock, marked in conformity with our policy of selling at lower prices.

II

To be successful the shopper must strive to keep her fresh, outside point of view. Naturally one's fund of general information is enormously increased. I have 'shopped' everything from wooden rolling-pins, selling at twenty-three cents in the outlying provinces, to rare Chinese rugs and gorgeously enveloping wraps of Russian ermine! The technique is fairly simple. On receiving a strange assignment, the buyer for the home shop will usually prime his shopper on those particulars or points for which she should keep her eyes open, and she sallies forth, endeavoring to manifest an enthusiasm which she does not always feel, conscious that business demands a certain front if one is to bring home the bacon.

Take the rugs, for instance. A competitor, who has the name in the trade of maintaining an outstanding department, announces a sale. 'Drastic Price Slashing' — the copy man's favorite headline — is the legend carried by the evening papers. It may be that our buyer has been 'tipped off' that the other fellow has been collecting cautiously for just this event. The majority of his advertised rugs may indeed be new imports, as he claims; others are probably taken from regular stock; still others are tag ends, held over in the warehouse from a previous sale and thrown in with the lot for clearance. The shopper is instructed to watch for and report on all these possibilities, as well as to note the amount of cotton warp visible on the right side of the rugs, the pile, the pattern, the field, the border, the color, whether the rugs are washed or unwashed, and the size, though this last item is usually listed in the advertisement.

Before we go on our errand, — the editorial 'we,' for we seldom hunt in couples, — our rug man will show us from his own stocks rugs which he thinks will be comparable to those his rival is featuring. For it is gall and wormwood to him, as to all clerks, to hear a customer say that she has seen the 'same, identical thing' at another store at a lower price, and he knows that he dare not let himself be caught the wrong way.

At the competitor's shop one fairly trips over the piles of rugs assembled for the big event. To the obsequious clerk we explain, with becoming poise, — a slightly bored pose is very effective, — that we are interested. To be too keen for detail would only defeat one's end, which is to impose one's self upon the clerk as a true customer.

Rug after rug is spread before our eyes, some so lovely in their gorgeous blue and purple depths that exclamations of pleasure are honest and genuine enough. Sometimes the sale has been staged for the benefit of a hand-picked list of charge customers, each the recipient of a 'private card of admission' flattering in its implication of exclusiveness. This undemocratic dodge is effective because a germ of snobbishness is latent in most of us, a feeling of superiority over the next fellow; and the clever merchants of the Avenue, understanding the sales value of the personal touch, play up to this trait in human nature.

In this particular rug sale it would seem that the Greek dealers had somehow or other secured the majority of the cards, and were buying in the rugs, no doubt in order to resell at a considerable increase. As one watched them at their shrewd trading it was not difficult to conjure up the picture — almost the smell — of foreign bazars and market places.

'What's the story?' asks the buyer on our return, and we tell it minutely, since every detail conveys subtle meanings to him.

It is the business policy of the store with which I was connected to undersell its competitors in all equivalent merchandise or stocks of like quality, taking competition throughout its delivery district. Since it is manifestly necessary, for the elaborate working out of such a system, to know what the other stores are offering, and since it is impossible for the buyers, the department heads, or the management to cover the ground exhaustively all of the time, a comparison shopping department is indispensable. All the great metropolitan stores recognize the advantage of such a service, but ours, because of its peculiar needs, maintains the most pretentious in the city. The head man is an authority on merchandising. Three assistants give out the daily work, read and sometimes edit the detailed reports which the shoppers supply, and, finally, relay this information to the various buyers or department heads throughout the store.

In her written reports the shopper must note the date and time of her call on the competitor; the number of customers in evidence, and whether they are buyers or lookers; the price, range, and condition of the stock; where the stock is featured, since naturally it makes a difference whether the display is at Table I, facing the main entrance, or on the fifth floor rear; how the stock is displayed, and whether the article to be compared is identical with that in the shopper's store, or superior or inferior to it. Through such reports the organization has secured a fairly complete statistical account of the investigations conducted by an alert staff.

An important member of the department is the stylist, who reports on windows, on what is seen on the Avenue, at the races, and in smart restaurants, on what is being worn by Madame at first nights or at the opera. The stylist also covers fashion shows, corset reviews, and the 'class' advertising that bids for the patronage of Society.

Besides the stylist and twelve or fifteen shoppers, specialists in certain lines and all usually able to sketch roughly, the comparison department of

the store I served employs a bookkeeper, a cashier to dispense funds for daily purchases, and a marker constantly busy in adjusting prices on outside material bought for comparison. The volume of this outside material is enormous, and before it is put into our stocks we must take off a discount commensurable to the per cent of our underpricing. Several stenographers are necessary, as well as three messengers whose duty it is to distribute this material swiftly throughout the store, since time, especially in mark-downs, is a highly important factor.

Naturally there are certain standards by which to gauge and stabilize this price cutting. The store states frankly that except in four specific departments it does not sell seconds, and therefore we were instructed not to bring in seconds, 'imperfects,' and 'runs of the mills'; that it does not sell 'powdered' crêpes, or silks that have been 'loaded' to make them appear heavier than they really are — a fact which can be easily detected by beating the suspected material gently on the hand to make the fine dust show; that it does not sell pieced furs or garments the facings of which have been pieced. Also there are certain specifications laid down rigidly for the cutting of garments. Only a certain number shall be cut at one time. In our age of high-speed production, many thicknesses of goods go under the knife at one operation. Obviously they cannot all be sized equally; the top 36 will not be the same as the 36 at the bottom of the pile. All garments are examined promptly, and as promptly returned to the manufacturer if they are not up to standard. It is also necessary to note whether the lining matches; whether it is all silk, all cotton, or a combination of both; whether it is hand-tailored or put in by machine. These details naturally all affect the cost of manufacture and sale.

Especially in rugs is it imperative to report seconds or imperfects. Often, too, we have bought the so-called 'overstuffed' chairs and had them torn apart to see what grade of material the competitor was using, so that we might maintain our faith with our public on lower selling prices for equal quality.

Silks for analysis as to fabric, texture, color, pattern, and quality are bought in three-yard units, — a dress length, — so that, after careful scrutiny, they may be re-marked and thrown on the remnant counter. Curtain materials are purchased in two-and-a-half-yard samples. This length is just enough to curtain a window. These samples also reappear later on the remnant table. All blankets bought outside are sent to the laboratory for microscopic examination. Knitted wear, whether silk, wool, or cotton, is submitted to the same close scrutiny. It is the fineness of the gauge, the number of stitches to the inch, that gives these garments their value and sets the standard by which to judge them.

In shopping for china, the essential points to be observed and reported were: —

1. Is it open stock?
2. The name of the manufacturer.
3. Is it imported or domestic?
4. Of how many pieces does the set consist?
5. Note the gold line on the edge of the dish; its width and general character.
6. Are the handles finished in full mat, half mat, or just gold-lined?
7. Are there any noticeable blemishes on the dish?
8. How large is the competitor's stock?

Always, for greater accuracy, we were urged to buy a piece with a handle, — a cup or a vegetable dish, — for here the proportionate amount of gold used in the set is shown to best advantage.

No mark-down on merchandise in our own stock to meet a competitor's price is considered necessary unless he shows a representative range. It is, of course, unfair to interpret the policy of the house to mean that it will mark down a whole stock number if the other merchant has only one article of its type. The loss to the particular department resulting from this too liberal reading would indeed be devastating. In ready-to-wear clothing, especially, the competitor must be able to show a range in both size and color that will comprise not less than one dozen garments of a particular style. One of the most aggressive of our competitors tried to force a great mark-down in silks where in fairness the reasons for a mark-down did not exist. For instance, in an advertised sale, knowing that we should be sent to shop, and having previously examined our stock, he threw in several bolts of silk identical with what we were showing; but the run of the pieces was generally inferior to the grade which our house carried, and no action was deemed necessary on our part. In justice be it said, however, that we found little misrepresentation of merchandise, either in quality or in quantity, and never on the part of the really big merchants. They are honestly trying to play square, humanizing the service as much as possible and establishing friendly relations between the store and the customer. It is, of course, much better business. 'Caveat emptor' and sharp practice are being driven out by the enlightened spirit of fair dealing.

III

Our shopping routine varied little. A few minutes before nine found most of us in our places, ready for the morning assignments. Money for purchases of comparative merchandise in other shops is given by the cashier, and a receipt is demanded. Our first duty was to examine the regular and special offerings in other stores, and especially their various sales, such as the January White Sales, the Courtesy Days, the August Fur Sales, — picture to yourselves the joy of trying on a succession of fur garments in torrid weather, — and report our findings instantly by telephone. We were encouraged to buy on our own initiative any new article or novelty priced under five dollars, especially if it seemed to be attracting favorable public attention. If the price exceeded five dollars, we were advised to report on it before purchasing. 'Identicals' of merchandise at our store selling at a lower price at another were to be bought automatically, so that the store buyer might be convinced of the necessity for price revision. Sometimes such an adjustment means hundreds and hundreds of dollars, and a buyer, temperamental tsar though he is in his own petty kingdom, knows he holds authority only so long as he can produce what is politely called 'the goods,' which, translated into plain English, means that he must show a fat margin of profit on his balance sheet.

All purchases on morning 'ads' are brought in by the shoppers by ten o'clock and sent immediately to the various units of the store, where merchandise of our own approximating the new purchases is brought out for comparison. After consultation with the experts of the comparison department, the buyer will mould his plan of procedure.

Although primarily the work consists in shopping on the basis of competitors' advertisements studied in the evening editions of the previous day's papers and comparing these goods with our own, a request may come from a department for information on specific merchandise. The shopper then will

have to visit every store in the district for information concerning goods to be advertised and put on sale in a week or ten days' time; she must list minutely all details bearing on the subject. Or it may be that a customer of ours, Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Abramowitz, has seen something at Blank and Company's at the same price as ours, or — horrors! — lower. In either event a staff member is sent scurrying. Sometimes these ladies are right, but more often they are wrong, for it is perfectly amazing how inaccurate an honest person can be when she is untrained in observation. The wits of the comparison shopper become razor-edged. It is often necessary on 'identicals' to carry many style numbers and manufacturers' numbers in her head, for woe betide her if she is seen to take out her pad and pencil in a rival store. She can never reappear in that department — she is spotted. The fierce antagonism of the clerking sisterhood will be manifested against her. I found that by crooning a list of numbers, making rhythm of them, — 487, 652, 487, 652, 821, 956, 821, 956, and so forth, — I could retain them until I reached a haven of comparative safety, but this sort of thing takes practice.

Delivery tests enabled us to study at even closer range the conduct of our competitors' businesses. We would be instructed to purchase, all at the same given time, but each in a different shop in the delivery district, a certain specified article. It might be a boudoir lamp to cost ten dollars, an iced-tea set, a piece of silk underwear, or an embroidered bedspread. It was our responsibility to record carefully how the clerk checked the sale, — for we were to mention pointedly that we were buying a gift, — how she received the money, whether the receipt was volunteered, whether she asked if the price tag was to be removed, what degree of interest in the sale was shown by the clerk, and to what extent assistance was given by her to the 'customer' in making the selection.

All the merchandise was ordered to be sent to some private address previously determined upon, usually the home of one of the shoppers, where the time of delivery of each package was carefully noted by someone detailed to receive the goods. Our own wagons then called for the lot and brought it, unopened, to the comparison department. There the packages would be analyzed, examined, and criticized from the points of view of wrapping, packing, design and composition of the boxes, and possible advantages of the rival system over the system obtaining in our own store. When one considers how many shops have to be covered in a test of this kind and the total amount of such purchases, one begins to grasp how eagerly our particular firm responds to the keenness of metropolitan competition and how aggressively its members battle for supremacy!

Price wars we dreaded. Suddenly a merchant would be detected 'digging in.' He might concentrate on some specific article — books, boots, drugs; one never knew what it would be. Then his forces and ours would be all aquiver for the coming battle. If possible we would buy him out. Once a certain store staged a sale of vacuum jars and bottles of a standard or trademarked make. They were obviously under cost, for we were selling ours 'close' at the time. It was my job to ascertain how many the other man had, what sizes, whether he had a reserve, or if all were on the counter. I was to buy them and bring them back with me.

Arriving at the competitor's, I cruised about, listening to other customers, giving the impression that I was waiting for someone. Having exhausted these means of securing information, I allowed myself to become

interested, and remarked to the clerk that these jars seemed unusually good values. The clerk, thanks be, was more than ordinarily expansive. She volunteered that they had never been sold so low, that they were all perfect, and that she did not know the reason for their sale. (We did, for it was rumored that the store was about to change hands and policy.)

'These containers would be splendid for a girls' club hike, would n't they?' I continued. How many did she suppose they had? She could n't say. Well, two hundred or two hundred and fifty, perhaps? She would see. I waited anxiously, for most stores will not sell in large quantities to individual customers; it cripples service and depletes stocks, which must be kept up to a definite standard.

The girl came back with the information I hoped for. To her astonishment I told her I'd take them all with me, and it was a substantial order. The boxes were packed, loaded on a taxi, and transported to our department, where our original price held, the competitor having been literally cleaned out.

Another man decided suddenly to 'call' us on riding boots, then selling at around seventeen dollars. Daily, then twice daily, then oftener, those boots were 'shopped' by both stores. It was impossible to buy out the stock. Try as we might, we could not discover his range. He was evidently well entrenched and stood embattled for the siege. 'One pair to a customer' was his war cry. Several persons a day were sent by our office to buy. He was returning the compliment, so that what we bought to-day he would probably buy back to-morrow. As soon as his price dropped, ours dipped a proportionate amount. This seesaw continued with grim determination on both sides until the boots were finally selling below five dollars and stayed there, each store waiting a new move from the other, though the cost price was over twelve dollars and both competitors were losing money by their tactics. At last, one fine day, when we appeared according to schedule, we found that the boots had quietly crept back to normal. What price business supremacy! We all sighed with relief.

A battle, fierce and bitter, conducted on somewhat similar lines, waged around a special brand of imported soap. Twenty-five cents a cake was the usual price. Before that rival merchant got through with us and we with him the public was buying that soap at two cakes for half a cent!

Then there was an ambitious frontal attack by the soap merchant, who decided to assail all departments at the same time and cover us with a really impressive barrage. Challenging, as he did, our lower-priced selling, a policy which he claimed was an impossible gesture, he aimed at our very vitals. By supplying his public with what he considered comparable goods and by selling the goods at a sacrifice, he thought to force us into a precarious condition because of the price cuts we should be obliged to take. But our whole staff, sniffing the smoke of battle in a just cause, descended upon him in a body and bought hundreds and hundreds of dollars' worth of his stuff for analysis, examination, and scrutiny. He had planned badly and the skirmish died almost at birth.

IV

Comparison shopping is naturally looked upon as highly confidential detective work. The utmost precaution is taken by the store to guard the identity of its shoppers. The management even goes so far as to object to the shoppers eating together or walking with one another on the streets at lunch time,

lest they be the more quickly recognized. It is etiquette among the Body not to notice a fellow worker in another shop by even the faintest flicker of an eyelash. Shoppers pass like strangers in the throng, respecting one another's bread and butter. Our success depends upon our ability to remain unknown inside the store for which we work, as well. Even when we shop in our own establishment to gauge the quality of its service — that is, in regard to telephone, new clerks, elevators, delivery, stocks, staples, and so forth — we appear as customers. Mystery enshrouds us. We enter by a separate elevator that dispatches us to dizzy heights usually unattained by the rest of the personnel.

By the same token, we are not permitted to share in the benefits of the many welfare units operating throughout the store. Where labor is low-paid, paternalism usually obtains. The store for which I worked maintains an elaborate welfare system, including a permanent psychologist, a hospital perfectly equipped, and a vacation camp with accommodations for one hundred and twenty-five girls.

Many have asked me if living among extravagant clothes and beautiful appointments and accessories did not make us eager to possess them. Strangely, it did not. It was enough to test, to examine, to feel, to know. We were surfeited, and when it was necessary to remedy gaps in our own wardrobe, which wore out all too soon, we begrudged the extra effort. Shopping for us was a business, not an indoor sport.

I have often wondered how we did it, where strength came from for this ceaseless and weary jaunting in and out of shops from nine to five-thirty daily. Further to sustain our morale, and preserve our esprit de corps, our 'Chief' thoughtfully appropriated the inscription which graces the local post office: 'Neither Snow Nor Rain Nor Heat Nor Gloom of Night Stays These Couriers From the Swift Completion of Their Appointed Rounds.' Elaborately lettered, it faced us from a strategic position as we left on *our* appointed rounds, sometimes to basements, sub-basements, or triple-basements,— for certain ambitious merchants, not content with scaling high heaven to cry their wares, tunnel the bowels of the earth to secure the basement or 'shawl' trade, — or perhaps to the subway or the 'El.'

Zero hour struck for me, I think, while 'shopping' these same basements in a neighboring city on Easter Saturday afternoon. The shawl trade, released from its mills and factories, had turned out en masse. Those hordes of jostling, pushing, wildly gesticulating foreigners, charging the crowds through cruelly narrow aisles packed too full, and trailed by countless screaming progeny, the close, fetid air, the sense of dangerous helplessness which a mob always gives, left me baffled and bewildered, and still fill me with clutching retrospective terror.

Down in these cellared depths, tragically enough, skimmed milk masquerades as cream. Here are found the loud offensive plaids, coats whose quota of shoddy is far too high, the broad sheep's wool collar, dyed in black and tan streaks, the deer skin, stenciled in spots to pass for leopard — a travesty on Fifth Avenue styles, done in cheap imitation for Avenue A. Here they disport themselves boldly on the counters and in the open mart, all these stepchildren of the trade, with whom we are warned not to traffic — the powdered, weighted silks, the seconds, the imperfects, the fakes.

And yet there is a romance, an adventure, about the job. One never knows what will happen next, and one

must be ready for anything. There is that fascinating element of the unexpected, of suddenly being saturated by a thrilling flood of beauty that sweeps away all the tiredness and the wretched monotony of battling with crowds. I had several such experiences. Once, while 'shopping' Japanese kimonas on the Avenue, I entered an elevator and found myself suddenly translated into centuries that understood the need of spiritual reënforcement; for the owner, an Oriental, had made of that small space a shrine! Here was Beauty in all her loveliness, and a peace that smoothed out the cares of day. When I reached the second floor, where I had again to take up my rôle, I felt that I had indeed been away on a long, soul-restoring excursion into a new and undiscovered country, and the poignant experience can be repeated when I close my eyes. Or, again, when I was sent to report a competitor's presentation of seventeenth-century brocades and tapestries. To touch them, to be ravished by color that takes on added glory with the ages, to reconstruct a background fitting their grandeur, and to people it with those who, in that far-away time of splendor, knew this richness as a part of their being, was a quickening and dramatic episode.

Those were the high lights, of course. I left after nine months because the prospects of advancement were rather slim. With luck, one might perhaps become head of stock in the art embroidery, or else sell on the floor at thirty dollars a week. That's the hardship. Many of these women become job-tied because a little salary is a dangerous thing. It fosters and encourages that inferiority complex of which we hear and, alas, see so much, and it cripples initiative. They are afraid to move on, to try something new, and so are mired deep in ruts from which it is hard to pull out.

Of course I miss the store. Certain aspects of the job, if your health holds out, are so interesting. I love the changing sights, the crowds, the hum of many voices, the cheery greetings, the bustle, the 'girls' behind the counters whom one got to know and like. For, despite rules, human contacts have a way of leveling regulations, and we became friends, — and what a difference *that* makes! — so that even now, when the nine o'clock gong rings, I report occasionally for duty because I can't help myself, and I wander about the crowded aisles of the old setting, like the ghost of my former, hustling self!

HOUSE-HUNTING IN THE COUNTRY

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

I FELT from the start that my wife was going to have her own way; it was the old story of the compromise on linen sheets. But when we decided to carry our explorations into the country I insisted that the job should be done thoroughly. For years I had done a certain amount of house-hunting in the pages of *Country Life*, but this was to be a different matter. It's one thing to turn the advertising pages of a well-printed, well-illustrated magazine, but it's quite another to go scooting all over England upon the more or less prejudiced suggestion of an estate agent. House-hunting in a magazine is gently stimulating and at the same time restful. Lighting a cigar, you say to yourself: 'This is going to be my busy day,' whereupon you throw yourself into an easy-chair and listlessly turn the pages until you come upon something like this, under a fascinating picture: —

FOR SALE: Freehold. Lewston Manor, Dorset. Some 1083 Acres, Mainly Pasture, Considerable Woodland, and Beautiful Timbered Park. The Estate comprises the ENTIRE PARISH OF LEWESTON, of which the owner is Lay Rector, with a most attractive Private Chapel (about 1600 A.D., old oak, etc.) near to the House. Owner is also LORD OF THE MANOR. Fine Georgian House, facing due south, about 400 Ft. above Sea Level. Three handsome reception rooms (en suite), two or three others, billiard room, about 20 principal bed and dressing and five bathrooms, excellent servants' accommodation and offices. Most efficient central heating. Entirely modern drainage (certified annually) and automatic supply of spring water. HUNTING practically every day. GOOD SHOOTING, might be largely increased. POLO AND GOLF NEAR.

One muses to one's self. That sounds pretty good. The owner automatically becomes a lay rector. No examinations into qualifications or anything. Carries with it the right to preach, no doubt; and I'll be blistered if I cannot preach about as well as any rector I have ever heard discourse from a Church of England pulpit. And I have spent more money on Bibles than all the preachers you and I know put together. I wonder, shall I be called on to marry anybody? I know the rules of that game, too. Does not the 'Table of Kindred and Affinity,' 'wherein whoever are related are forbidden in Scripture to marry together,' hang, suitably framed, in our guest chamber at home, and are these rules not rigorously enforced? It saves a lot of trouble for a man to be told plainly that he may not marry his grandmother, and a woman that it is useless for her to cast longing eyes upon her daughter's daughter's husband; no such goings-on in our house: we must draw the line somewhere.

'Hunting practically every day.' That sounds fine: one's ecclesiastical duties done, one slips off one's cassock, and lo! one is in pink. One flings one's self upon one's horse and gallops off to the meet, careless that he arrives upon a tired animal, for has not his man, several hours before, gone on with a led

horse which shall be quite fresh at the moment of starting? 'Good shooting,' too, which 'might be largely increased.' 'Polo and golf near.' Golf is a bit too sedentary for me, but polo I love. No fishing, I observe, but one can't have everything; I suppose one could lease a fiord in Norway or somewhere. But, on the whole, I don't think the place will do. It's too big — too much responsibility; something smaller would suit me better. And turning the pages further one comes across this, also under a charming picture: —

BETWEEN CHIDDINGFOLD & HASLEMERE. A unique Old-World Cottage Residence, A.D. 1453, charmingly situated and containing Hall, Drawing Room, Dining Room, Seven Bedrooms. Acetylene Gas. Pretty Gardens of Two-and-a-Half Acres. Fine View.

Just the thing, but that it lacks every convenience. There are no bathrooms, no hot water 'laid on,' no heating of any kind; merely an old, a very old house, — damp as a vault, doubtless, — and a view. I like the situation: I would not be too far from my friend Graham Robertson; but, on the whole, I think I'd better look elsewhere. Thus passes a very pleasant morning, without expense or fatigue or regret upon a hasty or labored decision. This, I say, is house-hunting of a kind, but one gets nowhere. We were in England to decide upon a home. We must be up and doing.

It was quite obvious that if we were to accomplish anything we could not depend upon trains; we must have a motor. The question was, should we buy or hire? We decided to hire; and I said to myself, 'Our comfort largely depends upon having a good car and a good chauffeur.' After meditation I decided to call upon the representative of an excellent car, tell him what I wanted, and ask his advice. This I did, and I had the good fortune to hear of a garage that had a 'fleet' of just such cars as I wanted; it was in the north of London, but it was 'on the telephone': all I had to do was to call up. But somehow my suspicions were aroused. It would be well to investigate; so, taking a taxi, I rode until I noticed with alarm that the clock was pointing to three shillings, about which time I was set down before a garage in which were two old cars, one a tiny runabout, the other such a car as I wanted, but of prehistoric pattern. Had my taxi-driver made a mistake? No, the address was quite right; this was the 'fleet.'

Gently cursing the man who had so low an opinion of my intelligence as to suppose that I would hire a car for a month without looking at it, I entered another taxi, saying, 'Piccadilly Circus,' knowing that I could mature another plan before I got there. Then it occurred to me to seek information at the Royal Automobile Club. So I changed my instructions, and in half an hour entered that great institution in Pall Mall. Here I might have received good advice had I gone to the proper department, but I got to the wrong desk with my troubles, which I confided to a man who seemed deeply interested. 'Quite so, quite so,' he said, 'I know a man who has a fleet of cars of just the kind you want. Wait a moment. I 'll get him on the telephone.' In a few moments he returned, saying that he had his friend and that I could talk to him on the telephone; that I could depend upon anything his friend might tell me. 'Where is he?' I inquired. Some distance away, I was told, but I could talk to him on the telephone; he had a fine fleet — I did not like the word 'fleet.' 'What is your friend's name and what is his address?' 'Newton is his name, and his address — but you can talk to him on the telephone.' 'No, thank you very much,' I replied; 'tell Mr. Newton to wait until I call upon him.'

Then I gave myself an illustration of what advertising men call the 'pulling power of the printed word.' I remembered that I had read — I don't know when or where — that Harrod's in Kensington had a motor-hire department, and I did what I should have done in the first place: I went to Harrod's — who also had a 'fleet' of cars, but this time a fleet in being — and picked out a fine Armstrong-Siddeley car, and secured the services of an excellent chauffeur, named Percival. He turned out to be, in fact, Maxine Elliott's chauffeur; that lady being on the continent for two or three months, her man was at a loose end and had taken a job with Harrod's. During all of our journeys, and we made many in all directions, every incident was a pleasant one. We found our Percival to be prompt and polite, a careful driver, and resourceful in emergency. Once something happened to the intestines of our car; an immediate operation proved to be necessary, and it was performed very successfully upon the roadside. Meantime we had accepted a lift of a mile or so to The Hotel, in Church Stretton, intending to stop there long enough for a cup of tea, but we found the hotel so excellent that we decided to spend the night. Church Stretton is a town of one street, several miles long. The church from which it takes its name is not important, but in it is a tablet in memory of the author of *Jessica's First Prayer*. This book fifty years ago had a vogue which would not be understood to-day. My well-worn copy bears an affectionate inscription, and an appalling date: 1869!

II

Theoretically, I am an experienced horseman. I delight in hunting; I ride straight; indeed, I am considered by some a reckless rider: a steep bank on which grows a hedge with a deep, wide ditch on the far side I regard as an invitation not to be declined. I love the music of the hounds, and the view halloo of the huntsman, and I love a dinner at which all the men are in pink and the ladies — well, bless them, however gowned. But actually I have never been on a horse's back; and at such a dinner, in a black swallowtail coat, I should feel like a Presbyterian in his predestined flames. Of what good to me, then, is my fine collection of sporting books? By them I deceive no one, myself least of all. 'So,' as Anita Loos says, when I decided to become an English country gentleman, I made up my mind not to affect the sportsman, but rather to take up the ecclesiastical line, for which my age and figure are much better suited. I would be seen walking slowly, as if in deep meditation, in a cathedral close: my conversation would be of Bibles and of prayer books. Such knowledge, I felt, could not go unrecognized. I had no wish to become a curate, one whose idea of dissipation would consist in passing cucumber sandwiches and tea to old ladies; and my modesty would, of course, prevent my accepting the Bishopric, but with my war record I thought that I might become a minor canon. I had no idea of the duties of a minor canon, but I was not too old to learn.

Such, in general, were my views when I received one morning in my mail a letter from an estate agent telling of a charming old-world mansion situated not far from Bishops Stortford. It read delightfully: 'A dignified mansion on the east side of a hill facing the rising sun; the oldest part dates from 1728.' This singularly attractive freehold was to be sold publicly upon a certain date, unless previously disposed of by private treaty, which seemed altogether likely. The house stood in seventeen acres of ground; the oaks were famous; more

land could be had if desired. The house contained a lounge hall, three spacious reception rooms, a study, five bedrooms, two dressing rooms, two bathrooms, a servants' hall, and good offices; electric light, company's water, central heating, stabling, garage, and outbuildings. The grounds included an old-world garden, a tennis lawn, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, rookery, and paddock. Such a property would not go begging. Getting a map, I learned that Bishops Stortford was just halfway between London and Cambridge: we must be on our way. Percival was called and responded; we were soon off on our journey.

It is not an easy thing to get out of London in a motor: on and on we went, and were still in London, for the town stretches away interminably to the north, as we were subsequently to find that it does in every other direction. As we were in no special hurry, we stopped in Edmonton to look at the tiny cottage which was Charles Lamb's last home, and from the house we went to the churchyard in which he and his sister Mary lie buried. When we first visited Lamb's grave, many years ago, we found it with some difficulty, overgrown with grass and weeds, but it is now cared for, as I happen to know, by E. V. Lucas, his best biographer, and a well-worn path leads to the spot.

The landscape to the north of London is flat and ugly, getting flatter and uglier as one leaves the city behind him, and we were just a little chilled toward Bishops Stortford before we got there. The house was impossible; there was no bishop, no cathedral, none of the ecclesiastical plant which the name suggested — no anything. The town was a gift from the Conqueror to the Bishop of London, and if you ask me, I don't think it was by any means his best one. The church is of no interest whatever, and the fact that Cecil Rhodes was baptized in it was only mildly exciting.

The question then arose, should we go back to London or on to Cambridge? We decided in favor of Cambridge, and an hour later we were at The Bull. And here and now I protest at the miserable accommodation afforded by the average English provincial hotel, especially those long-established hostelries which make capital of their tradition. The Bull at Cambridge, The Mitre at Oxford, and Harker's at York, I shall not willingly visit again. One is much better served at the University Arms, The Randolph, and the Station Hotel, respectively, in the towns named; but of all the country hotels in England the best is Lygon Arms at Broadway. But the discomfort of The Bull vanished when, after sending our car to the garage, we began to ramble through the streets of Cambridge. How lovely it is! It has, of course, no 'High,' like Oxford, but then, Oxford has no 'Backs,' like Cambridge; meaning thereby those lovely lawns that slope so gently down to the river. It would be invidious to compare the welcome I have received from the secretaries of the Oxford and of the Cambridge Press; both are fine lads, excellent scholars, and determined Johnsonians, and if I have been delightfully entertained by a fine group of men at Pembroke College, Cambridge, have I not done my best to entertain a similar group at Pembroke College, Oxford?

But lovely as is the city on the River Cam, we soon saw that Cambridgeshire was too flat and damp for us. It was all under water once, and, if the sea ever rose a few inches, might be again. Having a car at our disposal, we determined to visit Holkham Hall in Norfolk, the seat of the Earl of Leicester. Twenty years or more ago, John Lane published a book in two sumptuous volumes, called *Coke* (pronounced 'Cook') *of Norfolk and His*

Friends. I would advise my readers, if I have any, to throw aside this paper and get a copy of the book from a library and read it: I say 'library,' for it has long been out of print, and I won't lend mine under any circumstances.

We had no idea of leasing Holkham: it is, indeed, one of the largest and finest Palladian residences in England; we had long wanted to see it and were glad of a good excuse to make the excursion. To Holkham, then, we proceeded, stopping for lunch at King's Lynn, where there is much to be seen, but the pleasantest sight was two old friends lunching at the Duke's Head, who were prevailed upon to join us on our expedition. The fates were propitious: on our arrival at the outer park gates, several miles from the house, we found that a lawn party for some charity was in progress, and that by the expenditure of a few shillings everything could be seen. What spacious lives those old birds lived a hundred and fifty years ago! Great wide avenues of old oak trees, several miles long, radiated from the great mansion in four directions; very artificial they must once have been, but they are part of the landscape now and appear to have always been of it. The great Coke, Thomas William, was in his day the richest commoner in England; he was the father of intensive farming, and made not alone two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but two, or more, of everything, including cattle, and hogs, and sheep. For more than forty years the sheep-shearings at Holkham were famous. On one occasion the host entertained eighty house guests, seven hundred people sat down for dinner, and several thousand farmers were given as much as they could eat and drink — and what an English yeoman could eat and drink, a century and a half ago, was a-plenty. Coke was as famous for his hospitality as for his cattle and his crops.

We were anxious to see the house, with its famous picture gallery, and especially the library, which contains many thousands of volumes the world will not willingly let live, and we were conducted from one part to another by the very charming daughter-in-law of the present Earl, the Honorable Mrs. Arthur Young. When life is tuned to such a pitch as it once was at Holkham, it seems a pity that it cannot last forever; but *sic transit gloria mundi.* The great days at Holkham are a thing of the past — and they are never to return.

III

As we left The Bull the next morning, the porter — or was it 'Boots'? — remarked, 'The weather is looking down, but I don't think it will fall.' But fall it did, and the rain made the rather gloomy Norman Cathedral of Peterborough more austere than usual; so, after an indifferent lunch, we pushed on to Melton Mowbray. It seems rather silly to speak of a church in a town where nothing matters but fox-hunting, but I am bound to observe that St. Mary's in Melton Mowbray is one of the finest parish churches in England. Nothing is duller than an empty theatre unless it be such a town out of season, in a pouring rain; even the knowledge that Melton gives its name to a cloth and is famous for pork pies and Stilton cheese does not redeem it. I had thought at one time of taking a hunting box at Melton, but somehow when I got there I did not feel quite up to it. I made a note, however, to discuss this matter with my friend Harry Worcester Smith when I got home. I did n't much like the idea of bringing all my horses and hounds over unless I knew how I should be received. The Prince of Wales monopolizes things too entirely at Melton; yet it is hardly

to be wondered at: it's a great title, no matter upon whom it is fastened.

From Melton we went on to York, and it was while we were drinking tea with two very delightful old ladies, whose family had lived from time immemorial in a charming old house in the precincts of the Minster, that we decided to look no further but to settle forever in York. We had found just what we wanted: a fine mansion which had once been the residence of Laurence Sterne's 'rich and opulent' uncle when he was Precentor of the Cathedral, what time Horace Walpole's friend Blackburne, 'the jolly old Archbishop of York,' kept court there. If the Archbishop was as 'gay and immoral' as he was said to be, quite naturally he would see nothing very shocking in the conduct of a dissipated young clergyman who was later to cut a distinguished figure in the world as an author. So Sterne had lived in this very house with his uncle! We liked the idea: it would do for us; but we had decided without our host — the ladies had no idea of moving; the very idea was as shocking to them as the thought of another war. So we moved on.

But before leaving the neighborhood we thought we would have a look at the house a few miles away in the Coxwold hills in which Sterne lived when he wrote *Tristram* and *A Sentimental Journey*. So, the next day being Sunday, we motored out to the little church of St. Michael and made the acquaintance of the rector, or incumbent, or whatever he was, and with him strolled up the hill to Shandy Hall, where we were welcomed by the farmer who lived in the house, who showed us Sterne's study, the tiny room in which the great books were written, and I thought of his 'most religious way of beginning a book': 'I write the first sentence — and trust to Almighty God for the second.' And that is the way literature is made — sometimes.

The idea of looking for a house farther from London than York never occurred to us; but, being in active mood, we went on to Edinburgh, crossed over to Glasgow, and came down through the Lakes and the Dukeries. The North of England is famous for its great manufacturing towns, which everyone knows, at least by name; but — and this is not so well known — it is also famous for its great estates. 'What should they know of England who only England know?' sang Kipling, hymning the Empire. The same might be said of those who know England only from a railway train: they never see the baronial halls, the splendid mansions for which England is famous; nor indeed does one see many of them from a motor, but ever and again the highway skirts a wall, or a hedge and a ditch and a fence, and sooner or later one comes upon a pair of highly wrought park gates, and perhaps, at the end of a vista of half a mile or more, catches a glimpse of one of those stately homes which have been for centuries, it may be, the principal seat of some distinguished family. But, seeing them, one cannot escape the feeling that what once was the strength of England is now her weakness. Life on the great landed estates must once have been magnificent, but it is so no longer. How many such estates are there? I have no idea, — an immense number, — but they are done for. No longer can a man surround himself with miles of stone wall, pierced here and there with entrances, scaled in magnificence to the use for which they were intended, and live without reference to the wants of his fellows. From time immemorial England has specialized in fences of every kind and character; high brick or stone walls, hedges in which is concealed wire, or fences made of thin strips of oak overlapping

at the side, which, allowed to weather, finally take the color of the landscape: green where green predominates, otherwise a rusty brown. These boundary lines say more plainly than words, 'Respect my privacy — all within is mine.' The English equivalent of 'Welcome' is 'Private.'

Our greatest jurist, John Marshall, uttered an unpleasant truth when he said, 'The power to tax is the power to destroy.' These great estates are being destroyed; it is inevitable that the right of primogeniture must pass. England is now in the throes of a revolution in which is being accomplished what was only done in France by the shedding of blood. It was while we were meditating upon these matters that there appeared in the *Spectator*, in response to a request from its editor, a brief article written by a Dutchman in reply to the question put to him: 'What is wrong with England?' The question was to be answered in eight hundred words. 'I do not require eight hundred, or eighty; your question can be answered in eight,' said the Dutchman: '*England has idled and played away her position*,' and then he enlarged upon this text, convincingly, if sadly. 'And the remedy,' he said; 'your King gave it, years ago, when still Prince of Wales, in a famous speech at the Guildhall, when he said, "Wake up, England!" By waking up, by putting in more work and less play, all of you, high and low, you will, aided by the many sterling qualities of your race, retrieve a considerable part of the ground you have lost.'

But will they? I hope so, for what nation can take Britain's place in the world? But her problems are terrific; her poverty is appalling, especially in the north. Glasgow is horrible: one could not enjoy its fine picture gallery for thinking of the misery outside, groups of unemployed and unemployable standing about waiting for the miserable dole on which they subsist. And the worst of it is that a generation is growing up that has never worked and does not intend to. On my return to London, I spoke to John Burns about this and of its dangers. 'Ay,' said he, 'but there are families living in Mayfair and Belgravia who have not done a tap of work for six hundred years!'— which is a retort, but not an answer.

We were glad to escape from a scene of so much misery into the gentle loveliness of the Lakes, but a feeling of sadness came over us again when we visited Chatsworth: its grandeur was depressing; even the romantic beauty of Haddon Hall seemed to have lost some of its charm. Once again, and perhaps for the last time, we called at Hardwick. I make no pretense of being on intimate terms with His Grace, the Duke of Devonshire, one of whose homes this lovely old palace is; but I count his housekeeper a friend, and in her company I have several times explored the Hall from cellar to garret. What an amazing person was Bess, its builder! Married for the first time before she was fourteen, the habit then formed she kept up: she married and built, and married and built, until at last 'Hardwick Hall, more glass than wall,' was completed, whereupon she gathered her feet up into her bed and died, much to the relief of her last husband, as he does not hesitate to record. The old red-haired harridan has always fascinated me: in appearance and in other ways she much resembled Queen Elizabeth, whose unwilling guest she had been in the Tower while her husband acted as gaoler to Mary Queen of Scots.

Widows don't stay widows long in England. With us, as soon as our wives get our insurance money they sink peacefully into rocking-chairs and rock themselves slowly into their graves. An Englishwoman is always ready again to take a chance — to let hope

triumph over experience. It was while sitting in a public house late one afternoon, dressed in my oldest clothes and wearing a cap, — for a hat sometimes makes one conspicuous, — that I overheard a conversation on marriage that might have been taken bodily from one of Hardy's novels. It was a cold, raw day, and I had unintentionally assisted at a funeral in the Abbey Church of the town, warmed only by a few wax tapers. After the coffin had been borne away on the shoulders of six men in weepers, I left promptly for a near-by tavern to have a drop of something hot. On both sides of a tiny grate, in which a fire was smouldering, sat a group of country yokels, one of whom after a time made a place for me. A few words were said as to the funeral, then all was quiet; finally an old man remarked: 'H'I do 'ear as 'ow 'e's left 'er a thousan' poun'.' 'A thousan' poun'!' exclaimed another. 'She won't be a widdy long with a thousan' poun'.' 'I would marry worse nor her for less,' said an old man with perhaps three badly placed teeth in his head. 'Ay, but would she have ye?' said another. 'Ye can't tell,' said the first speaker; 'lonesome is lonesome.' 'She won't stay lonesome long with all that money, and the 'ouse is freehold, I'm told,' remarked another. 'She married for money once; maybe next time 't will be for love. I've no doubt some lively young man is a-consolin' her now this very minute.' And so the talk went on. Why waste your time looking at a genre painting in a museum when you can take part in one?

If ever I had a longing for a large estate, I had gotten bravely over it: for me the quiet life, the quieter and simpler the better, as less likely to be disturbed. We motored from place to place, and I noticed that our spirits rose perceptibly as we neared London. Someone asked us why we did not go to Broadway, and we did, spending several pleasant days at that delightful hostelry, the Lygon Arms. A good, large, well-aired room, with a comfortable bed and a bath, was given us and thoroughly enjoyed. I am a light sleeper, — that is to say, after the first seven or eight hours my rest is broken, — and often I have wondered of what the mattresses in English provincial hotels are made; a deal table could not be harder, and a deal table would have the advantage of being flat, while the mattresses are studded — with what, I ask you. And I have wondered, too, where the English got their ideas of bathtubs, but that question was satisfactorily answered when I saw a row of stone coffins, dating from Saxon times, standing upright against an old church in Shrewsbury: they furnished the pattern.

We were at Broadway, but that lovely picturesque village of one street hardly charmed me as I thought it would. One feels that it is losing its old-world air — its refinement, perhaps. On Sunday it is crowded with trippers, and while one wishes them well, and is glad that the char-à-bancs is able to transport so many people out of themselves, one would not care to live in a glass house, so to speak, for their amusement. A feeling of delicacy prevented our calling on Mary Anderson de Navarro, whom I once knew, and who has for some years made Broadway her home; fearful of troubling her, we scarcely dared look at her charming home.

We had timed our journey to reach London on a Sunday evening, and the sun was just setting when we found ourselves approaching Stoke Poges Church, made forever famous by Gray's immortal Elegy. The bells were being pealed and we stopped for a few minutes, although we wanted to get the distant prospect of Eton College

from the terrace at Windsor, and keep an appointment for dinner at the Café Royal. It was fine to get back.

There remained to be explored some charming spots in Sussex and in Kent. We thought of Tunbridge Wells, whence my people had several centuries ago emigrated to America, and of a little Mary Tudor cottage, with a garden, at Stone Cross, only a pleasant drive over the common from the station. It had a lovely old-world garden, as, indeed, what cottage in England has not? No people in the world love gardens as do the English, but, as Kipling says,

> . . . such gardens are not made
> By saying 'Oh! how beautiful!' and sitting in the shade.

The English work for them — and they are assisted by nature as nowhere else. They have no sudden changes as we do: the word 'sudden' indeed exists for them only in the pages of a dictionary. When it rains — and it does rain — it rains gently; with us, it pours: it washes out our paths and our drives, it beats down our flowers, and those that have survived the flood are destroyed by the heat. The cottage at Stone Cross was not to be had, but we loved it just the same, for was it not the home of two of our dearest friends? It stands near what was in the time of the Conqueror a magnificent oak; now it is a ruin, but a stately one, respected for its age. 'Queen Elizabeth once had tea under that oak,' our chauffeur told us, quite indifferent to the fact that tea was not introduced into England till after her death; but tea is now consumed in such quantities that one cannot imagine a time when it was unknown.

The English countryside is picturesque to a degree; except in the manufacturing districts in the north, which are ugly, as they are everywhere, the whole country is beautiful. It has a washed and combed and brushed appearance, entirely lacking in our newer land. But it is not to be forgotten that what is picturesque may be very uncomfortable and unhygienic. Think, for example, of living in a cottage built of porous stone, without a cellar, the floors of which are of stone, laid directly upon the cold damp earth. Whenever I visit Dove Cottage, the home of Wordsworth, for instance, I can never free myself of the idea of the self-centred William calling to his sister Dorothy of a winter's morning to heat and bring up his shaving water, and of her paddling about on stones as hard and cold as lumps of ice.

We looked at several little villas near Tunbridge Wells, we explored the Thames country, and were fascinated by its loveliness, but somehow we had lost heart in the undertaking. If the truth must be told, we were a trifle homesick. For all our many friends in England, we felt that we should not be welcome. Americans are cordially disliked; and the reason is not far to seek. We have thrown Europe out of balance; the globe is no longer round like an orange, but elliptical like an egg. As Galsworthy makes one of his characters say: 'The world would have been a much cosier place if Christopher Columbus had been less inquisitive.' Had we remained in England, we should have spent the rest of our lives in making explanations which would hardly have been understood. We had a perfectly good house at home, — full of ups and downs, like life, — built from time to time to meet what we thought were our requirements. We had grown into it like a suit of old clothes: we wondered why we had ever thought of leaving it, and felt just a little bit ashamed of ourselves. We decided to return, taking to heart a remark we had one day heard an old caretaker make, that 'it takes a 'eap of living in a 'ouse to make it 'ome.'

OFF HIS BEAT

BY MORRIS GRAY, JR.

STANTON tossed the evening paper to the floor and looked sombrely about the room. It was a large room, high-studded, paneled in dark dull oak, with bookcases built in flush and running up to the ceiling. He wondered idly what books those were, out of reach and forgotten, on the top shelves. Once, many years before, he had brought a ladder and climbed up, but he could n't remember their titles now. There they were, lost forever, lifted far aloft like a little ledge of cliff dwellings.

The furniture was also of dark oak, with several imported and authentic antiques, bought by his wife from a very fashionable dealer, to replace the old mahogany that he had inherited from his father. There was a long, scarred refectory table, glowing like old port; a smaller table of the gate-legged type, holding a lamp adapted from a brown pottery vase, several novels, a silver cigarette box, and the current issue of *Punch*. Jacobean tables — were n't they a little alien to America, a little conscious, perhaps? He preferred the familiar old mahogany that had seemed indigenous to the soil.

A bright wood fire burned on the hearth, and beyond it, half reclining on the green upholstered sofa, his wife Ethel was reading a novel. She looked very charming as she lay there, the warm light from a saffron-shaded lamp falling on her fair hair and rather child-like, narrow face. A white, manicured hand rested on the edge of the sofa, and he caught the flash of the diamond he had given her when they were engaged. Fifteen years. It was a long time. They had three children now, three little girls tucked up in bed upstairs. Well . . .

He got up and moved slowly about the room. There were his grandfather's books, lined up in the dark oak shelves. The old boy had been a lover of good literature, something of a scholar. How the devil had he found the time for it? He had been a successful merchant — died rich, thank God. On the shelf at a level with his eye were the *Spectator*, Gibbon in handsome leather, Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, and higher up some classical Frenchmen and three translations of the *Iliad*.

He took down a volume here and there, and turned over the leaves. There was a musty smell about them; the fine ribbed paper, indestructible as parchment, was yellowing at the edges. Pepys's *Diary*, Boswell — there was treasure in these volumes, the reflections of rich and mellow minds. But how to get at it, men like himself? One had n't the time, these days — even the sustained inclination. It was like a soft-handed man digging for gold — gold buried fifty feet down through frozen slag. One had to keep in training for that sort of thing. Fit. Sometimes on a wet Sunday afternoon he would take down several volumes and lie on the sofa. The prose was the best: it had more dignity and power — the servant rather than the master. Gibbon. . . . Sonorous, stalking sentences, rich and full like chords from an organ.

He moved along a few steps. The novels of Miss Charlotte Yonge: they ought to be on the top shelf. Alphonse Daudet in the original, bound in red morocco. He pulled out *Sapho* and turned over the pages. He had read it as a boy, and remembered how the young man with the blond beard carried the woman upstairs — four flights. Some schoolmate had had the book in a translation. They had all read it. His grandfather must have read it, too; there on the flyleaf was his name in the thin, sloping script of the time, and the date. The old chap must have been close to eighty.

'What *are* you looking for, John?'

He shoved the book back into place and brushed the dust from his fingertips.

'Just pottering about.'

His wife closed her book. 'We're dining with the Folwells to-morrow night,' she said.

'What — again?'

She looked up at him. 'We did n't go the last time. You had a men's dinner. Don't you remember?'

He moved over and stood with his back to the fire.

'Don't you think we overdo this social business a bit?' he asked. 'Four dinners this week! And how many next?'

'Well, don't you want to see people, your friends?'

'I know, I know; but — they're always the same people. It's getting to be a routine, just like the office.'

His wife swung her slim silk legs to the floor.

'Would you like to go away?' she asked. 'We could go to Hot Springs for a week. The Hammonds are there, and you'd get some golf.'

'Hot Springs? Lord, no! I don't want to go away. And I can't leave the office. There's a new issue coming out.'

Her white brow, delicately troubled, smoothed out, and she got up gracefully, a rather thin figure in blue, a string of pearls about her neck.

'There was something I wanted to ask you about. What was it now?'

'God knows.'

'Don't be a beast! Oh yes — the new car. What color shall we have it painted? They telephoned to-day.'

'Paint it black, and if you can induce Martin to keep the tires pipeclayed you'll have the smartest car in town.'

'I rather like blue.'

'Well, blue then. Blue, by all means.'

He turned to the door. 'I think I'll go out and get some air before bed.'

Stanton strolled northward along the familiar street — blocks of conventional stolid houses of brownstone and brick, no two alike, their heterogeneous façade set back and protected from the commonalty of street and sidewalk by little plots of grass, enclosed jealously in stone copings. He knew who lived in many of them. Old Ashley, in the big corner house there, he saw downtown; with others he rarely exchanged more than a nod, although for years now he had been meeting them on his way to and from the office. He glanced up at the drawn yellow shades, smooth and noncommittal as the faces of men about a directors' table.

Across the street, a man in evening dress stood in the light from an open doorway, while two fox terriers ran about on the pavement. Jeffries. He'd seen him that afternoon at the club.

'Hi! Come in and have a drink.'

Stanton waved, quickening his step. 'No, thanks. Not to-night.'

But a few blocks farther on he paused before a small, neat house. The light

from a street lamp fell on a brass plate which bore the name, 'Richard Bentham, M.D.,' and by the curb stood a small enclosed car.

'Must be in,' he thought.

He rang, and stood tapping his stick until a gray-haired manservant in a black alpaca coat opened the door. The man smiled when he saw Stanton.

'Come in, sir,' he said. 'The Doctor's upstairs in the library.'

Stanton tossed his hat on a bench and went up one flight, to find his friend stretched out in a large leather chair, his feet in another.

Bentham rose heavily. 'Hullo, there,' he said. 'Come in.'

He was a robust, powerful man with thick graying hair and close-clipped moustache. He and Stanton had been classmates, but he looked ten years older.

'I saw your car outside and thought I'd stop in for a moment.'

'Good. Sit down.' He rummaged in a drawer for a box of cigars.

'You did n't come to Stevens's dinner,' Stanton remarked.

'No. I had a case out of town.'

'Stevens spread himself. Twenty men, champagne, and all the fixings.'

'He must have been making money.'

'Looks like it.'

Bentham bit off the end of his cigar and struck a match. 'How 's business?'

'Oh, well enough. I get fed up at times — the routine. And this dining out, and bridge. Ethel likes it.' He looked over at his friend. 'I don't suppose you could take six weeks off — five, at a pinch?' he asked.

'What's on your mind?'

'Oh, I had a vision of you and me in the South of France somewhere. Sunshine, palm trees, French cooking, atmosphere of elegant depravity. Damned agreeable, by George!'

'It would be.'

'Well, think it over.'

'I'm afraid not. . . . Another year I might manage it, though.'

The telephone on the table interrupted them. Bentham reached for the receiver.

'Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, I'll come right up.'

He turned to Stanton. 'Sorry, I've got to go out.'

'Right.'

The two men went down the stairs together and stood by the car.

'Come along if you like,' Bentham said. 'I may not be long, and you can walk home from there.'

They crossed the avenues and entered a district of ill-lighted, narrow streets, finally drawing up before a dark, three-storied house in a remote quarter of the city. Bentham went up the steps and was immediately admitted.

Stanton began to pace to and fro. It was another block of brick and brownstone houses, but these were sooty and neglected, and there was no protecting row of grass plots; the steep, narrow steps led directly up from the uneven bricks.

Once more he looked up at the house. The shutters were closed, with only a dim glow showing through the fanlight. Bentham might be there an hour. He 'd better get home. But his ear caught the clanging of a gong far down the street. Fire? Patrol? A long gray vehicle glided round the corner, the man beside the driver scanning the numbers on the houses. It drew up behind Bentham's car. The men jumped down, pulled out a stretcher, and went up the steps. They were greeted by a young woman.

Bentham must have found things in bad shape. He 'd wait a bit; there was a certain drama in this. Presently the young woman reappeared on the threshold, pulled at a catch, and the double door swung open. The first stretcher bearer moved slowly through, and

stopped. The steps were exceedingly steep; and Stanton heard Bentham's voice from within call, 'Wait a moment.' Then Bentham himself edged past and beckoned to him. 'Lend a hand here,' he called.

Stanton sprang up; and the four men, each holding a handle of the stretcher, moved down to the ambulance. As they slid the stretcher into place, he glanced at the face below him. An elderly man, muffled in the blankets, with dark cadaverous cheeks and glistening forehead.

Bentham drew Stanton aside.

'I'm going in the ambulance. Would you mind driving his daughter to the hospital in my car?'

'Of course not.'

As the young woman came down the steps, Bentham led him over to her. 'I'm going with your father in the ambulance,' he said. 'My friend here will drive you to the hospital.'

He handed Stanton the key of his car and climbed briskly into the back of the ambulance. Stanton turned to the girl. 'We'd better keep up with them,' he said.

They glided through endless rows of narrow brick houses, houses shuttered for the most part, with occasional dingy delicatessen and tailor shops in the basements.

'I hope your father is n't seriously ill.'

'We don't know. He's very weak — and his heart —'

Her voice had an agreeable quality, poised, yet a little shy. In the glare of an arc light he saw she was looking straight ahead, as if fearful of losing sight of the ambulance. It turned down a side street, and was lost to view. Stanton increased their speed.

'Bentham 's a first-rate man,' he said.

'Yes, I know.'

They found the ambulance drawn up before a great brick building with stone facing. The attendants had already withdrawn the stretcher and were shuffling with it through a wide lighted doorway beyond the main entrance.

'They 're taking him up in the elevator,' Stanton remarked. 'We'd better go in here.'

But she had slipped out of the car and run ahead. He saw her standing by the stretcher as the doors closed. What should he do now? Wait? Or leave the key of the car at the office, and get home? He went into the entrance hall. The air had a heavy, acrid smell — disinfectants and steam heat. No one was about, but a few steps down the corridor a door stood ajar, a bright light shining within. The office, no doubt. Well, he'd wait for a few minutes. Bentham might come down. He took out his cigarette case, looked at it, and thrust it back.

There came a click of an elevator in the passage, the door opened, and Bentham and the girl stepped out. They turned in at another door, a waiting-room apparently, and he could hear Bentham's low, even tones. Presently they ceased, and Bentham came out alone and crossed to where he stood.

'Much obliged, old chap,' he said. 'No use your waiting about. See you in a day or two.'

'How 's the old fellow upstairs?'

'Bad. We 've got to operate. His heart 's the trouble.'

'Here 's the key to your car.'

'Oh yes; thanks.'

'I'll wait for a bit. Can't smoke here, I suppose?'

Bentham smiled and shook his head. 'No, you can't smoke.'

Stanton moved about the empty hallway. Who were these people? The gaunt old man upstairs, breathing in the ether, and his daughter there — waiting. . . . But it was n't his affair. Why not get home?

A man came leisurely down the

corridor, a stoutish pale-faced fellow in a nondescript gray suit, brown hat, and an overcoat unbuttoned, the collar turned up. He carried a thin leather bag, and was illegally smoking a cigarette. The door slammed behind him.

Doctors! He knew several besides Bentham fairly well. And he had had a good deal of experience with them professionally, particularly the fat, soft-spoken obstetrician who had brought his three daughters into the world — and charged him twelve hundred dollars a head. Service — service to humanity. That was their slogan — just like the automobile people. Service — and twelve-hundred-dollar fees. Well, why not? They spent a few years acquiring special knowledge and a little skill, and sold it to people who needed it — perfectly legitimate, just like plumbing or drawing up a deed. Funny how they all looked alike, though. Even without the leather bag you could spot them a mile off.

Slowly he paced the overheated, empty corridor. Through the half-open door of the office he saw an elderly woman in a nurse's uniform busy with some papers. He glanced into the waiting-room. The girl had taken off her hat, and sat relaxed in a green wicker chair. What was her name? Bentham had n't mentioned it, or he had forgotten. She looked up, without change of expression. He went down to the street to smoke a cigarette and see if Bentham's car was all right.

This part of the city was far from his accustomed beat; it had a foreign quality. He felt a certain freedom. Freedom. Pity Bentham could n't get away for a month or two. But why should n't he go alone? Two months? Six months, by George! To sit in the sunshine amid the olives and palm trees, with the blue Mediterranean beyond, and well-dressed, leisurely people taking the air preparatory to an apéritif — people commonplace enough, doubtless, if you knew them, but he did n't know them — did n't have to. Freedom. And he 'd read some of his grandfather's books.

He went back into the entrance hall. That girl, now. How old was she? Twenty-three, perhaps. She probably worked at something. . . . He glanced at his watch. An hour had passed. They ought to be through by this time. Why had n't he gone home at once? There was that new issue to-morrow; he 'd have to be on his toes.

He found the girl sitting in the green wicker chair. There was something gallant in her quiet control; only her eyes were harassed and restless. But it could n't be long now. He moved across the room and sat down, the chair creaking under his weight. On the mantelpiece a small gilt clock ticked steadily, and then struck twelve brisk strokes.

The girl stirred, and there was a new intentness in her face; her eyes, unseeing, were focused on the glow of the lamp. Perhaps if he went out and spoke to the night superintendent he could get her a cup of coffee. He got up and, moving softly behind her, went out into the corridor. The office was empty; the gray-haired nurse was making her rounds, no doubt. He moved on a few steps. There might be a sitting-room beyond for the nurses on night duty. All the doors were closed, but he heard a step on the stairway. Bentham came slowly into the corridor.

'Well?' Stanton said.

'No use.'

'You don't mean he 's dead!'

'Yes.'

Involuntarily Stanton looked down toward the door of the waiting-room.

'You 'll have to go and tell her,' he said.

'Naturally.'

Stanton watched him move down the corridor and turn in at the door.

She would n't grasp the full significance at first. No one ever did. What would she want to do? Go back to that house, or stay here in the hospital for the night? Bentham would arrange things. He'd better get home. But he'd have to pass the door of the waiting-room.

There was no sound of voices as he approached. Bentham, competent and watchful, stood by the mantelpiece, and the girl was on her feet, facing him. As he reached the hallway, he felt reluctant to leave, but what could he do? He'd only be in the way — an intrusion.

Slowly he went down the broad steps and turned westward. But from the corner he looked back. That gray façade with lights showing here and there. Those narrow rooms, the long dim wards. Life coming, life going. . . . A little old lady, settling into her pillow: 'Oh, the morphia's so good, so good, dearie.' Amid the fumes of ether, a bandaged, broken figure stirring, groping. . . . A dark face staring out above the housetops. Cancer? They had n't said it, but he knew it — and they knew he knew it. Quite so: one did n't call these things by name; it would be like uttering an obscene word in a lady's drawing-room. Someone was whistling in the next room. It was that boy. He was going out to-morrow, so the nurse said. Going out — back to the world of toiling, and getting, and begetting. Youth? What did it matter? But he would like for an hour to lie in warm grass on a cliff, and look out at the blue level of the horizon. For an hour — and smoke a cigar.

Somewhere, in some corner behind that gray wall, the stiffening body of that old man.

Stanton strode away — fled, the narrow empty street echoing to the sharp click of his footfalls. A district of dingy rooming-houses gave way to rows of cheap modern apartments with shining brass bells in lighted vestibules. He crossed a railroad bridge and entered a broad square flanked by a church — a towering, dank cliff. The streets beyond widened out, their smooth, clean-swept pavement gleaming like ice. He followed an elm-lined avenue and turned into his own street. There was old Ashley's house on the corner, a window on the second floor open a few inches; old Ashley in there, snoring.

Slowly he went up the steps of his own house, feeling for his keys. Freedom? Before the outer door he paused and looked up and down the street. That girl — he would like to have said a word to her.

He let himself into the secure, warm hall. Freedom. . . . He felt as if he had come back from a great distance. The South of France? Two miles, scarcely, that hospital, that district of slatternly rooming-houses. He looked up at the mellow Dutch painting above the low fireplace of Caen stone. Reality? Unreality?

There had been a light in the library. He turned abruptly and went up the stairs.

His wife was lying on the sofa, the novel tossed on the floor beside her. She yawned delicately.

'W-ell,' she said, 'I thought you were lost!'

'No. Just chewing the rag with Bentham.'

She sat up and smoothed her hair. 'I've decided to have the car black.'

'What? . . . Oh, yes — the car. Black?'

He looked down at the hearth. The fire had gone out, leaving two charred sticks like gnawed bones lying across the irons. He kicked them back.

'Black, my dear. Black, by all means.'

SOLDIERS AND STATESMEN OF THE CIVIL WAR

II. LINCOLN AND GRANT

BY GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

THE public which gives its sons to fight is in time of war subjected to a novel and exhausting strain. Even the more phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon peoples tend in such times to become neurotic, and are apt to be aroused to enthusiasm or indignation on very slight grounds. This is one of the difficulties with which the statesmen of modern democracies must reckon. The experienced soldier knows how manifold are the chances and the uncertainties of war, how incomplete in normal circumstances is the information on which he has to make decisions; he is only too aware that with the highest skill and the best judgment he cannot hope to guess right all the time. It is the duty of the statesman to know this, too, for the public does not read the Maxims of Napoleon and is not aware that the victory falls to the general who makes fewest mistakes; it judges by results and readily becomes intolerant of any error which has caused loss of life. The statesman who understands his business will stand between his soldiers and hasty popular judgment. Both Lincoln and Davis have it to their eternal credit that they did this, and prevented the outstanding military figures of the war from being swept by blasts of popular criticism into oblivion in the early days of the conflict.

McClellan's easy success in Western Virginia caused the Northern public to hail him as a hero. The Southern public expected, when Lee was sent to the same theatre, that he would return with greater glory than had been won by the Northern general. It did not, it could not, know that Lee's problem was entirely different from McClellan's. Lee failed to obtain results and therefore was condemned. So it happened that, while he was in the act of preparing those masterly combinations which saved Richmond, Davis had to support him against the outspoken and sarcastic comments of the Southern press. In this case Davis, knowing Lee, backed his own judgment against that of the public, to find it triumphantly vindicated.

Lincoln had not had Davis's opportunities of becoming acquainted with the officers of the army of the United States. He did not know Grant, and could only judge of him as the public did, by his performances in the field. On April 6, 1862, Grant made, at the battle of Shiloh, a blunder which could be retrieved only by a heavy sacrifice of life. Public feeling was immediately stirred. Stories of the failing which had caused his resignation from the army were revived, and it was even said, on no evidence at all, that he had been drunk during the battle. Lincoln was pressed to remove him, but the President remembered that at a time when his other generals were finding abundant reasons for inaction Grant had

captured Forts Henry and Donelson, and that, if he had made a mistake at Shiloh, that mistake caused him not to retreat but to attack. His answer came pat to those who sought Grant's disgrace: 'I cannot spare this man. He fights.'

As late as March 1863, when the remarkable campaign which ended in the fall of Vicksburg had begun, Grant was still being pilloried in the Northern press. His troops, struggling with the floods of the Mississippi, had a hard life. 'Visitors to the camp,' Grant tells us, 'went home with dismal stories to relate; Northern papers came back to the soldiers with the stories exaggerated. Because I would not divulge my ultimate plans to visitors they pronounced me idle, incompetent, and unfit to command men in an emergency, and clamored for my removal.' Lincoln said at this time: 'I think Grant has hardly a friend except myself.' He wanted a fighter, and, believing that he had found such a one in General Grant, he stuck to him against all opposition.

In May 1863, before any decisive success had been won in the campaign for the control of the Mississippi, Lincoln had grasped what Grant was at, and had him informed that he had 'the full confidence of the Government.' 'With all the pressure brought to bear upon them,' Grant writes, 'both President Lincoln and General Halleck stood by me to the end of the campaign. I had never met Mr. Lincoln, and his support was constant.' Such should be, but too often is not, an invariable rule with statesmen in their relations with commanders in the field. The generals must be supported or removed; to keep them in command when they have evidence that they are distrusted at home is to place upon them a burden which may break them, and will certainly make it harder for them to win victories. Yet in 1917 we find the French Government, on the eve of a great campaign, making it evident to the French commander, General Nivelle, that it had no confidence in his plans, while retaining him in military control and directing him to proceed with his battle. The story of Lincoln's early relations with Grant is evidence that it was no eagerness on the President's part to do the work of his soldiers, nor any dislike of soldiers in general, which brought about the friction between himself and McClellan.

Neither Lincoln's support nor the triumph of Vicksburg made Grant a popular hero. The critics had been chanting too recently upon one note to change enthusiastically to another. Indeed, few at the time realized the full significance of Vicksburg and of Gettysburg. The memories of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville were too fresh to let men rejoice without fear of some early disillusionment. But when, in November 1863, Grant put energy and decision into the halting operations of the Union forces in Tennessee and won the victory of Chattanooga, the first genuine Thanksgiving since the outbreak of the Civil War was made possible, and the North realized that it had found a man. The rank of Lieutenant-General was revived for Grant, and he was summoned to Washington to be Commander-in-Chief of the Union forces.

I

In his account of his first interview with the President, Grant says Lincoln told him that all he wanted or had ever wanted was someone who would take responsibility and act and call on him for all the assistance he needed, and he pledged himself to use all the power of the Government in rendering such assistance. 'The President told me he

did not want to know what I proposed to do.'

It needed some severe self-control on Lincoln's part to say that. He had formed the habit of going daily to the War Department, and there, studying the latest telegrams and the maps with the position of the troops marked, he had taken to reading books on strategy and had been accustomed to make suggestions for their military movements to his generals. His brain was of that not uncommon type which finds delight in the intellectual exercise of framing military plans. Even now, when he had found his man and given him his complete confidence, he could not resist the temptation to produce a plan of campaign.

'He submitted,' Grant goes on, 'a plan of campaign of his own which he wanted me to hear and then do as I pleased about. He brought out a map of Virginia on which he had evidently marked every position occupied by the Federal and Confederate armies up to that time. He pointed out on the map two streams which empty into the Potomac, and suggested that the army might be moved on boats and landed between the mouths of these streams. We would then have the Potomac to bring our supplies and the tributaries would protect our flanks while we moved out. I listened respectfully, but did not suggest that the same streams would protect Lee's flanks while he was shutting us up.' That little story should be on the desk of every minister who finds himself in office during war.

When Grant assumed the chief control of the Union forces, effective unity of command was for the first time achieved in the North. He planned a great campaign against the Confederacy from the north, from the west, and from the coast, and decided himself to accompany the Army of the Potomac, commanded by Meade, in its operations against Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. By thus keeping his most formidable opponent under his eye, and by selecting for the Army of the Potomac a line of advance which he believed would sufficiently cover the capital, while the Shenandoah Valley was controlled by another force of Federal troops, he allayed the anxieties for the safety of Washington which had proved the undoing of others. Halleck became Chief of the Staff and remained in Washington to act as the channel of communication between Grant and the Government, and as the interpreter of the soldier's military language. This arrangement, arrived at early in 1864, was not merely practical and sensible: it was ahead of any system for the conduct of war which had been devised in Europe until von Moltke, in 1866 and 1870, displayed the Prussian methods to an astonished military world.

The encouragement which Lincoln had given Grant when the soldier was in the West naturally tended to make relations between them easy when they met. But, apart from this, Grant was exactly fitted by character and mentality to coöperate with the President. He had not Lee's extraordinary skill in manœuvre, but he had the vision to see the military problem of the Union as a whole, the imagination to draw his plans on a big scale, the courage to stick to his plans in adversity, and a real understanding of the responsibilities and anxieties of the Government. He was not a talker, though he could express his ideas on paper clearly and succinctly; he was a man of action who thought before acting and knew his own mind, and that was the type of man for which Lincoln had been seeking.

'You are vigilant and self-reliant,'

wrote the President to him soon after Grant had taken the field, 'and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you. . . . If there be anything wanting in my power to give, do not fail to let me know. And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you.'

The pages of the *Official Records* are a clear indication of the change which Grant's appointment made in the conduct of the war. Until the Lieutenant-General entered upon his functions the correspondence between Lincoln and his generals had been frequent and voluminous. On the part of the soldiers it often consisted of complaints of the inefficiency of the administration or of requests for guidance upon matters which they should have decided for themselves; on Lincoln's part it comprised too frequently suggestions for military manœuvres forced from him because his generals showed doubts and hesitations. From March 1864 all this ceased. The bulk of Grant's correspondence was addressed to Halleck; he and the President rarely exchanged letters, and the latter, relieved from many worries and perplexities, became definitely master of his house. Grant took an early opportunity of assuring the powers in Washington of his gratitude for their zeal in supplying his needs, a pleasing change from the usual tenor of correspondence from the army. Soldier and statesman set about their business without interfering each with the other, and consequently the work of both prospered. This does not mean that Lincoln handed over to another his responsibility for the conduct of the war. The statesman cannot divest himself of such responsibility, and Lincoln made no attempt to do so. He read every line of Grant's reports and followed all his movements with the closest attention.

II

Grant's plan was to combine all the forces of the Union, naval and military, east and west, in one great co-ordinated effort, and with these forces 'to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources until by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission with the loyal section of our community to the Constitutional laws of the land.' The Northern forces were to work together with one object, that object being to deprive the centrally placed enemy of his chief weapon, manœuvre, by fastening on to his armies and compelling them to fight often and to fight hard. Some of the details of the execution of this plan may be criticized as lacking in finesse and as causing avoidable loss of life, but it gave to the Union forces a definite goal and a precise purpose for their efforts, which had been lacking heretofore, and was the simplest method of bringing the superior military power of the North into play.

Grant's appointment had been hailed with enthusiasm in the North, and the hopes which it aroused ran high. The appearance of a new commander in war is generally the signal for an outburst of popular acclamation. But a public always greedy for results quickly becomes impatient if it does not get them, and impatience is apt to change to disappointment and anger. When Grant's eagerly expected advance began and was followed by the long lists of casualties from the battlefields of the Wilderness, of Spotsylvania, and of Cold Harbor, grief produced anxieties which turned to grumblings against the new Commander-in-Chief. These grumblings had their political reactions, which, with the approach of the presidential election, were of importance. On July 2, 1864, Congress

moved the President to appoint a day of humiliation and prayer.

The situation was, indeed, not unlike that which, in 1916, followed the close of the battle of the Somme. That great battle, the first in which the British Empire was engaged as a whole, brought mourning into thousands of homes, and opened the eyes of the British public to the cost of a struggle for national existence. In return for the terrible price paid, the gains which the map showed appeared insignificant, and the exhaustion of the German armies, which Ludendorff has since disclosed to us, was unknown to the citizen if it was more than suspected by the soldiers. It is not surprising in the circumstances that the Allied statesmen wavered in their confidence in their generals, and determined to have 'no more Sommes.'

With the recent memory of those days in our minds, we may the more admire Lincoln's firmness and constancy. A few days after the ill-planned and costly assault at Cold Harbor he told Grant: 'I have just read your dispatch. I begin to see it. You will succeed. God bless you all.' Here was a reënforcement to Grant worth many thousands of men. Lincoln, having made up his mind to keep Grant, supported him when he most needed support; he saw that Grant was wearing out Lee's army and holding to it so tight that it could not manœuvre, and he told him that he both understood and approved. Two months later, on August 16, 1864, when Grant's assault upon Lee's lines at Petersburg had failed, when despondency in the North had again become general, and the demands for a peace of accommodation were increasing, Lincoln again wrote: 'I have seen your dispatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible.' This message, which gave Grant as clear an endorsement of his policy as any soldier could desire, is the more remarkable in that it followed on a mistake of Grant's which might well have shaken the President's confidence in him, and was sent at the time when Lincoln's political difficulties probably were greater than they were at any other period of the war.

III

When Grant moved the Army of the Potomac across the James to the siege of Petersburg, he was no longer well placed to supervise and direct the other forces of the Union. He had left a force in the Shenandoah Valley to block that favorite line of Confederate invasion; but this force, unskillfully handled, had been manœuvred out of the Valley in the middle of June by a Confederate contingent under Early, who promptly marched for the Potomac, crossed it, and moved on to Washington, arriving before the capital on July 11.

Now Early's force was far more formidable than Jackson's, which had created such alarm two years before, and the garrison of Washington in July 1864 was far weaker than that which McClellan had left when he sailed for the Yorktown Peninsula. Yet the contrast of the effect in Washington of Early's and Jackson's raids is remarkable. Grant had, of course, been informed of Early's progress and had dispatched troops to cover Washington, but the information had come to him somewhat tardily, and the troops had not arrived when Early was in Maryland and within a day's march of the scantily garrisoned forts covering the capital. In spite of this there were none of the hectic and ill-considered orders which Lincoln and Stanton had

showered upon their perplexed generals in 1862. Instead we find Lincoln telegraphing to Grant on July 10: 'General Halleck says we have absolutely no force here fit to go to the field. He thinks that with the 100-days men and the invalids we have here we can defend Washington and scarcely Baltimore. . . . Now what I think is that you should provide to retain your hold where you are certainly, and bring the rest with you personally, and make a vigorous effort to destroy the enemy's forces in this vicinity. I think there is really a big chance to do this if the movement is prompt. This is what I think upon your suggestion and is not an order.'

The calls upon Lincoln for help against the bold raider came from all parts of Maryland and of Pennsylvania in 1864 as they had in 1862, but they were very differently answered. Here is his reply to one urgent appeal for troops: 'I have not a single soldier but who is being disposed by the military for the best protection of all. By latest accounts the enemy is moving on Washington. Let us be vigilant and keep cool. I hope neither Washington nor Baltimore will fall.'

Neither Washington nor Baltimore fell, though it is possible that Early might have been able, on July 11, to get some troops into the capital for a few hours. Actually, he retreated on learning that the transports with Grant's troops had arrived off Washington. Grant well knew that the reënforcements he had sent would be ample to drive Early back, and he knew too that the purpose of the raid was to cause him to weaken his pressure on Petersburg. Therefore he replied to the President's suggestion that he himself should come to Washington with more troops: 'I think on reflection it would have a bad effect for me to leave here.' Lincoln accepted that decision without question, and that acceptance, indeed the whole incident, displays his implicit confidence in Grant — a confidence due not to blind trust but to the effect upon Lincoln's mind of close and continuous observation of the soldier's methods and actions. Most of Lincoln's correspondence with Grant begins with the words 'I have seen' or 'I have read your dispatch'; and as proof that very little escaped the President's eye it may be mentioned that once, when — during the siege of Petersburg — the usual supply of Richmond newspapers did not reach Washington, Lincoln promptly telegraphed to know the reason for the intermission. Grant was well aware that there was in Washington one ready to support him when he needed help, to give him a hand if he tripped, to remove him if he failed. Lincoln left Grant to his task, but he did not leave him without control and assistance.

Early's raid, which might under a looser system of conducting war have saved Richmond, as it was saved in 1862, had no military results for the Confederacy save the material and supplies which he captured, and this was due to the relations Lincoln had established with his Commander-in-Chief. In fact, the one serious military consequence of the raid was Grant's determination to close finally the famous covered way from Virginia into Maryland, which had so vexed his predecessors and eventually himself. For that purpose, and at Lincoln's instigation, he personally supervised the preparation of Sheridan's expedition, which not only prevented the Confederates from again using the Valley as a means of relieving the dangers to Richmond, but also deprived Lee's army in the lines of Petersburg of its most convenient granary.

I have said that Grant personally directed the preparation for the last

campaign in the Shenandoah Valley at Lincoln's instigation. He had told Halleck from his headquarters before Petersburg what he wanted done, and on reading this communication Lincoln had at once telegraphed to him: 'I have seen your dispatch in which you say, "I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field with instructions to put himself south of the enemy and follow him to the death. Wherever the enemy goes let our troops go also." This I think is exactly right, but . . . I repeat to you that it will not be done nor attempted unless you watch it every day and hour and force it.' Promptly came the answer: 'I start in two hours for Washington.'

But the sequel showed how truly Lincoln had understood the situation and the men around him. One visit from Grant did not suffice, for the cautious Halleck and the nervous Stanton were holding Sheridan's ardor in chains. Grant gives us an account of his second visit. 'On the fifteenth of September I started to visit General Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. My purpose was to have him attack Early and drive him out of the Valley and destroy that source of supplies for Lee's army. I knew that it was impossible for me to get orders through Washington to Sheridan to make a move, because they would be stopped there, and such orders as Halleck's caution (and that of the Secretary of War) would suggest would be given instead. . . . When Sheridan arrived I asked him if he had a map showing the positions of his army and that of the enemy. He at once drew one out of his pocket, showing all roads and streams and the camps of the two armies. He said that if he had permission he could move so and so (pointing out how) and he could "whip them." . . . I asked him if he could be ready to get off by the following Tuesday. This was on Friday. Oh yes, he said, he could be off before daylight on Monday. I told him then to make the attack at that time and according to his plan.'

Again we see the fallacy of supposing that Lincoln left Grant entirely to himself. Sheridan's Valley campaign was due primarily to the President's initiative and judgment. He no longer intervened as he had done in May 1862; he had learned how to intervene wisely and opportunely.

IV

But I must return to the message of August 16, telling Grant to play the bulldog. If the one military result of Early's raid was to bring Sheridan down upon him, it had serious political consequences. The appearance of Confederate troops nearer to Washington than they had ever been before, and in more formidable guise, caused many in the North to despair of victory. These persons held that Grant's campaign had demonstrably failed, and that his fierce assaults upon Lee's lines had been so much useless butchery. Early in August, Horace Greeley had gone to Niagara Falls to meet a party of Confederate Commissioners, and a few weeks later he was imploring the President 'to inaugurate or invite proposals for peace forthwith,' while two other unofficial negotiators went to Richmond, where they met Davis. The wily Southern President, well aware of the feeling of depression in the North, was at pains to explain to them how much more favorable was the military situation of the South. Furthermore, the opposition to the Conscription Act, which had recently become law, threatened to provoke serious disturbances in several states. Even the gallant Army of the Potomac was at the time

depressed by the failure of its assaults on the Petersburg lines; while, to crown Lincoln's embarrassments, McClellan was preparing to take the field as a rival in the presidential campaign, with a plank in the party platform declaring the war to be a failure. The one bright spot was Farragut's victory on August 3 over the Confederate fleet at Mobile Bay.

Now Grant had undoubtedly been to blame for not preventing the cause of this public unrest, the appearance of Early before Washington. He had not watched events in the Shenandoah Valley closely enough, and he had not made sufficient provision for the protection of the capital, and he had timed the arrival of reënforcement to meet Early too finely. In such circumstances the head of the Government might well have said to him, 'You have let me into a pretty mess. For God's sake stop your bloody assaults; the public can't stand any more losses at present. Give me some showy success somewhere to enable me to restore confidence.' Instead he told Grant to play the bulldog and 'chew and choke,' and in so doing he thought of nothing but what was the right military policy, when he had every temptation to urge what was politically expedient. In every prolonged war there arises a time for both contestants when the strain has all but reached the breaking point. Victory then falls to that side which has the man with the courage and the vision and the skill to splice the rope and call for another pull. Such a man was Abraham Lincoln.

The President had not long to wait for the reward of his constancy. Within three weeks of his telling Grant to hold on, Sherman had entered Atlanta, and within five weeks Sheridan had twice defeated Early in the Valley, at Winchester and Fisher's Hill. On September 3, Lincoln was able to reply to the demand for a day of humiliation which Congress had made two months earlier by calling for a day of thanksgiving for the victories of Farragut and Sherman, victories which had resolved political doubts and made his reëlection certain.

But even when the success of Grant's combination against the Confederacy was becoming patent to the most pessimistic, Lincoln continued to watch his general as carefully as he did when fortune seemed to be withholding her smiles. I could furnish many proofs of this, but will be content with one more. In February 1865, Sheridan had completed his task of clearing the Shenandoah Valley, and Grant wanted his cavalry to move toward Richmond and help in the process of gradually overlapping Lee's lines around Petersburg. A part only of this correspondence appears to have been seen by Lincoln, and that part announced Sheridan's departure from the Valley. On February 25 the President telegraphed to Grant: 'General Sheridan's dispatch to you of to-day in which he says he "will be off on Monday" and that he will have behind him about five thousand men causes the Secretary of War and myself considerable anxiety. Have you considered whether you do not again leave open the Shenandoah Valley entrance to Maryland and Pennsylvania or at least to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad?' Grant's answer explained that Sheridan was referring to his cavalry only and that ample troops had been left to close the Valley entrance to Northern territory. This message actually crossed another from Lincoln, saying that he had discovered Sheridan's meaning and apologizing to Grant for having troubled him. This little incident, due to a misinterpretation of correspondence speedily rectified and trifling in itself, shows at least that Grant was under no illusion that even

the smallest of his actions were unobserved; and, while he had every reason to be confident that the President would not interfere with his military functions, he knew that he might at any moment be asked to explain either a commission or an omission.

V

But it was not only in his correspondence with Grant that Lincoln showed how nicely he appreciated the functions of the civil and the military power in war. As the hold of the Union upon Southern territory grew firmer, attempts were made to organize some form of government in the occupied territory. Certain of the Northern generals found themselves in difficulties when confronted by the, to them, unwonted task of reconciling military necessities with civil government. In August 1864, General Butler proposed to settle such difficulties with the inhabitants by taking a popular vote. Lincoln promptly wrote him: 'Nothing justifies the suspending of the civil by the military authority but military necessity, and of the existence of that necessity the military commander and not a popular vote is to decide. Whatever is not within that necessity must be left undisturbed.' Similar problems arose in West Mississippi, where General Curly was in command. To him Lincoln wrote: 'I do not wish either cotton or the new state government to take precedence of the military while the necessity for the military remains, but there is strong public reason for treating both with so much favor as may not be substantially detrimental to the military.'

Lincoln had in fact worked out a definite formula for the relations between statesmen and soldiers in a democracy at war, and that formula has not since been improved. That he was fully conscious of the dangers of an excessive exercise of his dictatorial powers, and of the necessity of adjusting to a nicety the claims of military necessity and of popular control, is shown by a little speech which he made on November 10, 1864, two days after his reëlection to the Presidency, to a party of supporters who had come to serenade him: 'It has long been a grave question whether any government, not too strong for the liberties of its people, can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies. On this point the present rebellion brought our government to a severe test, and a presidential election . . . added not a little to the strain. . . . In any future great national trial, compared with the men of this, we will have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this as philosophy to learn wisdom from, and none of them as wrongs to be revenged.'

It is in the belief that 'the incidents of this' may still be studied 'as philosophy to learn wisdom from' that I have prepared these papers.

Before I say good-bye to Lincoln and Grant I must give a last example to show how clear was the line which the President had drawn in his mind between the functions of policy and strategy. In the last days of February 1865 the agony of the Confederacy was nigh and there were suggestions for a conference between Lee and Grant with the object of reaching a settlement. Grant applied to Washington for instructions and the answer came from the War Secretary, but it had been drafted by Lincoln himself: 'The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee unless it be for the capitulation of General Lee's army or on some minor and purely military matter. He

instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political question. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions.'

When that famous meeting between Lee and Grant took place at Appomattox Court House, Lincoln made no attempt to dictate to Grant the terms of surrender to be imposed upon the Army of Northern Virginia, that being a 'purely military matter.' But it is hard to believe that Grant's noble generosity was not inspired by those yet more noble words with which, just a month before, Lincoln had closed his second inaugural address: 'With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.'

VI

'Fools,' wrote Bismarck, 'say they learn from their own experience. I have always contrived to get my experience at the expense of others.' We might have learned from the experience of Germany how to create a system for the conduct of war. We did not do so, because we did not fully understand what that experience was. We were disposed to think that Germany's striking military success in 1866 and 1870 was due entirely to her methods of training soldiers and the organization of her General Staff. When, toward the end of his life, von Moltke said that, in whatever direction other nations might develop their strength, Germany would remain superior in the command, most of us thought that he was referring to the German General Staff system. We were, I think, wrong in this. Von Moltke meant that Germany had thought out a system for the conduct of war and the other nations had not. When mobilization was ordered the old King William, Bismarck, and von Roon knew their duties and places as thoroughly as did the humblest reservist tramping to his place of muster. This was not because they wore the *Pickelhaube* instead of the top hat, but because they had thought about the matter.

We know now that there was a defect in von Moltke's system. It did not provide for the fact which von Moltke had not foreseen: that in the modern nation in arms the military part in the combined effort is but twenty-five per cent of the whole. So that when the system was directed by second-rate men in 1914 the immediate military advantage to be gained by violating the frontier of Belgium was seized and the consequences of tearing up a treaty in the eyes of the world were overlooked. There was at no time much fear that we should give the military element in any system for the conduct of the war excessive prominence, and we might, had we been ready to learn from the experiences of others, have taken the good in von Moltke's plans and adapted them to our use. That good was the outcome neither of militarism nor of Prussianism, but of thought and common sense.

Were we shy of turning to Prussia for lessons in political science, we might have learned from the experience of Abraham Lincoln, who, when he visited the armies of the Union, did wear a top hat. We had gone into the war against Russia in 1854 with a system which invited defeat. 'The expedient,' says Kinglake, 'of dividing the control of our army between the Sovereign and the Sovereign's Government

continued to work its effects upon our military administration throughout the time of the Regency, throughout the two reigns that followed; and even after that time, during many a year, there was no removal of the constitutional deformity, no abatement of the evil it caused.

'A due sense of justice, however, commands us to remember and own that before our quarrel with Russia, and indeed until several years afterward, the idea of constituting a War Department upon sound principles had not passed through that long ordeal of discussion which is commonly required in England for the ripening of great public questions.'

The 'long ordeal of discussion' lasted more than fifty years. It left us eventually with a reorganized War Department and General Staff, but we had not, in August 1914, reached the position at which Lincoln had arrived in March 1864. We had not got so far even as considering the organization of the great General Headquarters of the Empire, the establishment of a system for the conduct of war.

One of the reasons why we did not learn what to my thinking is the chief lesson of the American Civil War is that this subject has been curiously neglected by British students of war. Hamley does not mention it. Henderson, who more than any other has moulded modern British military opinion, in his Life of Stonewall Jackson is concerned with the least fortunate period of Lincoln's war administration. He devotes a good many pages to the evils of civilian control and makes but a brief reference to Lincoln's abdication of his military functions in Grant's favor. The consequence of this is that it has been a common practice for British writers on military matters to fulminate against political interference in strategy, and it has not been difficult for them to find numerous instances, both in the history of the American Civil War and in the history of other wars, in which political interference has been utterly mischievous. These fulminations leave the statesman cold because he is aware that there must be civilian control of strategy, and he is therefore apt to ascribe them either to military ignorance of political science or to the soldier's lust of power.

I think it is true to say that the general impression in the minds of students of the American Civil War is that Lincoln, great as he was, failed as a war minister save when he handed over the entire direction of military affairs to Grant. I have endeavored to show that this is not a correct judgment. The fathers of the study of strategy, Jomini and Clausewitz, both recognized that political control is not merely unavoidable but essential. Clausewitz, who wrote the military gospel of the most militaristic of modern Powers, said: —

'None of the main plans which are necessary for a war can be made without insight into the political relations, and people say something quite different from what they mean when they talk of the harmful influence of policy on the conduct of war. It is not the influence but the policy which they should blame. If the policy is sound — that is, if it hits the mark — it can affect the war only in its own sense and only advantageously; and when this influence diverts the war from its purpose the source must be sought in a mistaken policy.'

We can, I think, carry Clausewitz's conclusion a stage further and say, from the experiences of the American Civil War and of the Great War, that it is necessary both that policy and strategy should be sound and that statesman and soldier should mutually understand each other's functions and needs.

Jefferson Davis had no clear policy, and a brilliant soldier could not win victory without that aid which policy should have given. The Confederate President cannot, as I have tried to show, fairly be charged with undue interference with the operations of his generals in the field; the charge, rather, should be that he did not interfere enough and in the right way. Abraham Lincoln had a very definite and an entirely sound policy from the beginning of the war, but he did not know how to translate that policy into instructions to McClellan, and McClellan did not know what advice to give his political chief, nor indeed was he aware that it was his duty to advise him at all.

The Clausewitzian method of the abstract study of these problems is not one which is calculated to rouse much interest, save in a few professional students, and that does not suffice. If we are to deal effectively with that great evil, war, when it comes, then the methods of dealing with it must be understood by all men and women of intelligence who have the interests of their country at heart. If we leave the organization of government in time of war to be evolved by experience, then we shall, history tells us, have to buy that experience at a terrible price.

I have great hopes that the authority and influence of the League of Nations will eventually be such as to make war on a great scale impossible. But no one can say that this is so yet. Even the Covenant of the League envisages the possibility of war, and while war is a possibility it behooves the many among us who have had experience of war to ponder these things, and to leave to our descendants a better system of conducting war than we enjoyed.

There is another reason for seeking to create some greater interest than is at present taken in this all-important matter of relations between soldiers and statesmen. Public opinion has become an element of the first importance in the conduct of war. I am among those who believe that in future wars the prime object of the contending nations will be the destruction, not of the opposing forces, but of what the Germans call the 'will to victory' of the opposing peoples. The immense extent of the increase of the zone of danger due to the introduction of aircraft has, it is generally admitted, brought the civil population into a jeopardy almost, if not quite, as great as that which confronts those who bear arms. The moral of the nation is therefore likely to be as important a factor in war as the moral of armies has always been. The defeat of the enemy's main forces, hitherto held to be the first aim of strategy, becomes only a means to an end, which may even be obtained without that means. For a people may find the continuance of war to be intolerable. The statesman who can hold a nation to its purpose, as Lincoln did in July and August 1864, is to-day as necessary as was and is the general who can rally the drooping energies and spirits of a weary army for a further effort. In a long and fiercely contested war there comes a time when exhausted human nature craves for any alternative to conditions which seem beyond endurance. Then the most gallant spirits lose confidence, the less brave become craven; and it is then that 'the spark in the breast of the commander must rekindle hope in the hearts of his men, and so long as he is equal to his task he remains their commander. When his influence ceases and his own spirit is no longer strong enough to revive the spirit of others, the masses, drawing him with them, sink into the lower region of animal nature which recoils from danger and knows not shame. Such are the obstacles which the brain and

courage of the military commander must overcome if he is to make his name illustrious.'

The qualities which Clausewitz required of his general at the beginning of the nineteenth century are to-day also required of the statesman — leader of the nation in arms. But if statesman and soldier are to accomplish their hard tasks they must be protected against the pressure and abuse of the ignorant. The mischief which an ill-informed public opinion could do in wars of the past, in which it was subjected to no such strain as it may have to endure in wars of the future, is clear to anyone who cares to read the history of war. Clamor in the press for the removal of this statesman or that soldier may, if it is made without knowledge of what the conduct of war is and requires, cause the downfall of a Lincoln, a Lee, or a Grant.

As long as war is a possibility, we need, as a beginning of preparation, a system of government in time of war that is known and understood by statesmen, soldiers, and people, or at least by those who guide public opinion, and in which the precise functions of ministers and military chiefs are clearly defined. One of the reasons why almost every war upon which we have entered for the last hundred and fifty years has begun disastrously for us is that we have never understood the difference between government in peace and in war. We have tried slowly and painfully to adapt the peace machinery during the struggle to purposes for which it was never intended. War may be likened to epidemic disease. The first object is to prevent the occurrence of the evil. That is the task of one kind of expert, who discovers the cause of the disease, isolates the germ, and prepares the antitoxin. If the evil comes, specialist and general practitioner work together, each in his own rôle, to drive off the disease with the least possible loss of life, but the task of both is rendered tenfold more difficult if they are dealing with an ignorant people, who know not the virtues of cleanliness and sanitation, who mistrust and resist their efforts to heal. So it is with war. The first task of the statesman is to prevent it by discovering and removing its causes. In that task he needs the intelligent coöperation of the people. If war comes, he calls on the soldier practitioner, but again the coöperation of the people is required. The three — statesman, soldier, and people — can only work together in harmony when the duties and functions of each are understood by all.

THE ALTERED BASIS OF RELIGIOUS AUTHORITY

BY DAVID E. ADAMS

For many people the question of religious authority is one of the most perplexing problems in our whole modern thought about religion. It is a perfectly natural human tendency to desire to find authority. We turn instinctively in any field to the person who knows, or who seems to know, what he is talking about.

Before the time of Jesus the Jews had their Law, the recorded deliverances of priest, prophet, and historian, which represented to them the total impress of their God upon the life of their nation, issuing in the Decalogue and the great mass of legal elaboration and interpretation which had accumulated down through the years. The appeal to authority on the part of the religious leaders was always to this body of accumulated tradition, to the historic cases of 'thus saith the Lord.'

When Jesus appeared on the scene, however, He spoke in a very different manner. While He frequently referred to the historical background of the Jewish faith, and showed Himself completely familiar with the literary material in which that history was enshrined, He did not appeal to the Jewish Law as an authority. He spoke directly to the people, uttering truths and teachings which found such a response in the hearts and in the minds of His hearers that they at once and instinctively recognized Him as a competent authority in the field which He had chosen. Even the least learned of them could see at once the difference between the scribe, pointing back to Moses, and Jesus with His ringing 'I say unto you.'

After the conclusion of the earthly ministry of Jesus, there were bound to be difficulties about this matter of authority. We find traces of that difficulty, and of the effort to solve it, all through the Book of the Acts and the Letters of Paul. We must remember that the very early Christian group were practically all Jews, brought up under the Law, and believing implicitly in all its ordinances. The question immediately came up with these people — did the old Law hold for them in all its aspects? What about the cases where Jesus' words seemed to conflict with it? Was Christianity a new religious system, complete in itself, or was it to be regarded as a development of the old, carrying the body of the old along with it?

At first it is plain that the followers of Jesus for the most part continued to observe the Jewish Law, and to worship in the temple and in the synagogues. The real complication came, however, when Gentiles began to turn to Christianity. In a brilliant recent discussion of this period Dr. McGiffert, of Union Theological Seminary, points out that these early Gentile converts had behind them none of the traditional Jewish religious background. To them Jesus was everything, and His teachings the sum total of the new faith. Their difficulty was not at all in accepting so winsome a gospel, but in taking on with it the vast mass of Jewish tradition and

observance. To many of them, Jesus was the Lord — and they knew little and cared less about the ancient God of the Hebrews. And so there shortly came to be two parties in the early Church, one party headed by Peter, which demanded that the new converts conform in every respect to all the requirements of the Jewish Law, including circumcision; and another party, headed by Paul, which claimed that for Gentile converts all this was not necessary, but that acceptance of Jesus as Lord, and the effort to live according to His teaching, were the essential basis of the Christian Church. Paul finally won his contention, and the Church stepped out into the Greek world, freed from the fettering bonds of Jewish legalism, though carrying over, through its acceptance of Jesus, that which was really essential in the spirit of Hebrew monotheism. At that point the basis of religious authority shifted from the Jewish Law to the teachings of Jesus.

The new Church developed a literature of its own — the Letters of Paul, the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the rest. But during the period before this literature became generally accepted, and before the Church extended very far beyond Asia Minor and Greece, there was a time during which the Church itself did not yet appear as the source of authority, because it had not yet become sufficiently institutionalized or traditionalized. And it is during this period that we find the effort to restate the idea of Christianity so as to make it clearer and more acceptable, not to Jews, but to people whose intellectual background was that of Greek philosophy. John's Gospel represents that effort. The authority of Christianity for this writer lies, not in a traditional body of law, and not solely in the words of a man, Jesus, but in an Idea proceeding from God, and expressing itself in the *life* of a man, Jesus.

The Church continued its westward progress. All roads led to Rome. The generations rose and fled away. The centuries rolled by. The Church developed as an institution, hardening into a form modeled upon Latin imperialism. In due time Paul was largely forgotten, and the Church harked back to Peter, the Rock of Christianity. The head of the Church at Rome came to be regarded as his successor by direct apostolic inheritance, the vicar of God on earth, endowed with the power of the keys. The legalistic tradition once more came uppermost, and authority rested, not with the Jewish Law, not with the teachings of Jesus, not with the Idea made manifest in flesh, but with the Church — an authority expressed in the papal decrees.

Again the scene shifts as the centuries intervene. Just as the Jewish Law became an increasing burden upon the Jews, so the requirements of the Church, arising to a large extent out of its temporal necessities, became a burden upon thoughtful men of the Middle Ages, until the time came when it seemed to some that the temporal outweighed the spiritual, and that the great organization was dying at the top from dry rot. This feeling burst into expression as the Protestant Reformation, a revolt against the assumption of power and authority by the Church. The Church of Rome went on its way little altered by these events. But there came into being a great protesting group, which followed Martin Luther in the declaration that the authority of religion lay in the Bible. This conception has dominated the Protestant branch of the Christian Church from then until now. Paul came into his own again, and upon his speculations as to the meaning of the life of Jesus, and of His death, there

was built the magnificent structure of the Calvinistic theology, with its austere doctrines of salvation, of divine election, of eternal punishment — doctrines which have set their stamp upon the thinking of all the early period of New England, and which still linger in many of the hymns we sing, and in many of the ideas which intelligent people to-day have uncritically inherited along with the other antiques which came over in the Mayflower.

But there is going on to-day a tremendous revulsion in the religious attitude of thinking people. We are not as ready as we once were to accept either antiques or ideas without critical examination and evaluation. We want our mental as well as our mahogany furniture to be genuine. And we don't care to have anything put over on us in the name of tradition, either by a merchant or by a minister.

In other words, as the horizon of man's knowledge has broadened, he has come to realize that he has been willing to accept a good deal, under the guise of sanctity, which will not stand the test of historical investigation. He throws out the sham antique which he bought in the callow ignorance of his early collecting days. And he likewise quietly discards some things which he was taught to believe in Sunday school when he was a boy. 'There are about one hundred and fifty things,' said a young man the other day, 'in the Old Testament that *could n't* have happened.' He understated it.

The point is this. The basis of religious authority is again shifting. Intelligent people can no longer accept the whole Bible as it stands as having implicit religious authority. For we have learned through the study of history what the Bible is and how it came to be, and we have come to the point where each man must decide for himself in the light of his own best knowledge and experience what there is in that Book, what there is in the Church, what there is in the Christian faith, that is valid for him, in the light of conscience, in the light of his own best moral judgment, in the light of that little spark of the divine which God has lighted in his soul.

The final basis of religious authority for you is yourself, your mind working on all that has come down in the religious tradition of Christianity, and selecting and making your own those things which satisfy the requirements of your intelligence, of your moral judgment, of your spiritual hunger.

That is a big step to take if one has not thought about it. And yet, as a matter of fact, there are few people who have not unconsciously taken it long since in the practical application of their Christian faith to their workaday life and affairs. Is there anyone who accepts even the teachings of Jesus as his absolute religious authority, to such an extent that he is, to the best of his ability, applying every single injunction of the Sermon on the Mount to all his daily affairs? Yet the reader was doubtless surprised at the statement in so many words that the basis of religious authority is shifting from the Bible to the individual. Each one of us exercises his personal judgment constantly as to what portions of the teachings of Jesus are valid for him, in these days, under the conditions in which he is placed. And he exercises that right of private judgment far more in regard to other parts of the Bible than he does with regard to the Sermon on the Mount. He uses his knowledge of history and of science and of comparative religion to check up, to allow for mistakes, to discount exaggeration, to recognize the human element through which certain great divine truths have been expressed and handed down. He does, in other words, exactly what Jesus

did with the history of His people as He knew it — he applies to it the test of intelligent study, and reserves the right to interpret it in the light of the best judgment God has given him. And the man who does that may speak as Jesus did, with an authority born of his own sense of religious certainty, and not as did the scribes, depending solely upon a traditional body of rules.

The modern man, therefore, who insists that he shall be free to use his private judgment in matters of religion, is coming directly back to the stand which Jesus took. 'Ah,' one may say, 'but this modern man is n't qualified to judge. He is n't the Son of God — he has n't the qualities of mind and heart that Jesus had.' No, he has n't. And that is why, save in the exceptional case, he is not trying to set himself up as a messiah. But he has enough of these qualities, if he will develop and use them, to serve for his own guidance in religion. No man is the Son of God in the exact way that Jesus was. But Jesus himself pointed out that every one of us is a child of God, with the divine spark in his breast. That is the very centre of Jesus' whole gospel. And as such we are kin to Him to an extent that gives us the right, if we follow Him truly, to claim the same privilege that He claimed, as to finding our own basis of religious authority.

Thus we have come back around the circle: the basis of authority passed from Jesus to the Church, from the Church to the Book, and now has passed from the Book back to the individual, taking his stand at the side of his Master in the earnest search for divine truth.

That is a large conception, and many will not accept it, but in that direction lies the solution of those difficulties faced by the man of to-day who sees a fundamental inconsistency between large parts of the Bible and his knowledge of the history and nature of the world, and who feels a certain incongruity between the total ideal of Christianity as preached in the churches and as practised in the ordinary affairs of so-called Christian people. The solution lies in the right of every high-minded man to work out his own conception of moral and religious truth, preserving only those phases of traditional precept and practice which he can intelligently accept as valid, because they approve themselves to his own best judgment. The final basis for religious authority for each one of us lies in his own soul at its best, the spark of God within himself, whereby he recognizes truth and beauty, and comes to feel that he too, in his small way, may speak as one having authority.

CONCERNING REVIEWERS OF SORTS

BY MARGARET LYNN

I

I HAVE just finished reading an article in a recent review, a somewhat extended criticism of a new philosophical work. Neither the subject nor the discussion of it interested me greatly, I confess, and yet I followed to the end with growing eagerness and came to the conclusion with some regret. I was counting the mistakes in grammar, and, with the enthusiasm of one pursuing research of any kind, I wished to see result mounting to a maximum. There were only four, however, and with the baulked zeal of the faultfinder on my hands I was perhaps a little disappointed. I had scarcely found the quest fruitful enough to meet my expectation. But the grammatical erring was supplemented with a quality of diction, a warping past its aim, — what one might define as a general waviness of locution, — which blurred before the mental vision and which combined with the grammar to establish the typical quality of the writing.

I had a bad gratification finally. There was much use of 'transcendental,' to be sure, and of 'homiletic' and 'idealism' and other terms which seem to belong to philosophy and which certainly always do give an air to writing. They impress me. But how can I be impressed with the writer's 'transcendental' when a little three-lettered word like 'due' eludes his handling? And how can I be sure of his recognizing any relations in pure thought when a definite and logical matter like coördination of phrases is beyond his ability? I cannot at all be certain that he is qualified to speak of reasoning or of mental processes when mere correlative structure is too much for his management.

'Methinks,' as Boyle says, 'this should suggest to me some reflection or other.' And it does. It suggests a reflection on the body of reviewing of which this article is representative, and thus reminds me of sister grievances. For, however much pleasure there may be in having an opinion justified, there is not necessarily pleasure in forming that opinion initially. It may arise out of literary annoyances, out of the rasping and scraping of one's mental surface and what one calls one's taste. And there is nothing pleasurable in that. To be sure, we put ourselves in the way of irritation frequently. Few persons are really required to read book reviews. And yet we do it. We read them, I suspect, largely in the mood in which we listen to gossip about persons, diverted with the chitchat, tentatively half-acceptant, but intending to form our own opinions anyway. And yet, with no compulsion whatever, we continue to read them. Weekly we glance at three or four critical periodicals, with their offering of praise or blame; monthly or quarterly we read more carefully a more serious body of criticism. The quantity of comment on current books is steadily and zealously increasing. How many more weekly

reviews are there than there were ten years ago? One must go cautiously in saying that we have no more critics of authority and seasoned judgment than we had two or three decades ago. But certainly we do increase enormously, with the fecundity which seems to belong to the unnecessary, the body of applied judgments. Criticism lingers, but reviewing comes — and comes often like Dian's kiss. Is it possible that in time the marginal notes will exceed the text? Shall we see only a meander of books in a marshy meadow of criticism? One who wishes to turn confidently and occasionally to a guide which will help him to pick his steps among the publications of the season finds himself beset with clamorous mentors. He discovers it easier to choose among books than among opinions of books.

Some of all this we do take seriously. We often suspect that we are thought to take it all seriously. Somebody, somewhere, must think that he is assisting our opinions and directing our selections and omissions and perhaps forming our taste — nay, more than this, that he is lending encouragement to one meritorious or original development in literature or sternly and authoritatively frowning upon another less worthy. Well, no doubt he has his influence, whether for the good of literature or not. But often we criticize the critics. Judgment stimulates reciprocal judgment.

No one can say that there is anything novel in this. Since the pleasure of criticism was first discovered there has been known a corresponding pleasure in biting the biter. And it must be acknowledged that the critic has generally presented a more pachydermatous front to stings and fangs than his own subjects commonly do. It would be nothing new to point vindictively or restively to his errors of judgment, to his vagrant taste, to his limited scholarship and his faulty theory. That has been done, sometimes justly, sometimes unjustly. Several recent articles have discussed, more or less reasonably, the limitations of the reviewer. It is not really necessary for anyone to add to this body of lively retort. Yet temptation is always jogging one's elbow with a 'Now, while you feel like it!' and thrusting a pen into one's titillated fingers.

It is true that one does often feel like it, as for example when one reads such an article as I have cited. And there is satisfaction in yielding to temptation once in a way. But the objection which I wish to offer deals with a very plain and prosaic matter. I lift no exalted tone. I raise no question of poetic or dramatic theory, of free verse or rime, of plot or chaos, of realism or unrealism. My first plaint is on a very humble scale. I venture to find fault initially, not with the reviewer's utterances, but with the medium through which he tries to express himself. I asperse his parts of speech.

II

For the reviewer logically turns our attention to matters of style and phrase, and opens our mind to the whole theme of rhetorical expression. While we read his judgment of a book, the writing which is under our eye becomes in turn, through the alert mood he causes, the subject of our own comment. The gods *are* just, and the easy and lazy vices of his composition in their turn furnish the material for remark upon himself. He hands us his own cat-o'-nine-tails. He provides us also with a warm impulse. We have been misled. Why are we reading judgments from the hand of one who perhaps line by line and sentence by sentence is writing himself down unskilled

and unobservant — in style, in structure, perhaps even in diction? We know that we are not cast as critics, but the sharper his comment, or the more dogmatic, the more critical we in our humble turn become. That the matter of our objection lies in points which the reviewer perhaps despises does not make our exasperation the less irking, or the reading of his work the less difficult. After all, what constitutes a critic? Who gives him his warrant and to whom has he given bond for honesty and ability? Of course the answer to that is, no one. No warrant, no bond, is needed. The field is an open one, for the publisher or editor who wishes to establish a new critical journal as well as for the man who writes for it.

It is not fair to enter an arraignment without citation of misdemeanors, and complete and apt illustration takes much space. But to furnish sufficient would be easy. It is a pity to clutter a good page in a literary magazine with what looks like a list of phrases for correction in a disciplinary exercise. But I have said that my comment would begin with elementary matters and I must hope that the blameless page will bear with these trivialities. On one leaf, for example, of a long-established and generally respectable review are to be found such utterances as the following: 'To anyone interested in writers or present-day letters *Be Good, Sweet Maid* cannot fail to interest' . . . 'even when she is most ludicrous, which is often' . . . 'Just why she elected to write her story backward is not easy to guess or justify' . . . 'While Miss Kelley achieves some interesting effects through the angularity of vision she employs' . . . (Perhaps one should explain that the writer here means 'angle' of vision.) These seem trivial enough, as quotations, but I put them together because they occurred within two columns of one of the older reviews. In another number I discover: 'A shell-shocked soldier whom the doctor thought should be put to farming' . . . 'the man who was kind of alien among them'. . . 'It is a plethora of astonishing images all based on a Gargantuan scale and which follow each other with a consistent rapidity.' To illustrate the sensitive ear of the reviewer I might cite, 'One has written this who has heard the tide's sound along hollow wooden sides.' It may not be important to mention such slips as 'a modern phenomena,' 'onto,' 'most unique,' 'neither of them know,' of a type which one may pick up in any highway. I am not quoting from obscure and provincial reviews, but from the best of metropolitan weeklies. In one half-hour of recent reading I came upon 'fiction and otherwise,' 'satire which resembles annoyance,' 'a human.' I read no more criticism that night!

Nor are these plain departures from accepted use more annoying than the frequently appearing inexactness of diction. Any reader might give sufficient illustrations of that. But to give them in their context would require too much space; and objection to them could not be established without the context. Whoever reads the articles I am citing knows how often the word is used out of its meaning, how often it is beside the mark instead of upon it, how often its placing has no warrant in accepted use. No higher degree of exasperation enters into one's common moods than that which accompanies such reading. It is like being set down to face badly matched wall paper, like driving forever past crooked corn rows, like being housed with curtains hung askew. This inexactness, to be sure, is often accompanied by a pleasant — or labored — picturesqueness of phrasing or by a show of literary terms or figures. The most of us readers can be impressed momentarily with a ready and

easy summoning of 'colophon' and 'mordant' and 'macabre' and 'Marinism,' with the pen that every moment seems to have 'Gargantuan' or 'Rabelaisian' near its tip. But such promising and flavored terms do not keep our eyes long from the hazy surface of the general statement of the criticism. There is a love of precision in language which is hardly separable from the love of truth. And should we be offered criticism which does not attempt, however fumblingly, to speak truth? Reverence for language is to the writer what expectation of pure tone is to the lover of music, what hope of the inalterable line is to the artist.

But we do not seek far before we find a logical reason for this slackness of speech; we discover it in the current utterances upon style, representative of the writer's standards. When the present reviewer discusses style he usually means only phrase making. His comment is often only comment on striking phrases. Vivid adjective-noun combinations please him, borrowings of all forms and frames of the concrete, — that visualization may pass for thought, — words jauntily poised on half-meanings, snatchings at borrowed connotations. These things have their sensational or impressionistic effect. They have their place, we readers all agree — sometimes an honest place. But pleasure in them should not set them too high. They are rarely actual conductors of the current of thought — rather, striking floats upon its surface. Imagism seldom includes predication. A higher satisfaction in reading comes from recognizing clarity and precision in the statement of thought than from observing the ornaments of it. There is less gratification in saying 'How striking!' than in saying 'How complete!' It is hardly fair that in critical comment the sensational, perhaps crudely sensational, style of one writer should so often be praised and the unhurried faithfulness of another be passed without mention. If the reviewer made sterner requirements of his own diction and his own phrasing, would he be more aware of the relative values of these widely differing styles which he discusses?

The cant terms of reviewing — how wearisomely well we know them! They move along in a steady procession in time, but each one takes far too long in passing a given point in our vision. There was 'intriguing' — how hard it was finally to restrain impatience at sight of it, and how long it remained in vogue! There was 'flair,' there was 'nuance' — faded flowers of yesteryear's reviewing. To-day there is 'gesture' — what critic sits down to his desk without it! There is 'cerebration' — one needs exclamation points in speaking of them! They go in flocks. The linotype knows them and rattles them off automatically: 'outstanding,' — preferably 'most outstanding,' — 'convincing, inevitable, ruthless, mid-Victorian, relentless, arresting, erotic, exotic, stark, impregnated.' Folk poetry is not more fully composed of stock expressions. And its use of them is scarcely more ingenuous. I wish that — for example — everyone who avails himself of a scornful 'Victorian' could be challenged to define what in the history of society and literature 'Victorian' really stands for. Little does he seem to know, usually, of the great mid-nineteenth-century period. The word has slipped into his vague vocabulary, and when he reaches half-blindly for a term it rises to his hand. It is little wonder that the language of an author passes with but slight objection or with praise when the critic writes from the same dictionary.

Some men wish to write as if the language they use were their peculiar possession, as if they might neglect

meanings or formations, or scorn established relations or history found in linguistic custom, or disregard the niceties of speech. A man may do so, as he may assert his originality or superiority by wearing his hat in company or performing the arts of the toilet in public. His assertiveness and consciousness do not make him the less a boor. Nor does one's manhandling of language — which is by no means his to manhandle — make him less a churl in letters.

III

It is doubtful whether, in the matter of ordinary prose virtues, style is improving in current writing. Fecundity, of which we have enough, does not seem to mean excellence. Mere love of phrasing, in popular writing, is crowding out plain logical merits, the kind of merits which should be taken for granted in prose. If a man is a gentleman you do not tell him so, and in fact he is surprised if you do. He supposes that certain qualities or habits are mentioned only if their absence is notable. Likewise certain prose qualities should be so much a matter of course that the lack of them furnishes matter for remark. But organized sentence structure — to speak again, if I may be allowed, of a fundamental and elementary subject — is to many writers of the moment a negligible thing; mere coherence and unity are musty fetishes of the rhetorician. In *Jacob's Room* Virginia Woolf speaks of the 'sentences that will not budge though armies cross them.' The favorite sentence of the current novelist, both British and American, will budge. It will open a gate at a complaisant comma and let all the world through. No composition can have the most satisfying and clearly defined movement if it proceeds by throwing two or three unrelated statements into one sentence, merely bunching predication. I apologize for introducing an utterance so purely didactic. But all that many a writer seems to require in his sentence is clubbable clauses; to him parallelism or dependence is unnecessary. Though armies cross it! Such a sentence flies asunder at a mere shake. And the sentence is the vehicle on which all statement must move.

But when do the critics of passing prose speak of this? And how often do they themselves err! There is no simpler or more practical test of a man's logic and his organized thinking than his use of coördination in composition. Prosaic though it is, the placing of the semicolon is exponential of high virtue. It is a sign — in the present system of punctuation — of civilization and sophistication in writing. When this period of cluttered composition has passed, someone may well write an ode to the semicolon. A recent book of very wide publicity, and one might say notoriety, was discussed in almost every periodical which publishes criticism. Only one review, so far as I know, — my examination was very likely incomplete, — made any objection to the style. And the book reads like a first draft — executed, even at that, by an untrained writer. When it was discussed in conversation — I add this to show that I am not merely opposing my judgment to that of the reviewers — its slovenliness of language and of form was invariably mentioned. I have heard a dozen persons of letters condemn its quality. Why did the critics, at the very utmost, tacitly condone it? Whatever the final placing of the work may be, the initial handling of it is a blot on American criticism. But unfortunately such quality as this may often be paralleled in criticism itself. How often does the commentator make faith in him impossible by means of his own confused form of statement!

IV

One more matter gives an irking dissatisfaction. A reader does long for perspective in judgment, perhaps especially in admiration. Whoever utters it should recognize scales of expression. But where is scale to be found? If a book is praised, as it most frequently is, an experimental first novel may draw the same degree of commendatory terms as the solid work of Conrad or Hardy. 'A wonderful book,' you read, 'a radiant book,' 'one finds fresh ecstasy on every page,' 'epoch-making,' 'the most outstanding book of the year.' Superlatives crowd superlatives. Of a story by a current novelist, whose work inclines much to the sentimental and whose charm is in a certain slight quaintness, a reviewer says, 'The story moves to its inevitable climax with all the starkness and beauty and majesty of a Greek tragedy.' Now can you believe it? Has he really read the Greek tragedies? In another place I have found, thus worded, 'The tragedy the writer depicts are the dark poignant emotions of an everyday existence.' How long, I ask, does existence maintain everyday character if it is filled with dark poignant emotions?

At this point of writing I paused to examine two recent numbers of a very good periodical, one whose serious judgments are by no means to be scorned and whose purpose is in general honest and acceptable. In the first I looked at thirteen consecutive reviews. In five of these the books discussed proved to be of superlative or even of unique value. In the second number I read ten discussions, taking them as they came in order. Out of these ten, five dealt with works supreme in their class or at least in a supreme class. 'One of the few greatest' was as mild and judicial a term as was used of them. 'One of the greatest novels ever written in America' — ah, that saving 'one of'! How it protects the critical integrity! I did not count 'the best publisher's success of the author' among the ten. Mr. Louis Bromfield, writing on this point in a recent article, states that examination of reviews of novels in all American periodicals of one year shows that they pronounced one hundred and thirty-seven each to be 'the best novel of the year,' in some cases even the best of the decade or the century.

When one views the welter of adjectives and phrases that have been applied to the swarming poets of the young century, one wonders what would be available should a Shelley or Milton arise. How many of them have 'pure lyric beauty'? How many more have 'sheer stark loveliness'? Excellence has ceased to dwell among the rocks. It is underfoot everywhere. In 'The Cunning Speech of Drumtochty,' Jamie Soutar, the cautious and exact, reproves the extravagant Mr. 'Opps for calling the sunset 'glorious.' 'Man,' he says sternly, 'ye 'ill surely keep ae word for the twenty-first o' Revelation!' Does the critic have 'ae' word in reserve in case a Shakespeare should return, or a new Apocalypse overtake him? What poverty would be upon him, and he with no language on deposit! He should have a few phrases laid by for the needy day when a new Dante or Browning descends.

The last question, of course, is, will he be able to recognize a Dante at all? That question one is inclined to leave with the jury. Criticism is not necessarily literature. The graces and charms of literature are not required of it. But what is required of it? Of what value is it when by the very tools it uses it raises the question of its authority and its importance? What should be the equipment of him who places his dicta before the public?

I have not touched on the reviewer's

tastes and opinions in general. Many articles have been written, doubtless are now being written, which point out errors, crass or subtle, in taste and judgment and in the whole theory of reviewing. Many men, many women, many children, know just how reviews should be written and why they should be written. I am not venturing on that plane of discussion. As I said at the outset, my complaint is of the simplest and is not leading me into subtler literary theories. And yet even I am not without impulse, repressed impulse, to utter broader opinions. There are things I could say, if I were to allow myself the privilege. It would afford me almost equal gratification to hear someone else make the same suggestions. I should be pleased, for example, to have some critic of critics urge that the sweet one-time virtue of reticence, reserve, come into the light of praise again. It used to be a powerful as well as, at the best, a natural element in writing. It was not necessarily a moral element, but a literary one, even a literary device at times. We have much in current fiction about natural instincts and appetites and their gratification. We have comparatively little about the instinct for reserve and the appetite for privacy and the power of control. And yet those things have been an ideal slowly developed through many upward centuries. All at once we seem to want to throw it away. An avidity for completeness of statement and picturing possesses the current novelist, at least the one who has most praise in print. He finds anyone less explicit than himself finicky and mincing. In comparison with his shouting of particulars, even the Restoration writers were merely whispering in corners. He does n't seem to know that shyness may be one of the loveliest things in the world, that omission may show power and control, that delicacy may be as great a literary element as the strongest grossness he can muster. Nor does his critic seem to know it either. While the author is struggling to announce himself completely, offering you the very scrapings of the bottom of his mind, the reviewer stands by congratulating. Greasy Joan only keeled the pot, but the writer thinks the world should have more and goes to the very dregs of it. If greasiness is communicated, why, let grease be!

Sometimes you think that the critic is going to protest. But your expectation is usually disappointed. For once that you find a protest at such method, ten times you find praise. The protest is more likely to be the opposite one. 'He is afraid of his big scene,' says a reviewer, of such a dramatic elision as Hardy would have made. I am avoiding implication of moral aspect here, out of regard for those who are convinced that art and morality cannot take shelter under the same shed. The great writers as well as the great critics have known that an art that is successful must have its reserves and its signs of control, which are signs of power. When will the juveniles in fiction writing and in criticism learn this?

That is a thing I should like to say myself if I were venturing on the broader view. I think I should wish to speak also of the critic's view of the history of literature. In spite of his readiness with Rabelais and Greek plays, does n't he often really think that literature began about the time he began to read, or perhaps to write reviews? I should be tempted also to ask — But those questions are not for me. It is better to keep only to the humbler part and to things well established. It requires less courage as well as less subtlety to deal only with what lies beyond dispute. It requires least courage of all to give evidence and leave deductions to the jury.

ABSENCE

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

How should not absence from thy presence change me,
since in thy presence all my future is,
and in my absence all that does estrange me
from that, and binds me to past miseries.
I, like a shadow, when the lighted candle
is snuffed, into a little pool of black
shrink in a second, but if you rekindle
your flame, then on the instant I am back.

O my bright candle! since it is your virtue
and use to shine, and set your shadow moving,
shine! well assured that naught in him can hurt you,
and least his small and ghostly way of loving.
Ghosts with God's word are laid, but mine with less
who only needs for that a woman's 'Yes.'

A KITCHEN PARNASSUS

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

HENRY ADAMS was, in at least one respect, less fortunate than my sister Cynthia. At three years old he first became aware of sunlight on a yellow kitchen floor; but he was sitting in that sunlight, whereas she, at the same age, saw its broad, dazzling shaft from the top of our old secretary. I saw it, too, and from the same vantage ground; but it was not with me, as in the case of Henry Adams and of Cynthia, my first sense impression. I was five. Already I had known the drowsy scent of red peonies in a hot corner of the garden, the friendly odor of cool apples. Taste I knew, too — the puckery, restraining taste of forbidden chokecherries, the taste of sulphur and molasses, lingering and powdery long after it should have gone. And the yellow of a floor was to me never so yellow as a great ball of dandelions which my father had once made for me and which he rolled to and fro, hither and yon, across the clipped green grass. I always used to imagine that the sunlight on our kitchen floor had somehow got into Cynthia's eyes — she used to gaze at it so steadily from the top of the secretary. My own eyes never shone like that. I too early forgot the glories of 'that imperial palace' whence I came.

Of course, it might have been different with me had my mother thought two years earlier of the old secretary; but she did not. That inspiration was coincident in family history with the unexpected marriage of our one servant, already at middle age, to an exacting fisherman, the arrival of a new baby, and an especially bitter winter. My mother, beset by accident and Fate, and yoked, however happily, with a husband manually ineffective, had need of inspiration. She always said in after years that the idea came to her in the middle of a winter night when, fearful lest her bread was not rising as it should, she had come downstairs to replenish the kitchen fire. Then and there, as the dying embers caught the dry bark of a stick of birch and as thin, bright circles of light outlined themselves upon the black range, the thought of the old secretary leaped into my mother's mind and raced about there until she fairly laughed aloud in her quiet kitchen. As she started upstairs, she gave a defiant little kick to the rug rolled tightly against the outside door to keep out the draughts of cold air. No more, she told herself, would coughs and croup slink across the kitchen floor to Cynthia and me playing there on cold winter mornings; and this, with all the rest, she told my father also, waking him out of a sound sleep to do so.

Accordingly, the next morning, before he left for his office, my father moved the secretary from its place in our shabby, overcrowded library to the west wall of the kitchen, just between the wide baking board and the cellar door. It was a huge piece of furniture, topped by two broad shelves, one just far enough below the other to serve as a convenient and comfortable foot rest. Between these shelves there were tiny drawers with glass knobs, and below the lower there were more drawers, so long

and roomy as to make one think that the secretary was only a chest of them after all. But just between the second and third, if one touched the springs on either side of the polished edge, the green baize top of a desk began to come out, and lo! the secretary was complete. No one felt quite certain as to its age. My mother could remember how, when she was a little girl, her grandfather had sat, cravatted and stern, by the desk part and read the Bible at family prayers.

The very novelty of my mother's idea made memorable our first morning on the secretary. It was a cold January day of high wind and bright sunlight, glaring against the deep snow of our driveway and orchard. The yellow painted floor of our great old kitchen was cut by broad bands of light on whose shining surfaces were reflected leaf and flower shadows from the plants on the window ledges. My father and mother lifted Cynthia and me, laughing and in high feather, to our places at either end of the wide top shelf and secured us firmly to the stout upright posts by roller towels, which, passed double under our arms, assured our perfect safety. Our feet rested comfortably on the shelf below, our knees at just the most perfect angle for the roomiest of laps; between us was an assortment of puzzles, picture books, and some old, orange-colored fashion magazines from which to cut paper dolls. After my father had done laughing at us, he kissed my mother twice instead of once. Then he left for the village through the snow-blocked driveway, and she watched him quite out of sight.

That morning was but the first of a five years' tenure for me as winter resident of the old secretary, and yet the details of it are sketched indelibly upon my memory. Beyond the frost of the windows, and visible through the clear, uneven spaces at the top of the panes, stretched the snow-covered fields with the dark, delicate branches of trees above them; within the kitchen the fragrant warmth of the bright air and the even singing of the fire; on the floor the sunlight. My mother bathed the baby by the fire while we watched from our eminence, and carried him to his cradle in the library for his nap. Then she hurried about with her baking, for once free from children underfoot. It was not long before there was a downy patch of flour, like the frailest of snow crystals, upon her pink cheek, and as she worked she sang about a bright and shining river, by which sometime we were all to gather and which in some way became confused in my mind with the sunlight on the floor. When the great clock in the dining-room struck ten, she brought us fresh ginger cookies and some milk in our new mugs, on which blue children in white sunbonnets gathered blue flowers in a white field.

Of our activities that morning I do not recall so much. The unusualness of the situation, perhaps, contented us with doing little. I suppose we cut dolls and worked at puzzles; but I remember most clearly the fascination of the sunlight for Cynthia. At last she fell asleep in her encircling roller towel and was borne away to quarters more luxurious for a nap. But, like Henry Adams, she never forgot that sunlight. I know. For twenty years later, when we read together of his education and came to the yellow kitchen floor, I saw her face.

Just as soon as single words, laboriously conned, began to lose their personal identities in the teasing rhythm of sentences, I began to read to Cynthia on the top of the old secretary. But it was not long before she outdistanced me. For purposes of reading we were encircled by the same towel, and, sitting thus closely, she could follow with her eyes my somewhat halting phrases. Mere letters she eschewed with fine scorn — she had no time for them. It

was words she wanted, and she learned them with the fabled ease of young Alexander in conflict with Homer.

No longer did I hold the book when once she had learned to discover what lay concealed within those neat symbols, pacing so sedately across the plain white pages. Years afterward she told me that the most overpowering thing about first learning to read was the sudden understanding that those unostentatious, orderly marks might be stories — stories which, indeed, baffled sleep and chimney corners; and thus early did she acquire that dissatisfaction with ear-reading only which ever belongs to the true lover of books.

At seven I was sent, protesting, to the village school, to the same building and the same teacher that had nurtured my father and mother, while Cynthia stayed at home and on cold December mornings read to the baby, both of them securely tied to the posts of the secretary. But in those halcyon days of municipal poverty there was relief in the long vacation which occupied the months of January and February. Then, on mornings when the weather forbade long hours of coasting or when we were needed as nursemaids, we mounted with assistance to our Parnassus, submitted to the roller towels, which now bound not only us to the posts but the baby to us, opened our battered red copy of Grimm, and were off!

I am sure Grimm was our favorite. We were blind in those earliest days to the greater delicacy of Hans Andersen and to that wistful, all-pervading pity which makes wise and kind his simplest tale. We loved Elsa, to be sure, with her poor, nettle-stung hands, and the cruel concreteness of the Klauses, Little and Big, delighted us; but the Tin Soldier was a tin soldier, and his steadfastness in succeeding misfortunes was wearisome when compared with Hansel and Gretel, standing hand in hand before the gingerbread house of the wicked witch.

Oh, that house of houses, made with magic hands! With what light, beneficent and perpetual, have the shining eyes of countless children surrounded thee — thy roofs of crystal sugar, thy doorposts of striped candy! For translators — contrary, indeed, to custom and tradition — have for once improved upon the original by a more lavish and concrete rendering of that phrase *mit Kuchen gedeckt*, penned with much smacking of the lips, we may believe, by those good and scholarly brothers of Hanau, who could forsake even the interchange of consonants for such a house as that! Only a few weeks since, when, in an endeavor to bring home to a class of college freshmen the appeal in concrete imagery, I asked them the one thing in 'Hansel and Gretel' which they remembered most vividly, I was answered by a chorus of twenty-five voices, crying, 'The witch's house!' And never shall I forget how the geraniums and heliotrope of a Berlin *Platz* suddenly became a blurred and colorful mist when I, a homesick student, standing alone before the bright windows of a *Konditorei*, saw the little house, resplendent and satisfying, atop a three-tiered cake!

Gulliver we had in words of one syllable, a prose arrangement which early annoyed Cynthia. She used to point with amused tolerance at such disjointed words as Em-man'-u-el Col-lege and Glum'-dal-clitch; and I feel sure that not even the terrifying experiences of Gulliver in the arms of the Brobdingnagian monkey ever quite dispelled from her mind the patronage of that particular editor. But for me the tale was the thing, and such insults I willingly brooked. I early discovered that, as a narrative, 'Lilliput' was far inferior to 'Brobdingnag' in incident, character-

ization, and descriptive detail — a childish criticism which the years have but strengthened and justified; and on Gulliver days, as soon as we had once freed our hero from the strings, the showers of arrows, and the scouts scouting across his chest, and had witnessed his triumphal capture of the enemy's fleet of ships, we spent our time in Lorbrulgrud. The adventures with the spaniel, the frog, the giant rat, and the wasps, which hummed 'louder than the drones of many bagpipes,' the story of the jovial dwarf who threw Gulliver into the bowl of cream, and the climaxing and terrible incident of the eagle with the ring of Gulliver's box in his monstrous beak — of these we never tired. The great Dean was, I think, responsible also for the birth of literary appreciation in the baby, for at two he laughed quite hilariously at the idea, expounded to him laboriously by Cynthia and me, of a baby's rattle 'filled with great stones and fastened by a cable to the child's waist.'

I have never been able to concur with Stevenson in his opinion of the Robinsons, whom, one will remember, he calls a 'dreary family.' Prayerful and pedantic though they were, they were never dreary to Cynthia and me. Their 'plethora of goods' did not disturb us, nor did their many devotions. The latter, indeed, to New England children of the early nineties, still beset by Puritanism, seemed but right and proper, though always a whit embarrassing. Moreover, there clung in those days to *The Swiss Family Robinson* a romance which none of our other books possessed. It marked our entrance into that charmed and luminous circle of those who buy books, not to give away, but to have and to hold. For we had bought *The Swiss Family Robinson* at the grocery store for the price of twelve soap wrappers, taken from the cakes of yellow laundry soap and hoarded with jealous care in one of the little glass-knobbed drawers of the old secretary.

The memory of that Saturday morning when Cynthia and I, soap wrappers in hand, stood in delightful indecision before the shelf in the grocery store which held the books will long remain untarnished. The cheapest of editions then meant nothing to us, the rusty cloth covers, the tiny, half-blurred print on the worst of paper. We took long to choose between *The Three Musketeers* — which we pronounced, in some show of humor, with the accent on the second syllable, and which contained some bad pictures of fights, many and single-handed — and *The Swiss Family Robinson*. The opening paragraphs at length decided us. To children reared on tales of the sea there was more of immediate excitement and interest in the details of a shipwreck than in those happenings, however unprecedented, which were heralded in front of The Jolly Miller on that first Monday in the month of April in the year 1625.

As we grew older and the old secretary included yet another on its broad topmost shelf, many were the books we read thereon. Jane Porter, Marryat, George Macdonald, Harriet Martineau, Dickens in *Great Expectations* and *David Copperfield*, and Thackeray in all those absurdly delightful doings of the royal family of Paflagonia — these and others, their compeers, were the names we conjured with. Nor must I for a moment forget the inimitable Alice, following the gloved and waistcoated White Rabbit into the hole and drinking that equally inimitable potion flavored, one remembers, with cherry tart, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast! For, indeed, the names of Lewis Carroll and of John Tenniel, his illustrator, were not writ in water!

But besides these there were others — bits of driftwood on uncharted seas, books borrowed from schoolmates or

from the meagre Sunday-school library, always a prey to the questionable generosity of the spring housecleaner. These belonged no doubt to a quite inglorious race; they were written by unknown authors and have long since passed out of circulation; yet Cynthia and I have not forgotten them. Their pale deathbed scenes are imprinted on our minds as was that of Clarissa Harlowe on the mind of Lady Mary; their voluble moral precepts recall twinges of conscience; their lofty and impassioned cries of valor, love, and revenge still sound in our delighted ears.

There was one — what would I not give to know that some garret or village library still harbors its prototype! — entitled *Duke Rollo and His Mighty Deeds*. Its date and author are alike unknown to me; it doubtless was the least among books; and yet to it I owe the birth of a great desire and its incomparable fulfillment. That volume of faded blue, with a mace and a battle-axe crossed on its frayed cover, chronicled in grandiloquent phrases the life and times of Duke Rollo of Normandy. From it we learned that, after Duke Rollo was exiled from his northern home and ere he journeyed southward, he lived for a season among some picturesque and romantic islands known as the Hebrides. I must at this point unblushingly state that Cynthia and I called these islands the He'brides. Indeed, it was not until ten years later, when with Wordsworth we listened entranced to the song of that solitary reaper,

> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides,

that we regretfully understood what loveliness had for so long escaped our willing ears. We were sadly conscious of the insult we had accorded a place so beautiful. For Wordsworth's lines, tender and haunting with suggestion, but added weight, as well as a much needed grace, to the blustering and pompous assertion of Duke Rollo, every ringing syllable of which after thirty years is as clear as it was then.

'And I would,' cried the great Duke Rollo, raising his mighty battle-axe on high before his armèd hosts, 'that I need not conquer. For I know of no land under the skies of God more to be desired than these same islands, lying like purple grapes in these dark blue seas!'

It was that figure of Duke Rollo's that stayed long with Cynthia and me and that finally, five years ago, carried us up the high Scottish coast north of Oban, of Port Appin, of Loch Eil. Late one August afternoon, sailing west from Mallaig, whose gray, desolate houses cling like barnacles to the wind-swept cliffs, we saw rocky islands, near, far, dim in the hazy distance and in the hovering twilight. Purple they were, from blossoming heather, or from the evening light, or from years of dreams, and they rose from the dark blue sea like a great bunch of loosely hung grapes.

'I suppose,' said Cynthia, watching a last shaft of sunlight as it lay on the most distant island, 'I suppose Duke Rollo left for France on just such an afternoon as this.'

My mother was directly responsible for an original but not wholly commendable habit which, through her precept and example, early fastened itself upon us. Reacting, as she did, strongly and unmistakably to persons and situations within or without the covers of books, she quite naturally encouraged in us, not only those reactions themselves, but upon occasion the means of registering the same. While we were still very young, it had been her custom, in reading to us, to pass the book solemnly to Cynthia and me in turn, so that we might give tangible vent to our indignation toward some particularly hateful

character by loudly slapping the picture of him and his cruelty. If there were no picture, we slapped the monstrous words that chronicled such dark behavior. Thus the wicked stepmother in 'Snow White,' in the guise of a peddler, with her fatal apple and her poisoned comb, was early and often rewarded by a shower of serious and righteous blows, as was also dastardly Big Klaus who slew his grandmother, and the wolf who drew near, with mincing step and heart of darkness, to the home of Red Riding Hood.

In recent years my mother has apologized for this teaching. She fears now, she says, that it inculcated prejudice and intolerance; but, being in league with the Comic Spirit, she claims an excuse for it on the modern grounds that she married before she had had time to 'express herself' sufficiently! The habit stayed long with Cynthia and me; indeed, it was not so many years ago that I discovered my hand pounding away in fury upon the Thwackum and Square pages in *Tom Jones;* and I doubt not that the custom might have lingered up to this very day were it not that the old and completely satisfying villains have passed out of books and of life, and that all conceivable modern behavior, actual or fictional, has become, in the light of the new learning, neither righteous nor unrighteous, but merely problematical!

With the old secretary and mornings thereon is the habit indissolubly associated. Reading in *The Scottish Chiefs* of the cruel death of the Lady Marion, the Sweet Lady of Ellerslie, at the hands of that venomous Heselrigge, tyrant of Lanark, her small, high voice vibrant with contempt and anger, Cynthia, her hand poised to strike, moved the book toward me, and together we thundered upon the picture or the page just retribution. Thus we dutifully gave visible and vigorous sign of our disgust for all meretricious behavior on the part of witches and stepmothers, elder sisters, grudging schoolmasters, and wicked kings, although it is but fair to say that we were often impatient at the necessary interruption.

But there came a morning, and that early, when there was seemingly no place to slap, when Cynthia's tear-filled eyes looked at mine and mine looked at Cynthia's, and when there drifted about our warm, quiet kitchen, above the sunlight on the floor, within the fragrance of things cooking, a shadowy perception, strange and disturbing. We had been reading a new *Hans Andersen* which had come for Cynthia's birthday, in gay red covers with eleven white swans winging their way toward Elsa and her magical shirts; and for the first time we had become acquainted with the Little Match Girl. There she sat in the cold dawn, — with red cheeks and a smile upon her lips, — in the corner, leaning against the wall, frozen to death on the last evening of the Old Year, so pitiful a figure we both forgot that in her death she had visions for her company.

And who was there to blame for it all — who to slap? Not the boy who had run away with her slipper, cruel though he was. Not her father, who, if she went home, would surely beat her. No, it was not they who had done this thing.

Then, as to Job in the Land of Uz and to Sophocles by the Ægean, there came thus early to Cynthia and me on the top of the old secretary the dim knowledge of that sad and eternal questioning, encircling and uniting all mankind. But for a short moment, a little while, it was clearly better with us than with Job and Sophocles. For we in those days could turn at once to the witch in 'Hansel and Gretel,' who was surely to blame for it all, and slap away to our hearts' content.

EGYPTIAN MILESTONES AND ZAGHLUL PASHA

BY CAPTAIN OWEN TWEEDY

I

It is perhaps a mischoice of words to attempt, as we propose, to discuss Egypt and its recent history in the terms of Egyptian milestones. For in Egypt there are still only a few of the arterial roads which have become so great a feature of communication in other countries, and such few roads as there are are unadorned by milestones, or, indeed, by any other indication of distances. This phenomenon is eloquent of the Egyptian mentality even of to-day. For time and distance mean little or nothing to the average dweller in the delta and valley of the Nile. He rises with the sun and retires at nightfall, and he gauges distance, not in terms of miles or kilometres, but by the time it takes him to patter on his fast little donkey from one village to another.

So, just as the everyday housewife would not discuss with her cook the merits of her oven or gas stove in terms of heat calories, no student of modern Egyptian history would discuss with a native of Egypt the historical development of that country during the last century in terms of milestones. But in Western circles a review of the history of the land of the Pharaohs from 1800 until the present time can be lucidly and conveniently contemplated as if it were the passage of the political coach over the long and perilous road of Oriental pomp and circumstance, with its spurts and disasters, its hopes and despairs.

Modern Egypt dates from the rise to power, in the early years of the last century, of Mohammed Ali the Great, an Albanian adventurer, whose first connection with Egypt has come down in the record of his rescue from drowning in 1801 by British bluejackets then operating against Napoleon's Army in Cairo. Fortune favored him then and continued to be his friend for the next forty years, during which, by a process of intrigue and ruthlessness, he rose to be master of Egypt and the Sudan; to be the conqueror of Arabia and the deliverer of the Holy Cities of Mecca and Medina from the power of a heretic Moslem sect, the Wahabis; and finally, after a successful military campaign against his suzerain lord, the Sultan of Turkey, to become a menace to Constantinople itself and sufficiently formidable to range against himself the concert of Europe, under threats from which he was forced to retire once more within the original territorial boundaries of the then Turkish province of Egypt. But, though thus rebuffed, he received lasting and practical compensation. He had had to reaffirm his tutelage to the Sublime Porte; but in return the Sultan recognized him and his heirs as the hereditary governors of the province of Egypt, under Turkish suzerainty and paying a yearly tribute, and since that time the house of Mohammed Ali the Great has been de jure as well as de facto the controller of Egyptian destinies. That is the first milestone in

modern Egyptian history. The date was 1841.

Egypt then had thirty-eight years of independent freedom under two very unsavory rulers and a third remarkably clever and ludicrously extravagant one. The last-named was Ismail Pasha the Magnificent, who has to his credit the sanctioning of the building of the Suez Canal, but who otherwise ruined Egypt. His extravagance was unbounded and almost Bourbonesque. He made futile wars here, there, and everywhere; he built palaces, built roads, built canals, built anything, and, having pauperized and tyrannized his people and country, whose resources were totally inadequate to compete with such fantastic schemes, he turned to foreign capital for assistance, borrowed right and left, and finally went bankrupt with his country. He was deposed in 1878, when, on the demand of his European creditors, an international control of Egyptian finance was imposed on the country. For four years this inevitably unwieldy control worked somehow, though hampered at every turn by smouldering Egyptian nationalism, which eventually, in 1882, burst into flame in the Arabi rebellion. Chaos ensued, and on May 11, 1882, there was a massacre of Christians in Alexandria. The result was the bombardment and capture of the town by the British fleet, and the subsequent British occupation, by way of the Canal, of Cairo and the Nile Valley. This event constitutes the second milestone in modern Egyptian history.

The occupation was not a conquest, and did not alter the status of Egypt. The suzerainty of Turkey was confirmed, and indeed the occupation was really only the natural corollary to the institution, four years before, of international control of finance, to which Turkey had been a consenting party. The payment of the tutelar subsidy to Constantinople and the interest of the European bondholders was resumed, and the house of Mohammed Ali, which during the Arabi agitation had been reduced to complete impotence, was rehabilitated and restored. The moral and financial regeneration of Egypt dates from 1882. Under the patient and farseeing guidance of Lord Cromer, the Egyptian army was reorganized and rejuvenated; Egyptian credit was reëstablished in Europe; the masses — mostly illiterate — of the Egyptian proletariat were raised from the abject poverty and servility into which they had fallen under Ismail Pasha to prosperity and content; agricultural and irrigation schemes were inaugurated and developed; and finally the Sudan, which had been allowed during the decadent rule of Ismail Pasha to pass into fanatic anarchy under the Mahdi, was patiently recovered under British leadership and reorganized under a benevolent and liberal government of its own, as the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. But, as was perhaps inevitable, the recovered prosperity and tranquillity of the country revived that feeling of nationalism which is after all the prerogative of every nation. Those who were mere children in the bad old days grew up in an atmosphere of freedom and emancipation. They were citizens of a modernized country, no longer puppets of an autocratic line of selfish rulers; and as they came to realize that independence of opinion was no more a menace to their existence, there arose an agitation against all form of control by a foreign Government that was Christian and not Mohammedan. For, whatever may be said on the banks of the Nile by Egyptians, the Egyptian question is at bottom the problem of religion.

Lord Cromer had marked the development of Egyptian nationalism during the close of his proconsulship.

He had repeatedly checked the dangerous intrigues of the new young Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, who had no memories of the past and vast ambitions for the future; and although up to 1914 the agitation for independence had kept within legitimate bounds, it persisted throughout as a vivid and ever growing force. British policy during this difficult period was one of gradual disengagement from executive control. As the country righted itself, more and more responsibility was placed on native shoulders, and it cannot be denied that progress was being made — faster, maybe, in some spheres than in others, but sensible.

The outbreak of war at once drew attention to the importance of Egypt's strategic position, lying, as she did, athwart British and, to a lesser extent, French communications with their wide and essential Eastern colonies. The British garrison was strengthened against invasion, — and, as justification of these precautions, be it noted that Egypt was the first object of Turkish attack, — and the British Government publicly declared that it would guarantee the integrity of Egyptian frontiers against encroachment by land or sea. Meanwhile Abbas Hilmi, the Khedive of Egypt, who had never ceased to scheme for the advancement of his personal ambitions, was at Constantinople — ostensibly on a summer holiday. He never returned. The Turks soon entered the war on the side of the Central Powers, and, in the mistaken idea that they were bound to win, he ranged himself and his ambitions on their side. He was deposed in November 1914, and simultaneously the British Government declared a protectorate over Egypt. We have reached the third milestone in modern Egyptian history.

The declaration of the protectorate severed Egypt once and for all time from Turkey; it assured her position through the period of hostilities, and it changed to an amazingly small degree the existing methods of her government. The new ruler was of the house of Mohammed Ali, and a native ministry remained in power. The change from Turkish suzerainty was accepted with absolute calm, and indeed throughout the war the behavior of the Egyptian people was highly praiseworthy. But the calm of the country did not mean that the old nationalistic ideas were dead. They were only dormant in the minds of all Egyptians, who suddenly found their whole attention concentrated on the abnormal prosperity which came to them from the war. Egypt became a huge base for British and French effort in the Near East, and money flowed into her coffers. On the other hand, it cannot be overlooked that the Allies owe Egypt a debt of gratitude. She supplied vast labor corps in more than one theatre of hostilities, and she placed unreservedly the products of her fertile land at their disposal. But as it is true that Egyptians never remember the benefits and advantages which accrued to them from the immunity they enjoyed, thanks to the Allies, from the horrors of war, so it is equally a fact that, amid the strain and stress of post-war developments in Egypt, there was a corresponding inability in Great Britain to appreciate at its true value the help Egyptians rendered to the Allied cause.

The three years from the outbreak of the Egyptian rebellion in March 1919 up to March 1922, when the war-time measure proclaiming a British protectorate over Egypt was revoked by Mr. Lloyd George's Government on the advice of Lord Allenby, were years of tension and disappointment, of sporadic outbreak and repression, difficult and harassing for British and Egyptians alike. But though, at the time, the

situation often appeared well-nigh hopeless of solution, these years were not barren and eventually bore fruit.

Slowly a section of the Egyptian political world came to realize that the British Government was vitally interested in the integrity of Egypt and the maintenance of that integrity against aggression from without, and that, as guardian and sponsor of the rights of all Europeans in Egypt, it would not abandon its obligations in this direction. At the same time there developed in British circles a readiness to appreciate the advance which Egyptians themselves had made, under British guidance, toward a capacity for independent self-government. The result of these mutual adjustments of ideas was the famous declaration of the British Government to Egypt of February 28, 1922, which was accepted by the existing Egyptian Government and by the Sultan, who after an interval of a fortnight proclaimed Egypt as an independent sovereign State and himself as her first king, to rule as a constitutional monarch with a free parliament which would be elected by popular suffrage. Thus a new state of things was established in Egypt, a great advance registered toward her complete independence, and a partial solution reached of the vexed Anglo-Egyptian question. In its declaration the British Government reserved for future discussion and solution four points, on which no decision was possible at the time. They are as follows: (1) the safeguarding of communications through Egypt, particularly the Suez Canal; (2) the British Government's retention of the control of the Sudan; (3) the protection of British and foreign interests in Egypt; (4) the defense of Egypt against foreign aggression.

The promulgation of this declaration marks the fourth milestone in modern Egyptian history.

II

The reader who has persevered thus far through what can only be a cursory study of modern Egyptian political history may perhaps be wondering at the absence of reference to Saad Zaghlul Pasha, who is, and has been for the last ten years, by far the most prominent figure in Egyptian politics. His power over his countrymen is undeniable, but the absence of reference to his activities has been intentional. This article is set forth to register the political emancipation of Egypt since 1800 — milestone by milestone. Zaghlul Pasha has not materially contributed to this advancement. Such a highly controversial statement calls for elaboration and explanation, and we feel that the enlightenment of our readers will best be effected by a summary of the career of this very remarkable and personally sympathetic old man. For he is very old.

He was born about 1850, the son of farmer parents, in the Nile Delta — an origin of which he is justly proud. He is and boasts himself to be an Egyptian of the Egyptians, a son of the soil and, in his own vernacular, a *fellah* of the *fellahin* (a peasant of the peasants). He did not, however, remain on the soil, but early migrated to Cairo, studied the law in the great Moslem university, El Azhar, and, once qualified, started a practice in the courts and dabbled in Arabic journalism. He soon attracted attention both as a lawyer and as a pressman. It is said of him by his own people that he has a tongue of gold, a pen of fire, and an eye bright as the stars; and the description is not excessive. He has tremendous personal magnetism. As an orator, he is amusing, persuasive, and impulsive, inspiring and combative, and his early training in the Mohammedan law has left him with a unique knowledge of the

Koran, which he will quote, appositely and dramatically, with great effect to his fanatic Moslem audiences. His writings are marked by similar features. And in appearance — though we must now speak of the post-war Saad Zaghlul — he is commanding and eminent. He is tall, — about six feet, — spare, and broad-shouldered, and carries himself deliberately, though with a slight stoop, due to his advanced age. His features are of the Mongol type — high, flat cheek bones, a slightly receding forehead, and blue tilted eyes set widely apart. His complexion is sallow, but not in the least swarthy, and his broad, firm mouth can harden with determination or relax under a very attractive smile, when his clear eyes sparkle. He has a pleasant, ringing voice and graceful, courteous manners.

Such is the man; but we must now return to his career. He witnessed the deposition of Ismail Pasha in 1878 and the rise of the military dictatorship of Arabi Pasha, and in that turmoil he participated until finally he found himself a British prisoner charged with incitement and sedition. But, after summary punishment, he was quickly released to devote himself once more to his legal practice. His reputation as a lawyer had been enhanced rather than lessened by the advertisement of his arrest and penalty, and he quickly advanced in his profession and was shortly absorbed in the Egyptian political world. But in those days he was no extremist. His first wife had died, and in the nineties he contracted a most advantageous second marriage with the daughter of the then Egyptian Prime Minister, Mustafa Pasha Fahmi, who was perhaps the foremost of all the Egyptian politicians of that period. He was the friend and ally of Lord Cromer, and his policy for Egypt was one of cautious retrenchment and development along conservative lines. He quickly enlisted the support and collaboration of his brilliant young son-in-law, who entered the government service and in due time rose to ministerial rank.

Lord Cromer was a man sparing in compliments where they were not deserved, and highly critical and observant of those who worked with him or within his sphere. He liked and admired Zaghlul Pasha, appreciated his ability, his independence of thought, and his constructive powers; and when, on the conclusion of his long mission to Egypt, the great proconsul delivered a public speech in the Cairo opera house, he went out of his way to mention the services which Zaghlul Pasha had already rendered to Egypt, and recommended him to his countrymen as a future leader of their destinies.

Zaghlul Pasha was in those days the head of an Egyptian political party, — the People's Party, — which, with a moderate programme, had come into being to combat the extremism of the other political party in the country — the Nationalists. This fact is remarkable, though now almost forgotten. It throws a light — an illuminating light — on the Zaghlul of twenty years ago, the brilliant and respected politician, the leader of the moderate party in Egypt, and the firm friend of the British representative.

But Zaghlul Pasha's success and the position which he had won for himself made him a target for intrigue. Intrigue is endemic in Egypt. Fathers will scheme against sons, sons against fathers; the office boy, when he can, against the managing clerk, the scullery boy against the head cook. The reason may be that Egypt is overpopulated, and that, to an extent which cannot exist in roomier quarters of the globe, there are always too many candidates for every post, however lowly. Those who have lived in Egypt will

remember the tension and excitement in domestic circles when the news goes forth, as it does like wildfire, that the master has sacked Mohammed the boot-boy. Applications rain, supported by dazzling testimonials from generals and pashas galore, and in the end a new Mohammed is selected at the princely salary of seven dollars a month — for in Egypt we talk of dollars.

And jealousy and intrigue attacked Zaghlul Pasha insistently from 1905 to 1915. On more than one occasion he held ministerial rank, but he had a jealous enemy in the Khedive, Abbas Hilmi, whose ambitions did not appeal to Zaghlul, and the result was frequent eclipse and finally retirement altogether from direct participation in affairs of State. This period also records the drift of Zaghlul Pasha from intimacy and friendship with British circles in Egypt.

British policy had changed in 1906 under a Liberal Government in England, and its new line was to dissociate British influence from direct interference in purely Egyptian affairs. Zaghlul Pasha's differences with the Khedive fell into this category, and when he sought support against his royal master in British quarters it could not be given him. He was humiliated and disillusioned. His eclipse became a topic of discussion in the press and clubs; the Khedive triumphed openly, stressing the inability of the British to help his victim, and Zaghlul Pasha himself had no counter-weapon. He had fought a losing battle with the same courage and determination that had marked his early career, but in the struggle the iron had bitten into his soul and he emerged after the war an extremist, intensely hostile to the British, and full of vindictiveness against those Egyptian politicians who during his overshadowment enjoyed and benefited from the fruits of office.

A story is told of a very garrulous and obese Egyptian pasha, who in the old days prided himself — he was slimmer then — on his close resemblance to the best type of English manhood. He had, he would say, learned to sing in his bath and to eat bacon and eggs every morning for breakfast. But one thing he could not accomplish: he always looked a bounder in a bowler. During the war he received a decoration. By mischance one of his enemies — also an Egyptian — received a higher grade of the same order. Now the man is blindly Anglophobe.

III

Egypt, as we have said, benefited from the war, but she also suffered — though, in comparison with other countries, to a negligible extent. There were grievances against the methods of recruiting for the labor corps and the system of collecting cereals and supplies for the fighting services. Traveling facilities were restricted and the movements of individuals controlled. The post and the press were censored and paper money was introduced. In his scheme for a return to power Zaghlul Pasha constituted himself as a clearing centre for all such grievances, however trivial. He listened to all, promised redress to all, and contrived to exaggerate in the minds of his countrymen the extent of their suffering. As can be imagined, he soon had a mighty following in so credulous a country as Egypt; and with this support he formulated a programme for the redress of Egypt, constituted a delegation of which he was the head, and demanded from the British representative the right to lay the grievances of his country and his programme, which involved a total British withdrawal from Egypt, before the British

Government in London. His request was refused. He had not legitimate claim to represent his country. There was a tried and conscientious Egyptian Government in being, whom the British Government did consent — though tardily — to receive. But Zaghlul Pasha and his friends were *imperium in imperio;* they had no status, no official qualifications to negotiate on behalf of Egypt, and their following, though vast, was mainly illiterate and certainly did not then or since grasp the full meaning of his programme.

Zaghlul Pasha took up the refusal of the British Government as a challenge, and, with a subtlety and an application that deserved a better cause, set himself to undermine the authority of the Egyptian Government in power. He enlisted in his support uncontrolled and unoccupied hordes of students and young officials and dispatched them throughout the country to spread the propaganda that Great Britain was about to seize Egypt for her own imperial and commercial ends and that the existing Egyptian Government were but puppets in British hands and had sold themselves to the foreigner. Zaghlulist committees were formed in every town and hamlet. Incidents occurred, the government machine faltered, and, in March 1919, Zaghlul Pasha himself was arrested by the British, with three of his leading supporters, and deported to Malta. His removal was the signal for the outbreak which his lieutenants had been organizing for three months. It lasted three weeks. Outrages of the most brutal nature were perpetrated, communications were cut, and the life of the country was temporarily paralyzed. Zaghlul Pasha's internment at Malta lasted only a month, but he did not return to Egypt for two years; and although in his absence Zaghlulist propaganda, organized from his headquarters in Paris, kept the agitation alive, somehow progress was made toward a settlement. Lord Milner, on behalf of the British Government, conducted an inquiry into the causes of Anglo-Egyptian friction and subsequently negotiated personally with Zaghlul for a treaty between the two countries. Agreement was practically reached, when at the eleventh hour Zaghlul Pasha evaded signature of terms to which he had previously raised no objection, and once again the question was thrown into the melting pot.

The following year further efforts were made to reach agreement. A strong Egyptian Ministry took office, and invited the coöperation of Zaghlul. He refused the responsibilities of office, but demanded presidency of the treaty delegation over the head of the prime minister himself, who was to be a mere member. It was once again imperium in imperio. His demands were refused; he declined to collaborate on other terms, and the negotiations took place while he stayed in Egypt and pursued his tactics of intimidation and intrigue. The negotiations in London did not succeed, but the experience gained by both parties from them, and from Lord Milner's previous negotiations with Zaghlul Pasha himself, provided a degree of accord which was embodied in the British declaration of 1922, from which dates the independence of Egypt as a sovereign State. But before this was accomplished Zaghlul Pasha was once more deported.

On the failure of his rivals' mission to London, he had intensified his propaganda to bring the Government in being into contempt, and to reduce it to impotence by incitement to agitation and subversive tactics within the various departments. He had no constructive policy, and his insistence, like a true Oriental bargainer, on his

maximum demands had provoked, first, unrest and agitation, and finally murder. He did not return to Egypt till the autumn of 1923. By that time the new régime of independence was well in the saddle, the constitution had been promulgated, many outstanding questions had been settled with Great Britain, and finally the first elections ever held in Egypt took place. Zaghlul Pasha was returned with a sweeping majority, and in January 1924 — at long last — he had to take official responsibility for the government of his country. His record as prime minister was pitiable. In the short space of ten months he had fomented riots in the Sudan, had exasperated the British and foreign colonies in Egypt to breaking point, had lost the sympathy of the Socialist Government then in power in London, and had produced a state of excitement and indiscipline in Egypt which culminated in the terrible murder of the British sirdar of the Egyptian army. The result was the severity of the British Ultimatum delivered by Lord Allenby in November 1924, and Zaghlul Pasha's own inglorious disappearance from the political arena.

The last eighteen months in Egypt, if politically unsatisfactory, have at any rate restored the country to calm and prosperity. And now, as a result of the latest elections, Zaghlul Pasha is once more at the head of a sweeping Parliamentary majority. Events and the intrigues of others have greatly assisted his rehabilitation, but the sober fact remains that his countrymen have elected him to be their representative, and it is yet to be seen in what mood he contemplates a resumption of official responsibility. It is vain to attempt to anticipate what his attitude will be, but it is not impossible to assess his problems of the future. His former programme is known, and it proved disastrous to his own country, impossible of realization, and dangerous to the peace and good order in Egypt. The British Government endured much during his previous tenure of office in the hope that good might come out of evil, and that he might eventually abandon his attitude of barren *intransigeance* and come to a sane agreement on the questions outstanding between the two countries. Their patience was unproductive of any result, and, as they have already shown, they do not intend again to allow conditions of life and safety in Egypt to deteriorate into the state which rendered possible the murder of Sir Lee Stack.

There can be no question that Zaghlul Pasha realizes these hard facts as clearly as do all Western students of recent Egyptian history. But, we repeat, he is an old man, and old men do not quickly change their ideas. He is also a hero to his own countrymen and owes his position — apart from his personal magnetism — to his obstinacy. He is vain and enjoys his popularity, which, he fears, might disappear were he to compromise in a statesmanlike way. He is selfish in that he is indifferent to his country's ultimate welfare, so long as he maintains his position. He is vindictive, too, and has many accounts still to settle. But let him, as the lesser lights of this world all must do in their turn, from time to time pause to consider facts and their relation to policy, and then perhaps he may be reckoned in the eyes of the world as a great man.

Great political agitators of the past have either compromised and failed or compromised and won, but they have never earned a place among the truly great without compromise. Zaghlul Pasha may have few or many years of life before him, but he has yet to demonstrate his appreciation of the power of mutual arrangement and good will.

THE HOLDUP THAT FAILED

BY ALBERT KINROSS

I

We are living in a novel by H. G. Wells — the early Wells, who had not begun to repeat himself; and as truth is usually better than fiction, so is our present life far better than anything that 'H. G.' has imagined.

In the first place, we are not hampered by the middle-class 'intellectual' with his perpetual howl for free love — as though freedom in love were a novelty. The lower class, with nothing to lose by an informal attitude toward this question, and the upper class, who are similarly released, always have practised free love. More often than not, it has meant sticking to one wife or one husband with a perfect loyalty. It is only the restless middle class, or the half-baked, who stand and argue and drag this pink herring across the path of progress. Or, perhaps, it is only the middle class who read novels and are represented by the popular novelist.

Well, on Tuesday, May 4, it began, and it has been going on the whole week, and it seems likely to go on a bit longer. Tuesday was something like the first day of the Great War; but whereas the war was tragedy, this thing is comedy. I do not mean that it is funny or humorous; I use the word 'comedy' in its classic sense of a tragedy reversed — as Meredith used it in his essay, and as the old dramatists used it. The youth of the nation is not being killed, nor is it going to be killed. There may be a few broken heads and so forth, but not more than are usually broken in our boxing rings and playing fields. There may even be some killed and badly damaged, but probably less than the number which is a constant of our twentieth-century civilization. With rare trains running, roads empty, mines and factories closed, there should be fewer casualties than the average.

On Tuesday we woke up to a changed and, in some respects, a better world. I am living about thirty miles from London; we have a little town close at hand and a larger town twelve miles away. Most of us get our living out of milk, meat, eggs, and poultry. There are a few orchards and hop gardens; but milk is the great industry. Our one factory is 'the tanyard,' as we call it, a prosperous affair, run by a family which has risen from the ranks, and which, therefore, understands and is on excellent terms with its workpeople. Some of us are commuters and go up to London daily from one of our three railway stations. Our great swell is the Astor who controls the *Times* and the *Observer* and whose sister-in-law, Lady Astor, sits in Parliament. We have a sprinkling of old ladies and gentlemen who have retired from active work and who cultivate their gardens and mean well by everything and everybody — plain, average human beings who have seen a wide bit of the world and whom we like. Our only aliens or foreigners are three citizens of the United States

who practise their art in a furnished cottage which they have taken for a year. We have no immigrant Jews, Irish, Italians, Negroes, or other difficult neighbors whatsoever, though in all probability many of us have such among our ancestry.

In a little world like this you can see the whole thing at your leisure; in London, or any other big city, you see too little or else too much, and in the end you see nothing. This is what is the matter with our politicians, agitators, and other maniacs. Here, surrounded by a vast population of cows, bullocks, chickens, ducks, geese, sheep, horses, pigs, dogs, cats, and bees, who all do their work without much fuss or speech-making, we manage to keep sane. Nor are we without culture or the distractions of a big city. We have books in plenty and the time wherein to read them; we have wireless and gramophones, and therefore music; our picture galleries are nature's own, and just now, with every orchard in blossom and every tree breaking into leaf, they can knock the Royal Academy into a cocked hat as far as landscape painting goes; and being full of songbirds — lark and thrush and nightingale, blackbird, wren, and robin, to say nothing of cuckoo, ringdove, woodpecker, and chaffinch —they have the Louvre and the National Gallery fairly beat, and you can throw in the Metropolitan, Prado, and Pitti. At least, that is how we feel about it.

And, thinking deeper, we feel that modern industrialism, in so far as it holds men back from God and nature and locks them up in hideous cities, must inevitably breed riot and confusion; so that the autocrat can do no other than send his subjects forth to war, or the agitator than spur them on to revolution. Henry Ford has seen this, and Cadbury, Mond, Leverhulme — all the great employers. So too have the destroyers.

But I must get back to Tuesday morning and the changed world which awaited us.

The railways and the local bus services had stopped running, no newspapers arrived, and we were all rather in the dark. I cycled over to Southwell, our nearest town, where I know everybody and everybody knows me. It was something like the first day of the war. The weaker vessels exploded, but most of us sat tight.

Clibborn, our local justice of the peace, who has a general store and who governs our water and gas services, had an official notice pasted up in his shop window, asking for volunteers. I went inside to explore, and Evans, the assistant, a mild little man who so far has always paid due and overdue respect to my exalted rank, received me with a burst of maniacal laughter, which meant either 'Here is another poor deluded devil come to sign away his birthright,' or 'Why, even *he* is turned against us; everybody is against us!' I dare say Evans feels that he is underpaid and exploited by the capitalist, and that now, at last, has come his chance; and that here am I, — with others like me, — walking up and volunteering to take his job and the jobs of his fellow workers. He recovers with a start and tells me that Mr. Clibborn is in the office behind the shop; so, merciless and implacable, I go on, prepared, according to Evans, to grind the faces of the poor — to save them from their own lunacy, if that is possible, according to my own view of the situation.

Mr. Clibborn is a substantial Englishman, with a sound head on his shoulders and a good record of public service. He represents fair play, self-control, and fitness for his peculiar function. Evans, on the other hand,

is a temperamental Celt, who could no more run a store than I could, and who, were it not for a romantic wife, would consider himself in clover.

Our Government must have been ready for the Communists, or whatever they are. There is the printed notice in the window, and next Mr. Clibborn hands me a printed form, which I fill out; and so that's settled. I have registered my name, address, military rank, and readiness to deal with any matter relating to what soldiers call 'Supply and Transport' in any part of the country. Or, in plainer English, I am prepared to handle food and fuel or to move them from one place to another. This offer goes to district headquarters, for, like the 'Bolshies,' we have commissars all over the shop now, and no half-witted demi-semi-Orientals either, but ordinary fellows with the usual British notion of things, who use a bathtub in the morning.

I decline to be a special constable for three reasons: I am six years over the age limit; I feel that the younger men, and especially the 'wanglers' who shirked service in the war, should go first (I am willing to bet that the latter will fight like blazes when it is a question of guarding their own shop windows); and, to be honest, I have done it once — and was utterly and completely bored by it. I have four women and eight hundred chickens and ducks to look after at home, and that's all the police work I intend doing for the present. If things get really bad — Mr. Clibborn sees my point and I sail out again.

In the street I see the idiot whom we call 'The Bolshie' — almost affectionately, for he makes us laugh. Nominally a visitor sent down here for his health's sake, in reality he is an emissary whose business it is to prepare us for the greatest of all Revolutions. When it breaks out he, I presume, is going to take charge of us. Just now he is haranguing Tom Ade, the postman, a perfectly impermeable and hopeless case. Ade winks at me and I wink at Ade. The Bolshie drives his right fist into the palm of his left hand and tells us what is wrong with the world. To-morrow he will tell us that the Welsh Guards have mutinied and that Mr. Saklatvala is in Buckingham Palace. He is an elderly man in a topcoat and a muffler, above which glows a head like that of a demented rabbit.

The tanyard is at work as usual, but farther up the street I bow to the vicar's wife and the vicar. Like most vicars nowadays, and in spite of the smug self-satisfaction of the majority of his superiors, the poor chap is shockingly underpaid, and his four kiddies are underfed, and his wife is far from having a gay time of it. He goes on pluckily and not very skillfully, and just now he is on his way to be sworn in as a special constable; for, whatever his limitations as an orator and parish priest, he has a clear conception of duty.

This morning his wife has 'gone off the deep end,' as we say, and is rather difficult to answer. 'It's worse than the war,' she begins; 'then we had n't all this class hatred. We all stood together; but now — '

We two men — heartless wretches both! — remain unmoved.

I venture to remind the lady that the war meant the loss of a million young lives and the crippling of a million others. 'This thing makes me laugh,' I ended.

The lady goes on disconsolate. If she likes to belong to a class, it's her affair, not mine.

To tell the honest truth, both she and the vicar are rather obsolete and belong to the dark ages before the war. They amuse old maids and middle-

class snobs, and a few loyal souls who are able to 'put the cause above the man.' The Church, unfortunately, means a good deal more to them than Christ; but they are so abominably hard up that I can forgive them anything. Their real service to the community resides in the fact that they have produced four decently bred children who, in spite of present hardship, and probably as a consequence thereof, will be better stuff than their parents.

Outside the local newspaper's branch office I meet the local reporter, a spavined hack who lisps in bromides, clichés, and journalese. He is hot about 'the freedom of the press,' as, of course, he would be. I say, 'It's a good time to get divorced or to go bankrupt; even a small murder or two might pass unnoticed.' He brightens a little and answers, 'So it is.'

Again, to be quite open, I can't say that I regret the disappearance of a certain type of newspaper. I picture that honest fellow, Lord Beaverbrook, reduced to impotence — not a standard fluttering, not an express running! Or the morons and poseurs of the pink reviews, who are reaping what they have sown; or the historians who specialize in debauched millionaires, the muck heaps of sport, society, the American continent, and all the rest of it. Even Messrs. Gilbert Frankau and Michael Arlen are lost to us, and Epstein and that scintillating dog, Bendago. Instead, a nightingale is singing outside my window.

Farther up the street I bump into our three citizens of the United States, who are American in nothing except their passports. Zangwill would describe them as 'Children of the Ghetto'; we call them 'The Little People.' Being 'intellectuals,' they have no particular flag, no particular God, no particular anything. We find them rather pathetic. This morning they are more jumpy than usual and prophesy blood, rapine, and slaughter. They get annoyed when I laugh at them. Zangwill is right. They are children. Yet, so is Mr. Saklatvala.

And so is Mr. Hammond. He sees me, and, beaming all over, 'Let me swear you in as a special constable!' he cries, as though he were offering me the Garter set in diamonds or the viceroyalty of India. I thank him and decline the honor. He is persistent and wants to lead me back to Mr. Clibborn, for, when pressed, he admits that 'swearing in' lies beyond his powers and that he can only lead the bride up to the altar. Mr. Hammond is our bright, particular busybody, and this row gives him what he so dearly loves, a chance of getting into the picture without taking scratch or scar. Not since the war has he had so full an opportunity.

I am afraid that poor Dick Hammond gets a good few 'in the neck'; for not everybody is as polite as I am, and his war record is well known to us. However, nature has endowed him with a skin so thick that he might well have ventured; and even to-day he is merely distressed when our Elizabethan farm laborers call him a 'little bastard' and remind him that he stayed snug at home while better men went out and died for him.

From this painful topic let us pass on to new delights. There is the road by which our milk is sent to London. Cycling home, I meet lorry after lorry, heavy with cans and driven by volunteers. Each bears the official label, 'Foodstuffs.' Yet some drivers, being of a humorous turn, have chalked up 'Babies' Booze,' while one wag describes his load as 'Bulls' Milk.'

At home we count up our coal and find that we are rather short; so, later on, off I go to 'Martin's Wood'

with Martin. He is our hired man, and is a genius. We call the wood 'Martin's Wood' because this year he has speculated in it, buying from a local landowner the right to cut it down and do what he likes with it.

Martin has his axe, I have a sack, and in the wood we find Martin's hired man, a toothless ancient who might have stepped straight out of the pages of Thomas Hardy. So might Martin. We are only thirty miles from Charing Cross, but we are away from the main roads, and the old unchanged, unchanging spirit is still with us.

I love these countryfolk and feel at home with them. Our old, true aristocrats, from the royal family downward, are only these people multiplied by *n*. The Prince of Wales is a perfect instance. His vocabulary is unflinching and direct; his main suit is common sense; he has the heart of a lion, the body of a racehorse. Martin is equally thoroughbred, and so is the ancient, though rather in the Shire class — 'heavy draught,' as we used to say in the army.

We chop up wood, we smoke our pipes, and talk — mostly about birds, for the world is full of them. Then comes the 'Dear Brutus' theme, beginning with 'If I had my time over again — ' Martin says that he 'd 'scheme' if he had his time over again. 'Scheme' is the countryman's word for business. He'd be the cause of work in others. So would the ancient. If our new Tory Party has any sense it will see to it that such men find a career. Martin and the ancient would each have done well in America; their children would have done better; the ancient's grandchildren would probably have had a place on Long Island and a skyscraper in New York.

We talk about Italy, for Martin served on the Italian front under Cavan, after that last tragic dispatch of Cadorna, — surely the most poignant document of the whole war, — wherein a great soldier and a greater gentleman names regiment after regiment and brigade after brigade which 'basely betrayed the Fatherland.'

We discuss the Italian army like experts, and Italian wine, women, and song like Martin Luther, of whom this Martin has never heard. Nor has either of them ever heard of Mussolini, or, for that matter, of Mr. Chaplin or of Miss Pickford. They have never heard a jazz band or read a 'best seller' or discussed free love, but they have done most things worth doing and said most things worth saying, and they and people like them have taught me most of what I know.

We don't bother much about the strike, which we regard as a town affair that hardly affects us producers; and as to the capitalist, we agree that he is a bit of a dog, but that we are quite able to cope with him, and that there are capitalists and capitalists.

I stagger home with a load of wood; Martin helps me over the brook; the ancient reloads his pipe and goes on chopping and dreaming and singing an old song.

> 'When I come back from the war,
> They will give me a medal,'

it begins. The war is the war that ended at Waterloo and seems to be much like the last war. Only the tune is different — a haunting minor air that follows me up the lane like the cry of a plover. The late war has given us nothing half so good.

II

The above impressions were put down during the first days of the strike. To-day it is over. The news came through about lunch-time last Wednesday and we all said 'Thank God!' and

meant it. We have had rather a hectic week of it.

Without wireless and Mr. Henry Ford it would have been quite impossible, but the fools who stampeded the T. U. C. forgot wireless when they suppressed the newspaper, and forgot Mr. Henry Ford when they wounded the railways; and of course there were aeroplanes as usual — a good deal more than usual. The aeroplane people have been having the time of their lives. But the chief omission of all was a complete misreading of the British character, combined with an entire ignorance of the fact that the war, though it may have hurt us, has left us a nation of experts. To take my own case, for instance. Before the war I was a comfortable literary gent who played cricket all summer, shot in the autumn, and followed hounds, beagles, and other dogs till cricket and tennis came round again. Wrenched out of these employments, I was a 'cop' for six weeks, then a second lieutenant who had to talk military French and German; next a French railway guard, grocer, and supercargo; then a hospital case; next a trainer of recruits; back in France, a detective; and, by turns, newspaper editor, horse and mule master, adjutant, clerk, shipwrecked mariner, spy, nervous wreck, tramp, or draft conductor in Macedonia, Marseilles, and Italy; and finally camel and horse master, publisher, press-autocrat, and historian in Egypt, Palestine, and the Desert. The war gave to most of us these opportunities. Cook, Pugh, Citrine, and the other shirkers, pacifists, and rotters who plotted the strike had forgotten that. So we who volunteered could fill the bill, whether it was a case of running a locomotive, loading up lorries, printing a newspaper, working a power station, or driving anything on wheels. Only a tenth part of us was called upon, and a great Party, stampeded by its Polish Jews and Celtic pinheads and what is known as 'political passion,' had better sit down and learn something about the country it aspires to govern before it tries these tricks again.

Twice during these eight days I rode up to London, my friends in the milk industry aiding and abetting. As a curiosity of the strike, I may mention that milk, being socialized, or controlled by the Government, — it comes to the same thing, — had improved in quality to such a degree that everybody in London was talking. It left here without added water, and even the poor old retailer had n't time to dilute it!

One rascal, however, had triumphed. I called on the grain merchant who supplies our local miller. Grain, which is the raw material of chicken and, therefore, of eggs, had gone up a shilling the hundredweight. 'You can take it or leave it!' said the grain merchant. I took it, of course, and I reported him to Woodhouse, our food commissar, who, being a lawyer, had probably overlooked the fact that eggs, which we are bound to sell at pre-strike prices, depend on grain, and that if grain goes up we are indeed undone.

The town has been described by countless correspondents, and America knows far more about it than we who have had no newspapers. I had scarcely realized how English it was, and how cool and collected. Lacking the immense foreign populations of Paris or New York, and aided moreover by thousands of young men and women from outside its radius, London was all right. Wearing out its tires and its shoe leather, perhaps, but there were compensations and diversions enough to please the most blasé and sophisticated. The people I admired

most were the rank and file of the strikers. They were neither cowed nor afraid; but, unlike the politicians, they were prepared to 'play the game.' And they played it like gentlemen. The hooligans who gave some trouble and murdered one old gentleman were not strikers.

I went into the War Office and saw B——, who is a friend of mine. 'Nothing doing, old bird!' (I quote verbatim.) I rang up two magazine editors. They were taking a holiday. I lunched with C——, who knows all about the royal family. King George, of course, was anxious, but, one and all, they were glad to be rid of the reporters and the press photographers. Who would n't be? The Prince of Wales, especially, was enjoying this respite. He knows that such attentions are a part of what he calls his 'job,' and, like the good sportsman he is, he stands them; but he would far rather be standing these press lads a square meal, or even a drink, if need be. The Duchess of York is delighted to have had her baby without the usual nauseating gossip, which must make even a baby sick, and, on off days, regret that it had ever been born. On Sunday, while Messrs. Trotsky and Company were giving out that the Guards had mutinied, the Prince, the Duke, and Princess Mary were actually in their midst, attending divine service in the Guards' Chapel.

As a matter of curiosity I wandered up to our foreign quarters, into Soho and the district east of Aldgate. 'Business as usual' seemed to be the universal slogan, rather more than less so. The foreigner, Jew or Gentile, comes here to make money. It is only when he gets a bit 'above himself,' as we call it, that he inclines to be a nuisance. Town- and, usually, street-bred, he knows only one part of life, and that the worse part; logical, and out to win at any cost, he forgets that the English are not logical and that we care far more for the game than for the winning of the game. He forgets that it is much more amusing to travel than to arrive, and that it is only when we are really in a corner that we find ourselves. A strange race, no doubt; but what else can you expect from a nation of islanders? And such are the most of us. You must allow us the defects of our qualities.

At my sister's I find my nephew Frank, who is an art student, and who is now doing duty as a special constable — that is to say, he is relieving the regular police, who throughout this disturbance have borne the real heavy brunt of it.

I also find two American boys, fellow students and intimates of my nephew. They are working their way through our art schools with true American grit, and after a day spent in study they get on to more gainful jobs, the one transforming himself into a bell-hop, the other working as cloak-room attendant in the same hotel. My sister is putting them up over this crisis, which she describes as 'rather a spree.' So does my niece, who is 'out of work' as well; for the *Weekly Highbrow* — she is its editor's private secretary — is to-day a washout, and all its fatuous oracles and embittered women are in the street.

From this Anglo-American jollification I wander off to Fleet Street in a bus packed with sixty passengers and driven by Jehu the son of Nimshi, who is accompanied by a policeman in case of trouble. The conductor who takes our fares seems to be giving a slightly overcrowded reception wherein he enacts the part of smiling host. He is a young man of the working class, out of a job yesterday, glad to be in one to-day. The driver is what he calls

'a toff.' The two go well in harness and already address each other by their Christian names.

In Fleet Street, however, I hear less about the newspaper world than I can hear at home; for our 'Major Astor,' as we call him, has borrowed men and vehicles from the Castle and estate, and between them they are making possible the production and distribution of the *Times*. Astor has his coat off and is 'working like a black' at the machines; gardeners are packing the bundles; chauffeurs and estate mechanics are driving the loaded lorries into the country and round the town; and friendly aviators are assisting. The men brought up from here are lodged and fed in the Major's town house, a few doors from the German Embassy and the residences of Lord Balfour and the late Marquis Curzon — the best address in London. And they are producing the best newspaper, sane, independent, and full of meat, though cut down to a bare four pages.

III

At home we had grown used to our deserted railway stations, to one post a day instead of four, to news by wireless instead of newspapers. We listened in at 10 A.M., at 1, and 4, and 7, and 9.30 P.M. We heard the authentic voice of Mr. Baldwin and that of the Home Secretary; but most familiar of all was the voice of some gentleman unknown, who hemmed and hawed and lost his place and found it and told us everything that it was good for us to know and made the sort of jokes one finds in *Punch* — a very human creature, I should say, who did his best not to bore us. We shall miss him when it is over, and no doubt read his name in the next honors list, for he deserves a K.B.E. at the very least.

It was he who broadcast the news which made us all cry 'Thank God!' and thank Him in good earnest on that evening.

The original idea had been to hold a joint service of intercession, but this was now all altered. At seven o'clock we gathered in the little square, the vicar with his flock, the Baptist minister with his, the Salvation Army commandant with hers. Each of the three addressed us. The vicar gave out Hymn No. 142 and 'Oh God, our help in ages past'; and so, though Trotsky had invited us to 'fight like devils,'[1] we sang like angels.

[1] In Moscow a newspaper bearing this name was started by 'Bolshie' sympathizers.

FOLLOW THE LEADER

BY ERNST JONSON

I

Democracy means rule by the masses of the people — a system of government in which the governing initiative is vested in the people as a whole, and exercised by counting of heads, one head being equal to any other. Democracy means that the opinions of a majority, no matter how arrived at, must of necessity be just and wise; that if enough people believe a thing to be true it must be true. Democracy naïvely assumes that human nature in masses is a thing altogether superior to individual human nature; that, while an incompetent and selfish autocrat will misgovern and oppress the people, the equally ignorant, equally stupid self-interest of the mass will result in wise action. Democracy assumes that tyranny is imposed upon a physically superior mass by a physically inferior minority, without the acquiescence of the mass, and that, if the mass be once freed from the minority's tyrannical domination, it never again will fall under such domination. Democracy, though proclaiming the average man's capacity to anticipate the conditions of his own well-being, is yet founded upon a deep-lying distrust of human worth. It claims that every man should have an equal voice in the control of affairs, on the ground that no man can be trusted to act fairly toward his fellow men, that, for the most part, power will be abused. Democracy is born from the suspicion that all men are equally unworthy to be trusted with power over other men. Indeed, democracy means nothing else than despair of finding any fit to govern, and contented putting-up with the want of them.

In the eighteenth century, with its decadent aristocracy and its simple economic scheme, the obsession for democracy was pardonable enough. When men have suffered false governors, and have cast them away, they hope that no government, or the nearest to none, will suffice them. But the persistence of this fantastic notion in the midst of the machinery of the industrialized State is astounding indeed.

Democracy professes to believe that all men are equal in their mental capacities. This obvious absurdity, to which the Declaration of Independence gave such brilliant and such conspicuous utterance, resulted from the half-baked liberalism of eighteenth-century prophets. The intelligence tests applied in connection with the war draft tell a different story. These indicate that the average mental age of our male voters is about fourteen. There is about the political and economic jargoning of democracy an evasion of reality so stupendous as to amount to a collective madness. The toiling and trading masses cannot have either the leisure or the capacity for investigating the underlying principles of policy, or for mastering the details of legislation. They ever are the ready victims of the crafty politician

with his shibboleths and catchwords. This palpably absurd dogma of human equality results in the suppression of the superior, reducing all to a common level of dull mediocrity. The consequence is that humanity finds itself without leadership, floundering in confusion. And is there not a strange irony in the fact that the multimillionaire has become the popular ideal in a country dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal?

And what of liberty? What in any rational mind is that divine quality of liberty? That a man be free, be permitted to unfold himself in works of use and beauty and wisdom, is surely a blessing to him, immense and indispensable — to him and to mankind. But that a host of men be equally free to do no work, equally free to indulge their vanities, is the most fatal curse that could be inflicted on them — curse and nothing else, to them and to all men.

In the period that intervened between the Declaration of Independence of the American Colonies and the adoption of the Constitution, democracy was put to practical test. The results were so disastrous that in the Constitutional Congress a stout fight was made against democracy. The opponents of democracy were victorious; an aristocratic-republican constitution was adopted. This experience was submerged in the flood of democratic oratory which during the last hundred years has sapped the life of American politics. Now it is near forgotten. These hundred years of democracy in the United States offer the most conclusive test upon which an evaluation of the democratic theory of government may be based. Never elsewhere has democracy been tried on such a scale, or under more favorable conditions.

II

Democracy is a fiction, a concept without any corresponding reality. It should be apparent to all that the government of a people, whatever be the political formula under which that government is operated, falls, by necessity, into the hands of a politically active group. Always has the machinery of government been operated by a group banded together, avowedly or secretly, for that purpose. *Fasciare* means 'to bind' — hence *Fascismo*, government by a group bound together for the purpose of making its influence dominant. Fascism, then, is no new thing — it is the way of all government. Governments differ only in the make-up, and the motives and methods, of the dominant group. Under democratic procedure men group themselves, in accordance with their short-sighted self-interest, into organized militant minorities, each willing to sacrifice the State, the human race, and posterity to its own superficially apparent interests. Loudly does democracy proclaim the rights of man. The duties of man, as near as possible, it forgets. Hence in so-called democracies the dominant group, for the most part, absorbs men of mediocre capacity and of doubtful integrity. They do not bring into national service the highest-skilled talent of the people, but delegate their sovereignty to men who will serve the self-seeking interests of the group, and who can give expression to the confused and nebulous sentiments of the crowd — men of words, who are able to make the worse cause seem the better; flatterers who tell them that they cannot err; panderers who minister to the crowd's prejudices and to their greed. The political torpor induced by the delusion of democracy, with its evasions and irresponsibilities, — everyone leaving

the business of government to another, — has brought our civilization to a crisis greater, perhaps, than any that has ever occurred. It is no exaggeration to say that a form of government which makes articulate and gives weight to the most self-seeking and incompetent element in society will, if allowed to continue, cause the collapse of civilization.

Experience has shown that no system of government will work without the right men to operate it. Get your man — that is the problem. How get governors who will govern, not merely take the wages for governing? Do not expect that your true governor will be chosen by ballot box, or by other political machine. No, the real governor is invested with governorship by the power that is in him. His patent of authority lies in the fact that he governs. He is a man whom the multitude, as by law of nature, finds itself constrained to follow. In past times have we not seen, again and again, a people seek refuge from the tyranny of an autocrat, or of an aristocracy, in democracy, and then force absolute power upon a king to escape from democracy? The moment comes, if democracy is permitted to go too far, when the concentration of power in the hands of one man is felt as a relief from the irresponsible tyranny of the mob.

When the dominant group is formed by the more intelligent, more patriotic classes, when there are contained in it men of spiritual insight, whose thought has some measure of the quality of inspiration, then the people is really governed. We hear much of capital and labor, and little of thought. Yet never in the world did civilization support itself on business alone. Without a thinking class, a class wholly separated from business, no civilization is stable. Such minds alone are qualified and may be trusted to be the guardians of mankind, more especially of posterity, for the future generations are vastly in the majority and therefore of infinitely greater moment than the existing generations. Obviously the best alone are qualified for this guardianship, men and women who are capable of understanding and valuing and preserving the national traditions, who have an intelligent appreciation of the best that mankind has achieved in past ages, and in whom a great passion for a deeper, richer, tenderer life overrules their lusts and vanities. They are not concerned with rights. Their business is with restraint and order and organization, and with nursing the tender seedlings of culture. When the governing group is so constituted, active participation in political life is restored to the position of high honor that is proper to it. Such are your true aristocracies.

When these best elements in a nation betray their trust, when the landlord and the master of industry fail to coöperate with the thinker, or when those delicately attuned minds who stand in the borderland of inspiration fail to make the renunciation and the effort by which alone they become actual seers of the vision of truth, political stagnation takes possession of the nation and it begins to drift toward political chaos.

Though democracy be a delusion, a theory of government which, in the nature of things, cannot be realized, a final and undivided responsibility rests upon the people. Good governments have arisen, and will arise, without any initiative from the masses, but unless the masses persistently and insistently demand government, and dare to fight to abolish sham government, there is no assurance of continued good government. There must not be any division of responsibility for

government. The governors must be held wholly responsible for the conduct of the nation's affairs, the people for their acquiescence in such conduct. If the people are slack, power will in the long run be abused. Natural kingship deteriorates, sooner or later, into despotism. The lord, once the benign protector of the vassal, turns tyrant. To acknowledge their real governor when he appears, and to follow him and put up with no other — herein lies the responsibility of the masses. Serious thinkers never saw in the general suffrage anything more than a convenient device for getting rid of sham governors. When a people finds itself wretched it should know that it has not been well governed. Then, if there are men, they will rid themselves of their false governors. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, says the Declaration of Independence, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes. But when the conduct of government consistently evinces a profound indifference to the welfare of the people and an eye to the exclusive interest of a group, it is the right of the people, it is their duty, to throw off such government.

III

Mussolini is pictured to us as a tyrant who, as the leader of a band of desperate criminals, has instituted a veritable reign of terror in Italy. To one living in Italy such tales of horror seem exaggerated, to say the least. Italy plainly welcomes the 'tyrant' with a sigh of relief.

When Benito Mussolini took hold of the rudder of government, the ill-constructed constitutional monarchy had been honeycombed through and through with radical democracy; had, in fact, ceased to be an actual government; had become mere semblance of government. The constituted authorities of the State had abjectly surrendered to radicalism. So complete was this surrender that just before the end of the war five hundred and forty-six Communist agents from the city of Milan alone had free passes on the railways of the State. There was extreme apathy, slackness, and disorder in all state functions; many programmes, few acts. Discipline was lax in all departments of the public service. It was heavily loaded with supernumerary officeholders, who reported at their respective offices only on the twenty-seventh day of each month, and then merely to draw their salary. Frequent strikes in all industries had reduced production to a minimum. There were unemployment, want, bread riots. Workers took possession of factories and ran them to a standstill. Peasants began to dictate to the landlords. Italy was in a state of anarchy.

Mussolini did not overthrow constitutional government. Constitutional government had evaporated from lack of governing initiative. Fascism was a revolution against mob rule. The conduct of a revolution cannot properly be judged by the standards of an operative social order. Revolutions should be judged primarily by their results — secondarily only, by their methods. Acts of violence have been committed, it is true. Hitherto revolutions commonly have been attended with acts of violence. But the tales of violence spread abroad by defeated political adventurers are wholly unreliable and grossly exaggerated. It is probably true that the number of Communists killed in the revolution is less than that of the casualties suffered by the Fascists. The well-known fact that the Fascists substituted castor oil for the dungeon and the scaffold does not indicate unusual cruelty.

The Fascist revolution has remedied many of the evils of the old régime. It is in the way of remedying others. It has rescued Italy from political and social chaos. It has given the people a strong and efficient government. Discipline has been reëstablished in the public service by a system of rigid inspection. The vigilant eye of the Fascist militia is upon every branch of the public service. On every railway train there is an officer of militia who checks up the work of the conductor. The people are being adequately taxed, with the result that the national budget has been balanced. Strikes have been abolished, and industrial courts substituted. Industry is being revived and organized. At the present time there are practically no unemployed in Italy. Everywhere the people seem prosperous and contented. The malarial tracts are being drained, and waste lands reclaimed. The political adventurer alone suffers hardship. Mussolini might well answer his critics in the words of Goethe: 'Do it better.'

Considering the extent to which the present generation from infancy has been exposed to democratic oratory, it is not surprising to find many well-intentioned people opposed to Mussolini. Indeed, it is surprising to find how general is the disposition to judge Mussolini by his beneficent results rather than by his undemocratic methods. The passing of democracy calls forth surprisingly little protest. These critics tell us that the Fascist government is neither legal nor constitutional; that the Fascists, in defiance of democratic procedure, foully possessed themselves of every position of control throughout the country, the machinery of the State and of the municipalities, the army, the militia, and the police, the press, the judiciary, the banks, and the schools. Mussolini, they say, has conspired with the King and a strong parasitic plutocratic clique to destroy democracy in Italy, and the people's sacred right not to be governed is being filched from them by Fascist legislation.

Sure enough, Mussolini is no democrat. Many earnest men, when they awaken to political consciousness and realize how ill the people are governed, embrace the high-sounding theories of radical democracy. So did Mussolini. But democracy in operation is a thing very different from democracy in theory. Democracy in operation turned the founders of our republic from democratic theory. So also it turned Mussolini. Now he believes that the masses, when left to themselves, will not govern themselves; that if a people is to have government, such government must be achieved by the few and imposed by them on the masses, either by persuasion or by force — by persuasion preferably, when possible; by force when persuasion fails. If the dogma of democracy be counted among the eternal verities, then Mussolini cannot be defended.

It has been said that the liberties of a people are rooted in its political constitution. Profound error! Whenever in history we have seen a people enjoying liberty, — not for a day, but long-continued liberty, — the root of it has been in the people's own manliness. The virtue of a constitution lies in the fact that it does not deal in make-believes, but takes account of realities. A genuinely aristocratic constitution recognizes the people's right of revolution and the supremacy of their power, and provides for the orderly conduct of a genuinely popular revolution. No constitution can confer upon the people the right to govern; a constitution can only pretend to confer such. Act of congress cannot make possible what in the nature of

things is impossible. Nor do the people really want to govern. When an election is imminent, are we not confronted everywhere with appeals to the people to exercise their suffrage rights?

IV

There stands Mussolini at the head of the manhood of Italy. What shall we do with him? Spiteful oratory may fret him, may distress him, but will not make him cease from governing. The one profitable thing we may do with Mussolini, profitable to us and to him, is to learn the facts about him and Italy. There may be in Mussolini some actual use for us. He has blazed a trail by which all nations may find their way out of the entanglements of democracy when the evils thereof become too great to be endured.

How did Mussolini extricate Italy from the sway of radicalism? He realized that in order to succeed in his venture of government he must unite the antiradical elements of the nation. The radicals were opposed, first of all to government, then to national aspirations and to private ownership. Hence his first act of government was a vigorous propaganda for government, for national greatness, and for private ownership.

The appeal for government and for fuller national life met with warm response from the young men returned from the war. Hard experience had taught many of these the perils of no government. They were for government of some sort, of any sort, and came to be known as Fascists. In others the war had strengthened and vivified the sense of national life. These were the Nationalists. Here the radicals had played into Mussolini's hand, for they had vented their militant pacifism upon these men, had subjected them to many annoyances. Under the conditions of traditional democratic procedure the radicals formed an effective majority. To overcome this majority Mussolini adopted a different procedure. In the young Fascists and Nationalists who had served in the war he saw fit and willing material for a fighting force, by whose muscular superiority he might overcome the vocal superiority of the radical element. He organized a volunteer force avowedly for the purpose of executing a revolution against radicalism and establishing government by extraconstitutional methods. The army might be relied upon for neutrality, but for no more. The officers were in sympathy with his nationalistic ideals, but the men had been affected by radical propaganda.

A talent indispensable to the leader of a revolution is the talent of keeping discipline. Be his aim ever so lofty, his vision ever so clear, he is doomed to failure if he cannot keep his followers in line. This talent Mussolini possesses in a high degree. The discipline within the Fascist Party is as strict as any military discipline. To maintain such discipline without the support of law and custom, even for a day, in these democratizing times is no mean achievement.

As a result of his stand for private ownership Mussolini received the funds needed for the revolution through the established and accustomed channels, and thereby avoided the friction that would have resulted from compulsory levies on wealth.

Mussolini is not a hidebound doctrinaire; he is a man of practical judgment, who must work freely with an eye single to immediate beneficent results and let policy unfold from day to day. He realizes that constitutions are made for government, not government for constitutions. He does not aim to revise the constitution first,

and then govern under such revised constitution. Rather his aim is to give the people in each phase of public business such government as seems practicable under the existing conditions. Only gradually, as he gathers support from the accumulating benefits of government, will he press toward a more efficient constitution. He seems not to contemplate any curtailment of the universal franchise, recognizing the fact that political stability requires that the power to rebuke and even to dismiss sham government be left in the hands of the people. He merely exerts a moderate but steady pressure toward a franchise so proportioned that the governing initiative of the more responsible, more intelligent, more creative element in society may find in it a channel of facile expression. To this end he is increasing the weight of the vote of those who have rendered some tangible service to the State.

It is a momentous thing, this Fascism in Italy! It means that Italy, long hagridden, vexed with foul enchantments, is not to die, but to live. We see Italy rise like a young giant, see her shake all that magical trumpery to right and left, trampling it stormfully under foot, and declaring that there still is life in her, not for recovery only, but for new and better things. Italy has put her feet upon reality. There only lie strength and healing for her and for us. Fascism was not a decorous process, as democratic oratory esteems decorum; but the alternative to it was death.

The basic problem of government, then, is not to secure, for the time being, order and prosperity. The basic problem is deeper than that — it is to instill into the people a faith in which these exterior goods may find their permanent soil, a faith that shall make them for all time the competent guardians of their inalienable right to be well governed. First of all the people must be aroused to a deep and vivid sense of their power and of their dignity. They must know that they possess a strength which no political group can resist. They must know that their will, if they choose to exercise it, is absolute, and their judgment final. They must be charged with the responsibility of maintaining an unfaltering sense of sturdy, self-reliant manliness. But, oppression by their mock superiors well shaken off, the grand problem yet remains to solve: that of finding government by their real superiors. For this there are required also reverence and obedience. A people ever set against government will be as ill governed as a people too indolent or too cowardly to throw off sham government. In most vital need, and with a passionate instinctive desire for guidance, the masses should ever have an eye to their true governors. It is not well with a people if it will not acknowledge such men when they appear; a people is in a chaotic state until it will acknowledge such men. Without such governors no fibre of the past took form; without such no State is secure, nor any civilization stable.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

I HAD A LAWN MOWER

READING the other day, in a book about the menace of machinery, that 'industrial civilization, having created for unknown ends a race of mechanical drudges, requires nevertheless a contribution of human toil more intense, more exacting, more irksome than ever before,' I was pleasantly surprised to find this light on our industrial civilization illuminating and explaining also a suburban mystery — the tacit conspiracy of men who mow their own lawns to lure others into the same employment. There is little propaganda, no concerted and conscious effort, no formal organization; but rather a single impulse common to all men who operate their own lawn mowers, and making them, so to speak, all push together in the same direction. Each advances the common purpose by his assumption of innocent enjoyment, for any one of them is a moving picture and living advertisement of the pleasure that a lawn owner derives from taking care of the lawn himself.

I remember, as it were but yesterday, my first lawn. A lawn mower came with it, left behind by the previous tenant. I had often watched men mowing their own lawns, and, even if there were nothing else to be said for it, mowing the lawn myself would be an easy way to save money. But health, as well as pocketbook, would be benefited by this pleasant exercise. With my lawn mower — and this was truer than I then suspected — there would always be something to do in the open air before supper. It was rather a large lawn — but so much the more exercise, so much the more benefit to my health, so much the more appetite for my supper. Without criticizing the advantages of wealth, it had often struck me, looking over the fence, that the men who mowed their own lawns had much the better of it compared with those who hired professionals. Pushing, they seemed to make a fair world safer for democracy; and their wives, affectionately watching them from the screened porches, seemed to make divorce an idle invention of a sensational press. Although I did not then know it, hardly anything gives a wife more satisfaction than watching a tired husband pushing a lawn mower. Often, indeed, when he thinks he is done for the day, and is wearily dragging the lawn mower back to its resting place, she will come out from the screened porch and show him all the spots he has unwittingly missed. Then, if any stranger is watching him, he will prance back with his lawn mower.

A lawnless man may observe, say, twenty gentlemen mowing their own lawns and they all look very much alike, their twenty lawn mowers smoothly cutting the grass, and their twenty wives smoothly watching them from their twenty screened porches. What no lawnless man may know, for not one of these twenty gentlemen will ever tell him, is that they are *doing something that they have come to regard as work*. For one reason or another — thrift, unsuspected poverty, innate perversity, labor troubles with professional pushers, a quixotic desire to please the wife, or this reason or that — each has become the motive power of a

machine for grass-cutting. Yet I do not mean that these gentlemen are acutely unhappy. Things might be worse. Think of those poor wretches who used to row in the galleys, and the brute of an overseer who walked back and forth and kept them at it with a long whip! There is nothing like that on the screened porch; and, after all, a man who is mowing his own lawn ought to be grateful to a wife who shows him where he has skipped a blade or two. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. But they are not so happy as they pretend to be, nor anything like so happy as they look from the other side of the fence. They know now, in fact, that a lawn mower is one of those mechanical drudges, created by an industrial civilization, that enslave the operator and enforce a contribution of toil more intense, exacting, and irksome than ever before; and these slaves — having, as it were, caught and sold themselves to their master — instinctively desire to minimize and conceal their servitude and enlarge their company. An informal Fellowship of the Lawn is established, whose seal, if it had one, would bear a lawn mower rampant and the bravely satirical motto, 'Apud novercam quærere,' or — if the reader has forgotten his Plautus — 'Complain to your stepmother.' To distinguish himself from these slaves, as a free man following a respectable calling of his own volition, any man who mows a lawn for hire dons a derby hat two sizes too large for him. It is an odd sort of uniform, but unmistakable at a distance.

Yet it is not really the lawn mower that makes the trouble. These gentlemen would be just as unhappy with scythes and sickles, though they would get better exercise. It is the lawn itself — those innumerable blades of grass whose incessant growth the professional in his derby hat naturally regards as a beneficent provision of nature, and the gentleman who mows his own as one more infernal example of the futility of human effort. Never at rest, never in a hurry, and no sooner cut down in one place than they have grown up in another. A man who mows his own lawn must not think too much about that: it grows while he mows and he mows while it grows, and it grows while he mows and he mows while it grows, and it mows while he grows and he grows while it mows. An imaginative man who mows his own lawn must watch himself lest he fall into a dangerous habit of watching his lawn — looking at it just before he goes to bed, and again the first thing in the morning; wondering about it in the office, and hurrying home by an early train to look at it in the afternoon. When I mowed my own lawn I used sometimes to go back and take a look at it after I had put up the lawn mower. One should take it lightly.

Sing ho, ye merry blades of grass
  Whose numbers none may know!
The mowers come, the mowers pass,
  And still the grass blades grow.

Sing ho, ye merry gentleman
  Who pushes o'er the plain!
He oils his mower from a can,
  And pushes on again.

Sing ho, ye merry summer sun
  That warms the world below!
It shines alike on everyone
  Who has a lawn to mow.

Sing ho, ye merry summer day
  When early is the dawn!
So let us sing a merry lay
  A-mowing of the lawn.

One does not think of these things in the beginning. The first week that I mowed my own lawn I wrote an essay on the subject. 'Although such persons,' said I, 'no doubt exist, I have never met a man who did not in some degree enjoy operating a lawn mower.

The moving guillotine of dandelions and buttercups advances gayly over the lawn, tossing in the air a pleasing cascade of cut grass and dandelion and buttercup heads. The mower follows along the smooth green carpet of his own laying, like the bridegroom of an invisible bride on his way to the altar.' 'Compared with tennis, golf, croquet, archery, or other outdoor sports,' I said also, 'mowing the lawn is easy to master to such a degree of competence as gives a man comfortable self-respect in the company of other followers of the same pastime.' 'Although mowing the lawn,' I said further, 'has hitherto been accepted as an exclusive and one-man occupation, there is no good reason why it should not be followed in company, as companionable a pleasure for intellectual men as golf.' I described the joy of a man mowing his lawn in the early morning when 'a bird pipes in the tree, another twitters in the bushes as he lifts the lawn mower out of the shed and sets it in the unmarked path that it will presently follow.' It was an appreciative essay, and, as one reader bitterly remarked to the editor, anybody who could write it deserved to spend eternity mowing the palace grounds of Lucifer.

For this mood does not last, and the operation of a lawn mower, as time goes on, is even productive of odd and disturbing hallucinations. The machine seems to vary in weight, though never lighter than it ought to be; and the lawn itself, level to the eye, seems at times to have a perceptible upgrade in every direction. Inanimate objects take on an uncanny semblance of life, stealthily retreating as the lawn mower is pushed toward them, and as stealthily following when the lawn mower is turned about and pushed in the opposite direction. Twigs and pebbles gather from all over the place and struggle with each other to get into the lawn mower. It is like a crowd in the subway. The pusher deviates, in spite of himself, from the straight and narrow path from the rose bush to the apple tree. I remember one day when my wife asked me what I was doing. And I said mowing the lawn. And she said, with what seemed to me a foolish laugh, that it looked more like marcelling. And I said: —

> 'Sing ho, ye merry wifely quip
> Whose point cannot be seen;
> It helps a man to keep his grip
> While mowing of the green.'

Sometimes except for his wife a man would neglect his lawn. But this rarely happens. It is more likely that he will find it takes longer to mow the lawn than he had anticipated, — as it always does, — and that the wisest economy, all things considered, will be to give over this pleasure, and engage a professional. His wife may object, and he will be tacitly dropped from the Fellowship of the Lawn, but he will not care.

SALVAGING SOCIABILITY

Cousins from the hinterland frequently aver that New Yorkers are unsociable. Back in Canopee, they say, all the amenities are observed by those who live side by side. But, New Yorkers may well reply, here we do not live side by side. We live end to end; and the only means of informal, neighborly exchanges are, for many, such as are afforded by the dumb-waiter and the air shaft.

I once knew of an apartment house where, of an evening, a soulful tenant could carol a melody in the vicinity of his air shaft, certain that others above and below him would relay the refrain up and down the same channel of neighborliness. But this harmonious living was foredoomed. Less musical tenants objected and inferred that

something more potent than the spirit of song passed up and down the dumbwaiter. Upon those who raised their voices the landlord shortly raised the rent, rocketing the per capita cost of neighborliness to a point beyond reason.

Living end to end does not represent New Yorkers' closest human contacts. These occur, it seems to me, most conspicuously in our traffic jams. Those whose autos lock with our own, when the red light flashes at the intersection of two crowded streets, are perhaps more truly neighbors in the Canopee sense than the stratifications of sleepers among which, somewhere or other, our own residential interstices happen to be. In the traffic jam, amid the genial rubbing of mudguards, with a pulsating flivver snuggled confidingly against the door of one's limousine, true neighborliness, I claim, may profitably be practised.

It is four o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, and we are driving through rolling Westchester. We are bound both homeward and never to try it again; for this is the weekly pastime, we discover, of perhaps a hundred thousand old fools (we now admit it) and new drivers. Ahead of us as far as the eye can reach, or could reach if it had a fraction of a chance, extends an unending procession of fellow repentants. We are fully eighteen inches from the car ahead. We think guiltily of those eighteen inches, and the appellation 'road hog' occurs to us. For if each car were to close up a similar gap it would effect a saving of one hundred and fifty feet per hundred cars, we calculate. In a minute, though, we do close up — quite unexpectedly. For suddenly the line halts and we proceed against the rear of the front car with considerable impact. Now if neighborly sentiment generally prevailed the bumpee would look upon this as but a friendly slap on the back on the part of the bumper. Generally he does not; and it takes several minutes of nods and smiles to persuade him that the jolt represents a social opportunity rather than a careless affront. But once he can be reduced to a state of sociability the real process of neighborly intercourse should begin.

While he has been examining the back of his car let us suppose that I have produced a pack of playing cards. When he turns to deliver the customary reproaches I proffer the pack. 'Hearts,' I suggest. We finish two games and are beginning an exciting rubber when the line of autos starts again. Play is suspended, but I follow closely upon his car, and another halt, at Mount Vernon, allows us to finish the game. Then we exchange cigars and wish each other Godspeed, which, on a Sunday afternoon, averages about eight miles per hour.

The time consumed in waiting at some crossings in New York suggests the possibility of a game of chess. By means of some kind of gum the chessmen might be lightly affixed to the board so that it could be passed between two cars waiting side by side. The game might even thus be played while the two autos were in parallel motion. The time taken to travel from Twenty-third to Forty-second Streets on Fifth Avenue allows, I should think, for nearly a full game by thoughtful players.

But, I hear someone say, what about those whose minds are partially atrophied by years of leisure, or by constant application to the same never-varying task, like machine operatives and college professors? For them, I believe, there could be pastimes a-plenty. Those in neighboring cars could form a pool and, like fellow passengers on an ocean liner, gamble upon the length of the run to the next red traffic light. Nor is bodily exercise out of the

question. A few tennis rackets and a toy balloon would afford exhilarating exercise for those who occupy open cars.

Above all, the art of conversation should be fostered. Once motorists accept the idea of sociability in the traffic jam, it is probable that articulate intercourse will follow. As I have intimated, such conversation as now takes place is confined to those whose cars have come together from an error of judgment on the part of one of the drivers, rather than from any desire to promote sociability. The resulting conversation, as a rule, centres about the participants' qualifications as drivers, and the moral right of each to operate a car on a public highway.

To facilitate conversation amid the din of Elevateds and heavy cross-traffic let us imagine every car to be equipped with large cards, each bearing a letter of the alphabet. By spelling out words with these cards at one's rear window a neighborly conversation might take place with the occupants of the car waiting behind.

'What is your name?' we should probably spell.

'H-e-n-r-y S-m-i-t-h,' spells back the other. Or, as a pleasant possibility, it might even prove to be John D. Rockefeller, Wayne B. Wheeler, or Nicholas Murray Butler. But, assuming this not to be, we proceed: —

'Where are you from?'

'Canopee, Ohio.'

A Middle Westerner! Obviously one flashes back, 'Pleased to meet you, Mr. Smith.'

As the communing parties become intimate the talk turns upon the price of each other's car, the terms of purchase, the size of one's family.

Even afoot, New Yorkers, though unsociable, are a kindly lot. Many will go so far as to hesitate in their tracks in order to point with a thumb in the general direction of the street for which you are inquiring. And those who have had superior advantages, as indicated by their ability to own a motor, will, I am confident, coöperate to speed a new era of democratic neighborliness in their own beloved city.

MAGAZINE MANNERS IN THE SIXTIES

When the burden of rejection slips seems too great to be borne, one should secure a copy of *Godey's Lady's Book* for the month of January, 1863, and turn to the editorial department: —

To our Correspondents. — We have accepted these articles: 'Both Sides' — 'Faithful to the end' . . . 'Is Genius desirable?' — 'Homes and Husbands.' . . .

How pleasant to have one's article or story listed in this way! BUT —

These articles are declined: 'Unreal' — 'A Wish' — 'My School' (a *stamp* must be sent when an answer is requested) — 'Music of the Heart' — 'Jane Archer' — 'The Golden Gate' — 'Agnes Day' (worth publishing, but we have no room) — 'The Zephyr' — 'Sunrise' — 'My Wife' (has some beautiful imagery and the sentiment is tender and holy, but the rhythm is defective. . . . 'Beggars in the Street' — and 'Come to me' and the other poem.

The other poem — what does that mean? The one sent with 'Come to me'?

This list does not include all the rejections, for the editor goes on: —

We hoped to have reported on all the MSS. in our hands; but are compelled for want of time to postpone a number till next month.

And now we take pleasure in expressing our thanks to the many warm friends who have contributed to our pages during the past year. The letters which pour in their tributes of encouragement are most welcome now, when many circumstances are adverse to literary success.

That there are things worse than mere rejection is proved by this curt direction: —

We don't return poetry even if stamps are sent; can't afford the time. Those who send poetry must keep a copy. Consult this department and you will see whether it is accepted or rejected.

One looks vainly in the February and March numbers for those alluring lists, but they do not appear — only a vainglorious declaration that 'the small fry of magazines ought to celebrate our birthday. . . . There is not one of their publishers who can honestly say that he has not copied every idea from our *Book*.'

It is not until the April number that the contributor can learn whether his poem was accepted: —

To our Correspondents. — We shall use the following articles as soon as we can make room: 'Aunt Esther's Warming-pan' . . . 'Engeburg' . . . 'Sonnet' . . . 'The Emigrant's Lament.'

These articles, we are sorry to say, we can not use: 'When I am Dead' [no wonder] — 'Robinhood' and other poems (we have no room) — 'The Stream of Time' (very good poetry, but we are burdened with our stores) — 'The Day of the Dead' — 'Good-night' [the last is not intended as a comment on the preceding] . . . 'Three Cheers' . . . 'Squeaky Boots' (good article for a newspaper) . . . 'In Memory of the Poetess' etc. (good poetry) — 'The Little Shoe' (if we had room, this would be accepted). . . .

We have many manuscripts on hand to examine.

The authoress of 'Lily Carleton' is requested to send us her address.

Imagine buying magazine after magazine for the dubious pleasure of finding one's manuscripts mentioned in the rejected column! But the editor of the sixties advised intending contributors, or, if you prefer, warned them. After talking at some length on 'the now prevailing practice of giving out long stories in small parcels,' foisting 'an amount of tediousness' upon the reader of continued stories that would swamp a book, the editor berates popular writers, then turns to 'the multitude of inferior or unpractised writers.' With them 'it is quite another matter. They must take pains to please; they must not be tedious and heavy, or they will be allowed to sink without rescue. Those who are not sure of superior powers, or are new in literary efforts, should beware of trying the reader's patience.'

The reader will finish, if the writer does not.

It is recorded that Pericles, before speaking in public, always made a prayer to the gods that he might finish when done. The significance of this example should be impressed on every young and inexperienced writer — at least.

Farther on comes *A Word to Writers*. The concluding sentences perhaps contain some advice that might lessen the likelihood of rejections at the present time. The final sentence, while it vies in bad structure with the sentences in some recent novels, asks in its first words for that which most story magazine editors are demanding. Whatever their methods of accepting or rejecting, editors, it seems, want what they have always wanted.

The great length of many of the articles on hand prevents our giving them an early insertion. If writers would send us short articles, they would be published much sooner. Racy and to the point, not abounding in description about the beauty of the parties, which most persons skip, but go into the story at once, and, if possible, avoid making the heroine a school-teacher or a governess.

One replaces the file of *Godey's* and goes back mollified to the courtesy of the unwelcome rejection slip — perhaps to a letter from a kindly editor.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

HOME after a quiet sojourn in England, **A Returning American,** a distinguished man of letters and a bachelor, has been overwhelmed by those tumultuous changes which most of us are too busy to recognize. ¶Lawyer and banker, **William P. Gest** is president of the Fidelity Trust Company of Philadelphia, and a pertinent investigator of our lawmaking industry. ¶A specialist in criminal law, **John Barker Waite** retired from practice in order to become professor of law at the University of Michigan. **Harriet Sampson,** a Wellesley graduate, makes her début in our pages. ¶Faithful readers will remember that, as the son of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, **Langdon Mitchell** has inherited a genius for diagnosis, as displayed in his paper on 'The American Malady,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* for February 1924. A member of the New York bar, he has for many years preferred the rôles of author and playwright. ¶In Herodotus **Emily James Putnam** found the source material for her stories, classical in detail, modern in implication, two of which have previously appeared in the *Atlantic* for April and May. We quote literatim a translation of the text which suggested the present narrative.

Now it happened that this Candaules fell in love with his own wife; and not only so, but thought her the fairest woman in the whole world. There was in his bodyguard a man whom he specially favored, Gyges, the son of Dascylus. All affairs of greatest moment were entrusted by Candaules to this person, and to him he was wont to extol the surpassing beauty of his wife. So matters went on for a while.

At length one day Candaules, who was fated to end ill, thus addressed his follower: 'I see thou dost not credit what I tell thee of my lady's loveliness; but come now, since men's ears are less credulous than their eyes, contrive some means whereby thou mayst behold her naked.'

At this the other loudly exclaimed, saying, 'What most unwise speech is this, master, which thou hast uttered? Wouldst thou have me behold my mistress when she is naked? Bethink thee that a woman with her clothes puts off her bashfulness. Our fathers in time past distinguished right and wrong plainly enough, and it is our wisdom to submit to be taught by them. I hold thy wife for the fairest of all womankind. Only, I beseech thee, ask me not to do wickedly.'

Gyges thus endeavored to decline the King's proposal, trembling lest some dreadful evil should befall him through it. But the King replied to him, 'Courage, friend; suspect me not of the design to prove thee by this discourse; nor dread thy mistress lest mischief befall thee at her hands. Be sure that I will so manage that she shall not even know that thou hast looked upon her. I will place thee behind the open door of the chamber in which we sleep. When I enter to go to rest, she will follow me. There stands a chair close to the entrance on which she will lay her clothes, one by one, as she takes them off. Thou wilt be able thus at thy leisure to peruse her person. Then, when she is moving from the chair toward the bed, and her back is turned on thee, be it thy care that she see thee not as thou passest through the doorway.'

Gyges, unable to escape, could but declare his readiness. Then Candaules, when he judged it to be bedtime, led Gyges into his sleeping chamber, and a moment after the Queen followed. She entered and laid her garments on the chair, and Gyges gazed on her. After a while she moved toward the bed, and, her back being turned, he glided stealthily from the apartment. As he was passing out, however, she saw him, and, instantly divining what had happened, she neither screamed as her shame impelled her, nor even appeared to have noticed aught, purposing to take vengeance upon the husband who had so affronted her. For among the Lydians, and indeed among the barbarians generally, it is reckoned a deep disgrace, even to a man, to be seen naked.

No sound or sign of intelligence escaped her at the time. But in the morning, as soon as day broke, she hastened to choose from among her retinue such as she knew to be most faithful to her, and, preparing them for what was to come, summoned Gyges into her presence. Now it had often happened before that the Queen had desired to confer with him, and he was accustomed to come to her at her call. He therefore obeyed the summons, not suspecting that she knew aught of what had occurred.

Then she addressed these words to him: 'Take thy choice, Gyges, of two courses which are open to thee. Slay Candaules and thereby

become my lord, and obtain the Lydian throne, or die this moment in his room. So wilt thou not again, obeying all behests of thy master, behold what is not lawful for thee. It must needs be that either he perish by whose counsel this thing was done, or thou who sawest me naked and so didst break our usages.'

At these words Gyges stood awhile in mute astonishment; recovering after a time, he earnestly besought the Queen that she would not compel him to so hard a choice. But finding he implored in vain, and that necessity was indeed laid on him to kill or to be killed, he made choice of life for himself, and replied by this inquiry: 'If it must be so, and thou compellest me against my will to put my lord to death, come, let me hear how thou wilt have me set on him.'

'Let him be attacked,' she answered, 'on that spot where I was by him shown naked to you, and let the assault be made when he is asleep.'

All was then prepared for the attack, and when night fell Gyges, seeing that he had no retreat or escape, but must absolutely either slay Candaules or himself be slain, followed his mistress into the sleeping room. She placed a dagger in his hand and hid him carefully behind the selfsame door. Then Gyges, when the King was fallen asleep, entered privily into the chamber and struck him dead. Thus did the wife and kingdom of Candaules pass into the possession of Gyges, of whom Archilochus the Parian, who lived about the same time, made mention in a poem written in iambic trimeter verse.

HERODOTUS, Book I, chapters 8–12

* * *

Alfred North Whitehead is an eminent philosopher and mathematician of Trinity College, Cambridge, now at Harvard University. ¶As a comparison shopper or 'scout,' **Zélie Leigh** has studied the department store business from the inside as well as the outside. ¶After scouring England in search of an amenable country or city house, **A. Edward Newton** found there was no place like Home in Daylesford, Pennsylvania. ¶From Brookline **Morris Gray, Jr.**, sends us the first story he has written. **Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice,** who in 1915 served as Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff, backs with experience his remark that Lincoln's formula for the relations between statesmen and soldiers in a democracy at war has never been improved upon. **David E. Adams** is minister of the East Congregational Church at Ware, Massachusetts. ¶When last heard from, **Margaret Lynn** was on her way to Normandy and the Channel Islands, far from her familiar Kansan plain. **Humbert Wolfe** is an English poet who has found steady satisfaction in civil service. Between poems, as it were, he is Principal Assistant Secretary in the Ministry of Labor. In his capitalization Mr. Wolfe does not follow *Atlantic* practice. ¶From the University of Minnesota, **Mary Ellen Chase**, a professor of English, sends us this rather dizzy compliment: 'One of our instructors, reading the April *Atlantic* two weeks ago, fell off the curbing and broke her arm. She says, however, the number was really worth a plaster cast and the usual accompanying discomforts!'

* * *

Captain Owen Tweedy was on Lord Allenby's military staff in Cairo during the Egyptian rebellion of 1919, and later was appointed to his diplomatic staff at the Residency as Liaison Officer and Assistant Oriental Secretary. **Albert Kinross,** English playwright and novelist, volunteered for general service in the late lamented strike, and when it was over went cheerily back to his books and cricket. **Ernst Jonson,** philosopher and craftsman, is now in Italy. Mr. Jonson left Sweden at the age of twenty, attracted to America by the fame of Richardson the architect. After engaging in architecture and engineering he became a decorative designer, devoting himself particularly to recovering for the furniture industry the quality, artistic and technical, of the old handcrafts.

* * *

This credo, from a letter of a prominent college president, looks from the past to the future of education. It is, we think, an apt corollary to those observations on 'Home' which lead this issue.

However, there is one very definite and imperative need arising at the present time, which, as a matter of fact, involves the whole usefulness of a branch of our work, and only a little less definitely involves our ability to work out our educational policy.

Perhaps I should say a word in regard to this last statement. Without going into detail, I believe that one of the most serious transitions in American life is the transition of the last two

decades, during which we have become preponderantly an urban society rather than a rural. Not only that, but physical inventions in the form of the automobile, the movie, the radio, and the telephone have destroyed anything in the nature of isolation, and, in doing this, have eliminated all the different influences that originally were found in leisure and the consequent self-communion that pertained to life in the American village home.

I have a theory that Webster in his long horseback rides of several days between here and Fryeburg, Maine; Washington in the separateness of himself from other men on his surveying trips; and Lincoln, in the remoteness of the Western settler's life, acquired a tremendous proportion of the worth which later proved to be in them.

Not only adults, but even the youngest children of to-day know nothing about leisure, to say nothing of solitude. They are rarely brought into any contact with the elemental forces. They turn up thermostats instead of cutting wood for fuel; they turn electric buttons instead of filling lamps with oil; and they drive through our beautiful north-country mountains at forty miles an hour instead of climbing the slopes or walking along the crests of the Y—— Range. The result is that when somebody asks them for an opinion they look for a button or a switch or an accelerator pedal to manipulate instead of falling back on any realization of the fact that they have been given minds and that these are presumably for occasional use. The pleasantest memories of my childhood are the memories of the quiet evenings about the dining-room table, in the centre of which sat a large lamp and about which were ranged the parents and children, all with books and all quiet. It was something to be looked forward to through all the day, and it was an influence the value of which I shall never be able sufficiently to appreciate.

A few weeks ago, a number of the prominent boys in college were at the house for dinner, and I got to discussing the old-time family prayers. No boy in the group had ever heard of the existence of such an institution in the American home. I then began to talk about the rapidity of change in home life in the quarter century, and spoke of the influence of these quiet evenings at home upon myself and upon the boys and girls of my time who were brought up in or about villages. The boys were politely and courteously interested, but it was perfectly apparent that I might just as well have been talking about the home life of the sea kings of Crete as in regard to the programme of life in the American home of my youth. It did develop, however, that of the group there was no single one who had ever had any idea of his being at home in the evening or who would have understood the presence of his parents in the home had he himself been there.

I do not say these men are representative of all in the college, but they are representative of the majority, and the proportion is increasing.

All of this is a tremendously long preamble to my statement of what it seems to me the function is of the Eastern, privately endowed, historic college of liberal arts. I think its function is, in so far as possible, to provide the atmosphere, the environment, and the stimulus which shall interest men in things outside of what is going to be their highly specialized and professionalized interest through life. We have men in all of the professions and in all types of business who are keen and intellectually alert enough for any purpose. What the world most lacks in these positions of authority and leadership is men of imagination and men of breadth and culture. The intellectual keenness and the mental alertness which education gives may become a positive detriment to mankind if unaccompanied by qualities which make for size and by sensitiveness which makes for insight.

At X——, consequently, we have been swinging further and further away from utilitarian and vocational courses, and from specialized training even for the professional schools, in the belief that these can be acquired rapidly and will be acquired sufficiently without the college emphasis upon them.

My own conception of the desirable liberal college of the present day is the college which most completely gives a man understanding of and appreciation of those things which make for beauty and value in life outside the field of what is to be his specialized or professionalized interest.

* * *

Many have sought to answer 'The Challenge,' by L. Adams Beck, in the May *Atlantic*. This letter presents evidence which cannot be overlooked.

Si an fu, Shensi, China

Dear Atlantic,—

I met a woman once when I was traveling in Honan. We had to stay in a little town for a few days to wait for mules, so I had this woman, who lived across from the inn, do some washing for my babies and myself. My youngest never was well, — a dear little patient whom the Chinese wondered at but loved, — and she sat down beside his basket in the little courtyard to tell me about *her* boy. A man of twenty-one he was, and a lunatic, strong, destructive, hungry — taking all her life to keep him alive. 'My neighbors only scoff at me,' she said, 'when I come home to find the house a wreck, for they say it is my own fault. I have the right of life and death — why do I not get rid of him? But I worship our Heavenly Father, and I know that would be a sin.

Besides, I love him.' There was no bitterness in her face, but only quiet peace. The message of Buddha and Confucius — I wonder if it would appeal to L. Adams Beck if she were in her place?

Another woman, too, I can remember, who also loved my children, but she could never look at them without tears. Seven of her own little girl babies had she killed with her own hands before she knew about the Gentle Jesus. Miserable remorse had worn her body thin and saddened her face. She had visited shrine after shrine, paid vow after vow, but nothing availed for rest of mind until she heard about the Saviour who could take away even her sin. Now, as with the other woman, the prevailing impression of her personality is a quiet and assured peace as she helps to take care of other women's little girls.

I can understand the appeal of Buddha and Confucius to those who only *read* of them and of their righteous lives and teaching. What I cannot understand is the ignoring of their total lack of any message to sinners for whom Christ came. It is these with whom I have had to deal in China, and I thank the Lord that I had the message of His love to give to hearts that were crushed under the burden of Law. I wonder if L. Adams Beck ever visited a Buddhist temple with a 'Hell' in the entrance courtyard. One of the ghastly figures represents the spirit which gives women courage to commit suicide. Many young brides go home after a look at that evil, leering countenance to throw themselves down the family well.

L. Adams Beck has wonderful power of description. I wish she could tell us more of what she has seen in the temples of the East. Has she ever been — where I have — to Hwa Yin Miao, the great temple at the base of China's loveliest 'Flower Mountain' — a temple of perfect beauty and heavenly surroundings which is kept up by the earnings of wretched girls who come to the neighboring inns at night? They have sung outside my door. What does she think of the Lame Temple in Peking? The Church of Christ is not what He would have it, but can we ignore actual Buddhism as it is seen in practice in China to-day?

CHARLOTTE YOUNG

* * *

How many of our charter members will recognize this free quotation?

ANN ARBOR, MICH.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

On May 5, 1858, one Marcellus Jackson of Newtonville, Mass., officer aboard a ship then lying at San Francisco, wrote a letter to Miss Emma U. Jackson and posted it. Sixty-eight years later, on May 5, 1926, his letter was put up at auction and fetched a rather good price — for philatelic, not sentimental, reasons.

Upon reading the writing, which is much better than would be learned in the common schools of to-day, I find the following passage: —

'You know I never trouble you with advice and never remark upon dress, manners, habits or anything of that sort, but there is a passage in the *Atlantic* for Nov. which notices two or three common habits among girls, and which I hope does not apply to you: —

'"When a young girl wears a flat circular side-curl, gummed on each temple, when she walks with her beau or anybody of the other 'seck,' not arm in arm but his arm against the back of hers, and when she says 'Yes?' with a note of interrogation — you are generally safe in asking her what wages she gets and who the 'feller' was you saw her with. Also, the girl that calc'lates is lost."'

Marcellus Jackson must have carried that *Atlantic* around the Horn with him, eh?

H. BEDFORD JONES

* * *

With a thirsty conscience, is it honorable to rebel? A just question.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Such an article as Mr. George W. Martin's 'Liberty and Sovereignty' in the July *Atlantic* is significant of the serious consideration which thoughtful men opposed to Prohibition as a national policy are giving to the problems raised by the present revolting state of affairs. Mr. Martin speaks eloquently for those who feel that the evils arising from the invasion of personal liberty, by means which they regard as contrary to our rights under the Constitution, outweigh all the possible benefits of Prohibition. It would be idle to gainsay many of the points these thoughtful men are making. But in their zeal for personal liberty are they not overlooking other considerations perhaps equally serious?

One of the recognized functions of the lawyer is to show the layman how he may evade the law — in spirit if not in letter. When a lawyer cites the development of such revolutionary leaders as Garrison through the nullification of the Fugitive Slave Law, as Cromwell through that of ship money, and as Washington through that of British tax laws, he may be true to the letter, but what of the spirit? Each of these honorable rebels could inscribe after the word 'Liberty' on his banner a more impressive word than 'Liquor.' The knight in quest of chivalric adventure and the land-grabbing baron have always fallen into different categories.

But our legalistic friends tell us it is not the drink they are concerned about — only their freedom of action under constitutional guaranties.

Very well, — I filch a rejoinder from a legal friend, — 'Defy the law on the highest grounds of patriotism; buy your bootleg liquor, by all means; but, to convince me completely of your motives, pour it promptly away as a libation to liberty once you have demonstrated your scorn of oppression.'

I make no question that there are opponents of the present law so sincere that they would pursue this quixotic course if they could persuade themselves that it would take them anywhere. I am equally certain that the vast majority of the bootleggers' clientele buy their liquor for the simple and perfectly valid reason that they want it, for themselves or for their friends, more than they want to keep an inconvenient law. Motives so patent and frank stand clearly forth in their own light, and, like the good wine that prompts them, need no bush. I cannot help feeling that an article like Mr. Martin's is of questionable influence through its providing a multitude of readers far less intelligent than he with the pretexts for the immemorial process of 'making the worse appear the better reason.' The genuine, true-blue patriot and constitutionalist commands all respect. The man who primarily wants his drink and tries to deceive himself and others into thinking he is performing a conscientious duty through an illicit traffic is a bird of another feather.

The fact is that the finespun arguments of recent years have caused the whole community to forget the original purpose of the prohibitory laws — which was, in spite of some annoyance in quarters where drastic reform was not needed, to make a gigantic experiment in the direction of curing what was universally acknowledged to be a national evil. The step, even after a century of discussion, may have been too long and too rapid; I dare say it was. But a shocking evil stalked the land — not so much among the more as among the less prosperous and intelligent. All were asked to give the experiment a chance — a request calling for some generosity and self-restraint on the part of those whose resources enable them easily to break the laws. That chance has not been given, and those who have withheld it must share with the precipitate lawmakers the responsibility for the consequences. Among these consequences it begins to look as if the evils from which the less favored portions of society have heretofore been the chief sufferers are in the process of transfer to the more favored. The remoter consequences, not yet apparent, hold appalling possibilities. To avert them by ushering in a new day, better than either the past or the present, is an object on which all will agree. The only laws and customs which can bring that day to pass will have their basis in an unselfish intelligence and an honesty above self-deception.

If the experiment is to fail, the conscientious lawbreaker must ask himself whether he would have preferred to make his direct contribution to that outcome of the matter or to the square test of a national mode of life toward which the country was moving steadily when the hands of the clock jumped forward. Whether the experiment is to fail or to succeed, it deserves at least fair play, from both government and people, and a sincerity which it has not encountered at the hands of friend or foe. Yes, I venture these final words in spite of a recent reminder that less than twenty years ago I was myself chanting the praises of the vine in the pages of this very *Atlantic Monthly*.

PLURIBUS

We are glad to print this proposal for a fitting memorial to the Great Cardinal.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC: —

Undoubtedly some of the readers of Mrs. Kellogg's article on Cardinal Mercier will be interested to know of the plans under way for a crypt, or tomb, to be constructed under the High Altar of Malines Cathedral. Canon Dessain, secretary to the late Cardinal, and to Mgr. van Roey, the Archbishop-elect, has written of the plan. 'At present,' he says, 'the Cardinal's coffin lies on the floor of a very poor vault under the High Altar of our Cathedral, next to the coffins of thirteen of his predecessors. The sail vault is small, overcrowded, and inaccessible to the public. Our idea is to make a crypt, or small subterranean chapel, under the choir of the Cathedral. At the end would be placed an altar, the exact replica of the one in the Cardinal's private chapel, at which he said Mass every day. In the middle of the crypt would be placed the Cardinal's tomb or mausoleum, with a bronze effigy of the Cardinal reclining on it. The access to the crypt would be managed by a double staircase descending in front of the entrance to the choir. . . . The cost is estimated at two million francs; we hope to find half that amount by a subscription here [in Belgium].'

Father Dessain, in another letter, suggests that if Americans feel that they would like to contribute to the cost of this memorial their gifts would be welcome. There must be many of our compatriots who — regardless of sectarian differences — would like to show their reverence and admiration for one of the greatest figures in modern times; who might regard as a privilege the opportunity to contribute to this memorial. I am sure that a draft, sent to the Reverend Canon Francis Dessain, at Malines, Belgium, would be very gratefully received.

ROBERT WITHINGTON

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1926

FROM AUTHORITY TO EXPERIENCE

BY HERBERT PARRISH

I

At a church dinner. A very fashionable church dinner. Distinguished laymen in evening dress. Aristocratic ladies in jewelry and colors. Bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries in swallowtails and silk waistcoats. An orchestra and choir in the gallery for the music. Costly food and a profusion of exotic flowers. But, being a church dinner, no wine. No visible cocktails. Speeches, of course. That is the chief purpose of church dinners. Something ulterior.

'It is quite time,' began the bishop, 'that these disturbing speculations were laid aside and we returned to the recognition of properly constituted authority.'

'It is not surprising,' replied the dean, 'that the whole religious world is in a state of turmoil. It will continue. We are in a period of transition from authority to experience.'

The lady across the table puffed learnedly at her cigarette. The laymen tried to appear interested and understanding. Two clergymen of austere aspect frowned like Torquemada at the examination of a heretic before the Holy Office. A third cleric grinned as a secretary grins when he hears that the Cause has been mentioned in a will. A distinct thrill went through the great ballroom. The keynote of a situation had been struck.

It has long been the feeling that there is the sound of a going in the tree tops of the religious world, but the exact nature of the period as an historical movement has perhaps never been phrased so accurately as the dean on this occasion put it.

'From authority to experience.' It is happening in every other aspect of human life, in the political, social, scientific fields. The history of the modern world is made up of just such transitions all along the line. The individual equally goes through such transition. The boy graduating from school, leaving home, passes out of the control of such authoritative influences as he has been forced unwillingly to recognize into the light of experiences where he must stand as an individual on his own. Why should religion be excepted from the general order?

Evidently the dean had sounded a tocsin. The bell had rung. The little beam of the candle was shimmering from the church steeple. Rebellion had raised its head. Revolution was in the air. The word was 'Give me liberty, or give me death.' Signals were flashing.

Matches were ready for the cannon. The movement of muffled feet could be heard.

II

It is said that Junipero Serra, the Spanish friar who built so many of those charming old missions you visit when you go to California, did not understand a word of the language of the Indians to whom he had been sent as a missionary. He had, nevertheless, three sermons. His first sermon consisted of striking himself on the chest with his fists. If that failed to make converts, Junipero produced a scourge, such as monks use, from the folds of his habit, raised his robes, and beat himself on his bare buttocks after the manner of the flagellants. If the savage heart was still untouched, the forceful friar seized a jagged stone of great size and, baring his bosom, pounded his flesh until the blood ran down in streams. Invariably this last appeal convinced the gainsayers.

'Ugh!' said the braves. 'Great medicine!' And straightway the tribe submitted to the authority of Holy Church. It is a source of wonder to the traveler in Central and South America to find how thoroughly the Spaniard gave his language and his religion to the aborigines of his far-flung colonial empire after the Conquistadores. Authority was there established under the flaming torch of the Inquisition. The auto-da-fé lasted down well into the nineteenth century — almost to the time of the auto-da-Ford. Early settlers have told me of attending Mass with Indian congregations, and of the ceaseless beating of the tom-tom and the wild monotonous droning of the worshipers during the sacred mysteries. I know places in the Andes — but of that another time.

An analysis of the basis upon which religious authority is accepted will convince you that it is a basis of emotion. The psychologists have been telling us that all ideas derive from emotion and that emotion derives from sensation. In the case of Junipero's Indian converts the course is apparent. They saw, they were moved, they believed. What they believed was for the immediate purpose comparatively unimportant. No doubt the good friars taught them many things later on.

Where religion is established the acceptance of religious authority is generally a part of one's group psychology, but in order to maintain itself authority must continually be reëstablished over the individual by appeals to his emotional nature. It has always been so.

Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuit order, wrote a slight but very important little book called *Manresa.* The principles of this book are recognized by students of the subject as fundamental to the whole authoritative devotional fabric of the Catholic Church. Ignatius was a man of analytical mind of the highest order. In his book he anticipated some of the discoveries of modern physiological psychology by three hundred years. In dealing with religious meditation or contemplation Ignatius directs 'the application of the senses.' Sight, touch, hearing, — if possible, even taste and smell, — must be employed to arouse the emotions of the neophyte, who, deeply moved, becomes submissive. To the same effect, and with the best motives in the world, Saint Francis invented the Christmas crib and Saint Dominic devised the fifteen chaplets of the rosary. The Stations of the Cross are another instance. In fact, all the devices of art, architecture, painting, sculpture, music, ritual, lights, and vestments produce and are intended to produce just those emotions that will make the believer accept religious

authority, support the institution, and perform works of virtue in the cause of religion. This is not an arraignment; it is an explanation.

Protestantism, breaking from the established authority of the Mediæval Church, naturally swept out the instruments by which that authority was sustained. It declared them to be 'superstitious.' But it now finds itself without the means of maintaining its own authority. It relied merely upon the reading of the Bible and the preaching of the minister. The Bible in the vernacular was then new and passed without criticism as final. Preaching was fervid, controversial, negative. But Biblical criticism and the paucity of eloquent preachers have forced Protestantism to turn back at least to stained glass and such music as it can produce, as aids in a failing cause. Protestant authority, so far as the laity is concerned, is to-day practically nil. It is only where some perfervid evangelist can establish, through his emotional appeals, a temporary submission that there is even the semblance of it. Where Protestantism is stable, that is due, with few exceptions, to group consciousness and endowments or the support of rich individuals.

The eye is the organ most immediately connected with the imagination centres of the brain. Protestantism swept out of the churches everything interesting to look at and depended upon the ear. Moving pictures and psychology were unknown when Protestantism was born. If they had been known, our ancestors might not have made so prodigious a mistake. As for Protestant music, it is devotionally good as a general rule only when it is taken over from some Catholic composer. And as for Protestant stained glass, with few exceptions it will produce emotions all right, but they are scarcely of a strictly religious character. 'Brighten the Corner' and 'The Brewer's Big Horses Can't Run Over Me' were excellent for arousing the emotions of the Billy Sunday crowds. But they have failed to hold their vogue. It is significant that for over forty years there has not been produced a single religious musical composition, Catholic or Protestant, that has a notable popular appeal. Why?

III

The reasons, then, for the breakdown of authority both in the Anglican Church and in Protestant churches generally are not far to seek. Certain of them are affecting Roman Catholicism as well. For in the present age there has come upon the world a conception that affects the imagination of multitudes, raising doubts as to the validity of formerly accepted emotions and stirring human feeling to a high degree. Intellectually we have only recently emerged from the Middle Ages. For years the very seats of learning, our colleges and universities themselves, lived in the past, looking backward to classical antiquity as a seated mistress of all learning, accepting the dicta of the age of Aristotle or of Cicero as authoritative and final. Our fathers were trained to look backward to the golden past. Youth to-day looks forward. Even our colleges are beginning to do the same.

There is no need to discuss the change in the cosmic outlook. The magazines have been full of the effect upon religious conceptions of the new view of the universe, of man's insignificance, of the long ages of the creative process, of the absurdity of an anthropomorphic conception of God. It is old stuff. But while these things have been known and recognized by the educated for generations, we have

probably not counted upon the power of the race inheritance, the delayed acceptance into the popular imagination of a geocentric cosmography. After all, the religious masses have just begun to realize that the planet floats a speck in the great voids. As this idea is visualized and takes possession of the mind, it creates impressions that obtrude upon the old religious imagery.

> There's a home for little children
> Above the bright blue sky

may still do for children. It revolts the college boy or girl. And so do most of the hymns in the hymn book. They were written in a past age when men saw their place in the universe as the men of fifty thousand years ago saw it.

The theology that was behind the devotional machinery of the Church comes into question in exact ratio as general knowledge increases. The pictures that thrilled the souls of believers in the Incarnation, the Redemption, the Ascension, and Session at the right hand of God have to be reconstructed to fit the facts. They were crude and mediæval in outline and coloring and must needs be done over in modern dress. Until they are so done over most thinking people put them on the shelf — though I have met men, educated men, who tell me that they still manage to keep their religion and their science in two separate compartments, living in one compartment for a single hour on Sundays and in the other compartment all the rest of the week. On Sunday they maintain that God made the world in six literal days; on Monday they are evolutionists. This accomplishment is really quite common. I have been wondering whether it may not extend also to morals. In a period of revolutionary transition one must expect strange compromises.

But if the period of transition from authority to experience has grotesque aspects, it is not without its tragic side. 'Easter,' said a woman to me recently, — she had just lost a child, — 'Easter must be lovely in Heaven.' We cannot so easily slip the moorings of ancient prepossessions without the sense of a vast loss — unless our experience has itself been developed.

At the present moment an enormous number of people stand at the crossroads. They have scrapped the authority of churches, they have no regard for ecclesiastical organization. But neither have they any actual spiritual experience to supply the empty soul. They want something to take the place of that which they have lost. Interest in religion was never greater. The sociological value of it is recognized by all public men. Presidents and statesmen, editors and professors, college presidents and millionaires, dramatists and novelists, all talk and write about religion. At the luncheons of the Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs nothing brings greater applause than a boost of religion. If a minister makes a speech at one of their meetings, they cheer him to the echo, pat him on the back, and sing,

> 'How do ye do, Mr. Doodle,
> How do ye doodle, doodle, do?'

But a careful survey shows that very few of the men who stress the social value of religion at public meetings are regular attendants at church. When Sunday comes they play golf.

IV

What, then, is the experience toward which the world is moving?

I think that the transition is very largely a matter of emphasis and interpretation. Authoritative religion has been the mother of so much splendid virtue and magnificent heroism in the

past that no one would lightly thrust it all aside as worthless. Its values must be retained and expanded rather. The one thing that is perfectly clear is that in any conflict between arbitrary dogma, whether Biblical or ecclesiastical, and the established facts of science men will invariably and justly give the preference to the latter. It is only peasants and the undeveloped mind of childhood that can any longer be imposed upon. It has long been recognized by the theologues themselves that such doctrines as rest upon the Biblical account of creation and the fall of man, though still preached at Dayton and to the hill billies of the remote mountain districts, are regarded by the educated as mere poetical folklore. The transition on this line may be said to be already accomplished. All of the Old Testament, in fact, apart from the moral and spiritual values enshrined there, has no bearing upon the religion of the modern man. Its legends and history may have a mystical interpretation, but they no longer inhibit the advance of knowledge. Politicians, candidates for Congress, on the lookout for the votes of clodhoppers, men of the Bryan-Upshaw type, may profess to accept the Bible from 'kiver to kiver' as a final book of science, but nobody else does, surely.

Matters of this sort were settled by scholars a generation ago. The learned of the present day are shifting their polemic to problems like the origin and character of the eschatology of Jesus, the authenticity of the New Testament, the question of interpolations, especially in regard to the sacraments and the Church, the amount early Christianity borrowed from the pagan mysteries, the philosophical background for the dogmatic definitions of the ecumenical councils. There can be no doubt that the outcome of study on these and kindred lines will parallel the work done on Old Testament criticism. But in spite of our greatly increased means of communication, the extent of education, and the enormous interest, it takes a good many years for ideas to filter down to and affect the imagination of the masses. Add to this the opposition of obscurantists, the brayings of ignorance, the crotchets of cranks, the ingrained prejudices of official old women, the thought grooves of narrow-minded bigots, the stupidity of settled pastors, the solemn asseverations of popular preachers, the deliberate policy of press-agented prelates who design to keep the masses in ignorance, and you might think that the transition would be slow. It is slow, but it moves.

I hold no brief for Christian Science, New Thought, Mental Science, Pastor Russell, or the rest. The Vedantic and Buddhist missions in New York do not interest me greatly. Mr. Sinnett, Madame Blavatsky, and Mrs. Besant, with their new avatars, have not swayed me very much. But all these have done something to further the movement of a transition from authority to experience and they have affected the trend of Christian devotion quite definitely. Multitudes have gone out of the churches recently to seek a new experience in devotional emotion which does not lead to the acceptance of ecclesiastical authority. And multitudes who still remain in the churches have shifted their conceptions of spiritual values.

Consider, for instance, the transition as it affects the idea of the Christian virtue known (to some) as humility. In the *Manresa* of Saint Ignatius, to which I have already referred, there is an exercise on humility. The saintly author gives three degrees of humility. He says: —

The first degree of humility consists in perfect submission to the law of God, so that we should be ready to refuse the empire of the whole world, or even sacrifice our lives, rather than willingly transgress any precept which obliges under pain of mortal sin.

The second degree is more perfect; it consists in the indifference of the soul toward riches or poverty, honor or shame, health or sickness, provided the glory of God and salvation are equally secured on both sides.

The third degree is the highest degree of Christian perfection. It consists of preferring, for the sole love of Jesus Christ and for the wish to resemble Him more, poverty to riches, shame to honor, sickness to health, and so forth, even if on both sides your salvation and the glory of God were equally to be found.

This may be heroic, but it is not common sense. The whole drift and tendency of the race is and always has been toward life, toward livingness, toward health, wealth, and happiness. No modern interpretation of the sayings of Jesus would find even the first degree of Saint Ignatius in the Gospel. Jesus said, 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.'

A new conception of the virtue of humility, then, is arising. It does not consist in accepting arbitrary ecclesiastical authority as the assured law of God. Neither does it lie in depreciating your own knowledge, ability, or powers. Nor least of all does it seek miseries that can be avoided, and a whining pose like that of Uriah Heep. Humility in essence is merely the recognition of the truth. Your actual limitations, your real ignorance, your dependence for all that you are and all that you have upon the supreme power that gives life — that is humility. To remember these limitations and this power constantly is the art of the virtue. Humility may coexist with the loftiest claims and the most outspoken and courageous egoism, if that egoism is justified. Jesus did not come merely to die. He came with convictions and bold utterance, an egoism such as the world had never heard before. 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.' When regarding his humanity by itself, Jesus said, 'I can of mine own self do nothing.' But realizing the divine omnipotence within, he said, 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.'

Another shift in interpretation and emphasis in this period of transition from authority to experience is found in relation to the idea of the kingdom of Heaven. It was formerly taught quite generally by Catholic and Protestants alike that the kingdom of God on earth was the Church and that the kingdom of God in Heaven could be experienced only after death. Twenty years ago the pink socialists and guild brethren who clung to religion began to teach that the kingdom would be realized when their theories had been accepted, when Prohibition was voted for, when capitalism fell — a kingdom in which paid secretaries would sit on golden thrones, sniffing incense and giving directions. Alas! the war and Russia put a crimp in it. But there may be something more in the present emphasis of the sayings of Jesus, that the kingdom is right here now, at hand; that it is not visible, cometh not with observation; that it is within us. It is in this direction that experience is taking the place of authority among those who are interested in religion if not in ecclesiastical organization.

There are many other aspects of the matter. It would be of interest, if space permitted, to pursue the problem into the conception of God — God as creative energy, God in relation to

locality, God in relation to human consciousness. What is God? Where is God? These are questions that religious experience above all things seeks to answer. For upon the answers depends the tendency of modern religion.

Everybody understands the difference between moonlight and sunshine. One is reflected and secondary; the other is inherent. And if you will consider the difference between the teachings of Jesus and the teachings about Jesus, the ancient theology and the mystery of an actual consciousness of the divine in human life, you will perceive the real essence of the transformation of authority into experience.

The impregnated cell out of which the human body is developed has no brain, no evidence of the power of reason. It grows, fissiparous in structure, selecting the chemical elements that form the body through the mysterious power of an instinctive emotional wisdom. Ultimately it develops a brain. The brain, kindling consciousness out of feeling, forms thought. At a time the mind of man looks back upon the origin of its own formation and perceives the presence of a wisdom and power within from which all has come. 'The kingdom of God is within you.'

'How to the singer cometh the song?' sings Walt Whitman. And when one considers the origin of ideas, of inventions, of discoveries, the growth of civilization, the knowledge of laws and of arts, the poems written, the pictures painted, the cities created, the business and order of the world of nations, whether you call the origin creative energy or call it God, you have a religious experience that Augustine, Francis, Eckhart, Teresa, John of the Cross, Plotinus, or the mystics of the East could not deny. It may not produce the stigmata, but it will give you the joy of life. You are no longer in the moonlight of the experiences of others in relation to the divine. You have entered the sunshine of reality.

V

Religious authority, like the mediæval mind, looks always backward, toward the past. Its wisdom, its mysteries, its experience with God, its miracles, its revelations, all took place centuries ago. It has held the world of thought in thrall for two thousand years. But, if God is the creative and controlling power of the universe, why confine His operations to the first few years of the Christian era? If there is a continuous unfolding of the secrets of the universe to the mind of man, is there not equally a continuous revelation of the nature of God? If miracles ever happened, why should they not be happening now? Is truth confined to the studies of Augustine, Jerome, Basil, Hilary, Gregory, Chrysostom, the fathers of Nice, Ephesus, Constantinople, Calcedon, the traditions of the first six centuries? Excellent men and excellent traditions, no doubt. But has not this vast array of ecclesiastical authority been used as a blanket to stifle thought? A little freedom, good masters, from the fulminations of the theologues of the orthodox schools. Let us think out the interpretations for ourselves, untrammeled and *de novo*. Let us breathe the fresh air of this new morning without forever smelling the dust of obsolete libraries. God is not confined to old books. Neither is He shut up in churches.

The most enormous religious ceremony, or series of ceremonies, in all history has just been staged by the Roman Catholic hierarchy in that most wicked city in the world, Chicago. The newspaper accounts of processions and masses, of vast crowds of pilgrims,

numbering hundreds of thousands, of a scarlet Pullman train for the cardinals, of public streets decorated with columns of white and gold draped in laurel and surmounted by bronze eagles, of choirs numbering sixty thousand voices, of the ceremony on the lake front and at the new town of Mundelein, of the papal legate, the fifteen princes of the church, archbishops and bishops, mitred abbots and abbots, monsignori, papal chamberlains and knights,

> Priest, doctor, hermit, monk grown white
> With prayer, the broken-hearted nun,
> The martyr, the wan acolyte,
> The incense-swinging child . . .

bewilder the imagination and — make for authority. It has been a demonstration in force.

There is nothing in the way of similar exhibitions that can compare in dramatic effect, in poetry, in color and variety, with a well-arranged religious procession. The Elks and the Tall Cedars pale into insignificance before it; even the Knights Templars look like the wooden soldiers of the *Chauve-Souris* in comparison. Moreover, it stands for a very high ideal, something beyond the mere parade in unwonted costumes that seems somehow to meet a need of human nature. No one can doubt the sincerity and piety of the vast numbers of laity participating. Their thought undoubtedly was *ad majorem Dei gloriam.*

But unprejudiced and intelligent people will nevertheless ask to what spiritual values, to what experience, this great and well-oiled enterprise leads? Does it mean *au fond* much more than a demand for submission of the intellect to an established and settled hierarchy? Is its purpose any different from that of Junipero Serra with the Indians? If so, what increase of knowledge, insight, and character will be assured by joining the procession? It may be an ecclesiastical accomplishment to understand the meaning of terms like *mozetta, biretta, zucchetto,* and to know the proper occasion for wearing a *cappa magna,* but will this throw any light upon the grim questions of eternity, upon the unsolved problems of survival after death? Is there any assurance that God will be found at the end of the rainbow? Liberty for the intellect has only lately been wrung, at much cost of blood and treasure, from just such authoritative and imposing ceremonial dominance. Spectacular pomp is not an answer.

Or, is it a conceivable thing that the Roman Church now desires by this splendid show in the New World to make a gesture of tolerance to modern thought and ascertained knowledge, extending the poetic beauty and religious mystery of its ancient faith to such as may feel that experience is not only a costly but an incomplete teacher? Has its own experience something still to contribute to a world which yet lies in darkness and in the shadow of death?

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON

Citizens of the United States must be weary, and more than weary, of hearing visitors from Europe describe the impressions of youth which they receive from that great country. They must, however, also be aware that in the last decade the accent of that comparison has changed. The faint superiority, the unuttered contempt, that lurked in it has gone and is replaced by something much nearer to envy. The European may still feel he is older and wiser, and in a sense more 'civilized'; but he is no longer so sure that it is an advantage to be old, wise, or even 'civilized.' About 'civilization' he is conscious of the most corroding doubt; for age he has not the audacity to put up any kind of defense. He looks at America as he looks at the young girl at home who makes him feel so awkward, timid, out of place, and ineffective, and his spontaneous condemnations die upon his lips. The girl, in either case, seems to him just a trifle vulgar; but he is no longer so sure as he used to be that vulgarity matters, while she overrides any such judgments by her apparent assurance as to where she is going, little as he can discern her purpose or direction. She interests him ever so much more than he interests her, and he knows the devastating reaction of that.

Of course youth has always obsessed its elders. To-day, however, for various reasons, the obsession has a special sharpness, a special discomfort. As, in 1914, the young men were summoned to 'save us' materially, so, after 1918, they and their sisters were called upon to save us morally from the results of the work we had put upon them. The first call blotted out a generation — that being what is meant in action by the 'biological necessity of war.' The results of the second are more obscure. In the main it seems to have blotted us out, and left the young generation of to-day as a great, accusing question mark.

'Are Parents People?' asks the title of a film now running in London. It puts, with frank cruelty, the point of view of many of their children. Even the asking of the question, indeed, represents a compliment not too often paid nowadays by youth to middle age. Kindly, but complete, disregard is the characteristic attitude — and it hurts. For all practical purposes youth lives in a world of its own, confident that there is no other of any account. Once it fought its elders; now it leaves them out. Once it revolted; now it goes its own way. Revolt was a less painful, a more tolerable relation than this relegation to nonexistence. Revolt left the parent in the centre of the stage; now he is not so much as hovering in the wings. Most keenly does this inattention cut the parent who feels and, as years used to be counted, still is on the border line of youth; who feels and, he flatters himself, looks young or, at worst, middle-aged; and who makes desperate efforts to 'keep up.' It is precisely to these shadowy people of the middle distance — parents and relatives, friends and would-be *companions de voyage*, in the late thirties and early

forties — that the young man and woman of to-day extend the finest expression of a contemptuous tolerance.

The young fascinate their elders. Are they not as near as we can get to the future? They hold the secrets we can never know; will see a world shrouded from us. Once, the relation of interest between youth and middle age was to some degree reciprocal. Of that reciprocity little or nothing seems to be left. In what we might tell them about the past they show no concern; they ask no questions; to us they have no impulse to communicate.

This separation is not casual or superficial. It is a punishment, not an accident, and we shall not begin to understand the young until we face that disagreeable truth. We have failed them and they have passed judgment, complete and sweeping. To all intents and purposes, they have wiped us off. In what we have to say, to them or of them, they are not interested. Their attitude toward us is one of entire inattention. Useless for us to criticize them, though of course we do. We declaim against their crudity — as if youth were not, by definition, crude — and against their harsh lack of charm — as if they were out to charm us! They care nothing for us and they do charm one another. We regret the standardization which reduces them all to a mosaic in which we see little interest or beauty; it is a pity, we cry, that the young of both sexes should approximate so drearily to an outline as undistinguished as it is uniform; we are tired of the narrowly built, up-and-down youth and maiden whose closely cut heads, angular action, and pinky-drab coloring make a patterned world whose design bores by repetition. It shocks us to discover that the demand for sex equality, which we supported in the fond belief that the women would impose their chaster standard on the men, turns out in practice, and at the moment, to mean that women claim and exercise for themselves the freedoms they used to deprecate in the other sex. All our plaints and complaints resound on empty air; they go their way, with the smile of kindly contempt on their lips. And we have deserved that smile. That is why it hurts us.

We want, or say we want, to understand them, little as they care to understand us. If we mean what we say we must interrogate their detachment and see its cause, unpleasant as the process is bound to be for us. It involves the substitution for the casual condemnation of the young that passes current so easily in middle-aged circles to-day, all over the world, of a painful condemnation of ourselves. Light-heartedly we all endorse the view that it is good to see ourselves as others see us; here is our chance to see ourselves as the young do, and as history is only too likely to do also.

How do they see us? The answer can be put in a word: as frauds. They see us as standing in public for ideas and ideals which in private mean nothing to us whatever; as snuffling moralities in talk upon which we trample in action; as teaching them notions by which we neither live nor attempt to live; as saying one thing and doing another all the time. Mr. J. A. Hobson stated the other day that 'psychology has almost wiped out hypocrisy.' He was talking of the psychology by which the young live, not of that of their elders as seen by them. True, the experience of disappointment and disillusionment is the experience of every young person since the beginning of time; we have been through it ourselves. In Trotter's *Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War*, a book which is still far less widely read than it deserves to be, a sufficient outline of its features is given: —

The child receives from the herd the doctrines, let us say, that truthfulness is the most valuable of all the virtues, that honesty is the best policy, that to the religious man death has no terrors, and that there is in store a future life of perfect happiness and delight. And yet experience tells him with persistence that truthfulness as often as not brings him punishment, that his dishonest playfellow has as good if not a better time than he, that the religious man shrinks from death with as great a terror as the unbeliever, is as broken-hearted by bereavement, and as determined to continue his hold on this imperfect life rather than trust himself to what he declares to be the certainty of future bliss. . . . The mental unrest which we, with a certain cynicism, regard as normal to adolescence is evidence of the heavy handicap we lay on the developing mind in forcing it to attempt to assimilate with experience the dicta of herd suggestion.

For the present generation of young men and women, this general experience, with its suffering and loss, has been exaggerated and sharpened by the war. Growing up, as they did, during the years not of the early glow of false idealism but of the visible exposure of that idealism by the facts, these young people view the elders who accepted, gave currency to, and to a large extent were sacrificed to, its shams as the feeblest kind of frauds — those who are found out. They saw the Settlement corresponding to the Secret Treaties rather than to the Fourteen Points; they apply the bitter corollary of that demonstration to any and every moral precept or ideal offered for their enthusiasm. Those who were taken in were fools or hypocrites; to us they offer that agreeable dilemma and condemn us unsparingly, on whichever horn we elect to be impaled. If we in our turn find them wearisomely 'clever,' we have ourselves to thank. We ate the sour grapes; their teeth are on edge.

I know that the war, from every point of view, happened to Europe rather than to America; that the wounds it has left, and the whole searing experience, cut deeper into the old continent than into the young. Yet, if the policies which manured it belonged to us, the soil out of which it grew was the same in America and in Europe; it was a phenomenon of a common 'civilization.' And if America has not, to the same degree as has Europe, paid the price in the obliteration of a generation, there is less difference, so far as moral and mental effects go, than perhaps there ought to have been. Getting, in the nature of the case, less of the fact, the United States got a disproportionate share of the psychological repercussion. Distance from the scene exaggerated the impact of disintegrating moral reaction. A young country inevitably illustrates, with special clearness, the point of view of youth; and into the point of view of youth as we have it to-day the war has entered as the main coloring and characterizing element. Internationalism, moreover, is a force to be counted with. The very events that appeared to deny it in action have only proved it the more potent in effect.

'Growing up' being at any time a process, normally, of doubt and disillusionment, it is not surprising that the attitude of the young man and the young woman to-day is mainly negative. They meet any commands and prohibitions handed across to them by their elders with a smilingly skeptical 'No.' So far as what we have got to give them goes, then, the attitude of the young is almost entirely negative. They do not accept or endorse our prohibitions. The other day, in the chapel of a great Eastern American university, I heard an eloquent and effective preacher address a gathering of students. His text was 'temptation.'

He was, I thought, wise and liberal in his suggestions to them as to how temptation ought to be dealt with, and, above all, in the technique of positive substitution he put before them. But he made one assumption which I fear invalidated nearly everything that he said. He assumed that when he spoke of 'temptation' the word had some sort of definite meaning for his hearers, and raised before their eyes a series, possibly an attractive series, of things that they knew they ought neither to do nor to want to do. But for the young people he was speaking to there is no such series. They know, of course, that there are certain things, even certain classes of things, labeled 'wrong' by their elders, which they have at one stage or another been told by them not to do. But for themselves they dismiss the whole of that with an amiable shrug. They do not take any of it seriously. They do not conceive that their elders mean it. They know that they do not act upon it. We bluff. Once and for all, they have called our bluff.

This rejection carries a long way. On examination the 'system' by which we thought we lived proves to be no system at all. It is gone; nothing has taken its place. To-day, as novelists, newspapers, preachers, and sociologists are ready to tell us, there is no valid moral code, none that our young people accept. 'In personal conduct,' so Professor Graham Wallas writes in his latest book, 'young men and women find that new knowledge has shaken traditional sexual and family morality; but that there is as yet no sign that a period of ethical reconstruction is at hand.'

When people talk about 'morals' they nearly always mean one limited department thereof — that governing the relations of the sexes. Women used to be supposed to be the guardians of this morality. No one could see the typical young girl of to-day in any such light. The taste of many young people of either sex revolts against promiscuity; it does not attract them; but they hardly condemn it in others and, in any event, would refuse to take any more definite stand than that of a purely personal æsthetic. 'Wrong? No — rather messy.' That is about all one can get. The mother of a large family told me the other day that, when she meekly remonstrated with a daughter who was setting forth on a holiday of a conspicuously free kind, with a married man, the girl laughed aloud at her timid suggestion of possible consequences and remarked, 'Oh, you have forgotten. I know how to take care of myself.' There, so far as she was concerned, was an end of it; and her mother, recovering from her stupefaction, had to admit that she simply did not know how to make her feel that there was something wrong in her conduct, and would have been hard put to it to explain wherein it precisely consisted.

Of our confusion of values the young are, to a tragic extent, the victims. Are there any signs that they are finding, or even seeking, a way out of the fog for themselves? I think there are, and that it is by attending to them that we shall get as near as the difference in generation allows to the mind of these mysterious young fellow citizens of ours.

In a more or less dormant capacity, I was present, recently, when a group of young persons — in that dim hour on Sunday evening when conversation, on some irresistible, inherited impulse, turns on to 'serious' lines — fell to discussing, with entire frankness, whether there were any groups or classes of action that could be called wrong; or whether one had to assess actions entirely on one's knowledge of the individual and the special circumstances

of each particular case. Instances of murder, adultery, and theft were examined, in connection with acquaintances of reputable social standing. There emerged a general inclination to think that to take the life of another was wrong, especially when done on a large, public scale as in war, where, too, the killing is motiveless. On the other hand there were persons who were much better dead; what kept one from killing them was not any principle, but a predilection in favor of continuing to exist one's self. In other words, as one charming young girl put it, sheer cowardice. Of the involuntary transfer of property there was no disapproval, or of the voluntary transfer of partners.

'These old words are mostly only counters,' said another young thing. 'People used them because it saved the trouble of thinking — and they wanted to be condemning other folk; it made them feel good.'

'And we feel good without, so we don't need them,' laughed another.

'Yes,' said a third, 'but that does n't carry us very far. Do we really know, any better than they did, *why* we do things?'

'Surely that does n't matter. So long as we can find enough things we want to do.'

For a moment they thought over this. Then the girl who had raised the question 'Why?' took up the word again.

'I'm not satisfied with that; as a matter of fact, I'm getting to the end of the things I want to do. I've done all the things I've been told not to — and they are n't so amusing as they looked. There's a screw loose somewhere. I am beginning to be bored — and that's ghastly.' She looked round, and her companions admitted that it was a sensation not unknown to them too. 'Seems to me,' she went on, 'as if there might be some sense in this right and wrong business. If we could get it on to a real footing, that might get us out of this tired feeling. Suppose we were to pick out somebody who is decent, and find out what it is about him. Lots of these old men we've been talking about seem to me to be *ugly*. But I am not clear as to why, and I'm not sure, even, that I know what I mean by it. There's such a lot of things one says, without any actual meaning attached to them. Anyhow, it's too easy, just wiping them off the slate; we have got to put something on it — and what? I don't know.'

No one was at once able to help her there; though evidently some responsive chord was struck in the company by the case as thus put to it. Silence descended on them, for quite a considerable time. The bright cleverness that had marked the early stages of talk had worn itself out; under cover of the gathering dusk each appeared to be following out unfamiliar and yet not totally new thoughts.

In the pause, I puzzled over them. None of these young persons was over five and twenty. In the interchange between them it would have been impossible to separate a masculine or feminine note or attitude; they handed out ideas and pleasantries on an entirely equal footing, and the ideas showed no sex bias. Though not solemn, they were certainly serious enough. Of the honesty of their expressions, so far as they went, I have no doubt. That, however, did not carry me very far. Honesty, after all, is no simple, easy virtue; the fine flower of cultivated intellectual rectitude, it requires a disinterested experience as well as disinterested thinking. They had all had their experiences, these boys and girls, but for experience they were inadequately equipped. For that they have to thank the selfishly soft education we have given them. More

and more, the hard elements, the disciplinary and unattractive processes, have been cut out of the curriculum. School is to be 'pleasant,' though life, we know, is not; education has been made into a form of play, although nothing worth while is got without drudgery, and the one lesson worth learning is the acceptance of difficulty as the price of achievement. Parents who combine this 'kindly' practice with the proclamation of the fallacy that youth is a time of happiness have small right to complain when their children emerge at once hard and superficial. Inevitably girl and boy look at life from the standpoint of what it is going to give her and him. In the vast majority of cases it is not going to give very much to her or to him and what it does give has to be paid for.

At last a bright-eyed girl, who, as I thought, had not before spoken, came up to the surface.

'You can't act as if you were alone in the world,' she murmured with naïve profundity.

Another girl pounced on this pearl.

'No,' she exclaimed eagerly. 'Indeed, thinking over the decent people I know, that may be the key. They remember other people and behave in such a way that if everybody behaved like them the whole thing would be bearable.'

'And as it is, they get "put upon" by everyone they know. I know the sort of person you mean. It's all right for the others, that sort of thing, but pretty thin for you.'

'Yes, so long as the others don't act in the same way; but supposing they did?'

'But, look here,' cried another, 'that's Christianity.' Her tone was horror-struck.

'Well, if it is,' cried the other, with fine courage, 'are we to be afraid of a word?'

Plainly, however, they were; and the supper bell was hailed with patent relief, as if delivering them from a great danger. All the same, they will come back to it; all the time their minds are hovering about it. Not, perhaps, in these terms; but in the end in terms that, save for words, come very near to it. Throughout, I was forcibly reminded of those strangely moving lines of Robert Bridges: —

> Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us
> . . . when in the dark,
> Unwilling, alone we embark,
> And the things we have seen and have known and have heard of, fail us.

They were in the dark, and very unwilling to embark on the sea of moral speculation. Yet it drew them, it is drawing them; they cannot but face it. Moreover — and this, I think, is the point — they are not alone. The young people — and the young women, I believe, are, however unwilling and unconscious, the leaders in this — are setting out *together* on the search for standards of right and wrong that may be valid for them. Their hope and strength are that they are doing it together and that they are looking for positive, not negative, rules. They hardly know that they are doing it; you certainly will not get from them an admission that this is their enterprise; but, impelled by a dim sense of responsibility born of our failure, they are doing it. That we cannot help them is our tragedy; but at least we need not hinder. Useless to ask them where they are going. They cannot tell us — and would not if they could. They do not know. They would deny, indignantly, that their eyes are on the stars. We shall do them a great injustice if we assume that they are on the mud.

MARRIAGE — TEMPORARY OR PERMANENT?

BY BISHOP CHARLES FISKE

America is rapidly becoming a land of Mormons. The law forbids continuous polygamy, but we are substituting for it consecutive polygamy. To draft a figure of speech from days of horse-drawn vehicles, we do not drive in matrimonial pairs, but driving tandem is an increasingly popular custom.

For the most part, the Christian churches of America have been doing very little until recently to stem the tide of divorce which has made this country a disgrace to civilization. With the exception of the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal Churches, remarriage of the divorced has too often and too easily received the blessing of the Church as well as the sanction of society. But at last the leaders of organized Christianity have begun a movement to check the evil, and many religious denominations and other associations have banded together to secure a uniform Federal law bringing into line those states which are lax in their marriage laws, while allowing individual commonwealths to raise the bars against divorce still higher than the national standard, if they so desire.

In this movement for the correction of an evil scandalous in its proportions, it is not competent, of course, to lay emphasis wholly on the law of Christ. Christian morality is necessarily higher than state morality; its compelling power comes through voluntary acceptance of the higher law; it must not depend for obedience upon the power of civil authority. While faithful Christian teaching may do much to quicken the conscience of the nation, its authority and influence are necessarily limited when dealing with conditions which arise in a society for which the word of Christ is not 'the last word.' The State's appeal must be based upon the conception of marriage as a social institution, not simply as a Church sacrament or ordinance.

It is the purpose of this article to show, briefly, the seriousness of the present situation and then to suggest that permanence in the marriage relation is the law of nature as well as the law of grace.

I

First, the seriousness of modern conditions in America. In spite of iteration and reiteration, the alarming increase in divorce has not yet been brought home to the conscience of the nation. It was not until 1876 that we had any authoritative information in regard to divorce in the United States. In that year the official reports of the Bureau of the Census showed 122,121 divorces for the ten preceding years. Subsequent reports show an increase for each decade alarming in its rapidity. In 1886 the divorces for ten years were 206,595; the next decade showed 352,363; the next 593,362; the decade ending in 1916 showed 975,728 — a total of over two and one quarter millions of divorces in a half-century, with four and one half millions of divorced persons, and nearly 1,700,000 minor children left fatherless or motherless as a result of the law's laxity.

And the figures are still mounting tragically. The latest census report shows an increase of divorce in one year of more than 11 per cent over the previous year. In 1922 the proportion of divorces to population was 136 for every 100,000 of population, as against 112 six years before. There were two divorces for every fifteen marriages — the exact figures in 1922 being one divorce to every 7.6 marriages. The increase is indicated more clearly when we learn that just five times as many divorces in proportion to population were granted in 1922 as were granted in 1870. In Canada, among a people very similar to our own, there were in 1916 only 57 divorces, as against 112,036 in the United States; that is, in proportion to population we had 120 divorces granted as against one in Canada.

The record in some states is nothing less than appalling. Nevada reached the lowest depths, granting 1000 divorces — to many people, of course, having only temporary residence — as against 900 marriages. In 1922 this record of Nevada — ten divorces to nine marriages — had some close followers: Oregon, one to 2.6; Wyoming, one to 3.9; Montana, one to 4.3; Arizona, one to 4.7; Oklahoma, one to 4.8; Idaho, one to 4.9; Ohio, one to 5.2; Nebraska and Indiana, one to 5.4; Kansas, one to 5.7; Michigan, one to 5.8.

Lest it should be supposed that westward the course of divorce takes its way, we note that Texas has a record of one divorce in less than four marriages, Maine one in less than six, Florida one in less than seven, and Rhode Island one in less than eight. In the nation the record for 1922 was 165,139 divorces, with freedom of remarriage to 330,278 persons.

To permit the marriage relationship to assume such an experimental character involves results even more serious than the broken vow. Civil law has set up the machinery for unmarrying a wife from a husband and a husband from a wife; but that machinery cannot in fact be successful until it also succeeds in unfathering or unmothering the child who is the fruit of the union so dissolved. For the child to remain neither unfathered nor unmothered, after the husband has been unwifed and the wife unhusbanded, is indeed a glaring contempt of court! Yet it is the sort of contempt the courts have not succeeded in avoiding. After the arguments for divorce have all been presented, the presence of one child effectively confutes them. The child not only presupposes the family; it compels the family. It is the outward and visible sign of an actual relationship between the father and the mother. The State may conceivably repeal the Christian marriage law; it cannot repeal the child.

From the point of view of social and legal complications, the diversity of state laws presents a ghastly situation. Fifty-two causes for divorce are listed, not counting those for which an annulment of marriage may be secured. In twenty-seven states there is no provision for a divorce *a mensa et thoro* — that is, a legal separation without annulment of the bond. Such a separation has always been recognized ecclesiastically as a lawful and sometimes a necessary remedy for marriage difficulties, but in these states such relief can be had only by a divorce *a vinculo* with remarriage allowed, and indeed, to all intent, encouraged. One of the judges of the Supreme Court of New York State recently put the matter clearly when he said: 'The finality of divorce is hideous. Separation holds the possibility of reconciliation. Divorce precludes it.' In the same statement he protested against the evils of alimony as a contributing cause in

provoking divorce proceedings: 'Alimony represents the sanction of divorce by the law and society; it places a premium on selfishness, slothfulness, idleness, and immorality.'

The legal complications of divergent state laws add property confusion and personal entanglements to this social evil. Although, under the Federal Constitution, full faith and credit must be given in each state to the judicial proceedings of every other state, requirements concerning residence, legal notices, and other matters may differ in different states, with the result that actually marriages are not legal in one place although so considered elsewhere, children have been adjudged illegitimate in one state though legitimate in another, a man or woman may be convicted of bigamy in a neighboring state after a divorce and remarriage across the border. Even the Supreme Court of the United States has not always been able to disentangle the complicated problems arising out of inheritance.

Of course, in so brief a discussion of the subject it is impossible to deal with many of the diversities of state laws through which these complications arise. An entire chapter would be needed, for example, merely to enumerate the varieties of legislation as to the age at which a valid marriage contract may be made. In six states a girl of twelve may marry, with the parents' consent; in one state she may do so without such consent. Small wonder that the author of *The Social Control of the Domestic Relations* should say: 'It may reasonably be doubted whether any people in Occidental civilization has marriage laws so defective as ours. Almost every conceivable blunder has been committed.' Other questions upon which legislators spend much labor are of little consequence compared with the vital question of the preservation of the home as the unit of our social life.

II

Conditions moral and legal have now reached such a pass that not only have churches and welfare organizations united in an effort to secure Federal legislation and a uniform divorce law as a minimum of local permission to annul marriage, but the American Bar Association has joined in the demand. At best this regulation will but partially solve our problem. Three things are needed in addition. First, we need a clear statement of the law of Christ and a rallying of the Christian churches of America to a courageous determination not to countenance any departure from it. This will mean turning over to the civil officials all marriages contrary to Christ's law. Second, there will be necessary, as a part of the uniform law now demanded, certain safeguards against hasty marriage; and, with this, faithful instruction by Christian pastors as to the seriousness of marriage, in the effort to check hasty alliances. Third, for those who do not accept the law of Christ as final, or for those who accept it as a spiritual ideal rather than a specific commandment, we need fuller consideration of the social value of permanency in the marriage bond as a prerequisite to any degree of domestic happiness or contentment.

The law of Christ is plain: 'Whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery against her: and if she herself shall put away her husband, and marry another, she committeth adultery.' There can be but two questions as to the teaching.

1. Is it the *law* of Christian marriage or the *ideal* of Christian marriage? It is only on the assumption that Christ was not legislating, but was pleading

for the highest and the best, that any Christian could possibly minimize the teaching. Certainly those who accept His teaching as having divine authority cannot possibly evade the issue, though others, who regard Him only as a great teacher, may perhaps consent to the alteration of His precepts to meet new situations in a new age.

2. The other question deals with an apparent exception or allowance in the report of the words of Christ elsewhere, where the record is: 'Every one that putteth away his wife, *saving for the cause of fornication*, maketh her an adulteress.' It is the uncertainty of interpretation here which has led the Episcopal Church to allow, under very stringent conditions, remarriage of the innocent party in a divorce for adultery. Even that exception is further safeguarded by the provision that a clergyman may always decline to solemnize a marriage — a proviso which permits those to decline to officiate under the canon who believe that the exception is grammatically applicable only to 'putting away' and cannot be applied to the remarriage. The Roman Catholic Church allows no exception; though, as a matter of fact, in its interpretation of what are known as 'the Pauline injunctions' (covering the marriage of unbaptized persons) its actual practice is not beyond criticism. Other Christian churches have more lenient standards. There is not time or occasion here to explain them; suffice it to say that in many parts of the country the ministers are not much, if at all, in advance of the social and ethical standards of the community and are quite ready to marry anyone whom the State permits them to join together — and even where some have scruples there are 'marrying parsons' galore, if the contracting parties desire more than a civil ceremony.

We need, therefore, full and courageous presentation of the Christian ideal of marriage; nothing else can so effectively stay the tide of consecutive polygamy. The real reason for laxity of manners and morals is the failure of the churches to teach consistently and continuously the facts of Christianity and the morality of Christianity. The ignorance of multitudes as to the simplest outlines of Christian truth is amazing. Preaching has become 'arid liberalism' for the cultured in the more educated sections and 'acrid literalism' elsewhere. The result is that those inside many churches know little of the Christian story and less about Christ's moral demands, whereas others have been driven away from the Church entirely; the latter, once they cease to live on the inherited religious precepts of a past generation, lapse into a modified paganism.

III

Christian teaching will but slowly reach the mass of the American people. Many of them, we have just said, are merely nominal Christians. Most of them do not hear the teaching, since they are not regular churchgoers. An increasingly large number of them are not disposed to accept the teaching of Christ as final. The present generation, at least, has so slight an attachment to organized Christianity that it will demand something more than the authority of the Christian Church before accepting so 'hard' a law of life. 'What is the good of trying to keep two people together,' they ask, 'if these people are wholly unsuited to each other? Could anything be more repulsive and repugnant to sound morality than for those who have lost all the love that justifies a marriage union to attempt to live together in the marriage relation? Is it not better to dissolve the union? And since to permit no

remarriage means the denial of another chance for a happy life, why refuse them the opportunity of forming another alliance?'

All this sounds plausible. Even those who wish to be loyal to the ideal of marriage are tempted to utter like sentiments in moments of sympathy with the matrimonial misalliances of their own friends. The special case is always a 'special' case. It is exceptional because it is a case near at hand. It is on that account considered in a spirit of sentimental kindliness. The unfortunate domestic disruption is a tragedy, and there is the disposition to view the whole matter leniently. Sympathy lets the heart run away with the head.

It is well, therefore, to insist that the marriage ideal is based upon considerations which have equal weight whether marriage be regarded as a sacrament of religion or as a natural ordinance. This is the special thought which needs to be expressed if we would really influence those who will not 'hear the Church.'

The fact is that no marriage entered into with even the suggestion of a possible later separation has a fair chance for its life. Happy marriages do not spring into being at a stroke: they are made — made by slow steps and with much patient effort. A passionate emotional attachment will not so overcome the natural selfishness of two individuals as to make them at once considerate and forbearing and set them in the way of permanent happiness. In short, it is not true that some natural law of love can bring about a delightful situation through which a willful, pleasure-loving young woman and an equally indulgent, pleasure-loving young man will, simply because of their fascination for each other, immediately exhibit all the virtues necessary for the accommodation of differences of taste and clashing interests and desires, of selfishness set against selfishness.

There are marriages, of course, that proceed smoothly from romantic love to harmonious married affection, untroubled by any serious ripple of discord; but their success cannot be attributed to the supposed fact that mutual affection has made the way miraculously easy. It only looks easy because of the earnest purpose of both parties to make the marriage a happy one. A component part of romantic love is newness, strangeness, delightful surprise; it embarks on voyages of discovery. From its very nature, therefore, romance cannot last. It changes as it grows into something permanent. We enjoy a new house because it is new. Presently the new becomes familiar, and, for those who are living happily in it, in place of novelty come pleasant memories, comfort, satisfaction. The house is then much finer than a new house; it is a home. In the same way a happy marriage is one which passes from the transitory delights of courtship and the honeymoon and becomes a permanent and satisfactory relation, strong enough to weather the storms of life. Lives fit together through bearing and forbearing; husband and wife make mutual concessions; they give way in small things for the sake of the one great thing. Two lives thus fitted together have tenderer relations than any sentimental, romantic, or passionate pair of lovers ever yet found possible.

All this is somewhat platitudinous. But it paves the way for the statement of a fact which, after such considerations, seems self-evident; namely, that this ideal of marriage can be realized only when marriage is undertaken with no thought of a possibility of its termination. Apart from the repulsiveness of entering upon so intimate a relationship as a mere passing episode,

the very suggestion of a possible termination through divorce, with permission for a new trial, is fatal to the first trial. Marriage begun under such terms could not really be tried. It would be condemned to death before ever the trial began. The first moment of boredom or irritation would be a step toward ending it.

Chesterton puts the argument so well that his words bear repeating: 'In everything worth having there is a point of pain or tedium that must be passed, so that the pleasure may revive and endure. The success of the marriage comes after the failure of the honeymoon.' Or again: 'In everything on this earth that is worth doing, there is a stage when no one would do it, except for necessity or honor. It is then that the Institution upholds a man and helps him on to the firmer ground ahead. . . . That alone would justify the general human feeling of marriage as a fixed thing, dissolution of which is a fault, or at least an ignominy.' And once more: 'I have known many happy marriages, but never a compatible one. The whole aim of marriage is to fight through and survive the instant where incompatibility becomes unquestionable. If Americans can be divorced for "incompatibility of temper," I cannot conceive why they are not all divorced!'

To sum it all up: The real romance of marriage is that it is the great adventure, where two people think so much of each other that they bravely join their lives together and voyage in search of the Happy Isles, considering the promise of delight so great that they are willing to stake their all upon it. Take away the thought of finality and determination from the marriage vow, and at once its romance and beauty are gone, as well as its spirituality.

All this is true of marriage as a natural ordinance. Of course the case is strengthened when marriage becomes sacramental, as in the Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches. We must remember, however, that when Jesus Christ enunciated His doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage He was speaking of marriage as it then was, and as of its nature it ought to be, and apart from any new revelation. The permanency of the marriage relation is not simply a matter of ecclesiastical order; the law is a law of human nature. The facts of life themselves show that if the institution of marriage is to result in happiness it must be entered into seriously and with the deliberate intention of entering upon it as a lifelong relationship. Sentimental pleas for exceptional cases are made in forgetfulness of this fact. Stricter divorce laws are necessary, whether the marriage be of nature or of grace, if marriage is to build up a permanent structure. The hardships worked here and there by strict laws of divorce are nothing to the wholesale destruction of home life that would follow if easy divorce should continue and be generally encouraged.

There will, of course, be difficulties in any married life. They are to be expected; and they are to be met, not by permitting all who will to run away from them, but by insisting that all shall face them, and by facing overcome them. 'One does not put away his mother or his children because of domestic difference; one assumes the relationship to be permanent, and adjusts himself to it as best he can; and in the vast majority of instances the necessity for adjustment promotes permanent affection. It is the same with husband and wife.' So says Professor Peabody, and he adds: 'The family thus becomes not a temporary resort for the satisfaction of passion, or a form of restraint from which on the least provocation one may escape, but a

school of character where the capacity for ripened affection is trained and amplified by the sense of continuity and permanence.'

This view is the only one that makes marriage possible for nine tenths of the human race. If men and women are allowed to go about looking indefinitely for mates who are easy to live with, there will, in time, be a terrible decrease in permanent marriages. Very few people even remotely approach perfection. The wonderful thing, after all, is not that some marriages turn out badly, but that, men and women being what they are, so many turn out well. Where marriages are undertaken with the idea that they will be put through successfully (rather, that they *must* be put through successfully), a surprising number of happy homes are built up out of what seems to be most unpromising material. Failures there will always be — tragedies, marriages ending in conditions unendurable. In such cases divorce *a mensa et thoro* gives all needed relief. But to make tragedies of all the little serio-comic disturbances of married life by lax divorce laws — that is the greatest tragedy of all. Why bother to be considerate, why try to be unselfish, if it is easy to get away from the whole problem? Divorce is easy, goodness is not; why worry about being good if you can more easily be divorced?

IV

The sentiment of America — even its Christian sentiment — cannot be crystallized without continuous teaching as to the seriousness and solemnity of marriage as a permanency. The evil cannot be curbed without legislation making marriage less impermanent. To protect children as well as parents from unhappy married life the facility for undoing the marriage must be checked. To prevent the impatient desire for separation, with a new attempt at a more successful union almost always in the background of thought, we need the teaching that marriage may not easily be annulled, and therefore ought not 'by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God.' The present impermanency of marriage is resulting in hasty marriages by the thousands. Young men and women, after the briefest possible acquaintance, rush off to a parson or a justice of the peace and then on a week-end honeymoon. They come back, only to discover that they know little of each other and less of their often obtrusively present 'in-laws'; that the problem of support is pressing if the girl is to give up a business position she held before the nine days' wonder of her 'romance'; that if she does go back to her business office she becomes less and less a wife and seldom a mother; that neither she nor her husband has the slightest idea of marriage as a life of give-and-take — the result being a brief period of bored regret and then a sudden convulsion that ends in separation. This description of marriage among the youth of one class of society may with a few strokes of the brush be changed into a like picture of matrimony among the industrial class, and with a very considerable splashing of color the picture may again be altered to depict the marriage of the idle, vacuous, or vicious rich.

The main sources of domestic instability are moral. As Dr. Peabody says, 'Its chief provocations are not external, but internal; and its cure must begin with a finer social morality and a more worthy conception of the ends of human life. The problem of the family is but one aspect of the whole drift of social standards and ideals in

modern life; and the loosening of the marriage tie is, from this point of view, a premonition of a general landslide of social morality.'

What is the real difficulty with the present generation? We accomplish nothing by adopting a censorious attitude toward youth, always condemning and always complaining. Manners are bound to vary with varying social conventions; different times bring different behavior. But who shall say that the youth of to-day is less sound at the core than the youth of other days, when much was concealed under a superficial decorum, deference, courtesy, and conventional respect? The trouble lies no more with the young than with their elders. And the trouble with both is that we are morally drifting. Modern life seems to be without purpose or plan. Its chief characteristic is its aimlessness and amazing emptiness. Because we have forgotten some of the old values of life, and have lost our moral bearings, domestic life shares in the undisciplined, unsocialized, self-indulgent, willful, and selfish spirit of the age. The only remedy is to make marriage so serious a thing that it will be seen to demand the generous instincts of mutual discipline, mutual forbearance, and the sharing of mutual burdens. 'The family was not designed to make life easier, but to make life better.' To marry without thought of such adjustments of possible friction, with no intention to make sacrifices or to exercise discipline, is bound to result in disaster.

We need steady and persistent teaching, not in the spirit of complaint, but with the winsomeness, patience, and attractiveness of true Christian sympathy and understanding, to correct the debasement of the popular mind which views the whole question of marriage with frivolous unconcern, a form of hilarious emotional experience which would seem to 'recall the gayety of the gravedigger in a city swept by a pestilence.' If, in order to make marriage a solemn undertaking, it must of necessity be permanent as a law of nature as well as of grace, then we must strive to improve the laws in the direction of that ideal, even though sometimes the few must suffer for the sake of the many. If the 'complex agony of unhappy married life' becomes unbearable, separation without permission to remarry is allowed by the strictest Christian moralist. If circumstances make even separation impossible, 'special cases of social disease must not, according to the teaching of Jesus, be permitted to menace the general social health.' These are the words of one who is a member of one of the Liberal Protestant churches, not a Catholic. The language of Felix Adler, because he is arguing on grounds purely ethical and social, is even stronger: 'It is very hard sometimes to bear the burden of this law [of the permanency of marriage]. If I were a praying parson, I should pray for sympathy not to become unfeeling to the complex, secret agony herein involved. But the law is inexorable.'

VIRGINIA

BY R. H. MOTTRAM

Even now, from time to time, there appears in comic papers a figure labeled 'Frenchman,' — middling short, round, and sleek, with waxed moustache and imperial, — whom all the half-educated know to be immoral and witty. But whenever I think of Virginia — for, if one is to translate her name at all, that is what one must call her — I feel that she is much more representative of France than that labeled figure ever was.

No doubt her name is partly responsible for this feeling. To an American, a Latin, a Celt, there would be nothing out of the way in such a name for a woman. But in England, the real Perfide Albion of Business and the Bible, of Wilberforce and Palmerston, it savors of the old-fashioned, as the real France savors of the time before England drifted out of the European Comity of Nations to pursue her own peculiar path.

The very way in which I made her acquaintance was one which could not have occurred in England. It was thus: I was traveling with a French friend, whose friendship dated from our mutual boyhood. That is to say, though we spoke more openly and affectionately to each other than two Englishmen would have done, we probably understood each other less thoroughly. Or perhaps it was because we dimly felt that deep impassable barrier within ourselves that we were so frank and cordial. Anyhow, alighting to change at one of those small junctions typical of the third of France north of the wine-growing districts, — a rather sooty little station, deeply interested in anthracite and beetroot, — he did something that, in spite of a fair knowledge of him and of France, astonished me. We had strolled up to the newspaper kiosk. Not the bookstall. It was not the same thing at all — not a small branch of some gigantic firm which dispatched to it every day what was said to be selling in London. It was the private venture of some obscure person who used individual judgment in the choice of the stock.

Occupied with the wares displayed, I heard my friend break out into one of those shrill exclamations that I had learned to overlook in him because he had never been taught that they were not good form. He took me by the arm. 'My friend, allow me to introduce an old flame of mine!'

Was that what he said? Not a bit of it. What he said was: 'Mon cher, permettez que je vous présente une de mes anciennes maîtresses!' But I cannot translate it better than I have, for a more literal translation, though nearer to the words, would be so unthinkably far from the spirit.

Used, as I considered myself to be, to my friend and to French ways, I had to adjust myself. In England does one introduce the news vender to one's friends? I think not usually. But then, in England the news vender is frequently a boy, rarely more than a shop assistant. I had only to glance

at the person whom my friend had thus brusquely brought into the circle of my bowing acquaintance to see that she was something quite different. She was a woman, not a girl, but a woman who had been a woman ever since she was sixteen — had never had, I think, an adolescence, but had passed from childhood abruptly into a stern school of life to which, with blunt acquiescence and perfect competence, she had immediately adjusted herself. And she had never changed from that first adjustment. As I now saw her, so had she always been.

With us in England, conservatism has to be a political creed. With her, in France, it was something implicit in the mental composition. France has had her Revolution. Virginia had had her moment of transition. Individually as nationally, the change had been so thorough that its effects were still deemed sufficient.

There were physical incidents which assisted this state of affairs. Virginia had that sort of dark brown hair which grays least and latest of all colors that cover the human head. Her teeth were good, and she had what schoolboys call a 'pudden' face — round, fleshy, of an even pallor, and with no marked redness of lip or sharpness of feature. It might easily have been a stupid-looking face, had it not been lighted by two sharp, round little gray eyes. If she ever blinked, I never saw it, and I should not be incredulous if told that she slept with her eyes open. Again, she might have looked stupid had she let her underlip droop or her jaw hang. But, except in speech, her lips were firmly closed and her chin was thrust a little forward.

I peeped inside her little kiosk, an erection that in England I should have called a 'box o' tricks.' Not unjustly. It was. In the short second or so which was all my island politeness would admit of my spending staring into someone else's life, I saw a tiny cylinder of match boarding with a door and glazed windows, obscured by periodicals of every sort and kind hanging against them, except for the small space reserved for the proprietor's face while in parley with the public. Inside were a stool with a cushion upon the seat, a little black stove, glowing red, and one of those flat baskets, in which lay a dog and a cat, both small, both mongrels beyond any hope of redemption, and both lying curled up, one against the other.

'Madame is fond of animals?' said I, politely.

She regarded me without any expression.

'But no, monsieur, those are my little companions.'

I retired in confusion. Of course she was not fond of animals. She was fond of those two little beasts because they were hers.

My friend, however, was more used to and less interested in her. He did not speculate about her; he asked plain direct questions, and she replied with answers to match. There was about their short conversation that static quality which I believe is more characteristic of French than of English colloquy. They took each other for granted, had done so for years, and were not anticipating any fresh developments.

'He is dead, then.'

'Yes, monsieur.'

'You went to the funeral, I bet?'

'But no, I did not go.'

'Not truly?'

'Perfectly. I had said that I would not meet him living; why should I run after him dead?'

Our train came in, and we performed those athletic feats necessary

to anyone who would board with luggage a French train in any but the largest stations. Panting and perspiring, we settled ourselves at length on the seats. Then, for some reason, there was a delay. Someone blew a tin trumpet and there was the necessary shouting, but the train did not start. I had leisure to observe Virginia. Her face was dimly visible in the twilight of her kiosk. Her glance turned, I could imagine, to her stove; to the saucepan upon it, in which leeks were boiling; then to her knitting. Then, as some customer bought his two or three sous' worth of papers, that face, as it were, came to the surface, pallid as the underside of a fish; she pursed her lips ever so little over the giving of change, regarding the silver handed her — and the notes even more so — with fully the necessary suspicion; and again her face, with arm and shoulder in their garment of vague gray check, — I should not like to commit myself as to its nature; it was something between a dressing gown and an ulster, — disappeared into the half light peculiar to her habitat.

Eventually the train did start, but I found I could not leave her behind. I questioned my friend.

'You have known that person a long while?'

'I believe you. Virginia, she is like the good God — eternal!'

'She is always there, doing just that?'

'Necessarily.'

'Even on Sunday?'

'Naturally. The station does not shut, except for some hours of the night. While it is open, she is there!'

'She does not go to church?'

'It is probable. But the church is open from five-thirty to midnight. Thus she has time.'

'It does not seem much of a life.'

My friend looked at me, and remembered that I came from a country where they had invented a thing called in England 'the eight-hour day' and in France 'the English week' — that and a whole lot of things like insurance, pensions, and Factory Acts.

'Ah, you must remember we are not so rich here as you in England. We have to work harder.'

'As you like. But what does it amount to? What will happen when she can no longer sell papers?'

'Oh, as for that, at the worst there is always the Refuge of the Aged. I do not think it will come to that. She has, without doubt, her savings.'

'I hope so. She must cheat herself at each meal to have even that!'

'In France one has the habit. Saving — it is our economic salvation.'

'It is very hard on the individual.'

'There is something you will never understand. The little that all these have, it is their very own. They do not say "Thank you" to anyone!'

This was a floorer. Obviously true; and no answer except to say, 'Change your way of life.' And what good is it when one nationality says that to another? But I was still interested.

'What do you suppose makes a woman take to a job like that?'

'My faith! The same thing as in England — a void in the interior.'

'Yes, but don't you see, that woman would be so much better off as a servant or employee of someone else.'

'It is possible, but she will never believe you.'

'I suppose not. I gather she had some tragedy in her life?'

'You mean —'

'I overheard your conversation with her. She has lost a relative?'

'Oh, that. It was not a tragedy. It was very ordinary.'

'How?'

'She has lost her brother; but she is not sorry.'

'Family quarrels?'

'If you wish. Virginie and Léon Debreu were left orphans. Their father and mother had a little shop in the rue de la Clef d'Or. Léon demanded the partition of the estate and there was no legal obstacle, so he got it. Virginie said that she would never see him again, and she never did. Relatives tried to bring them together, but it was useless. Léon, I think, repented of his hardness, and would have made it up, but she would not.'

'But they lived in the same town?'

'Yes, and Léon frequently entered the station, on account of his business.'

'How did she manage, then, not to see him?'

'She said to herself that he existed no longer.'

'And now he is dead?'

'Yes. What she had always said would happen arrived at last. It was not a miracle.'

'And she did n't go to his funeral?'

'No, she did not go.'

'They were both very hard!'

'One is like that in France.'

That trip came to an end a few days later, and on our return journey we changed again at the junction. It was late, but the watchful face was on duty in the kiosk, so sited as to obtain the light of one of the station lamps without need of more particular illumination. My friend saw me peering in that direction and supplemented my thoughts.

'Yes, she is still there.'

'What strikes me about her is that there is not a soul in the world who cares if she is or not!'

'What would you? She has no relatives left.'

'And no memories of anyone, since her father and mother died?'

'As to that, one never knows. But it is not probable, since she had no dowry.'

'It seems a lonely life.'

'It is in her character. She would not go well together with another.'

Years passed and much happened before I went that way again, and went alone. But no revolution had struck the railway system of France, and I had to get out at that station in order to have the pleasure presently of getting on an even slower train. I walked up to the newspaper kiosk and, seeing a strange face at the wicket, asked for Mademoiselle Debreu. I had hardly uttered the question before it was answered — as questions are often answered in France, as if it were a public duty — by three people. One was a woman of the same category but without the character of the Virginia she had supplanted. One was a pompous but cheery commercial traveler. One was an incredibly dirty old man who could be perceived twenty metres away to be the lamp cleaner. They took the job of informing me in a sort of round, as though singing a catch.

'Ah, that person — she is deceased.'

'It is n't common sense, but it is true all the same,' continued the second.

'You may say that she began to make old bones,' added the lamp cleaner, looking like one of those people to be seen in Cruikshank's plates, but never in the England that any of us remember. Whether it was the effect of environment or no, I went on, to my own astonishment: —

'Did anyone go to her funeral?'

It started them off again. Round they went.

'Oh yes, sir. She had superb obsequies!'

'The College of Orphans paraded!'

I had a vision of little boys in blue and little girls in brown, marching two and two, but the third part — of the Lampiste — overrode it.

'I will explain that to you, sir. She lost her two little companions; you had seen them, sir? Yes; well, not wishing to take others, she gave herself to good works.'

And round again: —

'She was a pious lady.'

'She had not much, but she gave it,' went on the commercial, throwing floods of light on the parable of the widow's mite. Of course, the virtue was in the triumph over a lifelong habit of holding tight.

The descendant of Eros concluded: 'One might say, she made a good ending!'

For me, at any rate, that is true.

SOME NOTES ON LIGHT

BY JANE STEGER

This is an experience of light. Some of it was noted in my journal from time to time, or dashed down on random scraps of paper, only rarely to be read over; but most of it has been floating about in my mind for many years, never until now to be drawn forth in the net of words. I am endeavoring so to capture it at present because, to my own surprise, I have lately discovered that these fragments are all apparently parts of a shining whole, which has revealed itself by the slipping into place of the last essential piece of information.

No doubt many of our familiar experiences are scattered perceptions of some large mosaic, the perfect pattern of which might disclose itself, could we but come upon the last interpretive fragment. Possibly the endeavor to set forth my own small experience may assist some other wayfarer to cast a hopeful eye over some of his own random notes, thus perceiving the hidden pattern.

Of course we do not wish to be too credulous, suspecting secret manifestations in every ordinary event of life; nevertheless, the pricked ear of attention, which listens in case there may be more, is as valuable in the spiritual adventure as it has often proved to be in the material one. So let us also keep our minds open, even though Mr. Chesterton says that an open mind is like an open mouth; for even the vacuity of an open mouth vanishes when the right morsel of food is given it to close upon. Half unconsciously, I kept an open mind toward these various experiences of light, and now what appears to me to be the right morsel of information has come my way, so I wish to ruminate a little upon it.

As soon as I began to put these scattered notes together I was beset by a whole flock of apologies. They sailed up in my mind from every quarter, reminding me of all the criticisms which would probably be made. Very shortly,

however, I realized that it was impossible to excuse myself to every critic; that my desire to do so was fathered not by humility but by vanity; that it really did not matter in the least what anyone thought of me, one way or the other; and that if the dog was ever to bite the pig, the pig get over the stile, and I get home with these notes before night, I must drag myself up out of the quagmire of self-abnegation and set about it.

I must first beg the reader to believe that the chief value in discussing this small experience lies in the fact that it came to a perfectly commonplace person like myself, and therefore must be within the reach of almost any other human being. Also, any reader can easily perceive that I have experienced exceedingly little. The mere fact of my writing about it is no doubt evidence enough, to those who know, that it is not a very great matter, for apparently it is only the little fishes which may be landed in a net of words; the big catch breaks through the meshes and escapes.

I

Well, then, to begin. For as long as I can remember I have had days of happiness, when my sense of well-being appeared to be vaguely connected with a feeling of inner light. The sensation of light was not very definite — was rather, perhaps, a glow of well-being; yet it was sufficiently pronounced for one of the earliest notes in my journal, speaking of the times of felicity when the things of the spirit seem very real, to read: 'Within is a soft, almost tangible, radiance, and for a time I seem to be walking in a streak of sunlight.'

These days of luminous serenity are the ones when I go on what I used to call in my own mind 'the golden paths.' Of course this is to some extent a figure of speech; there are no real paths; nevertheless, my thoughts move easily, I am very happy, and there is a feeling of flowing forth in a golden haze, or else the thoughts are golden, or where I am is so, — it is difficult to say which, — but the interior glow, yellow rather than white, and felt in these early days more than actually perceived, is an accompaniment of this state, coupled with its sensation of spiritual well-being. The whole adventure of life appears very beautiful, and my small part in it fraught with more lovely possibilities than I usually detect. My thoughts go out, as it were, like pioneers, tracking a golden wilderness where they may discover buried treasure. They sometimes appear to be dimly in touch with a rhythmic undercurrent, so that occasionally some treasure is turned up and combined with the rhythm, and I make a bit of verse. But usually the thoughts are not so definite, and appear to matter less than the emotion from which they emanate.

For a while I pause, looking happily at life, content to realize its graciousness rather than feverishly endeavoring to make something out of it. These times are to some extent akin to the Indian summer of autumn days, when Nature pauses to mature and contemplate after her tremendous outpouring of growth, and before her retreat into winter. It is possibly, in a small way, what Jakob Boehme called a 'Sabbath calm of the spirit.'

These periods of happiness and of mellow interior light appear to come more or less of their own free will. I never did anything consciously to induce them, yet, looking back now, I realize that they are apt to follow certain conditions. I am aware of them sometimes merely on account of fine weather; sometimes when I am doing creative work; sometimes in the

company of people I am fond of; they frequently follow times of suffering, whether physical or emotional. Most often I experience them when I am traveling. Probably the continuous roar of the train, coupled with the flickering of the landscape past the window, slightly abstracts the surface mind, so that what is just below may emerge.

Here, a trifle amended, is part of an old note, made several years ago while I was traveling: —

'In the back of my mind, or perhaps, more truly, of my soul, — and I must believe that it is at the back of the souls of all of us, for I am certainly not unique, — is a great flood of beautiful and wonderful thought and emotion, a place of enchantment. The way to it opens, curiously enough, most often when I am on the trains. A sense of peace, combined with power and speed, comes to me. Under the roar of machinery there appears to be a half-heard rhythm, a guessed-at music, and presently I find myself going down one of the golden paths to my enchanted wood of thought, moving, as it were, in a streak of sunlight. Little beneficent thoughts come to me, and committing myself to them I let them lead me away into the enchanted place. But though the place is enchanted, the thoughts I think there are truer, more fraught with insight, than those I think in the every-day places. I see the landscape as more beautiful than I have ever seen it, and the friend sitting opposite me I love more than ever. I see my simple and perhaps prosaic life shot with golden possibilities, and my work with a sudden insight; and all of this is *true* — more real than our usual perceptions of life. It is somewhat as though one had been straining one's eyes in a fog to make out certain obscure objects, and all at once the sun leaped out, and one saw what they really were.'

Sometimes after pain
There falls a clearing of the brain,
When things obscure
Are all at once made plain.
The mind is like a ballroom floor,
Where measured thoughts drift forth to dance
Across its pain-swept, clear expanse,
While in the tired body I,
Like some remote spectator, lie
And watch the twisting throng drift by.

Advancing, retreating in delicate time,
The thoughts swirl out of the dark in rhyme;
Through medley of fancy and tangle of word
They follow the thread
Of a rhythm unsaid,
And bow to a tune that I never have heard.
Then sudden there comes
The pulse, as I think, of guessed-at drums,
Trembles an answer through the rout,
A throb, a breath,
A silence as of death,
And then an unheard shout —
'The King! The King is just without!'
Each dancing thought waits, drawn and still,
Tiptoe to catch the utter thrill.
In vain! In vain!
He never comes within the hall,
Nor joins the eager train,
Nor leads the ball —
His Majesty the King,
The tune, the secret spring,
The master music of them all!

And yet for just that sheer delight,
Heart-wrenched felicity
Of dear expectancy,
When thought is all but drowned in sight,
Gladly I'd climb again, again,
The blazing white-hot steeps of pain.

This familiar condition is a very happy one, but is only slightly lifted above the normal. Dressing it up in words must not let it appear more than it is. I am sure it is common enough to everybody — so common, indeed, that probably only a fatuous, open-mouthed person like myself would ever have paused to note it. Even for me it was so well known that, though I did make a few scattered notes, it hardly evoked my curiosity.

Occasionally I perceived a sort of illumination on the faces of other people. It was more perhaps a look than a light. It can hardly be said that

I actually saw anything; I seemed to guess a light was there and almost to see it with my physical eyes. It was never pronounced enough for me to say I had ever seen anyone's 'aura,' yet the sense of an inner effulgence, which made the flesh a trifle transparent, was sufficiently marked for me to recall with some distinctness the various times when I have glimpsed it. The person manifesting it has a glorified expression, lifting him a little above his ordinary self. I suppose the reason is that at certain times the spiritual vibrations are so intensified by some cause that they almost shine through the physical — probably quite shine through for people who have a cleared vision. I saw the look once on the face of a man who was giving all his attention, in affectionate sympathy, to a friend who was about to be operated upon. I was aware of the same thing with two patients in an institution where only the incurably ill were received; but most frequently I recall it on the face of my mother, as she ripened gradually into old age — so much so that, when I think of her in those last years, I see her most often with that look of gently shining serenity. Just an old woman, sitting placidly waiting, but through the thinning walls of her bodily temple one might almost see the effulgence within. Indeed, the word 'serene' is so connected with her in my mind that, when I think of it, it seems filled with the same silvery light.

Again, I am sure that almost everyone has glimpsed this look of illumination, and there must be any number of people who have seen much more than I have indicated. I am not writing, however, for those who think they have frequently seen auras, or halos, — if they are the same thing, which I rather doubt, — but for those of us who are fairly deeply buried in matter, not having been born with second sight or a 'leaky consciousness,' as I believe Professor James called it.

A little later two more experiences came. One took place after a conversation with a friend. We had been speaking intimately of spiritual things that moved us both. Just as we parted, at the moment of leave-taking, I was startled by a sudden swirl of light. It appeared to rush forth from within and catch us both in a momentary whirlpool of glory. I did not speak of it, and I do not know whether my friend was conscious of it or not. It made me a trifle giddy, startling me a little, but it did not appear to be especially surprising, and I dare say it had happened at other times when I was in sympathetic contact with people; but this was the first time it was sufficiently vivid to register upon my surface mind. This occurred, however, several years ago, and I do not recall ever having the same full experience of it again.

II

After I had been practising meditation, off and on, for about six years, following the suggestions for it as given in one of Evelyn Underhill's books, I began to be aware of an occasional light within myself. This was much more definite than the vague feeling of light connected with what I called the golden paths — more, too, than the dimly glimpsed luminosity in other people's faces. This light I appear at times actually to see within myself with some interior perception. I take from my journal a note made when I was first beginning to notice this: —

'In the middle of the night I waked and went into the next room to see about something. As I came back into my own room I suddenly had a great sense of light. It was more perhaps a feeling of light than a sight of it. I was

conscious of it when my eyes were shut. It came and went in waves, for a space of probably not more than a minute or two. After I got into bed I was a little frightened and a little excited; nevertheless I went to sleep almost at once. There was no feeling of exaltation or of spirituality connected with it, and it may have been merely a physical sensation due to eyestrain, or a slight supernormal experience not really spiritual. My only reason for recording it is that for some time, perhaps for the last six months or a year, when in meditation or prayer, I have been conscious now and then of a light, and it may be that through these exercises a little extension of inner vision is taking place. I seem to have come into a lovely state of serenity and faith, and more and more I turn to the aspect of God in Christ, and am happy in Him.'

This feeling of yellow interior light, sometimes distinctly perceived, continued to come and go, and I continued to wonder about it and wait for further understanding. I questioned it a good deal. Could anything so unemotional be connected with an inner unfoldment? I have a great deal of eyestrain, and am very familiar with all the various half-moons and flashes that come from that, so I could not but wonder if this other light was merely a fresh instance of defective sight. I did not think it was, but I conceded the possibility, and still do.

I am well aware that, when I admit this possibility, a large number of readers will disembark, protesting, 'Why, of course that's it! Just what I thought all along; and now she's as good as admitted it!' Well, good-bye, good-bye, dear skeptics! I kiss a hand to each, and would not detain anyone against his will. But to the faithful few who may yet remain, many of them no doubt because they know far more about this matter than does the writer, let me say that my hopes and theories do not rest merely on my own experience, and I trust that yours do not, either. All that we can ask of this small history is that it should direct our attention to larger possibilities.

To proceed, then. I had been aware of this inner light, which came and went from time to time, for a period of about four years, and had not yet found a satisfactory explanation, when I chanced to speak of it to an acquaintance who has made a long study of occult teaching and is wise in the matter of meditation. She said, after a moment's hesitation, 'That means you are getting on with your meditation.' Later I gathered from her teaching and various other sources that there is a belief that a light is within each one of us, — a real light, not a figurative one, — which may gradually be uncovered, so that its effulgence becomes more and more apparent, through the exercises of prayer, meditation, discipline, and unselfish service. This light belongs to the spiritual and eternal self, and through the above exercises may more and more radiate through the lower self, so that one may occasionally glimpse it interiorly; and in very advanced cases it may become so bright that others may be aware of it. This light, I also learned, was occasionally seen with elderly people as the physical veils grew thin, or with people who had been refined by suffering, which explained, to my mind, the faintly luminous look on my mother's face as she drew near the next world, and also what I had seen with the two patients who were incurably ill. I gathered, as well, that when two people were in sympathetic accord the interior light from both might sometimes rush out in a momentary swirl — which made me recall that sudden surprising flash between myself and my friend.

There is much more teaching in regard to this interior light, which I do not propose to go into, partly because I do not feel competent to do so. Many people know infinitely more about it than I, and if there are any less wise it would probably be best for them to do a little exploring on their own account. All I wish to emphasize is that, according to this belief, the light is real and not figurative.

I cannot expect anyone else to be as much impressed as I was by this statement. I dare say I should not have been more than mildly interested in it as a possibility, looking at it, as it were, from the outside, had I not for so long been familiar with these various scattered experiences of light. As it was, the statement appeared to me to check up all that I had noted: those earliest remembered times of the golden paths, the sensation of light when doing creative work, the effulgence half glimpsed on the faces of other people, the flash of light between my friend and me, and finally the coming of the light within myself. It was impressive to me that I had experienced some of these things before I knew that they might have been expected. Certainly I did not know that two persons' light might rush together; and, though I had read so much that I must have known an interior light sometimes came to people, still I did not think of it as very real, and it was not what I was looking for as a result of meditation.

When I started meditating, a good many years ago, — and in passing let me say that I have not practised it very faithfully, — I did so because I desired to deepen my interior life, strengthen my faith, and if possible draw nearer to God, desires which it seems to me every normal person must have to some extent. I was half afraid, when I began, that the exercise might lead to seeing visions, that some celestial being would appear — a development which I felt might be decidedly upsetting. I need not have been alarmed. When I came into this world of matter, I evidently plunged in very deep, slamming the door tight shut between the two worlds, so that I have almost none of the powers of the medium. No apparitions ever appeared. The angels went on their celestial errands, passing me — as far as I know — completely by. If they ever took any notice, it was, I can well believe, only to exchange smiles over my amusing apprehension that any of them would or could appear to such a meagre entity as myself. Indeed, looking back over many of my groundless fears, I do not doubt that they have provoked laughter higher up. So, although I half feared some startling manifestation, what I did not expect was that through meditation an interior light might be slightly uncovered, which was lovely and beneficent and almost as normal as sunshine. True, after I began to be aware of it I did surmise it might be due to that, and I might have known all along that there was a possibility of such a development.

It is curious how much one may know without really taking it in. It is astonishingly true that we have eyes and see not, ears and hear not; that we may be quite familiar with something and then suddenly perceive, through some extension of interior or exterior knowledge, that we really had only been looking at the outside of the thing. We are in a strange and magic world, which has curiously bewitched us — so much so that I sometimes think the only accounts of it which one should credit are fairy stories. I was certainly familiar enough with the idea of auras and halos, and with tales of people's faces in the past having been transfigured with light. I knew there was a tradition that once, when Saint Francis

and Saint Clare were conversing together, people without saw so bright a light that they rushed in, thinking the house was on fire. But *they* were saints; it all happened a very long time ago, or was probably a myth anyway; so how could I guess that the same thing, in a very small way, might happen nowadays when two friends talked together?

I knew all these things, but I did not know that there was any likelihood of their coming to me in everyday life. I did believe that the Kingdom of Heaven is within, but I did not know it was possible to open a tiny peephole into it. Have I done so? I know I must shock people by implying such a thing. I know it because I am shocked myself. Yet, if we are startled, is it not because we do not really believe the Bible? Should we consider the Scriptures as too sacred to credit? Is it blasphemy to say our Lord spoke the truth, and was speaking of something very real and present, not a 'far-off divine event,' when He said that the Kingdom of Heaven is within each one of us, and that by seeking and knocking we might find it; and, moreover, that to find it was the great business of life? Would He be pleased if we were too respectful to His words to believe them, and too humble even to attempt to carry them out?

If we must think of ourselves as worms, we should at least remember that we are glowworms. In our humility we have pushed the Kingdom of Heaven further and further away from us, until at last we pushed it so far away that we came to suppose we could not possibly know anything about it until we had died, while in reality the entering it here in the present life is the great adventure of the Christian religion, and possibly is only a preliminary to an even further adventure that 'doth not yet appear.'

III

How some of the old familiar Bible texts shine with renewed inspiration when one may believe that they refer to a real light, rather than a metaphorical one! Take, for instance, a few: 'To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light.' 'But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another.' 'The king's daughter is all glorious within.' 'The shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' 'And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon day.' 'Then shall thy light break forth as the morning.' In the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah it is clearly set forth that the light — surely the writer means an inner light — is made strong by self-denial and loving kindness. Righteousness and loving service to God make it break forth, but according to Job, 'The light of the wicked shall be put out, and the spark of his fire shall not shine.'

How we have pulled down to small and material uses that great text, 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven,' by using it so frequently as an offertory, and letting ourselves suppose that we are obeying Christ's command when we smugly drop a coin into the contribution plate. To let one's light shine forth so that other people may actually see it, as has sometimes happened with the truly illuminated ones of the race, must require something much more than dropping a quarter, or even a ten-dollar gold piece, into the alms basin of a Sunday morning. It seems to me, as I have said, that I have almost seen people's light shining forth, but I never remember any instance of it

when the collection was being taken.

I do not mean, of course, that all the references to light in the Scriptures should be taken to mean a real interior light. Some quite obviously are figurative; nevertheless I think many that we have set aside as being metaphorical are really referring to a genuine experience. Is it possible also that this light was more easily perceived by primitive man, and that many phrases in familiar use, which we take now as figures of speech, originated when language was young, in an actual knowledge of the interior illumination?

Evelyn Underhill, in her book on mysticism, says, 'It is significant that an actual sense of blinding radiance is a constant accompaniment of this state [conversion].' She recalls Pascal's broken phrases in his secret record found, after his death, sewn into his doublet: 'From half past ten to half past twelve — fire! God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, not the God of philosophers and scholars. Certitude. Certitude. Sentiment. Joy. Peace.' And we all remember the blinding light that flashed upon Saint Paul on the road to Damascus. Occasionally, also, a light is apparently seen shining forth from growing things by people under strong spiritual emotion. One man, quoted in William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience*, testifies: —

'When I went in the morning into the fields to work, the glory of God appeared in all His visible creation. I well remember we reaped oats, and how every straw and head of the oats seemed, as it were, arrayed in a kind of rainbow glory, or to glow, if I may so express it, in the glory of God.'

Some years ago an old lady, near the end of her life, paused to look back and recall some of its great moments. Among other things, she wrote of an occasion when she was walking in the country. She was under a great strain, and suddenly the strain snapped like the breaking of a cord, and, to quote her own words, 'I was flooded with an ineffable soul-light which seemed to radiate from a great Personality with whom I was in immediate touch. I felt it to be the touch of God. The ecstasy was beyond description. I was passing through a patch of "beggar's grass," with its wiry stems ending in feathery heads. Every head shone and glistened like pearls. I could hardly walk for the overwhelming sense of the Divine Presence, and its joy. I almost saw God.' A little dog that had been walking quietly beside her looked up in her face at this point and began to bark in great excitement. I do not doubt that he saw in her face the same effulgence that she saw in the grass. I am glad to think that the glory of God is at the heart of beggar's grass as well as the heart of man, and that little dogs as well as human beings may see and rejoice in it.

I have never seen this light in nature, yet for some time past, when I have looked and looked at a flower, a tree, or a mountain, in steady contemplation, I have been conscious, as I suppose most people are, that something more than the outer manifestation is present. I have been half frightened for fear the grass and trees might drop their green dominos, and I be face to face with some strange vision. But perhaps, after all, if Nature were to unveil, what I should see would only be her children illuminated by the same serene light which I have sometimes thought was shining within myself.

IV

Perhaps at this point some physician would like to protest that this sense of light is sometimes a symptom of disordered nerves. I dare say it may be; any perfectly normal thing, as appetite

for food, for instance, may become morbid during certain diseases, yet we do not for that reason consider the thing itself abnormal. As to my own mental state, let me say I am sure that both my physician and my friends would be willing to testify that I am quite uninterestingly safe and sane.

I may add in all seriousness, however, that I believe there are certain strange forms of meditation — which I have never gone into — the practice of which might disturb the mental balance. The right form of interior exercise is, as it should be, the devotional kind, which one undertakes, not with any idea of developing abnormal states of consciousness, but simply with the hope of drawing nearer to God. Also it 'is a true saying, and worthy of all men to be received,' that for every step forward in spiritual unfoldment two steps in character building and self-discipline should be taken.

But of what value is this sensation of light, and what practical use can it have in the world? Well, in attempting an answer, let me take a few last notes from my journal: —

'This morning, when I sat down to meditate, I felt full of inward light, a lovely interior sunshine. Inside of all of us is a vast region which usually appears dark, a "sunless sea," but to-day, as I shut my eyes and folded my hands, all was bright within. As one knows the feeling of the sun pouring over one from without, so this was the shining of a sun within, and I saw that my everyday life was in shadow. There seemed almost as definite a cleavage between the two as when one climbs up into the sun upon a mountain top, and then descends again to the dusk of the valley. I felt that what obligations or promises I took while in the interior sunlight would be more effective than any number of promises made in the dark self. They would be registered in the real self and, made there, might gradually work out into the shadow existence of every day. I saw that the present enterprise for me was to make this inner light penetrate further and further into each day's ordinary activity. It is an attempt to carry out the clauses in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." From half past nine until ten this morning I was in heaven. Oh, not a seventh heaven, a final heaven, or any great place like that! Just the heaven that is within each of us. Then someone knocked at the door, and with a slight jar I returned to the outer world, where I shall be for the rest of the day. It is easy enough for certain temperaments to *go* into heaven; the difficult thing is to bring heaven forth; but I am sure that through persistent effort and the gradual removal of obstacles it is possible to make the light shine through more and more hours of the day, until finally the Kingdom comes upon one's earth, not alone from half past nine to ten, but for every minute of one's existence.'

My soul came home to me to-day.
Where had she been so long away —
  Coursing the stars and butterflies,
  Sunning her wings in windy skies?
Where she had been I cannot say,
  Nor follow on her swift emprise.
Her life is larger than I know,
I cannot bid her stay or go;
  Only to-day she came again,
  Breaking across my lonely pain,
Into my house all dark with woe,
  Where I, a prisoner, wept in vain.
She threw the dusty windows wide
To sun and wind and morningtide;
  She fetched a song straight from a star,
  That broke in two my prison bar,
That broke in two my frozen pride
  With love that could not reach too far.
With gifts and mirth she came to-day
On wings of healing, wings of play.
  O dear, elusive, secret guest,
  Take all I am upon thy breast!
Ah, go not soon again, I pray —
  Here is thy child, thy home, thy quest.

V

If the pinning down of my inadequate soul on the dissecting table — and the poor creature is struggling hard enough to escape — offends some readers, do forgive me! My only excuse is that most of the great souls of the past have been thoroughly gone over and commented upon, and that I am not sufficiently intimate with any of the great souls of the present to invite them to this clinic; and even if I were they would n't accept my invitation, anyway! So the only specimen I can lay hands on is my own, and I think its very inadequacy makes it of value; for, if a 'common or garden' soul like mine can derive happiness and inspiration from the interior life, then surely the lists are open to anyone, and all may discover for themselves that the life of the spirit is a life to be led here and now and forever — not a dead-and-gone and far-off tournament in which only those destined for sainthood might dare to break a lance.

I sincerely hope, also, that no one will pin his faith entirely to mine. I may easily be mistaken, as any psychologist would no doubt gladly affirm. Besides, it shows a lack of spiritual backbone to lie down on the faith of other people. One who does so may find himself in the position of the 'sinner man sittin' on the gates of hell — gates flew open, an' the sinner man fell.' Each one of us must track his own path to some extent. I have not been a very faithful traveler, having sometimes missed the way altogether; nevertheless I know I am a happier person, with more zest for life and less troubled by its surface difficulties, and, I hope, a better one, for having made some exploration within. Therefore it is with some confidence that I invite others to the same undertaking, being willing for this purpose to turn out the pockets of my soul, although the pockets are not very deep and do not contain much fine gold. To refuse to do so might be more reverent than spiritual. One of the most skeptical people I know is the most reverent. He apparently believes nothing, but covers the aching void — I am sure it must ache — with a profound veneration. If we all suddenly became sun-worshipers, doubtless some among us would immediately cease to speak of the sun, would pull down all the shades, and consider it shocking to go forth on bright days without covering ourselves with thick veils from a too near approach of the god, while the very, very reverent would retire altogether into the bowels of the earth.

Too much veneration and reserve may make religion appear a dim, unreal, and solemn affair, which it is not always. I may be mistaken, yet I have at times seemed to glimpse beneath the surface of existence a deep vein of laughter — not ironic mirth, but a beneficent, reassuring gayety. If it is there, as I believe, should we not offer it a responsive smile?

But I am far from inviting anyone to a flippant and vulgar surface journey through the world. There are times when one is overwhelmed by the solemnity of life. I have lately had one such experience. A friend of mine had died, and I was allowed to see her in her last repose. She was a woman of great nobility of character, and also very beautiful. Her beauty, however, she had disregarded so completely that to some extent she managed to keep it in the background. We knew, of course, that she was very lovely, but we sometimes lost sight of it a little, swept along as we were by the high tide of her great enthusiasm and schemes for public welfare. But what she had hidden from us in life death unveiled. When I went into the great presence of her death and looked upon her lying there

in her solemn repose, still, as it were, in the midst of us, yet completely withdrawn, I was literally awestruck by her beauty. No great work of art, painting, music, or poetry, has ever moved me to the disintegrating point, as did the sight of that face. Only the still grandeur of some great aspect of nature, the awe of the Grand Canyon, perhaps, or an aloof mountain peak far above one, could in any way be compared to it.

There was something almost ironical in death's revelation of her, as though he, the only true biographer, had for those last brief hours written her life's history for us to see, and wonder how we had dared to call so great a presence 'friend.' I looked and looked, and as I gazed something within me seemed to be breaking up, seemed to be stretching me to a comprehension deeper than I could bear. 'Awestruck' is all I can find to express the emotion—awestruck by the immensity of death, by the greatness of life, and by the solemnity of the human experience. The whole event of existence is far more than we even suspect, and we ourselves are infinitely greater than we suppose. In the revelation of her death all of life was lifted up and glorified. I wished that the vulgar and shallow-minded, those who are content to skim through life on its surface, might come and, looking upon this great dignity and beauty, understand how solemn, yes, even terrifying, is this august experience that they are content to take so lightly. It seemed to me that when any of our great ones reveal at death this look of nobility, the spirit at its departure having written a message upon the perishable clay, there to be read for a few hours, then the body should lie in state, and all should come and look upon it for a deeper understanding of existence, the grave beauty of the dead face saying, 'This is life as I have lived it and, departing, would interpret it somewhat to you. It is vaster than we discern, and we who tenant this flesh are greater than we can know. Do not dare to cheapen it. The gift is from the hand of God, and to Him must account be rendered.'

It is beyond us to conceive the deep importance of life. Could we but come face to face with ourselves unveiled, as death had unveiled her, we should go softly all our days thereafter, only daring to live if our reverence had swept us far enough within to find the great Companion and Comforter. Then, and then only, in the safety of His presence, might we lay hold on life, finding in it not only awe and a most solemn beauty, but confidence and mirth as well. He is that 'treasure which wishes to be found,' 'common to all, and special to each,' as the mystics of the past have declared; the foundation of life, the hidden base of the soul, which we must touch if we are to find confidence and inspiration for the great adventure. 'For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.'

ANCESTORS

I

Odd, is it not, that little things remain;
The muddy spurs, the hayforks at the door,
The saplings which we planted in the rain
Will still endure when we have gone before;
And all the ways our questing spirits took,
And all the harvests that our powers knew,
Like flowers between the pages of a book,
Will know no more the valleys where they grew.

It must be so; yet something in the breast
Cries out along the highways of the blood,
Voicing the joy laid years ago to rest
In hearts that swam Love's river at the flood;
I sometimes think all beauty that we know
Some forbear's courage purchased long ago.

II

Was it this woman with the powdered hair?
This cavalier with yellow satin vest?
This squire whose ruby knee-buckles I wear?
This soldier with the star upon his breast?
This grim sea-captain with the burning eyes?
This man of God with dreams upon his brow?
This poet who the midnight quill applies
Much as I drive the faltering pencil now?

They may not speak to tell me which of them
Seized upon Life with such immense delight,
Yet all caught at her flying garment's hem,
And one, at least, ensnared her for a night,
Breathless with victory, nor set her free
Till she had promised joy of life for me.

AMORY HARE

THE FALCON'S NEST

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

I

'LIVE dangerously,' wrote poor Robert Louis Stevenson from his deathbed. It is a good motto — especially for corpulent, middle-aged men. Once let them settle down to a sedentary life and they are doomed. Before long they will be playing bridge of a Saturday afternoon and wearing galoshes when it rains. Beyond that loom up dieting, flannel bands, and the grave.

Wherefore, struggling against the encroachments of age and the blandishments of the flesh, I consort, whenever I can, with collectors, who, my experience has shown me, are among the few real adventurers still left in this country. There is my friend the Artist, for example, who takes me for long walks through the loneliest parts of the Barrens. Whenever he comes to an old house, he goes in, ostensibly for a drink of water. Once inside, he proceeds to bargain for bits of lustre ware, old bottles, pewter platters, and similar treasure. At the end of the day, waterlogged but happy, he comes home laden down with loot.

Another friend collects fresh-water pearls. Only recently, one morning before breakfast — but I have promised not to tell.

Then there are the botanists who drag me through bogs and up mountains after orchids. What happy days we have had among those nymphs fashioned from sun and snow and dew. Arethusa and Calypso and those with more sinister names, Calopogon and Pogonia, to say nothing of Tipularia, the crane-fly, and those lovely, lonely fringed orchids, purple, yellow, and white, or the still lovelier lady-slippers, ladies'-tresses, and whippoorwill shoes, in two sizes.

Of them all, however, I think the oölogists are the most interesting. In public those egg collectors pose as bankers, merchants, lawyers, and similar everyday individuals. In private they have adventures which would make the life of the average pirate or strike breaker seem drab and commonplace. Personally I collect nothing except information and little adventures and the joys of good fellowship and far journeyings, and this is probably why these experts tolerate me on their trips, for there are no folk more jealous of their secrets than oölogists. Wherefore when, in April 1925, three collectors of birds' eggs, with whom I have forgathered for many years, invited me to go with them on a search for duck hawks' nests, I accepted promptly.

That sky pirate, the duck hawk, the peregrine falcon of the Old World, who was ranked as an earl among his kind by the old hawkers, is one of the speed kings of the sky. A green-winged teal, a canvasback duck, or a redhead can fly well over a mile a minute, but the peregrine overtakes them all with ease and kills his victim with one blow of his great yellow knuckles. Invariably these falcons nest on the most inaccessible cliffs they can conveniently find,

and their red eggs are among the most prized trophies of an oölogist's collection.

That night, enlivened by one of the finest dinners ever served on the North American continent, and inveigled by false and flattering words, I agreed to go down the cliff in case we found a nest — a promise which I was to regret later. After dinner the Collector showed us his garden. In spite of its being in the heart of New York City, and about the size of a large pocket handkerchief, some twenty different birds had visited it during the past spring, including a hermit thrush, an olive-backed thrush, a fox sparrow, a myrtle warbler, a white-eyed vireo, and, rarest of all, a cerulean warbler, a bird which few bird-lovers, indeed, ever see.

That evening we spent in examining and admiring our host's collection of eggs, one of the finest in the United States. There are in North America some twelve hundred and fifty species and subspecies of birds catalogued by ornithologists; of these my friend has collected some eleven hundred and sixty and has highly resolved to live until he secures the last ninety.

Apropos of this praiseworthy resolution, I told him the story of Jacob Quiggle, which I once heard while searching for the nest of a northern raven among the icy hills of Northern Pennsylvania.

Jacob was a bear hunter of renown, whose great ambition was to reach the century mark in bearhood before he died. In his ninety-ninth year, while out hunting in the late fall, he encountered a red bear, a rare color variant of the ordinary black bear. He missed his first shot, and his dogs took up the trail. Toward night Jacob denned the bear in a cave far back in the mountains. By that time the old man was so exhausted that he decided to go home and rouse some of his sons or grandsons to help him, leaving the dogs, tied to trees, on guard around the cave. When he reached home, in the middle of the night, none of his sons, who were all well over seventy, would consider the trip. His grandsons likewise were too decrepit, and it was not until the middle of the next morning that he could persuade anyone to go back with him. When they at last reached the cave, the bear had come out, killed the dogs, who were unable to escape, gone off over the mountains, and was never overtaken. The exposure and the disappointment proved too much for Jacob and he passed away without reaching the century mark either in years or in bears.

The Collector was much impressed by the story and promised me that he would not rely upon his children, his grandchildren, or even his great-grandchildren to complete his collection.

Among the high lights of his collection were such treasures as the egg of a great auk, that extinct bird of whose eggs only a few are now known to be extant, a knot, which in spite of its name is a water bird, besides another egg, about as rare as that of a roc, which I must not mention because its possession is prohibited by law. All thoroughpaced oölogists, however, will know the one to which I refer.

II

Early the next morning, dressed in khaki, we were driven to the Dykeman Street Ferry, three as disreputable ragamuffins as ever desecrated the interior of a limousine. That car was our last gesture of civilization. On the other side we met the Naturalist and did the rest of our journey in a flivver, and ate and slept when and where we could.

Our first stopping place was at a point where a great tongue of rock

juts out over a five-hundred-foot cliff. Halfway down, and directly beneath the promontory, is a ledge where every year a pair of duck hawks nest. To-day there were no signs of them. Moreover, anyone let down from the point would still be swinging twenty feet outside of the nest when he reached the level of the ledge where it was situated. The Collector explained to me carefully that if he had a rope long enough to reach the ground I could hold on to it while he lowered me by another rope, and the Naturalist could stand at the foot of the cliff and swing me in toward the ledge. It did not sound very practical to me and, as I peered cautiously over the edge and eyed the sheer drop of half a thousand feet, I firmly resolved that if the time ever came to visit that nest I would be the one who stood on the ground below and jiggled the rope.

As we sped past those wide, calm stretches of the Hudson which the Dutch have named Tappaan Zee, Eagle Mountain showed gentian-blue in the distance and as we came nearer seemed covered with rose-red mist from the blossoming maple trees. In the woods through which we passed on our way to the cliff, a ruffed grouse boomed up from beneath our feet, and everywhere showed the frail, wind-blown blossoms of the bloodroot, with their snowy petals and hearts of gold. I dug up a bit of the root like a branch of coral, and when I broke it drops of blood fell from it like that which oozed from under Anemone's frightened fingers when she plucked the flower which sprang from Hyacinthus's grave.

A dead stub close to the edge of the cliff marked the nesting site of a pair of peregrines, and holding on to this we peered over the precipice. Thirty feet below, on a ledge of rock, lay a blue pigeon with his head torn off and his azure feathers strewn all about, but there was no sign of any nest. Thinking that the hawks' home might be in some crevice not visible from where we stood, I managed to clamber down a chimney of rock to the ledge. Directly beneath me the river stretched in sheets of turquoise and sapphire, and I could see far along the sheer side of the cliff on either hand, but could catch no glimpse of the fierce falcons anywhere.

Deciding to abandon the Hudson in favor of the Delaware, we shaped our course northwest and drove for hour after hour through a wild country, steering our course by the sun and disregarding roads and maps and signs. All about us were the colors of early spring, the peachblow of the swamp maples and the hyacinth blue and apple green of the distant hills, while along every brook showed the wine yellow of the twigs of the greening willows. Once we stopped and hunted for a woodcock's nest in a wet meadow full of thickets, but Philohela either was not there or was brooding her four beautiful violet and gray eggs too closely to be found.

Toward the end of the afternoon we came to a stretch of wooded bluffs towering half a thousand feet above the Delaware, a much swifter and smaller stream than the wide and placid Hudson which we had left in the morning. As we skirted the edge of the cliffs, suddenly we saw a duck hawk wheel up from the rocks and disappear behind the tree tops on stiff and steely wings.

Leaving the car beside the road, we all scrambled out and scattered to hunt along the cliff for some sign of a nest. Halfway up, a wide shelf of rock extended the whole length of the bluff. After many unsuccessful attempts I finally succeeded in reaching this ledge by using a tall hemlock as a ladder, and explored it from end to end. There were many traces of the falcons, in the shape of the gray pellets which hawks, like owls, disgorge, and here and there

were scattered feathers of flickers, grackles, and blue jays, but I could find no trace of any nest.

Finally, following the ledge, I came to Hawk Nest Hill, a great boss of rock jutting out from the cliff. Below this knob, and separated from it by a narrow chasm, was Devil's Pulpit, a round rock some five feet across, with a sheer drop into space from its farther side of fully five hundred feet. It was not a difficult place to reach, although one had to be careful not to jump too far, and I sat for some time in his Satanic majesty's rostrum, dangling my feet into space and watching the river wind below me like a ribbon of burnished silver.

That night we stayed at an old tavern in Milford, where a delectable dinner and much good talk made us forget all the fatigues and disappointments of the day.

The next morning, the fifth of April, began with a temperature exactly at freezing point, while a wind that blew out of nowhere roared among the hills that stretched away before us under an ice-blue sky. Our road was bordered by great black-walnut and shagbark hickory trees planted by some thrifty landowner a hundred years dead, whose good works live after him. In front of us a little lake gleamed like a huge sapphire, while on our right towered a tremendous cliff with sheer sides too steep to be scaled.

Only at one point was there a gap in the ramparts, and up to that I toiled, digging my heels into slanting, slippery shale, and dragging myself up yard by yard by clinging to the underbrush and the chestnut oaks which covered the hillside. At last I reached the top of the cliff and saw field after field of farms stretch away before me in green squares, like some giant checkerboard, bordered in the distance by the old silver of the winding river. A mourning cloak butterfly drifted by, that first butterfly of the year, who wears a wine-red cloak bordered with cream and turquoise blue. Near the edge of the precipice I came upon a clump of prickly pear, the only species of cactus growing in our Eastern states, and it seemed strange to find that tropical plant so far to the north on a ledge of rock.

The bare cliff had a terrible beauty all its own. There were no trees or bushes to break the effect of its sheer drop. At one point I walked out on a great tongue of rock, with naked space on three sides of me, and found myself unconsciously digging my heels into the shaly soil even when I was some distance from the edge. It was an ideal place for duck hawks, but the perverse birds were not there.

From that cliff we journeyed on through the Delaware Watergap and explored in vain one rocky fastness after another, until after a long succession of hawkless cliffs we found ourselves back again at the Dykeman Street Ferry, from which we had started two days before.

III

Just as we were about to cross, the Collector suddenly remembered a spot not far from the Ferry where years before a pair of duck hawks had set up housekeeping, and insisted upon driving there. It did not seem probable to the rest of us that, after unsuccessfully exploring the wilder cliffs for two hundred miles around, we should find so rare a bird nesting just outside of New York City, but we were overborne by the enthusiasm of the Collector. Swinging the car into a disused road which ran along the edge of the cliff, he motored us to the spot he had in mind, and a few moments later we were all standing on a little point of rock

which thrust itself over the edge of the Palisades, clinging to the branches of a stout dogwood tree which grew at the very edge of the precipice.

From the wet meadows behind us the high, clear notes of the first hylas of the year sounded like jangled silver bells, and the deep purple and misty violet of the hills across the river were laced with silver and rose where white birches and red maples showed.

The sky was full of fat, fleecy clouds, and in the far distance a feather of smoke curled up from a passing train, while the many-windowed prison at Sing Sing showed against the lavender-brown trees like some squat yellow toad. Hundreds of feet below us a gang of men working on the road looked, from where we stood, no larger than ants. At our feet were the violet and green leaves of hepaticas, with here and there a six-petaled flower that seemed made of pale porcelain. From the cold sky above came down the caw of a passing crow, while behind us a northern chickadee gave his cheery call and was answered from the edge of the cliff by a phœbe perched with tilting tail on a bush.

Suddenly the Collector gripped my arm and pointed to the cliff, his face shining like the sun. Seventy-five feet down was a zigzag ledge some two feet wide. It sloped upward, and at one point, where a spur of rock jutted out, narrowed to less than a foot in breadth. Beyond that point, in a wide sloping niche in the face of the cliff, sat a female duck hawk. She was not more than a hundred feet away, and through our field glasses we could see the hazel-brown iris of her fierce eyes, her dark brown, toothed beak, hooked like a parrot's, with the under mandible showing like a broken rain spout, and her enormous lemon-yellow feet, which made Audubon christen her clan the 'big-footed hawks.'

Catching sight of us, she started up and stood for a moment, a fierce, imperious figure, the curved markings beside her beak looking like a curling black moustache. Then she launched herself into the air, giving a call like the creaking of a rusty pump or the cackling of a hoarse guinea fowl. As she left the ledge, four red eggs showed plainly in the little hollow scooped in the dry earth, which was all the nest she had. The Collector was much relieved at the sight, for duck hawks are temperamental birds. Some of them lay as early as April 2, or even in March, while others begin their family cares as late as April 28.

As I stared down the depths before me I realized that I had been a trifle hasty in agreeing to go down that cliff. I weigh one hundred and ninety pounds. It might strain my friends severely to lower and hoist so great a weight. Then too, owing to inexperience, I might fall off the ledge and break a valuable set of duck-hawk eggs. Moreover, as I stared down that cliff I felt that I must have eaten something which disagreed with me.

None of these perfectly valid reasons had any effect whatever upon my friends. Before I could think up any better ones they had spread a blanket over the edge of the cliff above the nest to keep the rope from cutting, and had tied the hauling and guide ropes around a small white-oak tree some distance from the edge. The guide rope was to be gripped by me to lessen the weight on the hauling rope, which was to go around me just under my arms in a bowline, that knot which will neither tighten nor slip.

There was some discussion as to whether what the Collector tied was a real bowline.

'You can tell as soon as you start,' said the Banker. 'If it unties, it ain't.'

I decided the argument by retying

that knot myself painstakingly, not to say meticulously. Then I raised another question, as to whether the hauling rope was perfectly sound.

'It's never broken yet,' asserted the Collector reassuringly.

By this time I knew exactly how a condemned man feels just before the drop falls. Taking a turn of the hauling rope around his arms, the Banker sank his heels deep into the soft earth and announced that he was all set for the descent — which was more than I was.

Now the Banker is one of my best friends, but he leads a sedentary life (except during the nesting season), and it did not seem to me that he was the man for the job. In fact I felt strongly that what was needed on that rope was a flock of large, powerful young athletes. The Collector, as an expert, however, assured me that I should unconsciously do so much climbing myself on the guide rope that even a middle-aged banker would be enough to lower me and bring me back safely, and promised that he and the Naturalist would lend a hand if it became necessary.

As they all seemed to feel that there was no possible reason for my delaying further, I gripped the guide rope, shut my eyes, and backed off the cliff. In another moment I was swinging over the six hundred feet of atmosphere which lay between me and the Hudson Boulevard. Immediately I felt that I had made a hideous mistake — but there was no returning. When I opened my eyes I could see far, far below me the tiny black figures of the laborers on the boulevard, who had stopped their work and gathered there to gaze up at me, and I reflected that if I fell upon that gawking crowd, who ought to be attending to their business, it would be their own fault.

Thirty feet down, there was an ominous cackle in the air just over my head, and out of a corner of my eye I could see the duck hawk bearing down upon me, her hooked beak half open and her black talons outstretched. A peregrine falcon will not actually attack a man, but I had an awful fear that this bird intended to make an exception in my favor. Fortunately, however, just when I expected to feel her talons in the back of my neck she veered off and never thereafter came so close.

A moment later I forgot all about her, as a stone about the size of my fist buzzed past my head like a bit of shrapnel and went on down in a long parabola to the ground below. I shouted up a warning, and a head was cautiously thrust over the edge of the cliff and the Collector called down apologetically that it was an accident. I found afterward that the Banker, while trying for a better footing, had dislodged the stone, which rolled over the edge before he could stop it. At the time, I remember, I reflected bitterly that if the stone had struck my head it would have made very little difference to me whether it was an accident or not. Then, as I went on down, the dark memory came to me of a collector whom we had all known, who had tried to reach a duck hawk's nest alone and had been struck by a dislodged stone, and whose shattered body was found days afterward at the foot of the cliff.

All further forebodings were suddenly ended by my feet landing on the ledge below. As the cliff slanted in, so that I could not see my friends after I had once started, we had arranged a simple code of signals. One jerk on the guide rope meant to lower, two to raise, and three to pull up. I gave a single tug of the rope as agreed upon, and it was instantly slackened so that I could walk along the narrow shelf, which gave me the feeling of having no support at all, especially as I had to let go

of the guide rope in order to reach the nest.

Then ensued one of the most terrifying experiences of my life. I had to sidle along that ledge, with the cliff on one side and a sheer drop of over five hundred feet on the other. The naked space which yawned beside me made me gasp as if I had suddenly been plunged into ice water. Of course I was in no real danger, for the rope would save me if I slipped, yet the horror of a great height is something which cannot be reasoned away.

The worst was yet to come. When I reached the point where the spur of rock jutted out from the face of the cliff, the ledge narrowed so that it was necessary to lean out into space, clinging to the rope, edge around the rock, and then crawl up the inclined ledge like a tree toad, holding on by the pressure of my palms against the rock.

I finally reached the nest in safety and carefully stored the eggs in a box, filled with cotton, which I had brought with me. They were an extraordinary set, each one slightly differing in color from the others. One was blood-brown, another mahogany-red, another rosewood, and the fourth terra cotta.

When, after another hair-raising journey, I came back to the point from which I had started, I found that the guide rope had blown away from the ledge and caught on a chimney of rock some distance above me, up which I had to scramble in order to loosen it.

At last, however, I gave the signal to be hoisted up and began to rise into space. At first I helped the Banker by climbing up the guide rope hand over hand, but ten feet of that was all that my wind would allow, and I sagged back, a dead weight upon the hauling rope. This sudden increase of his burden evidently caught the Banker unawares, for he let the rope slip some distance. Measured by space and time the drop was probably inconsiderable, but the intensity of sensation produced, if you leave it to me, involved several million foot-pounds. Then, in accordance with his promise, the Collector came to the Banker's assistance, and with exasperating slowness the two of them at last landed my breathless body safe and more or less sound upon the sunny bank at the top of the cliff.

My last memory of that day was the sight of the duck hawk, black against the blue, as she swooped down out of the sky toward her eyrie. The Collector, from the depths of his experience with these falcons, assured me that she would proceed to lay another clutch of eggs in the same nest, and I highly resolved that, so far as I was concerned, they should remain undisturbed.

HOME-MAKING AND CAREERS

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

I

If a keen student of society of the eighteenth century, like Adam Smith, came back to live among us for a while, two things, I believe, would impress him more than anything else. The first would obviously be the great wealth of our mechanical equipment, the ten thousand external aids of our daily life. The automobile, the telephone and telegraph, steam locomotion, and the use of electricity for power have made us incomparably more comfortable and prosperous. The second thing he would observe would be the remarkable change in the status of women.

These two phenomena are very closely related. Both take their origin from the Industrial Revolution, which was ushered in at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In this paper I shall discuss principally the second of these remarkable changes.

The changed status of women constitutes a major revolution in the history of the world. When Adam Smith lived women had their definite place, and that was the home. They did not vie with men in directing the external affairs of the world. Within the home there were activities enough; but beyond that it was a man's affair. With the development of invention and the consequent growth of industry, women in large numbers were called out of their homes to participate in the new life. It was found that their labor in many fields was as efficient as that of men and much cheaper. The simplification and standardization of the processes of production, moreover, have made possible the employment of increasingly large numbers of women in recent decades. In 1870, which is the first year for which census data are available, there were 1,800,000 women gainfully employed, of whom nearly a million were engaged in domestic and personal service. In 1880 there were over two and a half million; by 1900 the number had increased to more than five million; and in 1920 there were over eight and a half million women gainfully employed. The number would have been even greater if the large number of employed married women were listed in their gainful occupations rather than as housewives. Every year now sees an increase in the number of gainfully employed women; in fact, the proportion is increasing faster than that of men.

In 1920 over a million women were engaged in professional service in the United States. They were represented in virtually all of the major professions, including medicine, the law, science, and the arts. Teachers were the largest single group, with well over 600,000, followed by almost 150,000 trained nurses. Musicians and teachers of music were represented by 73,000; religious, charity, and welfare workers by 27,000; librarians by 13,000; physicians by 9000; authors, editors, and reporters by nearly 9000. The list of professions in

which women have established themselves would be a very long one. There are in addition several hundred thousand students in professional schools and colleges, many of whom are preparing themselves for professional careers. They were not included in our figure of a million.

The whole aspect of woman's life has been changed, and community life has been correspondingly transformed. A hundred years ago women had only one career to look forward to, and that was home-making; to-day the average American girl thinks of many other fields for her activities. Home-making as a career is being relegated, for the most part, in the minds of young people to a secondary place. Even if most educated women still look forward to marriage as an ultimate goal, their first and immediate choice is very often along other lines.

II

The participation of an ever increasing number of women in industry and in the professions has unquestionably made a great impress upon our social economy. These women are producers. They have added materially to the world's goods and to the general stock of ideas. To the women themselves this new activity is an expression of their inward power. I imagine most of them get great satisfaction out of the feeling of equality and ability to compete with men in various fields. But, on the other hand, such activity on the part of women in the professions and in the world at large carries with it certain very definite consequences to society.

Of the eight and a half million women gainfully employed in 1920, less than two million were married; of the rest, a very large number will ultimately marry, but a very large number will also remain unmarried. Of the one million professional women, less than 125,000 were married and a much larger proportion of them will remain unmarried. The average professional woman is older than her sister in industry, and therefore her chances of being married are already much reduced. The very economic independence of the average professional woman acts as a deterrent in many cases. Marriage will often involve a sacrifice of her comfort and independence. The woman who earns a competence in congenial work insists on economic standards which are often beyond the capacity of the men whom she knows and might possibly marry. Therein lies the problem which disturbs so many people to-day. Educated women have a choice to make — or rather they are too often forced into a situation where they must make a choice. Shall they seek the opportunity of marriage or shall they set for themselves the goal of a professional career, which, perhaps even in the majority of cases, involves a distinct impediment to marriage and home-making? We have not yet developed a condition in which both of these possibilities — namely, the pursuit of a career and marriage — are readily and successfully combined in the life of the same woman.

From the point of view of the individual concerned, the pursuit of one of these alternatives as against the other involves inevitably the impoverishment of life. However great may be the success of a woman in the professions, the price is too high if she must forgo marriage and the raising of a family. Professional women generally miss the home-making activities of their married sisters and regret the incompleteness of their personal experience. They admit the richest life includes the

normal family relationships, and I have often been touched with the sense of defeat of highly successful women who have missed the privileges of motherhood and of normal family responsibility. On the other hand, there is possibly just as much regret on the part of an ever increasing number of married women who find themselves on the shelf all too soon and unable to participate in the many outside activities for which they feel themselves amply prepared. Educated women insist on using their training, and apparently many of them find that a confining marriage limits their activity and intellectual growth. There is, therefore, a real conflict which most women have not yet learned how to adjust, resulting in the complexes and unrest which are so striking a characteristic of the modern woman.

From the point of view of the community also, the choice of one of these alternatives as against the other involves serious losses. Society demands mothers and happy families. When, therefore, women of leadership and of ability either do not marry or, when married, have few, if any, children, society is the loser. No community can afford to do without the children of able, well-educated women. These women also set the fashion for many others. On the other hand, the community loses in valuable service when abilities that are available in married women are not utilized. When women have been prepared for professional life and for important social service and fall out of the active world when they marry, there are serious losses. The valuable services which such women can render must not be scrapped. The community and the individual both pay too great a price when there is no adjustment between the two alternatives — namely, home-making and the pursuit of a professional career.

III

I have already intimated that the conflict which we are discussing arose out of the changed industrial situation which brought so many women out of their homes and gave them a taste of the interesting world outside. But probably equally important was the marked increase in the educational facilities for women which came concurrently with the industrial development of the last century. In America elementary education was available for girls as for boys from the very beginning. It was only eighty years ago, however, that the field of public secondary education was opened up; it was extended rapidly throughout the country. Then came the opening of women's seminaries and colleges. To-day the education of women is in full flower. There is scarcely any restriction placed upon the education of our girls except the rather limited facilities of our institutions for higher learning. Hardly any girl of ambition or capacity is checked in her desire for an education, irrespective of the direction or extent of her special interest.

As a result we find this very interesting situation. In 1924 there were 1,963,000 girls as against 1,780,000 boys in the secondary schools reporting to the Federal Bureau of Education. The girls comprised 52 per cent and the boys 48 per cent of the total enrollment. The colleges are very close to telling the same tale. In all institutions of higher education reporting to the Federal Bureau of Education for 1924, including the teachers' colleges and normal schools, there was an enrollment of close to 461,000 young men and 449,000 young women; that is, 51 per cent of the total were young men and 49 per cent were young women. At Columbia University, during the same academic year, 57 per cent of the

students were men and 43 per cent were women; although in the summer session at that university in 1923 the enrollment was 67 per cent women and 33 per cent men. Even if the facilities of the girls' colleges are limited, women are now being admitted to many institutions which were heretofore restricted to men, and more and more of them are seeking admission to the state universities, which have generally been open to women on the same terms as to men.

Let us now examine the character of the education which young women have received in our colleges. Perhaps we shall be able to see how this has affected the life of their graduates. The development has been largely, if not altogether, in the hands of women themselves. Those who were responsible for the extension of higher education to women were women with a mission. They had overcome great difficulties themselves and were dedicated to the fine ideal of lifting similar disabilities from their sisters. The result was that the feminist point of view stamped itself upon these institutions from the very beginning. This shaped the curriculum and the atmosphere of the institutions. The faculties of the women's colleges were determined to prove that their students could do anything and everything that boys could do. What was good enough for boys was good enough for girls. Learning, they said, had no sex. What if the educational institutions for men needed thorough revising in their programmes and in the aims to which they were dedicated? The founders of the women's schools apparently had no time to consider this vital matter.

Perhaps it was asking too much of these pioneers, so preoccupied with their own battles and victories, that they should have sufficient detachment to observe the inadequacies of the education offered to men and to correct the defects before duplicating them in the new institutions for women. It was, in any case, easier to transplant whole the entire existing educational structure. The questions whether girls had a different rôle to play in the community; whether there were certain functions and duties that distinguished the life of women from that of men — these questions either were not raised at all or, when raised, found no expression in the course of study provided. Cultural subjects such as mathematics, the classics, the modern languages, and the fine arts, and a bowing acquaintance with the sciences, were provided. Little if any time was devoted to teaching personal and community hygiene. Physics, chemistry, and mathematics were usually so taught as to avoid their practical bearings; as though these sciences would lose their cultural value if they were couched in terms of the everyday needs of modern people. Until Ellen Richards — a remarkable woman who has been too little appreciated in the field of woman's education — pointed the way, scarcely any instruction whatsoever was given in domestic science and in the practical arts. The result was that the curriculum almost altogether ignored any preparation for home-making as a career or the desirability of the married life as the ideal for which women should aim.

For most girls, the college course represented a break in the continuity of their lives. It took the developing girl out of her home and brought her into an artificial environment, where, cloistered in college halls, she was surrounded almost entirely by unmarried women. Their influence on the young people was enormous and, whether they wished it or not, they in many cases set an example for many of the

undergraduates. During the four critical years of college the girls were taken out of an environment where they could see young children and family life, and realize through constant association the true importance of the family unit, its innate beauty, its essential primal position in civilization. What was lost through lack of contact was not made good through clear-sighted and conscious instruction. No word was said in any of the courses, apparently, about the obligation and responsibilities of motherhood, or about the fundamental position of the family in our scheme of things. Instead, girls became dedicated to a life of purely academic interests; or, if a profession interested them, it was not the profession of home-making.

IV

Is it any wonder, then, that educated women do not marry? There are, of course, many reasons; some of them we have already discussed. There is the curriculum, which is clearly not developing an inclination on the part of young women to marry early, if at all. The courses educate girls away from matrimony rather than toward it. Then, too, the environment of girls during the college period contributes to this same tendency. There was until recently relatively little opportunity for meeting young men. To-day, I am told, girls in colleges near those for men spend more time in social activities than the faculties think is good for them. But it is doubtful if this affects more than the small proportion of the most popular girls. The great majority are at college with a serious purpose. Especially among girls of strong personality there is early developed a desire to make good in a career.

At twenty-four or twenty-five the college graduate is thinking of other things than marriage, which seems to offer her little or no opportunity for personal development. She would try out her wings at teaching or in business, or in some professional pursuit. As never before, opportunities are opening up in affairs, and these appeal to her. Her whole enthusiasm during these vital years is for making good in her chosen work. Her friendships with men suffer because of her preoccupation. She is very likely, also, to improve her economic condition through her earnings if she is employed, and to develop higher standards of expenditure. She becomes 'economically independent.' In some such way as this there are ruled out of consideration the very young men who are the most likely husbands. These men are usually earning little while they are making roots in their own chosen field. In many cases they are men who have voluntarily turned their backs on the pursuit of riches and have devoted their lives to the scientific professions, to teaching, to the ministry, or to various types of social service. To marry any of them would mean hardships and sacrifice, and I imagine many young women hesitate to take the plunge. They thus lose their best opportunities for a satisfying marriage.

I am very well aware that this complicated phenomenon cannot be explained so easily, and that there are other causes at work than those we have listed. Nor am I an apologist for the critical attitude of many men toward college women, or for the short-sightedness of the community which makes it hard for the professional woman to continue her work after marriage without losing caste. I am attempting simply to single out a number of items which can be controlled and which, I believe, are playing a very large part in bringing about the fact

that all too often in the past women have fitted themselves for special professional activity at the expense of participation in domestic life and especially in parenthood. It has repeatedly been shown that only about half of the women graduates of our colleges and universities marry; and those that do marry give birth to a strikingly small number of children, their average being less than two per couple. This is not a local or temporary condition, but a national tendency on an enormous scale. College women as well as men as a class are not replacing themselves in the next generation. To many it has seemed as if our educational system were an effective method of discovering our best stock and then proceeding at once toward sterilizing it. A new order of celibacy is growing up which is rapidly attracting our best people to its ranks. The education of women is the fashion of the day. Ever greater numbers are availing themselves of the new opportunities. If higher education necessarily involves celibacy or sterility, the seriousness of the situation for society cannot be exaggerated, especially since, as I believe, this one-sided development implies a serious misfortune to the people themselves.

V

What is our solution? Shall we reduce the facilities of education for our young women or discourage careers and training for careers? I can hardly imagine anyone saying such a thing. We could not if we would, for women would have much to say about it. This is no longer the man-made world of our grandfathers. Nor would an impartial consideration of the facts permit any such silly conclusion. What is needed is a thoughtful and clear understanding of the greater social good that would come out of a coördination of social policy and individual ambition. The community needs educated and efficient women just as it needs educated and efficient men. The modern world can no longer do without either. But its very existence and continuity depend upon good home-makers and mothers. In other words, there can be no solution until ample provision is made in our educational system from the bottom to the top for the training of future home-makers, side by side with the training of women for professional and other careers. One should always involve the other. Home-making must be considered a profession; in fact, a major profession. Success in it calls for all the ingenuity and intelligence of the best women. It should, therefore, receive the highest public esteem and approval.

All women, whatever their training, whatever their ultimate ambition, should receive instruction in the art of home-making as a matter of course. It should be assumed by our educators that every woman will marry and have a family. But it should be equally understood that many will wish to earn their living in productive work outside the home. Provision must therefore be made for the training of these women who have special aptitudes in the professions. Lest I appear too practical, I must emphasize the great importance of providing cultural opportunities in the curricula which are not particularly associated with home-making or practical affairs, but which are dedicated to the enlightenment and refinement of the personality. I can see no conflict among these three courses. And so I think of our colleges, and in fact of our entire educational system from the primary school up, as a mechanism which shall definitely adapt itself to the training of women for life in the fullest sense, and which, while it develops one group of faculties and interests,

shall not forget others that are equally valuable.

These adaptations will not be so easily accomplished. They will require much thought and attention from our educational authorities, but it is a source of great satisfaction to find that many of the girls' colleges have recently taken this matter under advisement and are adapting their curricula in these directions. The development of the Department of Euthenics at Vassar is a step in the right direction. The work of Professor Ethel Puffer Howes at Smith is of great significance. Other girls' colleges are wrestling with the same problem. Many now recognize that the developments of the past have been one-sided and disgenic. To-day they are encouraging robust health for the girls and are providing opportunities for developing the physique. They are beginning to emphasize the biological sciences that foster a healthy attitude toward the family. Girls are being taught more and more about community health. Training in the sciences, such as chemistry and mathematics, will be given, I believe, a more practical turn. Greater emphasis on community organization will come through the broad science of sociology. I believe the outlook is good for an early and thorough modification of the curricula in the girls' colleges which will stress the ideas we have been considering.

Personally I believe the greatest progress will come out of the development of the coeducational college. The growth of our state universities offers the best solution. In these, young men and young women see one another and work with one another throughout the college period. In this way is offset the baneful effect of the isolation that has heretofore characterized both colleges for men and colleges for women. Incidentally, and without any special effort, there is developed in the minds of the young men and young women in coeducational institutions a healthy attitude toward the other sex. Provided there is not a disproportionate number of either group, such association is good social hygiene. We have learned to appreciate this in our elementary and secondary schools, but it has even greater value for our students in the colleges and universities. It will result in many friendships and in a large number of early and happy marriages. The salutary effect of such close contact between the sexes during the college years will be as noticeable on the young men as on the young women. There will be greater mutual understanding, and therefore greater respect and sympathy in the management of the details of family life — a most desirable thing, not only for the individuals concerned, but for society as well. Under such conditions more and more college women will be encouraged to take on the obligation of marriage and of home-making at younger ages, and, under the sympathetic encouragement of their husbands, many of them will wish, for a period at least, to engage in outside employment or professional work. I doubt very much that such adventures are likely to be less discriminating than the marriages of older people. After all, the college graduate is of voting age and of above average intelligence. Such evidence as we have concerning early marriage does not indicate any real hazard, but rather real gains for all concerned.

What shall be the community attitude toward these women? I insist on constant accommodation to make the combination of professional activity and home-making mutually possible. There is no reason why women who are engaged in profitable activity should not, at the same time, engage

in home-making. It should be thoroughly approved in so far as it can be accomplished without injury to the best interests of the home. We are creatures of fashion and do what our community expects us to do. If the community approves of this combination, more and more women will participate in it. There will, of course, be periods of absence from work when the children are coming and while they are young, when the mother's full attention must be directed to their welfare. But, even then, part-time work and free-lance jobs are always possible. The investigation which is being conducted under the general direction of Mrs. Howes at the Institute for the Coördination of Women's Interests at Smith College will disclose many opportunities for this type of activity. It is hoped also that investigations into the routine of domestic management will result in labor- and time-saving devices and procedures which will add to the freedom and leisure of young married women.

Teaching is the pursuit of the largest number of women outside of home-making. Six hundred thousand are now engaged in this field, and more and more are entering it. Heretofore they have swelled the ranks of the unmarried. But I can see no good reason for this misfortune. Those teachers who would marry should be encouraged to do so and should by this fact not forfeit their position or standing in the community. Accommodation should be made for continued teaching, either as substitutes or for whole terms, as they find it possible. This will keep their proficiency at a high point until they can later — perhaps at forty-five, when their families have grown up — return to their professions with new zeal and without serious interruptions. Women who have brought up their own families should make the very best teachers because they have been mothers. A new vitality and vigor would animate our educational system if we could avail ourselves of the intelligence and sympathy of the large number of splendid women who have all of the pedagogical equipment but until now have not had the opportunity to serve the community in their own special field.

Finally, in the case of the large number of married women who do not participate in either full-time or part-time gainful employment, provision must be made for their increased participation in the varied activities of the community. There should always be opportunity for these well-trained and experienced women to express themselves in community affairs, which are being rapidly developed in so many directions. In our towns and cities, women's clubs and women's committees can play a more active part in social movements and become a most important factor in civic life. Women can achieve real leadership in educational policy; they can raise the standards of our schools, secure reforms in politics, participate in town-planning — in short, bring about a newer and better social order. These opportunities for the educated home-maker will give rare satisfactions, comparable to those which spur professional and business women to higher achievement.

To my mind there is no longer legitimate reason for the conflict that has apparently existed in the past between professional careers and home-making. There is no necessity for women to make a deliberate choice of one alternative or the other. Why should they not round out their lives with many interests and carry on simultaneously different lines of activity — each in its proper place and each contributing directly to the fuller life? The answer to the question I have

raised is to attack directly those items that have sharpened the division between the separate spheres in the past and to remove them. We must above all things learn to pay due honor to the mother and home-maker. Hers is the greatest service. For those who feel the necessity for self-expression in other fields, let there also be ample reward and honor, but always let us leave the door wide open for interchange between the two spheres, that they may cross and supplement each other. If our educators and leaders of public opinion will make the necessary accommodations and adjustments, the problem, I believe, will ultimately be solved.

THE ETHICS OF ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION

BY JOHN DEWEY

Different moralists give different reasons as to why cruelty to animals is wrong. But about the fact of its immorality there is no question, and hence no need for argument. Whether the reason is some inherent right of the animal, or a reflex bad effect upon the character of the human being, or whatever it be, cruelty, the wanton and needless infliction of suffering upon any sentient creature, is unquestionably wrong. There is, however, no ethical justification for the assumption that experimentation upon animals, even when it involves some pain or entails, as is more common, death without pain, — since the animals are still under the influence of anæsthetics, — is a species of cruelty. Nor is there moral justification for the statement that the relations of scientific men to animals should be under any laws or restrictions save those general ones which regulate the behavior of all men so as to protect animals from cruelty. Neither of these propositions conveys, however, the full truth, for they are couched negatively, while the truth is positive. Stated positively, the moral principles relating to animal experimentation would read as follows: —

1. Scientific men are under definite obligation to experiment upon animals so far as that is the alternative to random and possibly harmful experimentation upon human beings, and so far as such experimentation is a means of saving human life and of increasing human vigor and efficiency.

2. The community at large is under definite obligations to see to it that physicians and scientific men are not needlessly hampered in carrying on the inquiries necessary for an adequate performance of their important social office of sustaining human life and vigor.

Let us consider these propositions separately.

I

When we speak of the moral right of competent persons to experiment upon animals in order to get the knowledge and the resources necessary to eliminate useless and harmful experimentation upon human beings and to take better care of their health, we under-

state the case. Such experimentation is more than a right; it is a duty. When men have devoted themselves to the promotion of human health and vigor, they are under an obligation, no less binding because tacit, to avail themselves of all the resources which will secure a more effective performance of their high office. This office is other than the mere lessening of the physical pain endured by human beings when ill. Important as this is, there is something much worse than physical pain, just as there are better things than physical pleasures.

The person who is ill not merely suffers pain but is rendered unfit to meet his ordinary social responsibilities; he is incapacitated for service to those about him, some of whom may be directly dependent upon him. Moreover, his removal from the sphere of social relations does not merely leave a blank where he was; it involves a wrench upon the sympathies and affections of others. The moral suffering thus caused is something that has no counterpart anywhere in the life of animals, whose joys and sufferings remain upon a physical plane. To cure disease, to prevent needless death, is thus a totally different matter, occupying an infinitely higher plane, from the mere palliation of physical pain. To cure disease and prevent death is to promote the fundamental conditions of social welfare; is to secure the conditions requisite to an effective performance of all social activities; is to preserve human affections from the frightful waste and drain occasioned by the needless suffering and death of others with whom one is bound up.

These things are so obvious that it almost seems necessary to apologize for mentioning them. But anyone who reads the literature or who hears the speeches directed against animal experimentation will recognize that the ethical basis of the agitation against it is due to ignoring these considerations. It is constantly assumed that the object of animal experimentation is a selfish willingness to inflict physical pain upon others simply to save physical pain to ourselves.

On the moral side, the whole question is argued as if it were merely a balancing of physical pain to human beings and to animals over against each other. If it were such a question, the majority would probably decide that the claims of human suffering take precedence over that of animals; but a minority would doubtless voice the opposite view, and the issue would be, so far, inconclusive. But this is not the question. Instead of being the question of animal physical pain against human physical pain, it is the question of a certain amount of physical suffering to animals — reduced in extent to a minimum by the precautions of anæsthesia, asepsis, and skill — against the bonds and relations which hold people together in society, against the conditions of social vigor and vitality, against the deepest of shocks and interferences to human love and service.

No one who has faced this issue can be in doubt as to where the moral right and wrong lie. To prefer the claims of the physical sensations of animals to the prevention of death and the cure of disease — probably the greatest sources of poverty, distress, and inefficiency, and certainly the greatest sources of moral suffering — does not rise even to the level of sentimentalism.

It is accordingly the duty of scientific men to use animal experimentation as an instrument in the promotion of social well-being; and it is the duty of the general public to protect these men from attacks that hamper their work. It is the duty of the general public to sustain them in their endeavors. For physicians and scientific men,

though having their individual failings and fallibilities like the rest of us, are in this matter acting as ministers and ambassadors of the public good.

II

This brings us to the second point: What is the duty of the community regarding legislation that imposes special restrictions upon the persons engaged in scientific experimentation with animals? That it is the duty of the State to pass general laws against cruelty to animals is a fact recognized by well-nigh all civilized States. But opponents of animal experimentation are not content with such general legislation; they demand what is in effect, if not legally, class legislation, putting scientific men under peculiar surveillance and limitation. Men in slaughterhouses, truck drivers, hostlers, cattle and horse owners, farmers and stable keepers, may be taken care of by general legislation; but educated men, devoted to scientific research, and physicians, devoted to the relief of suffering humanity, need some special supervision and regulation!

Unprejudiced people naturally inquire after the right and the wrong of this matter. Hearing accusations of wantonly cruel deeds — actuated by no higher motive than passing curiosity — brought against workers in laboratories and teachers in classrooms, at first they may be moved to believe that additional special legislation is required. Further thought leads, however, to a further question: If these charges of cruelty are justified, why are not those guilty of it brought up for trial in accordance with the laws already provided against cruelty to animals? Consideration of the fact that the remedies and punishments already provided are not resorted to by those so vehement in their charges against scientific workers leads the unprejudiced inquirer to a further conclusion.

Agitation for new laws is not so much intended to prevent specific instances of cruelty to animals as to subject scientific inquiry to hampering restrictions. The moral issue changes to this question: What ought to be the moral attitude of the public toward the proposal to put scientific inquiry under restrictive conditions? No one who really asks himself this question — without mixing it up with the other question of cruelty to animals that is taken care of by already existing laws — can, I imagine, be in doubt as to its answer. Nevertheless, one consideration should be emphasized. *Scientific inquiry has been the chief instrumentality in bringing man from barbarism to civilization, from darkness to light, while it has incurred, at every step, determined opposition from the powers of ignorance, misunderstanding, and jealousy.*

It is not so long ago, as years are reckoned, that a scientist in a physical or chemical laboratory was popularly regarded as a magician engaged in unlawful pursuits, or as in impious converse with evil spirits, about whom all sorts of detrimental stories were circulated and believed. Those days have gone; generally speaking, the value of free scientific inquiry as an instrumentality of social progress and enlightenment is acknowledged. At the same time, it is possible, by making irrelevant emotional appeals and obscuring the real issues, to galvanize into life something of the old spirit of misunderstanding, envy, and dread of science. The point at issue in the subjection of animal experimenters to special supervision and legislation is thus deeper than at first sight appears. In principle it involves the revival of that animosity to discovery and to the application

to life of the fruits of discovery which, upon the whole, has been the chief foe of human progress. It behooves every thoughtful individual to be constantly on the alert against every revival of this spirit, in whatever guise it presents itself.

III

It would be agreeable to close with these positive statements of general principles; but it is hardly possible to avoid saying a few words regarding the ethics of the way in which the campaign against animal experimentation is often waged. Exaggerated statements, repetitions of allegations of cruelty which have never been proved or even examined, use of sporadic cases of cruelty to animals in Europe a generation or two ago as if they were typical of the practice in the United States today, refusal to accept the testimony of reputable scientific men regarding either their own procedure or the benefits that have accrued to humanity and to the brute kingdom itself from animal experimentation, uncharitable judgment varying from vague insinuation to downright aspersion — these things certainly have an ethical aspect which must be taken into account by unbiased men and women desirous that right and justice shall prevail.

It is also a fair requirement that some kind of perspective and proportion shall be maintained in moral judgments. Doubtless more suffering is inflicted upon animals in a single day in a single abattoir in some one city of our country than in a year, or years, in all the scientific and medical laboratories of all the United States. Do they come into court with clean hands who complacently, without protest and without effort to remedy or to alleviate existing evils, daily satisfy their own physical appetites at the cost of the death of animals after suffering, in order then to turn around and cry out against a relatively insignificant number of deaths occurring, after skilled precautions against suffering, in the cause of advancement of knowledge for the sake of the relief of humanity? Surely, until it is finally decided that the taking of animal life for human food is wrong, there is something morally unsound in any agitation which questions the right to take animal life in the interests of the life and health of men, women, and children, especially when infinitely more precautions are used to avoid animal suffering in the latter case than in the former.

ANIMALS AND DEATH

BY SIR W. BEACH THOMAS

I

Instances begin to accumulate suggesting a changed view of the mind or nature of animals, at any rate of birds and mammals. Of course the old distinctions between reason and instinct stand, and the contrast is useful, even though the two are dovetailed. But each is a crude conception. The point in animal psychology that has been too much disregarded may be called, for want of a better word, mood.

To take one set of feelings, it is a mistake to suppose that nervous morbidity and excessive sensitiveness are maladies peculiar to the animal who supposes himself to be the head of the world, the apex of evolution, the being for whom the rest were created. Similarities of mental condition, parallel with similarities of structure, can be traced all down the scale of mind, and many of them are startling. Recent inquiries and some collating of older evidence suggest that animals low in the evolutionary grade are capable, on occasion, of euthanasia, of deliberate self-sacrifice, of calculated self-slaughter, and of the killing of offenders.

Let me take a few examples that have come within the scope of my own experience. Some years ago in Britain a prolonged attempt was made to naturalize that attractive bird, the American robin. It is of the thrush tribe, very closely akin to three of the commonest birds native to Britain — the song thrush, whose notes have been made famous through an ingenious poem by Robert Browning, the blackbird, perhaps the best singer in the British Isles, and the fieldfare, which nests in Scandinavia, but spends the winter in the British Isles. It seemed likely that the American robin, being so similar in habits, especially in nesting habits and in anatomical structure and biological 'points,' would take kindly to the new home. My coöperation in the experiment was invited.

The birds bred well, both those that we put out into wild nests of the native thrush and blackbird and those brought up in captivity. Every method we could think of was adopted, in order to miss no chance of a successful issue. One was to release the old birds and keep the young encaged. They both consented to the arrangement. The parents seemed quite at home in the gardens where they had their being, and were very diligent in visiting the cage and feeding the young through the bars. The growing chicks looked cheerful and healthy. No single experiment of this nature failed in the early stages, *but none succeeded in the later.* At a particular moment the young birds died, yet gave no indication, even to the most expert ornithologists, that they were out of health. Not in all cases, but in several, an autopsy revealed that the birds had swallowed small green tips of yew or other hard and indigestible evergreen, and doubtless had died of it. The

food, entirely unnatural to the bird, was of course prescribed and brought by the parents, in order presumably to save the young from the pains of imprisonment. It was remarkable that the result was prophesied at the beginning of the experiment by one villager who had been something of an aviculturist.

Very soon after the catastrophe the old birds vanished and were never seen again. The impulse to migrate is very strong in the species, and of the many hundred that in several successive summers enjoyed the lovely garden of a fifteenth-century house in the south of England not one was ever seen again, alive or dead, after the fall of autumn. They vanished no man knows where, driven south by a yearning too deep for resistance.

It is of course possible that the young died of a balked instinct. This may affect a bird or a lower mammal very much as a 'repression complex,' so called, may affect a child. But most birds can live the instinct down. A certain young cuckoo — it belonged to Mr. Benjamin Kidd, an authority on evolution — lived happily enough in the house, but toward evening, at the due period of migration, it would fall into a sort of trance, become oblivious to its surroundings and the voice of its owner, and show life only by the slight but quite regular and rhythmic beating of its wings. It survived the period without any apparent loss of health. The migration instinct is as strong in the cuckoo as in the robin. We may therefore perhaps safely conclude — as all who investigated the incident agreed — that the young robins died, as the villager said they would, of deliberate poisoning.

One very curious instance of self-slaughter occurred some years ago while I was visiting a wide area of fenland suddenly flooded. A considerable covey of partridges, a heavy, short-winged species that flies fast but very soon wearies, in the way of most ground-nesting birds, was observed flying over the flood. The slowness of their flight suggested that they had come a long way. Quite suddenly, with no warning, the whole number dived headlong into the water. It was never determined why they did this. It is possible — perhaps probable — that one of the leaders fancied the water was land, as airmen have done before now, and that the rest followed like sheep. But the whole number drowned themselves. Not one escaped or apparently tried to escape.

II

Animals quite frequently meet their death through obstinate adherence to a strong intention. A well-known man of science — he was one of Luther Burbank's regular correspondents — was walking along a canal when he saw a rat swimming across from the far side. For mere wantonness he prevented the journey by tapping the water with his stick. The rat dived and, swimming under water, made attempt after attempt to effect a landing. The canal was only three or four yards wide. The obstinate creature utterly refused to give up its purpose, and, after a last vain attempt to cross, dived once more and a minute later floated to the top of the water, dead. It had drowned itself from inability to surrender an intention, a purpose, a conviction.

A fate very much like voluntary suicide is of course the common lot of many arachnids and other insects. Their way of instinctive immolation on behalf of the race is not the immediate theme; but the more a man probes into the life of animals, the more frequently and persuasively do instances of queer analogies confront

him. An immense gap separates the creature endowed with little ganglionic centres everywhere and anywhere about its body or limbs from animals with a central brain, capable of receiving general, correlated, and conscious experiences. But there are likenesses that transcend even that barrier between genera. The sense of maternity rises — or descends — to a mere instinct in the most reasonable and becomes almost reasoned in the most instinctive. The bark moth, after laying her eggs, lies down and dies incontinent in the passage, blocking the only doorway by which an enemy may approach the eggs.

Perhaps the grimmest of all the more common spectacles of an observer of invertebrate life is the advance of the small male spider to his almost certain death. The desire to propagate the species is overwhelming, but it does not, we may presume, blind him to the risk he runs. With what qualms and cautions, with what quick movements this way and that, he approaches the gigantic female! The spider's eyes gleam watchfully, sacrificially. He makes his rush, and a few seconds later the hungry female has fastened her fangs in him and presently devoured him to satisfy her insatiable greed for food necessary to supply her output both of eggs and of webbing. Some of the blind or nearly blind spiders meet a similar fate, and the extreme tactile caution of their approach seems to suggest that they too are conscious of the risk they run.

Less suddenly dramatic, but not less grim, is the yearly murder of the drones in a hive of honey bees. The worker bees told off to this most socialistic job give one the impression that they dislike the duty, but obey a categorical imperative. It was not till last year, while observing a very strong swarm of crossed Italian and English bees, that I discovered how — in many cases — the death is compassed. The small worker attacks, as everyone knows, the base of the wing, just above the hinge, and continues to file away at it, however violently the heavy drone hauls her hither and thither over the alighting board or among the grasses. But very often the work is not completed. The drone shakes himself free and sets out triumphantly on wings more powerful than any worker possesses. He enjoys a last ecstasy. The filing has so weakened the shaft that of a sudden it breaks, and the drone crashes like a broken aeroplane — the most saddening sight the eyes can behold — or a bird shot in mid-flight. The fall even of this little and now useless insect is depressing to watch; but there is certainly no pain, as we understand the word, either in anticipation or in fact.

III

To return to the higher animals, with their central brain and sensitiveness to pain — a great number are victims of the extremes of impulses, the very strongest of which are not directly connected with reproduction. Birds and mammals perish in hundreds from the irresistible impulse to migrate. The most notorious are the lemmings, which will throw themselves by the company into sea and lake in circumstances which give them no chance whatever of reaching the other side. They are influenced doubtless, like the shades in Vergil, 'ripæ ulterioris amore,' but the effect is wholesale suicide. Perhaps the simple rat whose fate was chronicled above was the victim of some far-off inherited pressure such as moves these foreign cousins of his genus. Who knows?

The migrations of tribes of this class of animal are curious to watch. One

of the strangest in my experience occurred in Australia, in the 'back blocks' of New South Wales. The mice, which had been noticeably few, suddenly collected and began to move across country in hordes, devouring everything in their way and paying no heed to any obstacle. They went through the rare house they met as a shell might go, utterly destroying bedding and upholstery as well as anything that might be called food in the ordinary sense. While they were on the move they evinced no sort of fear whatever. Presumably the pangs of hunger or the sense of impending hunger drove them as the Furies drove Orestes. Under its pressure they ceased to be free agents. Great numbers were killed.

Excess of fear may have the same effect as want of fear. I have seen a large number of birds kill themselves from the blindness of fear or extravagant desire to escape. A pheasant, in an open wood, crouched among the dead leaves as the bird loves to do to avoid detection. I walked up to see how near she would let me come, and presently greatly regretted the unhappy act of curiosity. She rose within a yard or two, flew with unusual clatter and great acceleration of speed into the very middle of a slender tree trunk, and fell stone dead. Partridges and grouse are singularly careful to avoid telegraph wires until they are alarmed beyond the normal, when they will crash into the wires with utter obliviousness. I once saw five partridges out of fourteen kill themselves at one moment. They flew into a great mass of wires close to a post, a barrier singularly obvious even to a blear-eyed man at a considerable distance.

The general avoidance of wires and of trains was acquired by birds and other animals with surprising celerity. One man of science claimed that he could trace the effect in the brain of the bird by a study of its anatomy: the swallows of his youth, he alleged, had a minute cell less in the brain than the swallows of his old age. But the veteran theorist was not supported by his fellows!

In certain places both wire and trains levy their yearly toll of victims; but the loss by both was progressively smaller, year by year, in earlier times. Are we to suppose that some inherited memory has added these artificial risks to the list of those more instinctively evaded?

IV

There is a 'blessed word' of the moment, used in all sorts of connections by men of science to explain strange movements. It is 'tropism.' Word and theory are borrowed from the botanists. They argue, for example, that a moth immolates itself in the light for exactly the same reason that a sunflower turns to the midday sun — because it must; because the light affects its mechanical structure so that the turning movement becomes compulsory. Like most words in *-ism*, tropism carries us little further. Some moths fly to the flame and are killed or wounded. Some, after one or two flights toward the danger, fly off again and escape into the cool, dark night. Tropism doubtless means something in botany; and life rises in such gentle gradations that it may mean something also for the invertebrates; but the meaning is quite whittled away when we come to higher beings, though the metaphor may be useful. A humorist might be allowed to say that a woman who could not pass a hat shop was a victim of tropism!

Here are two examples of the relation of very different animals to death — examples that can have nothing tropistic about them.

A colony of rooks, perhaps the most intelligent of the crow tribe, was recently observed sitting in solemn conclave, like the Church authorities round the Jackdaw of Rheims, about the person of one of their number. Their notes rose and fell with that harsh variation that always suggests conversation and debate. It continued for a while, when the assembled judges and juries suddenly fell upon a delinquent and put him to death. Why he was killed, what incident had preceded, the observer did not know; but of the deliberate killing, preceded by a period of debate, there seemed to be no doubt. Quite certainly rooks are as capable of communal action as the hive bees, but it proceeds from a motive power that is less instinctive, that is more reasonable. The rooks condemned a citizen to death in the straightforward human meaning of the phrase.

The domestic dog, developed from a tribe nurtured in the psychology of the herd, has acquired an individual sensitiveness, a most human sentimentality, that may be said to have substituted suicide for assassination. Dogs in packs will kill and eat a fellow who has offended. Instances of this sort of savagery were observed more than once by the members of Scott's expedition to the Pole. A rage against one member of the team would possess the rest, and plausible reasons for these outbreaks of hate were usually found. At any rate, a common purpose to kill a particular member of the pack was shared by the rest without exception, and it proved very difficult to protect its life. One cannot really trace the origin of such brain storms in the dogs. It may be that the condemned member was in some way ill, and that the fact was diagnosed by the senses of the others, perhaps by their master sense of smell. An old deep instinct — seen still in some savages, as in the Red Indians of tropical South America — that it is better to kill the useless may have worked in their subconscious selves, but our knowledge of the dog under closer domestication hardly holds up the theory. Authentic instances of deep grief at a master's absence or death are many. A number of dogs have been known to starve themselves to death from mere grief.

Doubtless elemental savagery will reappear in sudden bouts in some domestic dogs, collies and terriers especially, and is never far from the surface in the wolfhound. Any excitement may rob them of their well-tutored manners and morals. A surprising example occurred at an English country house inhabited by ardent dog-lovers. The family were driving out of the gate in sight of the dogs, when the wheels struck a post and the carriage was upset. In an instant the dogs, mad with excitement, rushed up and began falling on their fond masters and mistresses like wolves on sheep, and were with difficulty hauled off. That was mere relapse to the savagery of the pack; but the most intelligent of dogs, spaniels and retrievers and others, could hardly be so seduced from their allegiance. Most of them, especially spaniels, which the anatomists decide have the most highly developed brains, are unqualified sentimentalists. They are moved to extreme action, not by 'tropism' or reflex action, but by such moods as sway men and women and children, especially children. It is a common parlor trick to persuade pet dogs to 'die for their country.' They can also do the trick with intention in real life by virtue of a quality that they hold in common with humanity. May we conclude that reason is not a late appearance, developed by the confliction of instincts, but a quality as common to the mental half of animals as the eye to the bodily half?

THE KING OF SARAHB

BY LORD DUNSANY

When Murcote and I arrived at the club Jorkens had already begun to talk.

'The man with the shining turban,' he said, 'was losing the game.

'It was in one of those towns in which East and West meet constantly, each at its very worst, each depraved by the other. They meet there in purest sunlight and mutual contempt, absurd guides touting, disgusting boys begging, silly women scattering cheap coins and smiles: they meet there at the bad end of the town. And only a hundred yards or so away a different people walk with an ancient dignity.

'I stood at a corner by a bougainvillæa a little way off from that meeting of East and West, watching a game of draughts. It was not quite the kind of draughts that we play in Europe; for instance, a piece that got to the end of the board developed extraordinary powers, its agility surpassing that of the king in our games as the jump of the kangaroo surpasses that of the pig. And the capture of any piece by either player was made with a queer violence. The board was on the ground under the bougainvillæa; a circle of shrouded figures sat watching the players, an Arab from farther south and a man that I could not place, who had gold thread round his turban. And the man with the gold in his turban was losing the game; and this seemed to breed in him a petulance against the watchers; and his petulance seemed to choose the most prominent target; and that was me, for I was the only European.

'"You need n't think such a damned lot of yourself just because you're white," he said suddenly.

'I was n't thinking of myself at all, but people get queer fancies like that sometimes. I made no answer. Then he dropped out, like an afterthought, "If it comes to that, I'm white myself."

'"Yes, yes, I know," I said.

'Yet that remark had astonished me. It was not merely his brown face that belied his statement, — Africa can do that to anyone, — it was not merely his clothes. It was a curious, slow, listless way he had that suggested the child of the East. They seem in their long stay to have come to some arrangement with Fate; we don't know what it is, but belike will come by it some day; meanwhile we struggle frantically, despising the calm of the East, and the East looks on and thinks — no, I don't know what it thinks. But this man claimed to be white and had no right to that calm.

'Then I left that game of queer draughts, and presently I met an Arab I knew, who was seated, drinking coffee.

'"Who is that man?" I asked, pointing down the street, where the golden threads in the turban shone under the bougainvillæa.

'"He's the King of Sarahb," he said.

'"A king?" I said incredulously. And others were seated near, and one said: "Oh yes, the King of Sarahb."

'And then I think that the man I knew said: "Would you like to have a talk with him?"

'And likely as not I said, "Yes."

'But the conversation was in Arabic, and at this point my little stock of it

gave out. At any rate, he offered me coffee, and I sat down at his table, and I noticed an urchin slip away, going toward the draughts players. We talked for a while; and then the strange man appeared, walking listlessly, not carefully shaved, wearing the whitish garment Arabs commonly wear, and his turban and old slippers.

'"The King of Sarahb," said the Arab. The man sat down at our table.

'Coffee was brought, and we talked. And for a long, long while neither of us said anything worth saying, and many coffees were brought and the afternoon wore away; and often I rose to go, yet never went, for I knew I should leave a mystery; and still he sat on there. And at last he spoke as the daylight hovered to go; and the holy men were calling from their balconies, sentence by sentence floating clear through the air; and eastward a wonder of color glowed upon cliffs on far mountains, and westward the hills grew dark, whence an orange light flowed upward; and in narrow lanes by mud houses here and there there showed an electric light. Before he finished the minarets were long silent and all the mountains dark, the stars were shining, and cigarettes moved glowing through the streets. This was his story.

'It was a long, long time ago, he said, since he came to Africa, and he had never left it since. He did not like the way, he said, that they were doing things in Europe, so he left it; and more than this he would not tell me. How he lived he did not say, nor even where he lived, nor why he left one day and took the desert road, and then strayed from that alone into the wide desert. All he told me was that when he first saw he was lost, — for that is what it amounted to, though he only thought that he was not sure of his way, — when first he was lost he knew he was just three days from water if he could find the road. The road, he said, was a perfectly good one. It seemed to amount to a certain tidying of the bare surface of the desert between two rows of pebbles which had been merely swept off the space that thereby became a road. A most remarkable sight, he told me, if you came on it suddenly: in the savage waste this sudden evidence of civilization, this relic of the labor of man, went perfectly straight as far as you could see to the left and as far as you could see to the right; you crossed it, and in a few yards you were back again where nothing had altered since Creation was ended. Baked earth, he said, rather than sand, and sprinkled with little rocks as though colossal spadefuls of gravel had been thrown at it from a far planet, and very occasional tufts of dwarfed bushes growing. The whole desert he described as being like a graveled drive carelessly weeded, of infinite breadth and leading to nowhere.

'In this place he realized he was three days from water, riding a camel alone, and carrying a certain amount of water in skins. He did not grow uneasy at first, because he knew that the road was roughly to the right of him, and as it was five hundred miles long he had only to travel more or less in the right direction to find it sooner or later. It was not till he had traveled for five days and found no road and finished up his water that a sudden fear came down on him, like the desert rising up, as he put it, and gripping him with a hand. He killed his camel then for the water that it would have inside it, as he had read in books; and got very little. Then he went on on foot, still looking for his road, and hurrying more and more as the day wore on. I don't know how he had missed it if it lay the whole of one side of him; perhaps by not starting in the right direction in that land where all sides are so much alike; more likely by wavering and twisting when he

thought he was going straight, for I take it that any landmarks there are changed with every mood of the desert; or else he rode quietly across it while he looked for something far more noticeable than that road actually was. When night came he stopped his search reluctantly enough, but went to sleep with a conviction that early the next day he was sure to find that road.

'When he woke he was thirstier than he thought he would be, and understood then that he would have to find the road almost at once, and then travel down it very fast, if he was to escape the desert and live. And the heat of the day came and he gave up looking for the road and began chasing mirages. This is probably done at the last by everybody who dies lost in the desert; the temptation of the million-to-one chance of their being real water would be irresistible at the end. Of course he knew they were mirages, because he knew that there was no water in that part of Africa, but still he went after them; his eyes no doubt were clearer by now than his reason, and whenever they saw water he went for it. So he chased mirages desperately all the morning. And at last he found one that did not recede from him.

'That it was a mirage he knew from the way that the sky came in and out of it, slipping under the bases of hills — a sure sign of mirage. And yet it did not move farther off or disappear as he neared it. So that soon he saw the waters of its lakes lapping on the sand that shone very golden all round it, except at the back, where ruddy brown mountains all mixed up with sky stood very sheer and rocky, shutting it off from the world. Among the lakes was a city all of white marble, with a flush of pink in it, as faint as late sunlight, wandering amid the towers, and here and there the flash of thin veins of gold. And the beauty of that city shining in the soft water, in a light all of its own that had nothing to do with the wild glare of the desert, touched his heart as neither dawn nor music nor memory had ever touched it before, and he stood before its battlements by the edge of its lakes and wept.

'And as he stood there weeping, all the people that dwelt in the city came down to the edge of that mirage with garlands of northern flowers, dressed in the silks of holiday attire, and called to him in tones of earnest welcome. And still the tears ran on through the grime of his face. And one in authority, standing before the rest, called out to him that this was the city of Sarahb, and their king was long since dead, and now he was king and should reign in the dead king's stead, and should enter into their city and be crowned King of Sarahb, and there, if he so desired, should be immortal.

'And the lost man looked up wondering and they beckoned him eagerly; and all in the weakness of his will their beckoning drew him on, so that he tottered toward them and came to their outer rampart. And they opened their gateway that was toward the desert, and thronged about it and still beckoned him on, though none came through the gateway; and he passed through and the gates shut, and the lakes of illusion shone clear all about him, and a shout went up through all the ways of the city. And gathering about him they told him how the banquet of his coronation was being made ready even now in another part of the city. But he leaned toward the waters of the lakes of illusion, and would fain quench his thirst at them and then go on to the banquet. Dear me, dear me, I was thirsty once, and I know!

'Then they told him that at the table of the banquet were wines of no earthly vintage, but drawn from the grapes of valleys on a planet nearer

the sun, and perfumed with odors not known by any dwellers here; yet he still leaned toward the waters. And they tried to draw him by a grassy path that ran fresh by the lakes of illusion to the long table on the farther side that was spread with its damask in the open air with flagons shining on it, beneath the triumphant towers that gleamed in that curious light. And drawing away from them he came to the lapping water.

'And there an aged woman, dressed in black silk, who appeared to be a witch or the follower of some such calling, approached and said to him: "Drink none of the mirage water."

'And he sighed, "I am thirsty." And she told him to drink at the banquet, where the wines for him were not as the wines he knew, with the perishable taste of the vineyards of earth. She gripped his wrist and told him the wonder of them; she pointed across the city to where those flagons sparkled. He could not tell me the wonder of those wines as the old woman told — language, he said, was not framed for it. And behind him all the people of Sarahb called to him gently, almost in the cadence of song, telling him the strange joys of the wine that they culled by magic at evening, from glittering planets that were most near to the sun. And the waters of illusion murmured and whispered and rippled.

'"Drink not at all of these waters," said the woman.

'Weary and burning, he stood by the edge of the mirage water. He knew what he was losing. Then as the woman warned him away with rapid signs of her hand, and his people called him to come with them, he stooped down to that smiling water to moisten his mouth. He heard one shout from the witch; he heard his people wailing; then, as he stooped, the lake fell downward from him. He shot a scooped hand after it and soon was falling with it. The lake fell and fell before him, a glittering, twinkling light; the voices in the city of Sarahb faded almost at once from hearing; and he fell for miles in silence but for the roar of the air, and the lake grew darker as he fell. Soon it was all darkness.

'When it was light again the lake had left him and he was back again in the desert. Two Arabs had found him there and given him water in time. To them he told his story; and soon it spread, and all the Arabs in that part of Sahara know it, and the nomads carry it farther every year, and it has come to the towns where the markets are in which the Arabs barter, beyond the mountains in the arable land. And not a man of them doubts he is King of Sarahb, and he is known among them by no other name.'

Jorkens turned to drink a little whiskey and soda from a glass that stood at his side, and I suppose we all turned over in our minds the strangeness of his story, for the room was still for a long while. Then a man said: 'I suppose you can be quite sure that he really had entered the mirage?'

'To no man capable of discerning the difference between reality and illusion,' answered Jorkens, 'was it possible to doubt it. The gulf between these two things is so profound that nothing and no one on one side can be confused with what's on the other. I have seen that man look at a motor, at a newspaper, at a hotel. I have heard him speak about our modern problems. I could not have been mistaken. All of these things were sheer illusion to him. He was away on the other side. That man had entered the mirage and had its point of view To hold that that point of view is right is quite another matter.

'Well, well,' he added, 'I suppose we shall know some day.'

THE STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS NOVEL

BY ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

In order to enjoy the modern psychological novel, one need not be a student of modern psychology, but decidedly one must be of a certain type of mind. Between the acts, at an early performance of Werfel's *Goat Song* in New York, a male voice in the audience was heard to say plaintively, 'You can't have *fun* at a show like this.' One cannot have fun floating down the stream of consciousness if one feels that analysis and introspection verge on the morbid; that life, to be a fit subject for fiction, must 'compose' properly, with a decent regard for values; that no one is living vividly who is not living dramatically; that such matters as the cessation of a toothache, or a sudden darkening of the atmosphere, or the surprise of a perfectly new expression on a face well known, have nothing to do with the soul on its pilgrimage. Readers of this type can have little patience with those who believe that the stream of consciousness method doubles and quadruples the possibility of drawing the life of the spirit; still less with those of the left wing, who believe that the psychological fiction of an earlier day did hardly more than draw the door of human consciousness ajar and peep tentatively within.

Among the English who have adopted this Continentally born, Continentally nurtured method, half analytical, half lyrical, three brilliant women writers — Dorothy Richardson, English pioneer in stream of consciousness fiction, Katherine Mansfield, and Virginia Woolf — are interesting for their individuality in likeness. They share the slightly grim spirit characteristic of the school, shot through with the keen pity, also characteristic, only to be found in the nature wholly pure of sentimentalism; they share, too, the passion for beauty, and the sense of the enormous part played by sunshine — not in the Pollyanna but in the literal sense — in any impressionable human consciousness. But each draws in her separate star.

Surely no reader whose acquaintance with the stream of consciousness in English fiction was made through Dorothy Richardson will forget 'the cool silver shock of the plunge.' The wonderfully limpid quality in her work, as of clear water, clear sunshine, is felt as instantaneously as its newness. This is particularly true of the earlier novels in the long series called *Pilgrimage*, for in the later volumes, with their supersubtlety and their tight-packed thought, there often is some loss of this cool, limpid clearness. In its enormous mass of detail, *Pilgrimage* is like Proust's *À la recherche du temps perdu;* in its single focus, unlike. For throughout the seven volumes, of which the latest brings Miriam Henderson not quite to her thirtieth year, every episode, whether she is actor or onlooker, is presented through her consciousness, and every abstract reflection, whether on the incidents narrated or on life itself, is made through the medium of her thought. The conception of

Miriam's character, no less than the rendering of her experience, is typical of stream of consciousness fiction. She is no idealized heroine, but a humorous, independent girl, impressionable and analytical in the highest degree; 'socially incompatible,' incapable of light give-and-take, half envious and half contemptuous of it in others; with a somewhat masculine mentality and a very feminine outfit of delights and repulsions. Her only claim to remarkableness lies in her imperishable sense of the wonder of life and her imperishable delight in living. This vitality and resiliency of spirit is shown, with fine art, as altering in quality with the passing of years; but it is not more strongly felt in the young Miriam's rapture at the ball, in *Backwater*, than in the matured Miriam's power to suck savor from life, in *The Trap*. 'Life flowed in a new way. Many of the old shadows were gone; apprehensions about the future had disappeared. Side by side with the weariness, with nothing to explain the confidence, was the apprehension of joy.' 'I am a greedy butterfly flitting in sunlight,' Miriam reflects. 'Enviable, despicable. But approval of my way of being speaks in me, a secret voice that knows no tribunals.'

Whether the reader's prepossessions cause him to see the fifteen hundred or more pages of *Pilgrimage* as a wealth or as a welter of psychological chronicle, it is probable that he will not dispute the wit and the beauty in it, and certain that he will not dispute the reality. The young ecstasy of Miriam and her sisters in their preparations for the ball, in *Backwater;* Miriam's anguished vigilance over her mother's insomnia, and blackness of horror and despair at her mother's death, in *Honeycomb;* the complexity of Miriam's feelings in the masterly restaurant scene in *Deadlock*, when her dawning passion for the young Russian, Michael Shatov, fights with her recoil at his strange and terrible way of absorbing his tea; her discomfort, in *Revolving Lights*, as the guest of Alma, whose notion of the proper way to heal a hurt mind is to minister to it with infinite chirpings and gay little rushes — the art with which these states of consciousness and innumerable others are rendered makes them strike with a ringing note on the sense of recognition.

The conversations in the several volumes faithfully echo the psychology. Just as the current of thought and feeling is shown, in the manner grown increasingly familiar in English fiction of the past decade, as a drifting, easily deflected thing that makes the mental processes of Maggie Tulliver or Eustacia Vye in their moments of overmastering emotion seem as orderly as a French thesis, so the talk has the inconsecutive, ejaculatory quality less often encountered in novels of an earlier day than in real life. The gabble of Miriam's pupils, the gay nonsense of her sister Harriett, the maddening preciosity of Miss Holland, the half-affectionate, half-elusive banter of 'Hypo,' the difficult, careful English of Michael Shatov, the bewildering sequences of Mrs. Corrie, are only a few of countless conversational styles, each extraordinarily consistent and natural.

In *Pilgrimage* the stream of consciousness is made a clear medium for memorably telling phrases, for wise bits of philosophy, and for flashes of beauty. Any volume read singly has much the same inconclusiveness that would be felt if a chance segment of one's own life were considered separately; the composite effect is of significance and unity, and leaves that rare impression of 'a soul entirely known.'

What the late Katherine Mansfield might have done with the stream of

consciousness method in the novel one can only guess from the effectiveness with which she used it in the short story. The short story form naturally limits the scope of this method, but it proves its power to drive in emotion with one swift stroke, or — to change the metaphor — to reveal the recesses of a spirit by a flash. This is excellently shown in L. Borgese's *La Talpa*, in which a smug and stupid man is roused uncomfortably to his first abstract speculation by the long, shrill, despairing squeal of a mole that the clumsiness of his investigating boot is killing — a squeal obviously addressed to some inattentive deity; or in *Fox-Trot*, that light laughing tragedy by the same author, in which the head of a family, prancing elated to the strains of *Sì! non abbiamo banani!* raucously shouted by his new phonograph, sees suddenly in the eyes of his children and his servants that he is making a fool of himself — that middle age has treacherously crept up and taken him. So in Katherine Mansfield's work. It is hard to imagine the beautiful vitality and the bitterness of the story called 'Bliss' achieved in any other way; or the light tenderness of 'Her First Ball'; or the pathos of 'Miss Brill,' the sketch of the lonely little old spinster who pretends to herself that her life is not pinched and empty, but rich in entertainment, almost indeed a game that she and a friendly world are playing together — a gallant pretense, smashed beyond mending one day by a comment and a laugh overheard. Least of all does it seem as if any other method could have produced 'The Garden Party,' that masterpiece of heady sunshine and sudden dark shadow.

In conveying the sense of beauty, and the sense of the pitifulness in human life, both so characteristic of stream of consciousness fiction, Katherine Mansfield excelled. It is customary to compare her with Chekhov, and certainly she had much of his power to take possession of the reader's sympathy without asking for it. No one ever barred the door more firmly against sentimentality; and the result is her mastery of pathos. The reader's tears do not drizzle voluptuously upon her pages, but his heart contracts with true pity. But there was also 'a deal of Ariel' in Katherine Mansfield. There was something spiritlike in her power to conjure up beauty — its exquisiteness and fugitiveness. The flash of a blue dragon fly in the sunshine is like her touch upon beauty. The most characteristic quality, however, of her use of the stream of consciousness method is the feeling she conveys through it of the essential isolation of every highly organized spirit.

The evolution — or, more accurately, the gradual intensification — of this method may best be traced in the three novels of Virginia Woolf — *The Voyage Out*, *Jacob's Room*, and *Mrs. Dalloway*. *The Voyage Out* is episodic, and done from a dozen points of view. Like those two beautiful tissues of Katherine Mansfield's, 'At the Bay' and 'Prelude,' it presents not a plot but a pattern. It is true that there is a central figure, Rachel Vinrace; but the reader watches with equal interest the weaving in of the thread of Rachel's experience, of the dash of bright color that is the transit of the Dalloways, or of the sombre involutions that are the tormented introspections and indecisions of Hirst. Rachel goes on a voyage; wakens, under the influence of one man, from childish unawareness to the sense of a new heaven and a new earth, astounding and perturbing; falls in love, slowly, painfully, and entirely, with another man; and embarks on that other voyage out, beyond the

horizon of life. This is the story. As for the characters, the dozen or more varied types, they are drawn with subtlety and truth; they leave, however, after the book has been read, no clear objective impression — rather they take on, for all their traits of reality, a certain dreamlike quality. This is because the reader has looked, in the main, not at them but through them. The incidents of the voyage and of the stay at Santa Marina he has been made to feel with the response now of this character, now of that. This method gives a fragmentary but not a scattered effect, and conveys sensation and emotion with sharpness and immediacy. For example, the suffocated, aching restlessness of passion undeclared and not quite certain of itself, and the suspense, the monotony, the exasperation, the numbness, and the anguish of watching the slow illness and the death of someone loved, close with a pressure almost physical on the reader's heart.

Jacob's Room has still less continuity. This novel is not strictly a narrative. Pictures flash and are gone, varying moods flash and are gone, and out of it all emerges the personality of the young Englishman, Jacob Flanders — whole-hearted, faulty, lovable, above all so splendidly young and arrogant that at the end it is not easy to believe him dead. Jacob's psychological history begins with his entrance into the novel as a strong little boy playing by himself on the Cornish shore, suddenly breaking into sobs as a panic sense of loneliness sweeps over him, suddenly absorbed and comforted by his rich discovery of a sheep's skull among the seaweed. His last appearance is thoroughly characteristic of Mrs. Woolf's method: the reader sees him walking through London streets before his enlistment, recognized in Piccadilly, but too late for speech, by a man who had taught him and been fond of him when he was a child; recognized, from the motor that whirls her past to the opera house, by a girl who loves him and will not see him again. Equally characteristic, in its swift effectiveness and in its carrying out of the pattern conception of life, is the way in which the great impersonal fact of the war is made to cut across the small fact of Jacob's individual existence.

> 'Jacob,' wrote Mrs. Flanders . . . 'is hard at work after his delightful journey.'
>
> 'The Kaiser,' the far-away voice remarked in Whitehall, 'received me in audience.'

The pattern idea of life is again emphasized in the scene at the opera, where the first measures of the overture set each listener afloat on his own current of memories or anticipations; in the constantly shifting scene of Mrs. Durrant's party, with its perfect rendering of the interruptedness, thwartedness, and gigantic futility of social contacts in a crush; in the fireside scene, after tea, which shows Jacob's mother writing him the tiny news of her quiet life, while her heart is crying out, in the manner of the hearts of 'mothers down at Scarborough,' to write instead the things that are never written to sons in London: 'Don't go with bad women, do be a good boy; wear your thick shirts; and come back, come back, come back to me.' But what most distinguishes this novel is the richer flowering of beauty. For the style, in spite of flagrantly faulty sentence structure here and there, has very rare beauty; and the imagery seems not to reproduce beauty in skillful words but rather to call it actually into the presence of the reader. Surely sea and sun and wind have never flashed and breathed more livingly from the prose page than in the marvelous passage

that shows Jacob and his friend Timothy Durrant rounding Land's End in their sailboat.

Mrs. Dalloway, the history of one day in the life of a woman, is stream of consciousness undiluted, and pure pattern. Through it run a primary and a secondary figure, sometimes drawing near, never intersecting, sometimes swerving far apart, always held in relation, as by a woven strip of gold, by the striking of Big Ben through the hours of the day. The primary figure is the heart of Clarissa Dalloway, who loves life with passion, whose only creed is that 'one must pay back from the secret deposit of exquisite moments'; the secondary figure is the heart of poor young Septimus Smith, victim of deferred effects of shell shock, to whom life has become an intolerable horror. The pattern that results is a curiously living thing. As in *Jacob's Room*, sunlight seems poured across the pages; and, more than in *Jacob's Room*, the reader is made aware of a background of innumerable lives. More subtly than either of the other novels, this shows the play of one personality upon another. The method is like the flick of a wing in flight; the revelation is complete. Clarissa's loathing of her own hatred for the fanatical Miss Kilman, who would do anything for the Russians, starved herself for the Austrians, but in private inflicted positive torture, so insensitive was she; the panic and despair of poor Septimus under the robust authoritativeness of the great neurologist; the comfort felt by old Mrs. Hilbery, at Clarissa's party, in the jolly laughter of Sir Harry, 'which, as she heard it across the room, seemed to reassure her on a point which sometimes bothered her if she woke early in the morning and did not like to call her maid for a cup of tea; how it is certain we must die' — countless sharp impressions such as these strike up from the smooth flow of the stream. Smooth, for — though in this novel, too, the point of view constantly shifts — the transitions are made with suavity. The impersonal voice of Big Ben, falling upon different ears, is not the only device used. Clarissa in her exultant morning mood and Septimus in his agony of apprehensiveness are stopped by the same traffic block; the golden sunlight that lifts up the heart of young Elizabeth Dalloway as she rides on the top of a London bus makes patterns on the wall of Septimus's sitting-room, and gives his tormented mind one last moment of vague pleasure; and the bell of the ambulance that is carrying his shattered, unconscious body to the hospital clangs pleasantly to Peter Walsh, speaking to him of the efficiency of London. This novel throws light, as by a prism, not upon a score of lives, but upon life as felt by a score of people; its pursuit of Clarissa Dalloway through one day in London leaves an impression of a real woman, but a stronger impression of a woven fabric of life, gay and tragic and dipped in mystery.

To one reader the highly developed manner of such a novel as *Mrs. Dalloway* seems intolerably artificial; to another it seems an excellent vehicle for wit, for acute sympathy, for the sense of beauty, above all for the sense of life as a thing 'absorbing, mysterious, of infinite richness.' Probably the most vehement apostle of stream of consciousness fiction no more wishes that all novels now and hereafter should be cast in that form than he deplores that *Tom Jones* is not written in the manner of *Fräulein Else*. But he must wonder passionately — and surely it is no fanaticism to wonder — how long so potent a movement in the art of literature will continue to be regarded by a large part of the reading public as an eccentric fad.

THE RUNNERS

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

You come swiftly down on the wind, oh runners,
cutting the obstinate swathes of space
with the long easy motion of the scythe,
trailing your speed behind you, like banners,
and as you draw effortless to the end of the race
stooping a little as though to gather the swathe.

What is better than with forehead lifted, oh runners,
to speed clean out of the darkness in the mind
into bright uplands of motion beyond desire?
Gatherers of the flowers of distance, passionate gleaners
through the invisible silver cornlands of the wind,
you are not boys running, you are life breaking free, you are fire!

DELIGHTS OF TRAGEDY

BY C. E. MONTAGUE

I

At an inquest on a modern who shot himself in a London hotel it came out that this undervaluer of life had gone to a tragic play on the evening before. At this there was some wagging of beards in the coroner's court. The play was named and the coroner said, 'Oh, I know it — a most depressing play, with a suicide at the end.' The coroner's clerk and the usher obviously felt that things looked pretty black for the art of Racine.

Still, there was this to be said: it came out, also, that the desperate person had lost his health and all his money; that he had been divorced by his wife and dismissed by his employers, and that the staple of his diet had been alcohol for many years. So we cannot be wholly sure that the play alone did it. Voltaire himself allows that an incantation, combined with a proper quantity of arsenic, will kill a sheep; and a man who had just seen *Othello* or some other 'play with a suicide at the end' might quite well be inclined to blow out his brains — with a certain amount of additional encouragement derived from sickness, dipsomania, want, and unhappiness in the home. Tragedy, we may admit, is not an expressly life-saving appliance, such as the fireproof curtain that commonly attends its performance. But can it, to any sane man, be positively lethal either? Ought *Hamlet* and *Phèdre*, *Medea* and *Lear*, to be scheduled, along with cocaine, as perilous drugs? Shakespeare certainly is a terrible man for suicides at the end. So, should he be altogether tabooed, by way of starting a 'safety first' movement in theatres?

This, of course, is not an honest question. It is a rhetorical question. I am quite aware that nobody will answer 'Yes.' We all want to see tragedy played for all it is worth, unless there is something wrong with us at the time. But why do we want it? What makes it worth while to go out of our way in order to see the torments of Lear or the failure of Antony done, as we say, to the life?

We are sometimes told that tragedy startles or frightens us; or that it makes us feel all mankind to be helpless and blind; or that it gives us a sense of unfulfillment or waste — of greatness thrown away, or of strength and beauty frustrating themselves or tortured to death. But why are we moved to pay money in order to have it put to us that men are but worms or blind kittens, or that far more fine stuff goes to loss in this world than we should have supposed? If we dislike in 'real life' the sight of misery, failure, and corruption, why do we enjoy *Macbeth?* This is not a rhetorical question. I have no cocksure answer to it up my sleeve.

Of course confident answers are common enough, some of them offered on high authority. One is that tragedy does indeed give you the sensations of

fear, abasement, or loss, but not as the world gives them; that by tragedy they come in an abated, purified, safeguarded form which does you good by bracing you to meet the attack of real terror or bereavement at other times. According to this theory the tragic writer and actor do to your soul something akin to what vaccinators do to your body: they do not inject the virus of fear or despair at its full strength, but only a kind of lymph distilled from the real thing, and rather like it, but somehow medicated so that it shall cause only a mild perturbation of your mind, about as like real anguish as three little eruptions on your arm are like confluent smallpox.

It is a pretty fancy. It has about it, too, an imposing air of standing in with science. And yet it won't quite do. It goes too far away from the facts of experience — from what we all feel when we are moved by tragic novels or plays, and also from what we feel when we are vaccinated. We do not have ourselves vaccinated for pleasure. Far, far from it. The remote and negative after-effect is the one thing we want. But we do not go to see *Julius Cæsar* played for the sake of a remote after-effect. No one books his seat with the sense of painful prudence which nerves one to go about for some days, by our own manful choice, with one arm in a sling. We go because we know we shall get from the tragedy, while we are there, a certain stir and glow in our minds; we want to induce in ourselves a specific mood of intense, if fugitive, exaltation — a mood sombre, no doubt, and perhaps sharing with actual sorrow such symptoms as tears, but still exultant and bringing with it a sense of heightened powers in heart and mind. To say how a lovely landscape affected him, Izaak Walton quotes the lines, —

> I was at that time ravish'd above earth
> And possessed joys not promised at my birth.

Fine tragedy, too, can fill you with that astonished consciousness of having been born into a more wonderful world than you knew; its early deaths, baffled loves, and overshadowed lives become a kind of uncovenanted inlet for your spirit into something which you feel to be the ardent heart of life. The essence of your feeling is enjoyment.

This essential enjoyment is given its place in a different theory, framed by Bergson, the sprightly modern philosopher. Bergson holds that we like tragedy because it can throw us into a delicious reverie of retrospection; under its spell, he suggests, we dream ourselves back into an earlier stage in the growth of the human race, a stage in which the naked heat of natural passion, such as tragedy often shows us in action, had not been cooled and covered up with crust upon crust of social usage and moral law, just as a cold and stiff crust has formed itself over the ball of molten metals and fiery vapors which the earth is said to have been. Bergson holds that when a tragedy works on us strongly we are tasting the sort of delight which the earth might feel if it could muse over the fine wild times that it had in its more volcanic youth.

This is a pretty fancy, too. And no doubt a modern playgoer may feel that he is a person of old and eventful lineage; he is the latest term, for the moment, in an immensely long series; at every step of it something relatively primitive has been suppressed and something relatively subtle has come in. So he may well believe, on the authority of the wise, that the tissues of his brain are charged with remote ancestral memories and visited by the ghosts of many ancient experiences and sensibilities. He finds it easy enough to suppose that when he is moved by the tragic conflict between Shakespeare's

Richard II and Bolingbroke, the setting of the one star and the rising of the other, there is some element in him which still feels a residual thrill from the time when only the germ of our tragic drama yet existed — some rude dance or charade in which primitive man tried to express his sense of the conflict between summer and winter or between the old year and the new year that comes to kill it.

But due respect for the fruits of modern research does not call upon us to assume that our passions are weaker than those of the Neanderthal Man, or that all that is left, in that line, for the grown-up mind of the race is a vein of sentimental dreaming, like Justice Shallow's, about the famous doings of its ungovernable youth. Try to fix and define, to yourself, your own state of feeling at times when a great tragedy is working on you most strongly. I think you will feel pretty sure that if your sensations throw any bright light on the path of human evolution they throw most of it forward, along the road that we still have to travel. They are head lamps, not tail ones.

But now to draw off, for the moment, from this line of approach, and try to come at the heart of the matter from a new side.

II

When you meet, in the flesh, a writer whose work has seemed to you to have tragic force, you are apt to feel that, face to face and talking with him, you are, in essentials, further removed from him than you were when you had only read his books. You may feel that now you are being held off at arm's length, when you remember the man's other self — the frank, authentic self which you saw coming out in his work. Compared with that self-revealer, the man before you seems like a creature withdrawn into a shell. Between you and him there has now risen the estranging film of defensive reticence which separates nearly all of us from our friends.

Or, possibly, somebody whom you have known for many years writes a tragic book of some power; and then, as you read it, you say to yourself, 'How little I have known him, really, all this while!' Now that the mood of his tragedy possesses you, you feel that you know far more about what goes on in the guarded parts of his mind, when he is most deeply moved, than you ever did before.

It is not easy to own the truth of this, freely and fully. One's everyday habits of thought impede that. In the commonest sense of the word, a person whom you never saw before is a stranger. And a stranger, as people say, is a stranger. Besides, one's knowledge of people whom one has met every day is so circumstantial — one knows so exactly all the trivial things about them; it seems sound to assume that if anyone's mind and heart are known to us, it must be theirs. But examine and cross-examine your sensations with a resolutely open mind; assume nothing; take nothing for granted; then it may come to you, not as a paradox but as a plain statement of fact, that in looking long and yieldingly at Turner's 'Dido Building Carthage' you are being used as a confidant; confession is being made to you of a quality of melancholy more intimately self-revealing, perhaps, than any avowal made to you by a living friend. And, again, in the tragic novels of Thomas Hardy, a clean breast is made of certain intensities of personal emotion so intimate that perhaps they could never be faithfully avowed except by an artist through his art.

Intimacy, an avowal, a confidant — may not the words throw some first

faint rays of light on our difficulty? Almost all intellectual or emotional intimacy excites and delights us; the rising scale of satisfaction that a player draws from the onward march of a fine tragedy may correspond with his gradual admission to an exceptional measure of intimacy with the deeply moved mind of the dramatist.

The mind to which that thrilling access is gained will not only be deeply moved. It will also be uncommon. In presence of any piece of fine tragic art we are likely to feel that it shows, at least, an unusual capacity for strong emotion in the artist. He must have had the power and will to achieve feelings more poignant than ours; he must have carried certain feelings — much further than the common run of us can — toward whatever the ultimate issue of the most intense feeling may be. Before the 'Dante's Dream' of Rossetti you may well feel that the painter, while at work, was more profoundly moved than most of us could be, without his help, by the thought of a great love that never found its mortal close. When we are stirred by the music of some antique chant, such as the 'Dies Iræ,' there may be set free, as chemists say, an extremely powerful emotion with which some mediæval artist was once charged. When Horace said to the Roman dramatist, 'Grieve, yourself, first, if you want me to weep at your play,' I fancy he cannot have meant that the tragic author ought to grieve over the fall of his hero as any of us might grieve over a friend or son of his own; rather that he should be searched and shaken by some genuine personal vision of such a calamity, a vision so passionately poignant that any emotion which he hopes to arouse in an audience will fall well within the measure of his own.

To supply a whole town with water from a well, the water must first be pumped up to the top of a tower higher than any of the domestic cisterns which it is to fill. One may think of a tragic writer's mind as a tower like that, and think of his 'subject,' the facts from which he starts, the murder of Cæsar or of Duncan, as so much water at the bottom of a well, not available for human use until the tower has enriched it with the property of elevation, the gift of high pressure. The historical facts behind the play of *Macbeth* are mere matter for criminal courts. To turn them to tragedy, exaltation must be imposed upon them, and this can be done only by one who himself is capable of a towering height of sane emotion. Shakespeare did not derive from the preëxisting novel the energy of emotion which animates with its dark blaze the last act of *Othello*. He derived it — you can only say he derived it from being Shakespeare. It came of the full exertion of an enormous personal power of being moved, of feeling tragically. The creation of any fine tragedy is an outburst of one species of tremendous vital energy; its author has, in a certain respect and for a certain time, lived with a rare and glowing intensity. And, to all of us, any contact with abounding life and energy is rousing and exciting. It is, if not delight itself, at least the raw material of delight.

Here, then, already, are two possible sources of pleasure in tragedy: first, the thrill of an emotional confidence or intimacy of any kind; secondly, the thrill of contact with vital power in full flood. But there may be other savors to enjoy, besides.

Every great tragedy must, in a certain limited sense, be a thing intensely artificial. Every speech in it has to be cunningly calculated. Its author has to cope, not only with technical difficulties that attend every kind of imaginative writing, but also with the

special set of difficulties that beset writers for the theatre. When Gloucester at the beginning of *Richard the Third* bursts into the big opening speech, 'Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer,' and so on, almost every line is, from one point of view, a good yard of ground won by Shakespeare in conflict with a dramatist's first technical difficulty — that of getting his audience to see quickly what the play is to be about and how everything stands at the start. When Macbeth, just after the murder of Duncan, delivers the famous speech about sleep, one can see, besides many other things, Shakespeare the wary theatrical craftsman dealing with the technical difficulty of playing out time until the short interval has elapsed which might naturally pass before the next occasional sound in the sleeping castle. It is, of course, the same with comedy. In the 'seven ages' speech in *As You Like It*, you see Shakespeare meeting the technical difficulty that Orlando has just gone off to fetch Adam and that something or other must be done to give him time to reach Adam and come back; you see Shakespeare timing the action, watch in hand as it were, and possibly giving man an extra age or two, lest Orlando and Adam should seem to come incredibly soon.

No doubt it has often been said that in presence of a work of art the lay spectator need not, or even should not, be aware of the means taken by the artist to produce his effect. And there is the shallow proverb about art's being the concealment of art. If this were wholly true, then art might be ranked with conjuring, in which it is indispensable to the highest success that the public should not see how the rabbit got into the top hat. But a picture is none the better for making us think it is not a picture at all, but a live man looking through a gilt frame, or a real landscape seen through a window. That is hanky-panky, not art, and surely it is equally true that the stage, though it gives us illusions, should not give us delusions. We should always be conscious, at least in some one or other of the chambers of our mind, of the artist behind the play, selecting, emphasizing, subduing, winnowing, refining. If you carry far enough the interrogation of your own sensations in the theatre, I think you will come to feel sure that some little fraction, at least, of your enjoyment of tragedy consists in the sort of sympathetic delight that all of us feel when we see any severe technical task triumphantly accomplished and any craftsman's victory over the intractableness of his material handsomely won by the refinements of his ingenuity and precaution.

III

And now to look back along the way we have come and to pick up anything helpful that we have left lying about. First came the notion that a fine tragedy can give us the happy thrill of more or less conscious admission to an unusual measure of emotional confidence. Then that it might give us the joyous excitement of contact with an abounding and rousing vitality. Then that it offers us the delight of witnessing the achievement of a remarkable intellectual feat of contrivance, accommodation, and balance.

But to leave it at this would not do. For the stir of spirit which we feel at the climax of a fine tragedy is much more than the sum of these three separate enjoyments simply added together. Rather is it their product when they are all, in a sense, multiplied by one another. The delight of a spiritual intimacy is heightened, beyond any-

thing expressible in terms of simple addition, when the confidence is that of a spirit of rare force and fire brooding over the innermost things of experience. And, again, the delight of receiving this communicated emotion is not offered to us merely side by side with the intellectual pleasure of seeing a choice craftsman fashion his work out into handsomeness. For in any great piece of work there is no mere juxtaposition, or superimposition, of intellect and emotion. What occurs is more like one of those chemical unions of elements from which a new substance arises, with properties wholly transcending any that are found in its separate components or in their merely mechanical union.

Consider what it is that goes on in an artist at work. Some idea, or mood, or scene, or character piques him. He sets to work to express this interest of his in his own technical way, through paint or words or musical notes or whatever his medium may be. This technical effort, perhaps begun almost coldly, soon absorbs and then excites him; the heat of it reacts on the prior interest which it has tried to express, makes it a much warmer, deeper interest or emotion, raises it into a passion of curiosity and desire to feel the emotion out to its very end, to carry it on till it has become all that it has in it to be. Then the enhanced emotion reacts in turn on the artist's technical power, strings it up to go beyond itself, to reach out beyond what had ever before seemed possible to it; and again that momentarily reënforced technical power spurs on the emotional imagination to attempt unhoped-for miracles of insight. In the making of any fine tragedy we may discern this interaction between emotion and intellect, between vision and technique; not a mere coöperation of distinct forces, but an extremely powerful reciprocal action, each in turn firing the other and fired by it, and each, at every step in this ascending scale of collaboration, losing itself in the other more and more, so that it becomes harder and harder to say which is which, until in the finished work something has come into existence in which you cannot, for the life of you, say what is matter and what is form, so far has it passed beyond that common state of mediocre art in which a naked and uncomfortable theme seems to be trying awkwardly to put on a misfitting overcoat of paint or of language.

Assume that this is what takes place in the mind that fashions a great tragic drama. Then what takes place in our minds, when we see it, is likely to be something not, of course, identical with this, but still related to this and responsive to it. Corresponding to the dramatist's growing intensity of emotion there is the momentary rise in us of that curious access of tenderness which may bring tears to the eyes and yet is so painless, and even so subtly delicious, that most of those who have felt it wish to feel it over and over again. And, to correspond to the dramatist's state of intellectual exaltation, his more than common command of his craft's means of expression, there is evoked in the spectator a more than normal power of taking things in. At the climax of a tragedy it seems as if the average man and woman could understand almost anything — even things which may again become incomprehensible to them next day when they try to understand how they understood them. With most of us who are playgoers it is a common experience to find every line of a great tragedy charged with expression when we see it played and have completely surrendered ourselves to its power, whereas in our ordinary, unmoved state of

mind we have not been able to make head or tail of many of its speeches. The most enigmatic exclamations of persons tragically involved — Cleopatra's cry, 'The soldier's pole is fall'n,' and Macbeth's 'She should have died hereafter' — cease to perplex us. What else, we feel, should they say?

We saw how, in the dramatist engrossed in his creative job, the power to feel more than most of us can, and the power to think more than most of us can, egg each other on to reach out beyond themselves and to do impossibilities — impossibilities at any other time and in any other state of man's faculties. And so, in some measure, is it with the stirred playgoer, too. In him, too, the delight of an expanded emotional capacity and the delight of a strengthened mental eyesight act and react upon each other, giving and taking value and power. At the climax of the finest tragedies, their matter and their form, that which the dramatist feels and that which he thinks out, attain virtual identity in a kind of impassioned perfection. And in the fit spectator, also, the old consciousness of feeling and thought, as things distinct and often conflicting, may vanish clean away. He may be lifted on to a plane on which, for a little time, the separate energies of heart and mind attain at the same time their own utmost growth and also a harmony verging on absolute unity. And in that state of himself he may gain, for some fugitive moments, a glimpse of life as it might look to an eye and mind more penetrating than mankind, in the mass, has yet achieved.

IV

A high mountain, with its upper half always hidden under ice and snow and often obscured by clouds, is one of the most movingly beautiful of things; it is, as a whole, one of the things most challenging to bodily effort for the sheer joy of effort, and one of the things that reward effort with the most enchanting consciousness of the reach of your bodily powers and of the marvel of possessing with your senses the physical world.

And yet, if you looked only at this or that point on the mountain's surface, you might see only a little crag, down which a man might easily fall and break his neck, or a little crevasse waiting to trap anyone who walks carelessly over it. And, if you thought of that point alone, you might naturally say, 'This crevasse is a bad business,' or 'That crag is a lamentable affair. Where does the delight come in?'

Great tragedy presents, you might say, that crag or crevasse, in all its own lethal horror, and yet as a part of a whole which is rousingly noble and grand. When untransfigured by tragic genius, the fatal involvement of some Antony of real life is just a bad business, no more; and when a Macbeth or any other good fellow goes to the bad it is a lamentable affair — merely that. But in fine tragedies such falls become, somehow, minute and isolated hazards to be found on the huge surface of life as their author imaged it to himself — and imaged it with a rapture of enjoyment, a kind of disinterested delight in finding everything just what it was, good or bad.

People sometimes shrink from assenting to this. They feel it almost immoral to say that Shakespeare delighted in a greedy murderer or a cunning slanderer. But read *Macbeth* and *Othello* with an open mind and surely you can have no doubt. Shakespeare revels in grasping the notion of Macbeth and of Iago. Not, of course, that in real life he would prefer them to straight-living persons, nor that in real

life he is nearer to them or more like them. It is simply that, just as a child's hands love to touch wool because it is soft and warm, and also iron because it is hard and cold, so his mind loves to frame the idea of goodness because it is good and of baseness because it is base. Without any prejudice to moral judgment there is possible a sort of gusto for all the contents of life alike — for pain and loss as well as virtues and victories — simply because each has its own delicious differentness for the apprehending mind.

'What a piece of work is a man!' — that speech of Hamlet's is the very expression of this gusto, even in the midst of discouragement and doubt. You find it again in Pope's lines about man as

> A being darkly wise and rudely great;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Created half to rise, and half to fall;
> Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
> Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled —
> The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

That is the temper of genius. It seems to land upon the chequered soil of human nature and experience as though on an unexplored island of boundless strangeness, variety, and fascination, as exciting in its swamps and its wild beasts as in its springs and fruit; all join in making it one immense adventure for the spirit.

Here, too, the spectator's sensations are likely to have some measure of correspondence to the quality of the artist's creative ardor. If we can bring ourselves to own it, our feeling at the early deaths and baffled loves of tragedy is really one of exultation. You may call it sombre, but exultation it is; first, at that opened spectacle of human existence as a more tremendous enterprise than we knew — more terrible, but also more magnificent and a more thrilling challenge than ever to the spirit that is ready to meet anything; and also at our own strangely heightened power of being moved without being numbed, and of seeing, as it seems, right into life's glowing heart with a clearness and calm unattainable in almost any other mood.

V

All that is enjoyment; in fact it comes pretty close, in its nature, to what has been held supreme and superhuman enjoyment. The kind of released mental insight which tragedy gives us, at least for a few moments, is, in a permanent form, the main delight which the chief of Greek thinkers attributed to God: one of the most profound of modern English philosophers, the late R. L. Nettleship, said: 'I sometimes think one might conceive of God as a being who might experience what we call the intensest pain and pleasure without being "affected" by it' — meaning, by 'affected,' disabled, or incapacitated, or reduced to incoherence or apathy, as we commonly are by personal griefs.

It seems conceivable, then, that at the picked moments of exaltation and vision which great tragedy brings we may be gaining a foretaste of the use of finer faculties with which the continued process of evolution may yet endow the race. We may not be able fully to analyze our own sensations at such moments; but it seems credible that the almost mystical rapture which they bring may be, although we do not know it, the joy of reaching forward through time and anticipating mankind's future measure of spiritual understanding. The men of science tell us our eye has grown to be what it is from being merely a spot of ordinary skin a little more sensitive than the rest. Is it, then, difficult to believe that our present capacity for feeling

and thinking is, compared with what it may come to, like an eye that has as yet achieved only half of that growth?

At present the whole relation between delight and beauty on one side and tragic poignancy on the other is an obscure region infested by doubts and only fitfully lit by conjectures and seeming paradoxes. Keats tells us that

> Ay, in the very temple of Delight
> Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine.

Synge speaks of 'the desolation that is mixed everywhere with the supreme beauty of the world.' Everyone has felt that there is a vague but sharp poignancy blended with his own delight in such things as tranquil summer evenings and fine dawns. When a perfect tragedy possesses your mind you seem for a moment to have your hand near some clue to all that region of enigma. You cannot keep your hold on the clue, but, for those moments verging on trance, everything has run almost clear in your mind. When the experience is over, you feel sure that what you have had was vision and not delusion; perhaps you may hope that you have craned forward and caught a momentary glimpse of life as a mind more fully grown might see life always.

How positive one becomes! A few pages back I was expressing a proper diffidence about any conclusions in view. And here I am, almost shouting in favor of one. It is not a calculated piece of ill faith; it is only a common effect of the strong waters of literary composition. A few minutes ago I was saying how a technical effort may engender in a tragic dramatist a wonderful heat and quickness of sympathy; in a less distinguished craftsman it certainly may bring on a fine turn of cocksureness. Not only that which goeth in at the mouth but that which cometh out of the mouth may intoxicate.

But remember: this, like other artificial heats, subsides rapidly. Already doubts invade me. At any moment some better-gifted critic may bring out some reason for our enjoyment of tragedy more valid than any I have been able to think of. Mine is merely the unsystematic attempt of one playgoer to make out why his mind has been in such a stir whenever a tragedy of the first rank has risen to its climax in his sight.

THE HOMING INSTINCT IN LOST OBJECTS

A Study together with an Added Reflection

BY ARCHIBALD L. BOUTON

THE possibility of consciousness in certain forms of vegetable life is beginning to attract the attention of biologists. Plants, we are told, have nerves and can feel pain.

This idea has led me to speculate upon the possibilities of conscious feeling and motive as existing in objects ordinarily deemed inanimate. Do lost objects, for example, know that they are lost? Are books conscious of neglect? Or, on the other hand, of the loving care of their owners or readers? Do they when lost possess a homing instinct, which manifests itself under certain conditions, like that of certain pigeons, so that, of their own volition, they somehow get themselves in the way of returning or of being returned home?

This article is a tentative inquiry into phenomena in this field.

After a considerable experience in losing articles, I have been coming to an opinion — which rests as yet, I confess, upon incomplete data — that nothing is ever really lost. Lost articles sooner or later come back. This includes, in my own experience, instances in no inconsiderable variety: watches, cameras, hats, tennis rackets, lecture notes, suitcases, canes, personalia — anything which an ordinary professorial mind can overlook, forget, or lose, in going from one place to another. (I exclude from the field of the present inquiry as irrelevant the phenomena which arise when one conjoins, in the preparation for an evening affair, a dress coat and waistcoat with the trousers of a business suit. In this case, to be sure, certain normal associations are overlooked, but nothing is actually lost.) The places where belongings of mine have been lost have included hotels, railway stations, subways, trains, piers, steamer berths, churches, lecture-rooms, other people's houses. Once in California I left a hat lying upon an open rack in a large hotel, and journeyed to a distant city. Two weeks later I returned to the hotel and found the hat reposing on the rack, awaiting my arrival, though the housekeeper informed me that the rack had been daily cleared of its contents and that no one had in the interval seen my hat.

The fate of a lost object seems to have nothing to do with the kind of locality where the object is left, except that — according to my tentative observation — the chances of return seem on the whole better in a densely populated area than in a sparsely settled one. Things lost in a city, within my experience, are more likely to return than those lost in the country.

Umbrellas alone seem to lie outside my hypothesis and to constitute an exception. My experience in losing these articles is ample, but seems to require a separate investigation, which

I shall defer for the present. Umbrellas do not return. I incline to think that some objects, when lost, lack the homing instinct. Perhaps this instinct in lost objects is a sign of a superior organization whose laws are as yet not understood. Umbrellas are perhaps examples of deficient evolutionary development.

A few months ago the university with which I am connected awarded an honorary degree to a distinguished citizen upon his seventy-fifth birthday. On my way home after the ceremony, by way of the subway and a taxi, I left somewhere my suitcase, but for three whole days failed to note its disappearance. Finally, on the fourth day, I awoke to its loss. The suitcase was a new one, borrowed, and marked with other initials than my own. It contained my silk gown, with cap and hood, which I don only upon formal academic occasions. Now to lose a silk gown and hood, not to mention a suitcase, is a matter in these days to give one pause; and on account of it I fell into an uncommon depression of spirits, for I could see little likelihood that even a willing cap and gown could get back to me after such an unpromising separation. Moreover, the time when I discovered my loss was Columbus Day — a holiday.

I called up the Lost Property Room of the Interborough. It was closed. Then I went, with deep and grave misgivings, to the point where I had changed from subway to taxi. I could recall neither the taxi, its driver, nor the color scheme of his car. My search for a taxi office revealed that there was none in the region — the cars carrying passengers from that station were only such floaters as happened to find themselves in the neighborhood. I went out and stood on the curb, with my hands in my pockets, and watched the roaring traffic as it passed.

In a moment a car — a red one — drew up in front of me and stopped. I obeyed an impulse and hailed the driver.

'If a passenger left a suitcase by accident in your car, what would you do with it?'

'Did you lose a suitcase?'

'Yes.'

'When?'

'Last Thursday.'

'I've got it, I think, at home.'

Long experience with the homing instinct of lost articles enabled me to assume and to maintain the semblance of customary behavior. The normal thing had happened. The suitcase was about to return to its owner. Within fifteen minutes the case and its contents were in my possession.

I hasten at this point to remind the reader that the purpose of this incident is not to awaken reflection upon the discovery of an honest taxi-driver, but to exemplify the curious homing instinct of lost things. However, for the sake of the ethically and sociologically minded, and also to aid in establishing the scientific nature of my inquiry, I record here that this taxi-driver serves the Twentieth Century Taxi Company, and carries the license number 6408, and that I met him at the corner of Burnside and Jerome Avenues in the Bronx.

My second contribution to the general inquiry of this paper has an even more remarkable character. It reveals the homing instinct working under quite different conditions, and in the face of almost an infinity of opposing chances.

At this point I wish to protest against the merely mathematical approach to this kind of problem. The mathematician proposes a purely intellectual solution, a solution along the lines of mere mechanical chance and probability. He is cold-blooded

and unemotional. He is often unsympathetic, even cynical. He tries to measure in figures the probability that after three days of separation I should come into contact, instantly and on the same spot, with the same wandering taxi-driver who had taken me with my bag four days earlier to the university. Then he insists upon inquiring into the further question of the ratio of likelihood that I originally engaged an honest taxi-driver, as distinguished from one that would have carried my bag at once to a pawnshop. Then, multiplying these ratios together, he will assure me that the likelihood of my recovering my bag in the way that I have described is in the ratio of one to the result of this operation. Finally he says that such things are bound to happen every so often anyway, under the regular laws of chance and probability.

He will not take note of the possibility of any subtle sympathy between one's lost property and its owner, operating across unknown and unmeasured spaces, and involving, it may be, the hand of unwitting agents, which nevertheless ultimately succeeds somehow in drawing them together into the happiness of reunion. Working without the recognition of this factor of sympathy, which I have called the homing instinct, the method of the mathematician breaks down. I reject it altogether. It does violence to the hypothesis of the homing instinct. I seek to awaken attention to a new field of empirical possibilities.

Now I wish to present a new and even more remarkable instance, hitherto unrecorded, not only of sensibility, but even, it would seem, of volition on the part of inanimate lost objects. In the case which I am now about to narrate, the laws of chance are staggered, and the mathematician is put out of court. The hypothesis which I have suggested, that of the sympathetic response of the lost object to the appeal of home and owner, seems to afford the only working solution.

I passed the year 1923–24 in California on sabbatical leave. Occasionally I spent a few hours looking through a particularly interesting old bookshop which I discovered in a Southern city. The books there were often old and rare, yet moderate in price. Some of them came from early Californian and old Mexican families, and withal there were among them numbers of books of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English imprint. After I had picked up one or two interesting examples of early Mexican printing, I wrote to the executive of our university library, asking if he could spare me a little money to spend in behalf of the university, and he very generously put at my disposal what money he felt could be spared for such a purpose.

From time to time during the year I had small packages of books sent on to him, always with the privilege of return in case of duplicates. By June I had spent all the available money; but on a last visit to my friend the book dealer I found a half-dozen inexpensive volumes which I thought the library should have, and asked a clerk, as usual, to set them aside, and forward them with a bill. It happened that the bill preceded the books.

On receiving this supplementary bill, — presented after my allowance was all gone, — the library executive looked it over with a measure of austerity and, taking his pen in hand, fashioned a letter somewhat in this manner: —

I have received from R—— an additional bill for books not yet received. Upon the list I find a three-volume edition of a history of California in French, dated 1767,

and listed at $25. Why did you want this book? Unless you urge keeping it here I shall return it to the dealer.

Now it happened that the book was one which, up to the time of receiving this letter, I had never heard of. I had not ordered it for the university. I had never seen it. And I had not even considered so expensive a purchase of any volume at that time.

So I replied in calming language: —

R—— has blundered. I never ordered the book. Send it back to him with charges collect.

Before this letter arrived at its destination, the books reached the library and the librarian personally opened the box. After studying the volumes for some time, he addressed to me a letter which began: —

What sort of joke are you trying to put up on this university?

I do not remember the rest of the language of this letter; but it narrated how he had taken the three volumes of the California history from the box and, being impressed with something familiar in their appearance, had consulted our card catalogue. There he had found a card bearing a similar title. On going to the shelves, he found the books missing. Returning to the check list annually prepared to record the presence or the absence from our shelves of the books listed in our catalogue, he found *Venegas: L'Histoire naturelle et civile de Californie, Paris*, 1767, marked 'missing.' Further examination of the books that had come in from California disclosed on the several volumes of the set, partly effaced, the university shelf-mark, and in each volume the private university stamp. It was evident that the books were ours.

But how did it happen that these books, stolen from our shelves at some time in the past and transported, by sale and resale, across the continent, three thousand miles away, were able to utilize my casual purchase as an agency by which to return to the shelves from which they had been removed by lawless and covetous fingers? To this question I can only offer the hypothesis of the homing instinct. I never purchased the books. I never saw them. Neither R—— nor any of his clerks sold them to me or had conscious knowledge of their relation to my purchase. Yet somehow this set of books crept into the parcel that was the only available agency for bringing them home to the family of books from which they had been reft.

The mathematician's determination of the actual probabilities involved in this occurrence are as staggering as infinity itself. That solution is unsatisfactory because it is inconceivable. In the absence of any other conceivable solution other than a supernatural one, I urge that of the homing instinct.

Into the remainder of this story I hesitate to go. In it the theologian will see, not the operation of the new principle of the psychology of inanimate objects which I am seeking to establish, but the very finger of Fate itself. As one seeking a scientific approach to a new class of phenomena, I do not wish to be led into extravagant claims. Even to sustain my theory I am not prepared to assert the power of inanimate objects cruelly torn from their natural and proper home to organize punishment of responsible parties; but here are the remaining facts, so far as I have them, concerning the theft of these books from our university library, and the fate of the criminal who did the deed.

We were, of course, very anxious to

ascertain how they had been taken; and through the coöperation of Mr. R——, the dealer, and our own librarian we were able to trace this set of books backward by successive sales, first by a well-known dealer in New York, then through three previous sales, including one public auction. The original seller of the books, so far as we were in this way able to trace him, was a certain character well known to dealers in secondhand books and works of art, long suspected by them of the theft of books from public libraries and of the fabrication of antique work in the field of painting. After a little labor in this direction, involving correspondence between California and New York, Mr. R—— informed me that he was in receipt of word that this person had been, after the arrival of information concerning the loss and return of our set of books, placed under arrest.

Of the full details of this arrest and trial, and of the subsequent sentencing of the criminal, I am, I regret to say, as yet imperfectly informed. The temptation to be drawn from a rigorous scientific investigation of the psychology of inanimate objects into the presentation of a remarkable example of poetic justice or of supernatural intervention is almost irresistible. Nevertheless, as a person of serious intent, I am committed to the purpose of scientific inquiry. I resist the temptation and present only the facts as I have known them concerning this remarkable homecoming to our library of a rather valuable set of books, in a manner which involved no conscious application of any agency or force except that of the homing instinct originating in the books themselves.

My title calls for an added reflection. If such is the feeling of a book for its shelf in the university where it belongs that time and space and the covetousness of man cannot overcome it or prevail against it, how glorious it would be if all the lost alumni of our university, the sons of Alma Mater, beings who are not inanimate but animate, about whose consciousness or power of volition there is no question, who are able to move from place to place if they will, should all henceforward, in obedience to a homing instinct, suddenly respond to the waiting and outstretched arms of Alma Mater! Suppose that all of them henceforth were to respond to the claim of her mothership over them, and, flocking to her support, enable her to go on with the full measure of potential power made actual that would then be hers! It is a conception to inspire visions and dreams.

THE GOVERNOR

BY A. CECIL EDWARDS

FEAR was in his eyes. He moistened his lips and whispered: 'They have arrested my brother.'

There was something familiar in the face; yet I failed to place him.

'Who are you?' I inquired.

'Don't you know me, Sah'b? I am the brother of your clerk, Mirza Moussa. The police have taken him.'

'The police!' I exclaimed.

'He was playing the *tar* in a garden. Mussulmans were there. It is Ramazan. The priests . . .'

His voice died, from the abjectness of his terror. It was the terror of the Jew, sensing, from afar off, the pogrom; of the Armenian, haunted by a dark foreboding of massacre. My clerk, I remembered, was a Bahai. He belonged to that small community of Persian Jews who have abandoned their faith, storied and picturesque, for the newest of the world religions.

Life in that small Bahai community, outwardly at least, was peaceful and secure; but from time to time something would happen which made one wonder if that appearance of well-being were anything more than an appearance. There were persons, it was said, who watched for 'incidents' — furtively, intently; and who, when they occurred, seized upon them to lash into action the latent hatred of the scum of the bazaar for the Bahais, knowing that when that hatred is aroused nothing will satisfy it but blood.

Thus one would chance too often, in the affairs of the Bahais, upon that spectre, Fear.

On the edge of the town, along the foothills of the Elvend and reaching deep into those fertile valleys which pierce its mass, a thousand orchards blossom. There the people, in the summer months, carry their rugs and samovars to picnic in the open air. Into one of these orchards my clerk had wandered with a few friends, Bahais like himself. They had taken with them a *tar*, a Persian mandolin. They had carried a tar with them and a samovar, mindless that it was the Blessed Month, when Mussulmans fast all day; forgetting that fanaticism waxes on empty stomachs. The sight of those young men, followers of the execrated Bab, making merry in the month of fasting, had infuriated some fanatic Mussulman. There had been an altercation. Perhaps the Mussulman had struck the Bahai. If he had, I am quite sure that the young man would not have dared to strike back. In the end the police had interfered. The Bahai had been arrested — for disturbing the peace during Ramazan.

I thought: 'The priests will be taking a hand in this; I must see the Governor.'

Emir-ol-Molk was Governor at the time. Though he had hardly passed his fortieth year, he was of an age that is dead. I hesitate to call him a reactionary — he was far beyond that. In spite of the Constitution, of Parliament, of the Press, he believed that the directest road to truth was by torture, and that the best adornment for a town square was not a band stand but a gallows. He

held that the surest way to put an end to burglary was to catch a thief and cut off his fingers. His specific for brigandage, the bête noire of Persian governors, was the Getch, the Plaster: a brigand is lowered to his neck in a pit, which is then filled with liquid plaster — this, as it sets, expands. It is for an encouragement to the others.

His method for bringing down the price of bread was to nail the Chief of the Bakers by the ears to his shop door; or, if that failed, to bake him in his own oven. When that redoubtable bandit Abbas, tired of pursuit, offered to give himself up in exchange for a free pardon, Emir-ol-Molk swore on the Koran that, if he surrendered, not a hair of his head would be touched. Yet, when Abbas came in, the Governor had him kicking the air before that rascal had time to drink, in memory of the Martyrs, a cup of cold water.

Yet in his demeanor Emir-ol-Molk was of a mildness! A dapper, well-groomed little man, with a soft humorous voice. When I think of him I forget his cruelties; but his gayety, his humor, his love of a good story, his eye for a situation — these I shall not easily forget. And I remember that the people still say: 'When Emir-ol-Molk was Governor, there was cheapness, and the Vilayet was safe.' Whence it may be concluded that it is unwise to apply to one country the standards of another.

The Ferenghi — be he missionary, traveler, manager of a local bank or trading company — will approach the governor of a province half as large as England on a basis of perfect equality. It is the prerogative of the successful West over the East, the unfortunate, the defeated.

A liveried, barefooted attendant disappeared behind a curtain to announce to His Excellency my advent. I was ushered into a long, bare room. Its white plastered walls were pierced with little arched recesses, in rows one above another. Hundreds of tiny mirrors had been inserted in the spaces between these recesses, making the walls shine like burnished silver. On the floor lay a huge carpet, of noble and antique design. That, and those niched and mirrored walls, gave to the room a spare but dignified adornment.

His Excellency was seated at the far end. The floor about him was strewn with papers — whence I concluded that he had been busy with his secretary. It is the prerogative of those in high places to sign documents and throw them on the floor for the secretary to collect.

He rose and with a smile invited me to sit on the only other chair in that vast chamber. Then an attendant set before me a small table and another brought a tray on which were a tiny glass of tea and a plate of round macaroons. Because it was the month of fasting, the Governor must not be served — at least in public.

His Excellency knew, of course, the object of my sudden visit; and I, of course, knew that he knew. Yet we avoided, with perfect understanding, a too precipitate discussion of the subject. Only when the second glass of tea had been consumed did I venture to touch, indirectly, upon the matter.

He had heard something about a young Bahai. Was he my clerk? The priests, as usual, were making a fuss. It was all too ridiculous.

Here was an opening; I remembered that ancient and bitter feud between Church and State in Persia. I said: —

'Your Excellency knows, of course, that the priests are at the bottom of this and that they are trying to incite the people against the Bahai. Your Excellency has not forgotten the disorders which took place in Melayir last year, when two Bahais were murdered.

Are the priests mad enough to think that they can revive the days of Sheikh Bagher, who cared so little for the Governor's authority that he cut off a man's head in the public square with a stroke of a sword?'

The Governor laughed, his delicate, deprecating laugh. 'The priests are a little fond of taking a hand in affairs which are not their special concern,' he said. 'Perhaps some day they may find out how tender is my regard for them. Yet, to say truth, those Bahais do give us a lot of trouble. He was a good Mussulman, the Bab, yet he founded a new religion. Why did he do that? As if there were not enough religions already — excellent ones, too! And as if we governors have not enough complications! But you wish to save your Bahai Mirza, eh? Well, well, we must see what can be done. Suppose we begin by postponing the trial until after Ramazan. That will give their blood a little time to cool. Also, things will look different to them when their stomachs are full. Let me see. If we postpone the trial, must the young man be kept in custody? Perhaps, if you will undertake to produce him in three weeks' time, I might let him out. Will that do? Are you satisfied?'

I thanked him profusely and sincerely. 'When the trial comes on — ' I began.

The Governor waved his hand. 'One thing at a time,' he said. 'You Europeans are always trying to look ahead too far. Who knows what may happen after three weeks? Do I know? Do you know? Suppose this Jew who turned Babi should now turn Mussulman? Or suppose the chief mollah should turn Babi! Eh, that would be a good one! Agha Fazel a Babi!' And he threw back his head and laughed delightedly at the incongruousness of the idea.

I thanked him again, and assured him that I would answer for my clerk's appearance at the trial. Then I requested him to command my departure.

That evening, after dark, my servant knocked at my study door and announced that my Mirza, the Bahai, was without. The Governor apparently had lost no time in ordering his release.

He almost ran toward me, and seized my hand in both of his. He would have knelt before me if I had let him. And all this he did humbly, deprecatingly, without a word, in the Persian manner.

I said: 'I am glad that the Governor released you so quickly, Moussa. Did he tell you that he has put off the case until after Ramazan? Meantime you may resume your work. I have given the Governor my assurance that you will be present when the case comes on.'

He stood before me, silent, with eyes downcast, holding his left wrist in his right hand. Then, without lifting his eyes, he said: 'Did the Governor ask Your Honor to give the undertaking that I should be present at the trial?'

'He did,' I answered, 'and I gave the undertaking willingly. The trial will take place in three weeks, after Ramazan. By that time the hearts of the mollahs will be softer and their blood cooler.'

He shivered.

'Do not be afraid, Moussa,' I said. 'Everything will be arranged. The Governor will not permit any injustice. He cares nothing for the mollahs. Of course, you must give me your word that you will not leave Hamadan before the trial.'

'I will do as Your Honor and His Excellency desire.' Then he waited with hands clasped and eyes downcast for the order to retire.

Three days later my clerk broke his bail.

It was like this. I went off for the week-end, to shoot gazelle from a Ford

car. On Monday I was back again at my desk. Requiring some particulars, I rang for Moussa.

The spreader of carpets — which is the pleasant Persian idiom for an office servant — appeared and informed me, in his bland, noncommittal way, that Mirza Moussa had not appeared that morning.

'Did he send a message?' I inquired.

He had not sent any message.

'Go to his house, Asker, and see if he is sick,' I said, 'and ask why he has not sent a message.'

The spreader of carpets disappeared. He returned in an hour, bringing with him Moussa's brother, the one who had first given me news of his arrest. I questioned him. He spoke haltingly, but without that terror which had previously possessed him. Indeed it seemed to me that I detected a note, if not of triumph, of indifference in his voice. Moussa had disappeared. He did not know where he was. On Saturday, after office hours, Moussa had left the house and he had not returned. They had searched everywhere.

My first impulse was to kick the fellow, who was so plainly lying. It was inconceivable that Moussa, who after all was a Jew first and a Bahai afterward, should so set at naught the traditions of his race as to leave his family without a hint of whither he was going. I reasoned, however, that under the same tradition Moussa's brother would never divulge the secret. Anyhow, it was plainly my duty, as surety for Moussa, to inform the Governor at once and take my medicine.

Emir-ol-Molk was alone. I was ushered into the long, bare room at once. I lost no time in making known the object of my visit. He listened without a word, and when I had finished he snapped out: 'You stood surety for the man!'

'I did,' I answered. 'I was stupid enough to rely on his sense of honor and his loyalty to me. I took no steps to keep him under surveillance. I was wrong, of course.'

'What are you going to do about it?' he snapped out again.

'That rests with you, Excellency.'

He looked at me sullenly for a moment from under his black eyebrows. Then he threw back his head and broke into a ripple of laughter. 'Oh, you Ferenghis!' he cried. 'Truly you are without that ruse which is the very attar of existence! You need an abacus to show you that the half of a thousand is five hundred! Listen! It was I, Emir-ol-Molk, who told your stupid Bahai to run away. Did I do that because I loved the Bahais? Or because this was a short way out of such a stupidity? Or because the man is a clerk of the Kompani? No. I did it as a little lesson to the mollahs — just to show them that they must cease from meddling in my affairs. A first, small lesson. Oh, they understood it soon enough! *They* knew, of course, that it was all my doing. They are not Ferenghis. The next day Agha Fazel — you know him, the man with a turban like the mountain of Elvend — came to see me. There were two or three others with him whose turbans are a little lower — a very little lower. I laughed at them. I said: "Is that the way you look after your prisoner? Is that the way you watch over the interests of our holy religion? Why did you let the man out of your sight? But even now," I said, "all is not lost. The Sah'b stood surety for him. Go to the English Consul and make a protest — perhaps the English Consul will find him for you!" That was a good one, eh? The English Consul! They would go to hell first! The sons of burned fathers!' He threw back his head again and laughed his soft, delighted laugh.

A liveried attendant entered the room, carrying a tray on which lay a sealed telegram. Emir-ol-Molk, still smiling at my discomfiture, took up a paper knife and slit open the envelope.

The man was changed. The handsome olive face was purple and forbidding. The veins stood out like whipcord on his neck and forehead. The humorous, laughter-loving mouth was twisted with passion. Anger, hatred, cruelty, burned in the eyes. He sprang to his feet, and began striding up and down the room, clenching and unclenching his hands. 'Ah!' he cried. 'They have beaten me this time, but by the Justice of God I will repay them!'

Then, catching sight of me, he swung round. 'Your idiot of a Bahai has made a fool of me,' he cried. 'I told him to get away and cover up his tracks, but the mollahs were too clever for him. Do you know what they have done? They have caught him in the bazaar in Kermanshah and murdered him.'

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN!

THE SHAREHOLDER'S RIGHT TO ADEQUATE INFORMATION

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

When two highways intersect out in the country, with but an occasional passage of slow-moving vehicles and with a clear view all about, things care for themselves naturally, so far as the public safety is concerned. But when the volume of this traffic increases; when high-powered cars and heavy trucks are propelled at speed by careless or drunken drivers; when a fleet of little irresponsible and often overcrowded craft out for a holiday dots the stream; when great structures, pushed forward to the utmost building line, obscure the vision — then, as the appalling record of deaths and casualties betokens, the time has come for public supervision at the crossways. Necessity may arise for the posting of officers or of automatic signal towers at junction points. Even before resorting to these extreme measures, however, the simple remedy of visibility suggests itself. Electric flood lights by night and the removal of all obstructions that hamper outlook are immediately in order.

This homely figure is quite applicable to the present condition of our corporate affairs in the United States. The sudden advent of widespread popular ownership of corporations since the World War has created entirely new circumstances and conditions in the business world. Main Street and Wall Street have come to cross one another at right angles — Main Street, our synonym for this phenomenon of widespread ownership, and Wall Street, as applied to the well-known aggregation of financial and of directorial power in our great capital centres. This intersection of interest, so often

at cross-purposes, is marked by an imminent danger of collision at the junction point of ownership and management. The volume of business, the high speed of propulsion, the growing obstructions which stand in the way of visibility, suggest that in this domain also a prime necessity is the letting in of light to the fullest degree. American business affairs, in so far as they have assumed the corporate form, under this recent aspect of public ownership, are still too largely carried on in twilight. Great progress has already been made; but it is high time that the imperative need of putting things upon a universally sounder footing be generally understood.

I

How many plain, ordinary American citizens have suffered something like the following experience, paraphrased from a forceful description by a denizen of Wall Street himself?

A stockholder in the X. Y. Z. Corporation receives a blanket proxy for the next annual meeting of the concern for the purpose of transacting such business as may lawfully come up for consideration. There is a request to sign on the dotted line, giving the president of the company, by proxy, the right to vote. There is a natural desire, before granting this general license, — which includes, by the way, approval and validation of all of the acts of officers and directors for the preceding year, — to know a little more about the company's affairs. There is worriment, perhaps, about an investment made sometime previously, at $30 per share, on the basis of newspaper reports that the company would show earnings of at least $6 per share for the year. Consultation with a broker elicits a favorable opinion of the company and its management. With such excellent promise, — still merely surmise and rumor, — the chance of increase of income as well as of principal appears good. After a few months the official report is issued. The company has earned but $3 a share, instead of $6. The quotation drops to $24. Yet the president, in his published statement to stockholders, refers to the company's progress, praises the loyalty of the employees, and holds out high hopes for continued prosperity. The quotation advances, perhaps, to $33 a share, a little above the purchase price. There is a rumor in the press that dividends are to be increased. The president promptly denies this report. Thereupon the stock drops, hangs dormant for months, and betrays a strong disposition to sag still further. Along comes a reduction of the dividend because of the unpromising business outlook; and still no authoritative statement of earnings. It is all very disheartening — the uncertainty perhaps worse than the truth.

Dismayed at this reduction of income, the stockholder writes a letter of inquiry to the company, prompted by the loss of one third in both principal and income. The letter elicits this reply: —

> The financial statement will not be ready before the annual meeting of the stockholders in March, at which time all stockholders will receive a copy. In justice to the other stockholders I cannot give you any advance information about the operations or financial condition of this company. Nor can I advise you on what policy to pursue for your investment. It is unfortunate that you have suffered a loss. I have always looked with disfavor upon having the stock of this company become a vehicle for speculation in the market. I can assure you that the company is in a good financial position. I trust that you will sign and mail your proxy at an early date.
>
> Very truly yours,
>
> ——— ———
>
> *President*

This veritable document emanated from a company in existence for many years and with an international reputation. It was not a fly-by-night concern. As my correspondent writes, 'No white-collar bandit had sold the stock.' Here was a real 'partner' in the concern, seeking in vain, either from reputable bankers or from the corporation itself, information. Something is evidently wrong about the whole business. What usually happens, of course, is that the investor sells out, takes his loss, and strives to forget about it, investing the proceeds in another enterprise. Will he fare better therein? And what about the second stockholder who relieved him of his former holdings? And what about the general reaction upon the little stockholder's mind? As one put it, 'I have not been a believer in antitrust legislation, but I am changing my mind.'

On my table is a great pile of recent official corporated pamphlets. The premier concern on the list is the Royal Baking Powder Company, which fails to register in this collection at all, in as much as it has never issued a balance sheet or financial statement of any kind whatsoever for more than a quarter of a century. Publicity it has surely courted — as witness the printed record of the old United States Industrial Commission of 1900. But this particular kind of publicity, despite a considerable distribution of the stock, which is fairly active both in the unlisted market and on the New York Curb, seems to have been overlooked. Akin to it is the Singer Manufacturing Company, which handles 80 per cent of the world's output of sewing machines. Neither hide nor hair of financial data is discoverable in the usual sources of information. The dance-card, balance-sheet, or picture-book variety of corporation report follows hard upon these. For concerns like the National Biscuit Company such newfangled gewgaws as income accounts or depreciation simply do not exist. American Can gives you depreciation for 1925, but never a whiff concerning its accrual through past years. Diminutive, dainty, tied up with fancy string, perhaps, these reports are tenderly reminiscent of the parties of our youth. Some may have elaborately decorated covers, like paper on the wall — particularly among public utilities with extensive customer ownership. Some, like the Gillette Safety Razor Company (counting almost 7000 shareholders in 1925), are inviting pictorially, however uninformative they may be. Emblazoned with gilt or colored reproductions of one thing or another, on large sheets of heavy glossed paper, again tied together with a fancy string, they are pleasing to the eye. Yet colored pictures of factories, brightly lighted at night, — as some of these must well have been in view of their extraordinary success, — tell no tales. What an extravagance of good paper and ink, about as nutritious as some of the advertising displays of ham and eggs or other standard articles of daily consumption in the popular magazines!

Then there is the leaflet type, done on a single folded sheet of paper. This 'tuppence ha'penny' variety, once common, is happily by way of passing out. Cotton mills are still in this stage, again with nothing but a balance sheet, and no income statement at all. Some of the new investment trusts, which ought particularly to disclose full information about their holdings, are also like this. The great American Tobacco Company has not progressed beyond the embryonic state. Or there is the pompous but empty type, suggestive of President Wilson's pithy distinction between men who grow and those who merely swell with

the advance of years. Such reports remind one of those little men who not infrequently puff themselves up in manner to make up a bit for their abbreviated build. Other reports may well be designated the 'business condition' type, devoting much attention to things in general and but little to their own affairs in particular. The Standard Oil companies are doing better of late, to be sure, in recognition of their quasi-public status (the New Jersey company alone in 1923 had 81,000 shareholders); but the balance sheet and the income account are still quite in accord with the prevailing style in women's dress. And then there are the reports like Tristram Shandy, 'all obfuscated and darkened over with fuliginous matter.' To the uninitiated, as we shall soon see in detail, they may tell too much that is not so, or too little of what they ought to tell. Of them the *Wall Street Journal* has this to say: —

> Many do more to deaden than to arouse the stockholders' interest. Whether by accident or design, such reports are drawn so as to withhold from the stockholder what he most desires to know. When he is told that 'the increase in mortgages and ground rents payable represents a mortgage given in connection with purchase of additional property,' he says to himself that an intelligent bootblack could have guessed as much. When he reads that 'the decrease in miscellaneous accounts payable is due to withdrawals by affiliated companies to reduce their indebtedness for construction and other purposes,' he refrains from calling the report a mess of tripe only for fear of insulting an industrious and self-respecting farmyard animal.

This brings one to the truly informative type of official report, which fortunately is coming more and more to be recognized as not only good form but the best of business as well. The United States Steel Corporation, now owned by 179,000 people, has from the outset achieved high merit in this regard. From the first annual statement, outspread over entire newspaper pages in 1903, down to the present time, its record has been consistently admirable. The General Motors Company, first in its industrial class the world over, is a worthy second. It has 56,000 shareholders. And in the field of public utilities the Philadelphia Company and the Standard Gas and Electric offer prominent examples of reports as simple and understandable as their complicated structure permits. Another model statement suitable for smaller concerns — combining full publicity, made as intelligible as possible, with pictorial evidence of the development of the business — is that of the Dennison Manufacturing Company, with its 800-odd shareholders. These and other entirely adequate statements, full-figured, compact, and businesslike, used to be the exception, but it is greatly to be hoped that in the early future they may become the rule. How to bring this to pass is a matter of the utmost importance.

Stockholders are entitled to adequate information, and the state and the general public have a right to the same privilege. First of all, we must remember that incorporation is a *privilege*. The people grant to a private body the ineffable enjoyment of immortality, of succession, of impersonality, and, greatest boon of all, of limited liability. Under partnerships or other purely private forms of organization, where trading is carried on without limitation upon the personal liability of those who engage therein, certain obvious safeguards for creditors and the public arise from the purely personal attributes of the concern. The grant, by public act, of limitation upon this personal liability for debts or other obligations abrogates many of these

formerly existent safeguards, which must of course be offset by new provisions at law. But in any event the release from these personal obligations affords so great an advantage, and is accompanied by such novel risks, as to make it clear that it is indeed a privilege, conferred out of hand by gift of the people. In other countries where these valuable grants proceed from a single source, and that, too, a supreme one, — to wit, the central government, — this privilege is more likely to be taken at its face value. But in the United States such public gifts are scattered with a lavish hand by forty-eight different little sovereignties, more or less jealous of one another, both financially and prestige-iously. Whence it comes about that the selection for purposes of incorporation of one or another from among this ardent band of states has become a matter of corporate largess, when it should rather be one of respectful petition. In other words, the normal relation of suitor and besought has become reversed. Confusion both of ideas and of policy at this point has mulfuthered the whole business of incorporation in the United States.

II

The contention for corporate publicity has derived expert support recently as an adjunct to industrial efficiency. Scientific comparison of results as to costs of production, sales, or what not, has become almost a slogan in American business. The right of trade associations to pursue such statistical policies has been twice reviewed by the Supreme Court of the United States of late; and this august tribunal within the year has set the seal of approval upon such practices, acceding to the argument that comparison of results of past performance is bound to contribute to a general stabilization of market conditions. The recent report of the National Industrial Conference Board upon trade associations is a concrete manifestation of this aroused interest in the matter. One hears less frequently of those slurs which used to be cast, from within, upon movements of this sort: 'prying or prurient curiosity,' not to be gratified — and which ought not to be, to quote a prominent attorney.

Not so technical, but of wider scope, is the bearing of complete corporate disclosure upon the so-called trust question. It is now a quarter century since the United States Industrial Commission put forward this remedy, first among a number of proposals for dealing with industrial combinations. Little attention was paid at the time to the argument that such revelation of profits by concerns which threaten to oppress the public would operate almost automatically, like a lowering of tariff barriers, to invite corrective competition. The secretive tactics of the National Biscuit Company, later to be commented upon, are quite commonly ascribed to a desire to entrench itself beyond all possible competition as a low-cost producer before divulging the profitableness of its business to possible rivals. Decision as to the right of public authority to such information, as we shall soon see, is expected shortly from the Supreme Court of the United States in respect to both steel and coal-mining enterprises. President Coolidge's remedy of a fact-finding Federal agency for anthracite coal mining finds its main warrant as a safeguard against extortionate price practices. I hold it to be self-evident that such publicity would render unnecessary much of the further-reaching antitrust legislation which at one time or another it has been proposed to put upon the statute books.

The advocacy of real informative publicity as a corrective for certain of

our present corporate ills must needs be placed in its proper relation to the whole matter of democratization of control. A prime argument which raises its head at the outset of all discussion of shareholders' participation in direction is that the shareholder — the owner, in other words — is hopelessly indifferent to the whole business. His inertia as respects the exercise of voting power, and almost everything else, is an acknowledged fact. But no one expects it to be otherwise. One may never anticipate that a great enterprise will be operated by town meeting. It never has been done successfully; nor will it ever be. The ordinary run of folks is too busy, even were it competent enough. Nor is it true that the primary purpose of publicity, the sharing of full information with owners, is to enable these shareholders to obtrude themselves obsequiously upon their own managements. But such information, if rendered, will at all events serve as fair warning in case of impending danger. And this danger will be revealed, not because each shareholder, male or female, old or young, will even bother to remove the wrapping from the annual report in the post, but because specialists, analysts, bankers, and others will promptly disseminate the information, translating it into terms that will be intelligible to all.

This, of course, will take time. The annual meeting will long have been passed; but — and this is the nub of the whole business — an opportunity for a reflection of this revealed condition will have been afforded in the meantime, leading inevitably to the quotation of a just and true price based upon such conditions. Our great exchanges — and no little investor should ever own securities for which there is not such a great open public market at all times — can perform their proper function of making true prices, consonant with valuation, only when there is such disclosure. This, then, is the ultimate defense of publicity. It is not as an adjunct to democratization through exercise of voting power, but as a contribution to the making of a true market price. This is a point but half appreciated at its real worth. Consider the plight of the uninformed shareholder, compelled for some reason or another to let go of his investment during the sealed-up period. Is this not the ultimate basis of the right of every partner in an enterprise to such disclosure as shall assure him against an artificial or even a rigged price? Rigged market prices, based upon inside information, are perhaps one of the most vicious features of the present situation. Relief from this menace may be had only through insistence upon complete revelation in contradistinction to that which has been so aptly described by Hastings Lyon, speaking of the prevalent practice among public utilities, as 'limitless obfuscation.'

III

The two essentials of an adequate statement are the balance sheet and the income account. The former discloses the condition of the company statically — as at a given moment. It is an instantaneous photograph, giving a cross section, so to speak. The income account, *per contra*, reveals, dynamically, the course of affairs in perspective — viewed lengthwise throughout a period of time. Each is essential to a complete understanding. As well, otherwise, attempt to figure the area of a floor with one dimension lacking; or to write a person's life from a packet of daguerreotypes. Everything becomes guesswork unless both are given. 'Handsome is that handsome does' is an old, familiar proverb, expressive of popular wisdom. It is as

applicable to corporations as to people. The balance sheet reveals what the corporation is; it gives but an inkling of what the corporation has been doing. There is just the difference involved between being strong and 'going strong.'

Of the two, the income account is perhaps more significant, both immediately and prophetically. Yet of the two it is the income statement, as perhaps too informative, that is the more apt to be suppressed. In England, despite the strictness of the Companies Acts, and still even in the staid Commonwealth of Massachusetts, all that is required by law is the filing of an annual balance sheet — lest possibly the income account might give aid and comfort, or the reverse, to competitors. But in general the world has long since passed the time when corporations may deny to their shareholders an income account as well as a balance sheet. It is certainly out of line with good business practice that the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, the greatest cotton mill in the world, should render an income account not in dollars but in yards, along with a petty trial balance; or that the Waltham Watch Company, owned by more than 3000 people, two years after reorganization, after having appealed to the public for subscription to its securities, should still vouchsafe nothing but a skeleton balance sheet. Neither does the former instance obscure unprofitable operation nor does the latter, as it appears, cover up the full measure of current profits. Both meagre reports are incompatible with the best modern standards of business practice.

At the threshold of intelligent corporate publicity stands a clear distinction between capital and income — the assurance that the property in being *used* is not being *used up*. For, unless it be certain that the investment has been at all costs kept whole, there can be no security that it is not being in part redistributed under the guise of profits. It is fundamental, in other words, that so-called profits should all of them have been really earned, instead of having been partially abstracted from the capital fund. The necessity at law for observation of this principle has never been more forcibly stated than in the heinous case of the American Malting Company, in 1904. The court required that the directors return to the corporate treasury, for the benefit of stockholders, $500,000 in cash and $1,000,000 in common stock, equal to dividends which had been declared although actually unearned. This was the reason: 'The ordinary purchaser of corporate stock holds it as an investment. He rightly considers and treats the dividends paid upon it as income. In many instances the income is required to meet the expenses of living, and is entirely expended for that purpose. To say that a person who has been unwittingly induced to exhaust his principal by the mistaken or fraudulent representation of those to whom he has entrusted it that what has been paid to him is income suffers no injury is absurd. To refuse him redress, except upon condition that he return the moneys which he has expended, in the belief that his capital was intact, — notwithstanding that by such expenditure he is rendered penniless, — is to put a premium upon fraud in corporate management.' This dictum at law utters a sound and necessary practical truth concerning property management. The first point in analysis to be sure about, then, is that the stated earnings are truly earnings and nothing else.

The finer distinctions as respects keeping the investment intact are well put in the admirable report of the Philadelphia Company for 1925, each

item being discriminatingly treated therein. 'Maintenance represents the cost of keeping the property in an efficient operating condition.' 'Depreciation is the provision made for retiring, renewing, or replacing property through deterioration, obsolescence, and depletion.' The relative importance of each of these will vary with the business. Maintenance, with a heavy plant investment, will be relatively high in some; depletion is a first consideration in oil or mining ventures; obsolescence may loom large in a rapidly developing pioneer industry, as in the public-utility field to-day. But, taken collectively, they must all be treated, not, as too commonly occurs, as condiments, but as true vitamins. They all, in the field of accounting, conform to the little girl's definition of salt — 'something which spoils everything that you don't put it on.' As well figure your personal expenses without keeping the teeth and health in sound condition. Statements devoid of adequate charge-offs for these purposes, in accordance with the varying local conditions, are utterly meaningless. Sound business practice should even make allowance for them before deduction of interest charges, as a disclosure of the true picture. Even the bondholder, viewing his claim to interest as a primary deduction from earnings, will be deceived if he fails to realize that the full long-time security for his lien rests rather upon the preservation intact of the corporate estate than upon the immediate likelihood of having current interest charges met. For, unless he first charges off, mentally, from earnings an amount equal to this depreciation, he will underestimate the possibility of a failure of his income in the years to come, as well as the disappearance of his principal at maturity. Such being the case for the creditor, how much more important is it for the shareholder, the real owner, to be advised at the very outset as to the preservation of his capital fund intact.

Obsolescence, due to the fact that the world moves, is the most subtle and, possibly, the most undermining factor of all. When the New England Cotton Yarn Company started out in 1902 with a great investment in machinery operated by skilled English mule spinners, its proponents little dreamed that the great influx of foreign-born unskilled operatives would create the necessity of substituting ring-frame spinning machines throughout their mills. Bankruptcy ensued, partly through the failure to foresee this contingency. But more sudden or incalculable are the changes which come about in popular habits and customs. The American Ice Company has had to weather one such shift, in the practical supersession of its large investment in natural-ice warehouses, up the Hudson and all along the New England coast, through the development of artificial-ice plants close to the points of consumption. And now, for the second time, electrical refrigeration, even in the domestic ice box, promises to bring about another complete revolution in the business. Think how bicycles have come and gone, and of what happened to the American Bicycle Company! The horse-drawn vehicle has virtually disappeared before the automobile. As a prominent manufacturer recently complained, describing the depression in his own line of business, 'the bottom has dropped out of baby carriages' — not because of a declining birth rate, but because of the activities of Henry Ford. Not only must the wear-out and tear-out of plant be cared for in every line of business, but the veritable transformation of the underlying economic conditions themselves must be taken

into account. To meet all such circumstances must, of course, be a matter of judgment and of degree; but to live in and for the day, rather than in the light of the long-time future, when the interest of thousands depends upon the decision, becomes almost a crime.

Enigmatic accounting, obscuring the distinction between capital and income, was never better exemplified than in the case of the American Woolen Company, now in the doldrums or worse because of the sins of its former management. This concern, with upward of $100,000,000 of capital stock and loans, with 35,000 shareholders, and an army of employees scattered all over New England, would seemingly be affected with a public interest merely by reason of its magnitude. Yet Cole, in his *American Wool Manufacture*, a serious and competent study, is practically unable to make out whether 'the preferred dividends were not on the average earned in the whole prewar period,' covering some fifteen-odd years. He makes it appear, in fact, 'that the surplus built up in 1912 to $12,000,000 was at least in part the result of inadequate provision for this item [depreciation].' To such a policy of accounting and management the euphemistic title, 'pleasant-day' finance, is applied. Is it any wonder that bad weather has now succeeded, as the wheel of time revolves? The flippant attitude, or worse, of men high placed in responsibility, treating this matter as if it were nobody's business but their own, is illustrated by a bit from the cross-examination of Havemeyer, head of the old sugar refining company, in 1900.

Q. (*by Mr. North*) Are you now carrying on business at a loss?

A. I have answered that before; I have no other answer to give to it.

Q. You refused to answer it before.

A. Well, I refuse to answer it now.

Q. How do you carry on business at a loss and still declare dividends?

A. You can carry on business at a loss and lose money, and you can meet and declare dividends. One is an executive act and the other is a business matter.

By no means, however, are corporate reports respecting property upkeep always on the wrong side of the ledger. As commonly, perhaps, in case of prosperous companies, is the true situation concealed, whether for the benefit of insiders or not, by understatement of allowances both for maintenance and for replacement. American Can and National Biscuit, whether dominated by the same group in management or not, are alike notorious for obfuscation in this regard. In the former case, American Can, after a nondescript depreciation policy in 1912, suddenly increased its allowance of this sort fivefold, from $500,000. This held the publicly stated net earnings to an unchanging level, despite ever increasing profits. Then, by suddenly dropping depreciation charges back to $1,000,000 the next year, the published net earnings were of course jumped twice over. Coincidently, in 1913, $14,000,000 of debenture bonds were issued to pay off a 33 per cent accumulation of preferred dividends. Could anybody on the inside, with foreknowledge of the course of events, possibly have profited from a concomitant rise in the common-stock quotations from $11 per share to upward of $50?

The National Biscuit Company, with 15,657 shareholders in 1925, the largest manufacturer of its kind in the world, has likewise roughly handled its accounts, always on behalf of those 'in the know.' Net earnings after the war, as reported, long failed to reflect the full measure of profits, through resort to all sorts of fancy charge-offs to depreciation. History does not relate whether this concealment of profits was

to discourage industrial competition for the time being or was, as rumored, on account of the heavy war taxes on corporate income. Anyhow, all of a sudden came an abrupt abandonment of this ultraconservative depreciation policy in 1922. The number of shares was multiplied sevenfold, accompanied by an increase four times over in the amount of dividends paid. This fulguration through the long overdue disclosure of earnings was at once reflected in bounding quotations for the stock.

The Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation is the leading manufacturer of coal-tar derivatives and chemical products in this country, and probably in the world. This concern is equally notorious for overloading its operating expenses with such deductions. The aggregate now exceeds $100,000,000 for depreciation, obsolescence, and contingencies, although the abbreviated income account for 1925 gives not the slightest indication of the charge-off for that period. And on top of this is a 'Capital Surplus,' and this in turn is capped by a 'Further Surplus,' the two aggregating over $150,000,000. Are its shareholders to have the same experience as in National Biscuit? Not even the most expert analyst can discover from its attenuated income statement what is the basis of its various revaluation, retirement, and depreciation reserves. How ridiculous that public partners in this enterprise, consulting banking experts, should have to be advised that such an official income account 'does not by any means give a clear picture of the annual earning power,' or that 'the balance sheet by no means discloses the true value of the company's fixed assets.' It approaches public scandal that corporations of such importance should thus play fast and loose, not only with the public, but with those whose capital is really invested in the business.

IV

And now for the income accounts! The niggardly National Biscuit Company, in its three-by-four-inch balance sheet, stingy even of prepositions, gives us this: 'Earnings year 1925.' Such a policy, 'mysterious or macabre,' invites the comment that the record is either too good or too poor to be frank about it either way. Once again, maintenance and depreciation items would alone tell the story. The widest diversity in this regard, from nondisclosure to entire candor, obtains. The General Outdoor Advertising Company bulks expenses and depreciation indistinguishably in one figure; as if anyone but a tyro would assign the slightest importance to such a statement without full information concerning upkeep or development. Some concerns, like the Continental Gas and Electric Corporation, report net earnings *before* depreciation, perhaps even comparing this figure with what was done a year ago; some, like Mack Trucks, report net earnings *after* depreciation. Whether one or the other is meaningless or not depends upon whether the actual amount of this depreciation is given otherwhere in the report. Mack Trucks so states it, for the current year; but, like many other companies, it fails to indicate what the total accrued from past years now equals. And as for Dodge Brothers, Inc., National Cash Register, and Goodyear Tire and Rubber, all under the same banker management, the word 'depreciation' might just as well not exist, so far as any of their profit and loss statements, since they were taken over, are concerned.

How striking by way of contrast is the 'white-hot lucidity' of the American Locomotive Company for 1925, frankly wiping out all profit and transforming it into a heavy

deficit, in order to make full allowance for wear-out and tear-out! Sinclair Oil Corporation earned some $21,212,000 in 1925 and promptly charged off $15,210,000 for depreciation. Even assuming this to have been somewhat arbitrary, what a difference such a policy of disclosure makes by way of inspiring confidence in the good faith of the management.

Adequate specification is therefore imperative for the income account, as affording the most up-to-date indication of efficiency of the management. It is no chronicle of past events, as the balance sheet may be, no recital of bygone success or of past error. Income accounts are downright news. They ought to be pithy, nothing less. A fine example is the frank and open present-day policy of the American Sugar Refining Company, the more refreshing in view of its secretive antics years ago. The report for 1925, with comparative statement year after year since 1911, leaves little to be desired as reflecting its rehabilitation programme. The way in which, since 1916, $38,300,000 has been expended for maintenance, repairs, additions, and improvements is made thoroughly clear. On the other hand, the International Harvester Company makes no statement of the gross volume of its business, giving nothing but the income received before deducting interest on loans, depreciation, and like items. One cannot, therefore, figure what is the operating ratio or the net earning power. Likewise with the United States Rubber Company. This great concern, according to its annual report for 1925, owns 194 square miles of rubber plantation in the Far East, representing an investment of about $25,000,000. Seven million trees, 117 square miles under cultivation, produced 20,000,000 pounds of rubber. Quite an undertaking, is it not? Yet this is all that is vouchsafed to the 26,898 shareholders in 1926: —

> Rubber received from the plantations is taken into account by the United States Rubber Company at current market prices, and the plantations companies are credited in open account. The plantations companies draw against this open account for current cash requirements, and the balance not required for operating and development purposes is retained by the United States Rubber Company and is comprised in its general assets. The balance of the open account amounted to $7,338,305.19 as of December 31, 1925, and is shown in the Consolidated General Balance Sheet.

Very good paper and fair type are wasted on publication in its consolidated balance sheet of 'Plants, Properties and Investments, including Rubber Plantations, less reserve for depreciation, $183,861,487.64.' This time, thanks be, the figures are carried out to the last penny, so that we may be assured exactly how things stand. Is n't it about time that such open and shut methods were brought to an end?

Balance sheets are prone to be inadequate or misleading in two principal respects. One is the downright omission of important items in the property account. Another is the failure to disclose the method of the valuation, whether it be of property or of stock in trade. The leaflet report of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey merely states that its investments in stocks of other corporations amount to so-and-so much. The president of the Baldwin Locomotive Company, at the annual meeting, issues the surprising statement that the actual value of the Philadelphia plant alone is in excess of the total of $30,000,000 at which the entire property and equipment of the concern are carried in the accounts. No obligation seems to have been recognized to explain the matter further,

although it is obviously of some slight importance to the owners of the concern. Even the railroads are still a little bit at loose ends in this regard. One wonders sometimes how the property account of the New York Central would look if an adequate and up-to-date valuation of its real-estate holdings in the city of New York were to be recorded. Least satisfactory of all is the revelation of assets by some of the investment trusts — the Super Power Company, for example, or the Electric Bond and Share Securities Corporation. The latter gives merely a list of investments without condescending to give either the number of shares or specification as to whether they are valued at cost or at market value.

This brings us to the second important feature — namely, the failure to make clear the method of inventory. In such first-class procedure as of the General Motors Company it is plainly stated that the valuation is based, as it should be, on cost. The Consolidated Cement Corporation frankly avows its valuation 'at reproduction cost.' But one turns in vain to such otherwise excellent statements as those of the Bethlehem Steel Company, or, in the field of public utilities, the North American Company, for light as to whether the appraisal is based upon prices paid, upon the market value, upon reproduction cost, 'prudent investment,' or what not.

Popular wisdom recites that all signs fail in a dry time. With corporations things work out the other way round. When they are wet, with an abundance of goodwill, commonly called watered stock, and particularly under the present widespread adoption of so-called no-par capital issues, then it is that all signs fail with a vengeance. Almost immemorial custom, until recently, started off the corporation account from a given base, a set par value, which supposedly represented either the price at which the securities were sold or else the value of the property for which they were exchanged. But nowadays, under the prevailing practice that abolishes this par value, — permitting the issuance of stock, in most states, at no particular figure whatsoever, — good old-fashioned balance-sheet practice has been knocked galley-west. The accounts, instead of starting from a bench mark solidly established, — theoretically at least, — start from nowhere, and as certainly fetch up nowhere in particular.

Dodge Brothers, Inc., representing the purchase of a well-known automobile concern in 1925, is a case in point. About $146,000,000 was paid for properties which were said, just as things, to be worth some $85,000,000 net. Upward of $90,000,000 of the total realized by the sale of its stocks to some 26,000 people stood for prospective earning power and for nothing else. It was frankly admitted in the prospectus that the capital stock of 2,850,000 shares (no par value) 'has been issued almost entirely against the established earning power, which is not assigned a value in the balance sheet.' Consequently this remarkable prospectus, in face of this statement, — or rather on the other side of the selfsame piece of paper, — represents 'goodwill' in the balance sheet at $1. It really does! Not even the almost impregnable General Electric Company, with its extraordinary policy of depreciation, retirement, and undervaluation, where everything in the nature of water was drastically expressed from the start, could to outward appearances exceed this performance. Each of the two balance sheets represents goodwill at $1. They look like Siamese twins. Yet Dodge Brothers has a deluge of such water, and the General Electric less than a

penny. How was it brought about? By an astounding feat of legerdemain. The old-fashioned way was to accomplish such things by fictitious inflation of the assets on the balance sheet. The modern way is to bring them to pass by puncturing the liabilities. This used to be impossible, because capital stock had a fixed par value at which it went into the books. But capital stock with no par value under the laws of all but two of our states has no definable bottom. And so, among the liabilities under Capital Stock and Surplus, is this amazing item: —

Preference Stock, no par value; $7.00 per annum cumulative; issued 850,000 shares..... $850,000

Did ever accountants heretofore subscribe to such a contradiction in terms? This preferred stock goes in at $1 per share, while on the same line is the promise of $7 per annum cumulative dividends. As I figure it, this means a cumulative dividend rate of 700 per cent a year. But it is all the more remarkable that this should be allowed to go in at $1 per share when, as a matter of fact, it was sold to the public along with some common stock at $100 per share. And the same sort of prestidigitation is applied to both classes of the common stocks, which are entered at ten cents per share, quite regardless of the price the public paid for them. Further comment upon such an accounting monstrosity — or shall we call it acrobatics? — is superfluous.

Under the old-fashioned theory of capital stock with a definite par value, pranks enough and misfeasance a plenty played around the matter of surplus, also; but with the advent of no-par stock, so often accompanied by practical disappearance of any precisely defined capital fund or estate, the doors were thrown wide open to all sorts of shenanigan here as well. Surplus, but imperfectly distinguishable from profit and loss, has always been used to make assets and liabilities exactly equilibrate down to the last cent on the balance sheet. But now the entire capital stock, so far as it is stripped of par value, is bulked indistinguishably with the surplus to constitute such a total as to produce that same perfect equilibrium. Here is the way it reads for the National Cash Register Company for 1925 — a fair sample of newfangled accounting: —

Capital Stock and Surplus..$37,856,135.08
(Represented by 1,100,000 shares Common 'A' Stock and by 400,000 shares of Common 'B' Stock, both of no par value)
(Including surplus of Foreign Subsidiary Companies)

And this is one of the seven figures on the balance sheet, constituting itself alone about four fifths of the total liabilities of this great concern. Its predecessor, with a par value, indicated that this sum was about half capital and half surplus, each being handled separately. But from this time forth all distinction is airily waved aside as if it were of no consequence.

The possibilities of obfuscation, to say nothing of malfeasance, as to surplus appear in the selfsame first annual report of 1925 of Dodge Brothers, Inc., purveying results of its first eight months' operation under banker management. This is the way the matter is now described: —

The company's surplus at December 31, 1925, totaled $31,477,234, of which $6,676,722 arose upon acquisition of assets on May 1, 1925, $14,958,543 upon conversion of debentures, and $9,841,969 from earnings.

This is the same balance sheet, by the way, for which the entry of the various no-par securities into the accounts in connection with goodwill has just been

described. The balance sheet itself conforms strictly to this statement. But just suppose that in this instance — and it might perfectly well have been so done by anybody else — the mere total had been stated without further specification. What a magnificent achievement to have taken the old personal corporation of April 1, 1925, with its surplus of $4,608,000, and, after adding in the actually undistributed earnings of $9,841,000, to have created within eight months a so-called surplus of $31,477,000. What really happened was that $15,002,000 of debentures, standing at $100 par each, had been converted into 434,563 and 17/21 shares of Class A no-par stock, reserved for the purpose; which, as we have seen, went in on the new balance sheet at ten cents each. In other words, the net reduction in the liabilities column due to this pen-and-ink performance was approximately $15,000,000. Taking it out of the capital stock valuation, this sum was simply shifted to the existing surplus, — the footing of assets remaining the same, — to create an aggregate about seven times as large as the surplus eight months earlier. Otherwise stated, for every time that a $100 debenture retired, some odd shares at ten cents each stepped into its shoes — reminiscent of the rabbit sausage in the old, old story. That, too, was adulterated 'only fifty-fifty: every time we put in a rabbit, we put in a horse.' Nor is this to charge deception, in view of the frank textual avowal. Yet it stands, nevertheless, as an extreme example of the jugglery which is attendant upon some of these recent departures in American corporate finance.

The holding corporation is a peculiarly troublesome and confusing business as respects accounting. Even with the best of intentions it is extremely difficult to set forth the true condition of affairs, either as to the estate itself or as to the current income therefrom. The American International Corporation, for example, is largely a finance concern. It has no outstanding bonds; but, its income being derived entirely from investments, these, so far as they are stocks, are based upon dividends which can be paid only after the satisfaction of the fixed charges of each separate company owned. Nothing less than a complete disclosure of all of these investments makes clear the financial status of the concern.

The danger of incomplete disclosure is especially accentuated in the field of public utilities. The Electric Light and Power Corporation in 1925 asserts clearly enough that it has no funded debt; yet its subsidiaries, whence all its income arises, have in fact $140,000,000 of such indebtedness. So also with the American Superpower Corporation, which reports no funded or floating debt. Yet its two principal investments are bonded up to almost $50,000,000. If, with good intent, the true status may thus be obscured, how great is the danger when the morale is low. The bitter experience of United States Rubber shareholders in 1915 is matter of history. The United Dry Goods Company collapse, coincident with the failure of the H. B. Claflin Company, was a public scandal. Published reports gave no indication of weakness of the top corporation, which, however, was contingently liable for over $30,000,000 on notes of its subsidiaries. The Corn Products Company in 1903 manipulated matters another way round. A highly discouraging balance sheet was issued, cutting its surplus by over $2,000,000. The holding company, of course, had no income of its own; so that when this particular subsidiary, the Glucose Sugar Refining Company, was caused to postpone its

dividend date over into the succeeding fiscal year, this, and other things of the sort, completely transformed the picture. It is clear, therefore, that no annual report is worth the paper upon which it is printed, without complete consolidated statements, both of income and of condition, as of a date certain.

V

The first recourse by way of remedy for these irregular practices is that of vigorous private initiative from within, industry by industry, taking up the issue of orderly and adequate publicity as a matter both of duty and of expediency. The street railways, for example, have long since adopted a standard form of accounting, although it seems not to be universally put into effect. A uniform classification of accounts for gas companies has been adopted officially for over twenty states. The influence of the trade associations, for the moment confined to efficiency and production data, might well spill over into the field of finance. Much that is helpful might emanate from the Investment Bankers' Association of America. Much has indeed been accomplished. But one runs head-on against a serious obstacle. To a considerable degree within each industry it is a case of all or nothing. The laggard corporation, persistent in secretiveness, lays a heavy penalty upon its progressive rivals all down the line. This does not apply among public utilities, for they are industrial monopolies, more or less. But in the domain of private competitive enterprise it is only the all-powerful factor in the business, conscious of its own worth and importance, — like the Steel Corporation or the General Motors Company, — which can throw reserve to the winds, making a full disclosure of everything. In certain industries, also, — the chain stores, for instance, — where profits are derived from a multitude of transactions in different commodities, the embarrassment of disclosure is less important. Profits on all kinds of things are averaged into a general figure, not disclosed for particular products. Competition, in other words, is much generalized. But let rivalry within an industry narrow down to two or three big competitors, and it takes a hardy perennial to stand the wind and weather of publicity alone.

Beyond peradventure of doubt the New York Stock Exchange is to-day the leading influence in the promotion of adequate corporate disclosure the world over. The evident disposition to accept fully the responsibilities of its status as the greatest organized market for securities in the world merits high praise. Its list requirements at present are immeasurably advanced beyond those of even ten years ago. It seeks to discover, first, that securities admitted to the trading list are sufficiently distributed so that there shall be a free and open market. This calls for a statement as to the ownership of the largest blocks of its stock, including the ten largest shareholders. Then a constantly elaborated questionnaire, approximating more nearly year by year to the highest standards of accounting practice, endeavors to place everything of material value upon the file. This file, it should be noted, is open to public inspection; and it is further noteworthy that the detail offered therein frequently greatly exceeds in specification that which is furnished to the shareholders in the published reports. For example, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey has already been cited as distributing rather an inadequate statement of the leaflet type. But as far back as 1920 the stock list application affords a much more complete description of the business, including such important matters as the

equity earnings of subsidiary companies by name. Or for American Can, with its curt official report, there is submission to the Stock List Committee, in 1926, of comparative statements of earnings for the preceding five years, along with a lot of other things.

The International Business Machines Corporation, in its stockholders' leaflet report, jumbles most of its possessions together as follows: —

> Plant, Property, Equipment, Machines, Patents and Goodwill, as per books, after deducting surplus of Subsidiary Companies acquired at organization. . $28,019,035.45

A contemporary stock list application, however, reveals that land, buildings, equipment, and machines aggregate about $6,000,000, whereas patents and goodwill are listed at $13,700,000. Why should not the shareholders, even more than the Stock Exchange, be entitled to know that two thirds of the listed assets, aside from inventory, represent capitalized earning power only? Whether such financial policy is wise or not depends upon circumstances. The point here is merely that the shareholders are better entitled to know all about it than anybody else. These instances show what a fund of information there is on file at the Stock Exchange, free of access, even by public invitation, for those who have a real interest in the business.

These requirements for admittance to list are steadily improving, as is also the discipline for failure to observe the conditions imposed. It is now more than twenty years since the American Steel Foundries were struck from the list for fraudulent statement of their working capital. Such downright misstatement is easy enough to deal with summarily. Far more difficult is it to impose drastic penalties for imperfect rendition of data, or, it may be, for failure to live up to the requirements, now more and more common, of quarterly as well as annual reports. To strike the security from the list, closing the market to thousands of shareholders perhaps, would work irreparable harm. It would also shut the door to further stimulation in the direction of sound practice, relegating the offender to outer darkness, so to speak. But the present administration is evidently solicitous to do its best. It now, furthermore, enjoys the expert attention and advice of a highly competent staff. New issues and principles are constantly arising. One of particular importance is the prevention of the use of misleading titles. To be listed as a bond, a bond must be a bond. And in these days of holding companies, especially among public utilities, very nice distinctions have to be drawn between securities offered for sale as bonds and others which are practically notes secured by collateral consisting of stock of subsidiary operating concerns, sometimes of rather doubtful character. A participating or preferred stock must possess all the attributes of such securities, judged by the highest technical standards. Even the form of the engraved certificate must pass muster. I have in mind, for example, condemnation of the legend in large letters across the top of one of these certificates, 'Stronger than the Government itself.' The discouragement, too, in 1925, of the issuance of nonvoting shares exercised an extraordinarily tonic effect upon a prevailing fashion.

But there are distinct limitations, nevertheless, upon the activities of the New York Stock Exchange, this best of the private agencies. Its control is restricted solely to those corporations which seek admittance to that particular exchange. There always remain the unlisted securities handled on the curb or over the counter; as well as on the other provincial exchanges

all over the United States, which for many purposes are sufficient for corporations of lesser size and importance, but among which there is the greatest diversity of standards. Unless Chicago Boston, Pittsburgh, and the others rise to the full measure of New York, as to requirements, a wide gap in supervision obtains. And it is, of course, for the lesser local corporations, more closely controlled and less susceptible to educational appeal, that the greatest need of improvement exists. Local jealousies count for something. Certain of the major public utilities with headquarters in Chicago adduce local pride as a sufficient reason for refusing 'to come to New York' for an open market. Such influences, where the desire for modest seclusion as respects accounting exists, are accentuated by other motives. A security not listed — that is to say, dealt with on the curb, over the counter, or in a provincial exchange — remains more completely under control of its own management as respects market price. But if once listed, quite apart from the obligation to file adequate data, there is the chance of having to support the stock in the open market against overt attack. For all these reasons, therefore, it is clear that, however wholesome and uplifting the practices of the New York Stock Exchange may be, its influence must of necessity remain circumscribed within certain rather definite limits.

VI

Why should not the stockholders themselves, if necessary, bring about a reform in this business of publicity? Do they rest inert and mute because of their helplessness? There seem to be only two things which they can do. One is to boycott the sealed-up corporations. The other would be to take the bit in mouth and force the issue in open meeting. As for the boycott, mysterious corporations which have turned out to be bonanzas have always served as decoys for the public. The uninitiated are always ready enough to try a fling. But, even among the more wary, the personality and reputation of managers often afford sufficient guaranty, at all events to take a gambling chance, the more alluring because of the very mystery. The danger arises, however, from the ease with which real responsibility and power, under modern conditions, may often imperceptibly pass from strong and competent hands into others of a quite different sort. This is what is going on with great rapidity all about us at this time. And as for taking the bit in mouth, to register the opinions of thousands of stockholders is at best an expensive, difficult, and often well-nigh impossible performance. A first-class corporation, long notorious for its secretiveness, repeatedly issued statements like this, which appeared in its annual report for 1901: —

> The settled plan of the directors has been to withhold all information from the stockholders and others that is not called for by the stockholders in a body. So far *no request for information has been made in the manner prescribed by the directors* [our italics]. Distribution of stock has not meant distribution of control.

Surprising, was it not, that, with the characteristic inertia of stockholders 'at large,' they never assembled and formally preferred this request? Was it, however, quite fair to assume that failure so to do signified approval of the official reticence?

That which stockholders ought to bring about, and right speedily too, either on private initiative or by induced legislation, is the introduction of shareholders' audit or of general check-up comittees. The practice of such

independent auditing, made at the expense of the corporation but under the supervision of shareholders entirely independent of the management, is necessary under the British Companies Acts; as also in Germany. Certified public accountants report to a stockholders' committee annually, and they are held to a strict obligation at law. Whether or not, for example, a given item should be charged to capital or income account is a matter of dictation by the management in private corporations in the United States. But in order to do thus and so in England, if it were a debatable matter, it would be at once referred for decision to such an independent executive committee of the shareholders. The object, really, would be to accomplish in the field of finance something akin to that which is expected to be brought about in the field of labor by the introduction of company unions. The principle of representation for employees by means of works councils has been widely adopted throughout the country since the war. The purpose is to establish a medium of communication between the employees collectively and the company. By and large, the relations have been highly satisfactory, within certain limits; although it is apparent that such representation does not conform to the full ideal of the trade-union movement. Here, in this other field of ownership, it is equally important that the management should be tied in, so to speak, with an appreciably articulate representative body of the owners. That plans are already under way for experimentation in this direction affords evidence that a present source of disquiet and abuse may possibly be dried up by resorting to some such private initiative.

Yet another activity of shareholders in the nature of a check-up, revision, or supervision, deserves consideration. This has to do with current valuations as carried on the balance sheets. As at present conducted, such appraisals, whether in prospectuses or in annual reports, are invariably made up, not by experts of independent status, but by those whose prospects and emoluments are directly dependent upon the existing management. It is inevitable under such circumstances that these valuations should be biased by the wish to please. Quite irrespective of artificial stimulation or suggestion, the impulse nine times out of ten is toward overstatement. We have had too many examples even of downright deception in this regard. Shareholders have a right, not only to an independent appraisal by engineers at the time of issuance of a prospectus, but also to a current check by independent engineers from time to time. Nor would the expense be an objection, since the cost should be chargeable to the operating expenses of the corporation. Some of these matters, too, are quite differently handled under the British Companies Acts. There is perhaps something for us in the United States to learn in this connection.

VII

State legislation for stimulation or enforcement of publicity holds out little promise for the future. Widely differing standards between the commonwealths, already forcibly exemplified in respect to incorporation practice, bring insuperable difficulties. The pressure of local opinion in the case of important concerns can only be overcome by exercise of these powers from a distance. Heartbreaking experience in enforcement of factory legislation by local authority is of record. 'If I were to attempt to execute the present law [as to child labor], this village would be too hot to hold me,' was the way one of

the Connecticut school visitors put it at the time. The leading instance of attempts by state legislation to invigorate business practice is afforded by the numerous blue-sky laws enacted upon the initiative of the State of Kansas in 1911. But these local commissions, serviceable enough when dealing with downright fraudulent issue of securities by mining, real-estate, or other adventurers, almost inevitably become apologetic or complaisant when confronted by serious situations in important close-by going concerns. 'They are directed, moreover, against the sale of gold bricks, whereas our present concern is with the distribution of lemons,' is the way one observer puts it. The Michigan blue-sky law is a case in point. The so-called Securities Commission, upon the promotion of Dodge Brothers, Inc., in 1925, promptly rendered a forceful decision, prohibiting the sale of the capital stocks in commerce within the state. Obviously, however, over business done from New York it had no jurisdiction. Furthermore, apparently in accordance with the terms of the statute, this convincing and able statement, which if published would have clarified the whole situation, was closed to public view — at all events I was requested to refrain from giving it public circulation. The decision merely, and not the underlying facts, obviously exercised almost no outside influence whatsoever. Such experience renders one skeptical of all local endeavor in this direction, whether like the admirable Business Companies Act introduced under Roosevelt's leadership in New York in 1900, or like the numberless blue-sky laws of one kind or another now upon the statute books. They are all good enough in their way for downright fraudulent concerns. But by way of stiffening up conditions along accounting lines in the case of ordinary industrial or commercial businesses they will always be practically negligible.

Comprehensive and ambitious proposals for Federal incorporation or Federal license to engage in interstate commerce need hardly be considered in this particular connection of adequate publicity. Whether or not, on the ground of corporate shortcomings or abuses, such a proposal should be advocated need not concern us for the moment. The far-reaching proposal of President Taft, by special message to Congress on January 7, 1910, recommending Federal incorporation, turned out to be politically impracticable on the one hand and economically inexpedient on the other. The immediate impulse was the decisive dissolution decrees of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Standard Oil and the American Tobacco Company decisions. But the foregoing developments led forward logically to the enactment of the Federal Trade Commission Law of 1914, which is still in full force and effect, as an amendment of the Sherman Antitrust Law. This statute, which is usually thought of in connection with unfair trade practices and the regulation of monopoly, contains in Section 6 a positive delegation of authority to this body which is entirely adequate to the performance of the service so greatly needed at the present time. The Federal Trade Commission, had it chosen to exercise these powers, might since 1914 have gathered and compiled information — to paraphrase the statute — concerning the organization, business, and management of any large corporation engaged in commerce, except banks and common carriers. Furthermore, it might require by general or special orders such corporations to file with the Commission both annual and special reports in such form as the Commission might prescribe, such reports to be rendered under oath. The

record of debate upon the subject makes it clear that Congress intended this work to constitute one of its chief activities.

What is the explanation for the neglect of this section of the existing law? It is partly, perhaps, because the Commissioners have been legalistically rather than economically minded, preferring to institute proceedings rather than to set constructive inquiries and practices on foot. Another reason is that since the war, with its concomitant overdevelopment of Federal power, a natural reaction against so-called paternalism supervened. A third is that this body is still in its incubatory stage of development. Even with the best of intent, it must of necessity, as did the Interstate Commerce Commission for years, fight from point to point before the courts for affirmation of its powers under the law. A prime controversy now at issue in the courts is an outcome of the rise of prices and the attendant price fixing during and since the war. The Commission, by direction of the President, had instituted special inquiries into the cost of steel production, largely for the use of the War Industries Board. Such data turned out to be most valuable also for the Fuel Administration and for the other price-fixing or Federal purchasing agencies. Congress even made special appropriations for the collection of such material. In 1920, the peak year of inflation, the Federal Trade Commission called upon the steel companies to furnish balance sheets and income statements quarterly, along with other supply and demand data every month. The account of this endeavor will be found in its report on 'War Time Profits and Costs of the Steel Industry.' Certain of the steel and coal companies refused to accede to these orders, on the ground that they were engaged in production and not in interstate commerce, and that they were therefore not subject to the jurisdiction of the United States in this respect. Two decisions of the Federal courts have already held that the Commission had no such authority. The matter has been twice argued before the Supreme Court, indicative of considerable doubt upon the point. The chances might indeed be against the affirmation of this Federal authority, were it not that the final outcome in most of the trust and railroad litigation has heretofore in last resort been in favor of the plenary authority of the United States.

Here, then, we have plainly indicated the most obvious, the simplest, the most effective remedy of all. It lies inert in the hollow of the executive hand. No legislation is necessary. There is nothing revolutionary about it — nothing paternalistic, to use a dreadful word, unless that means the exercise by the Great White Father of his lawful prerogative on behalf of some millions of our citizenry who are in need of help. Nor will it pauperize — another ill-omened word — if the President declare it to be the policy of the administration to carry out this law. Quite the reverse! Nothing will more surely conduce to popular thrift than to throw all possible safeguards about the investments of the common people. Let the word go forth that the Federal Trade Commission is henceforward to address itself vigorously to the matter of adequate and intelligent corporate publicity, and, with the helpful agencies already at work, the thing is as good as done.

THE DEBT SETTLEMENT

THE CASE FOR REVISION

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE PHILIP SNOWDEN

AMERICANS have a reputation for plain speaking. They will not, therefore, resent others indulging in this agreeable method of relieving one's feelings. No American who has visited Europe occasionally during the last few years, and who has come in touch with public opinion, can have failed to be impressed by the growing antipathy to the United States. However disagreeable it may be to recognize this fact, it would be folly to ignore it.

No greater calamity could happen to the world than an estrangement of Europe and America, and particularly of the two great English-speaking peoples. The destinies of the world are largely in their hands, and not merely good feeling but generous coöperation is essential for the task of rebuilding the shattered world and leading all nations to a higher moral development.

The unpopularity of America in Europe is due to her post-war attitude to European resettlement. Rightly or wrongly, she has managed to create the impression that, when her fear of the German menace was removed, she left Europe in the lurch, devoted herself to taking financial and commercial advantage of Europe's misfortunes, and was concerned only in her own material interests.

This view, so general throughout Europe, and especially in France and England, is, I believe, largely, if not wholly, without foundation. But it exists, and nothing has done so much to give to it apparent justification as America's policy on the matter of Interallied debts. It is of vital importance, therefore, that Americans should know how their European debtors feel on this subject.

I

The nations of Europe see themselves crushed by colossal war debts and burdened by intolerable taxation. For five years Britain has suffered from unparalleled trade depression. At a cost of a hundred million pounds a year she has maintained a vast army of unemployed. Her foreign trade, on which she so largely depends, is 25 per cent below the pre-war volume. She sees America enjoying unbounded prosperity, capturing her former markets, and keeping her goods out of America by prohibitive tariffs. And all the while America is exacting from her comparatively poverty-stricken debtors a huge annual tribute on account of financial assistance given by America for what her statesmen described as 'a common enterprise and a common interest.'

I have met Americans who say that they cannot understand why there should be any feeling of resentment in England at the Anglo-American debt settlement. That settlement, they declare, was a voluntary act on the part of England, and was carried through at

our request. That is not the fact. In 1920 President Wilson wrote to Mr. Lloyd George stating that it was highly improbable that the United States Congress would agree to any reduction of the British debt in order to induce Britain to forgo debts owed to her by her Allies, or to any reduction of Allied debts in order to facilitate a settlement of reparations.

Further, in 1922 the American Government addressed a firm but courteous note to the British Foreign Office demanding the payment of accrued interest upon the American debt, and asking that the debt should be funded and repaid by a sinking fund in twenty-five years. It was this demand which called forth the famous Balfour Note to Britain's Continental debtors.

No self-respecting nation could fail to respond to such an imperative demand to pay her debts, and a few months later the British Government sent a mission to Washington to arrange funding terms. America's first request was that the rate of interest to be paid by Britain should not be less than that at which America had to pay for loans. Eventually America conceded slightly more favorable terms, which were embodied in the Funding Agreement. Mr. Baldwin's impressions of these negotiations were frankly expressed on his return. 'The bulk of the people in America,' he said, 'have no acquaintance with international trade. . . . They think that all we have to do is to send the money over.'

Under this funding arrangement Britain admitted an indebtedness of $4,600,000,000. She agreed to pay interest at the rate of 3 per cent for the first ten years, and thereafter at the rate of 3½ per cent for the remaining period of fifty-two years, with additional annual payments for the amortization of the debt. In all, Britain is to pay to America over a period of sixty-two years a total sum of £2,200,000,000!

Let us now examine the case for imposing this tribute of $500,000 a day upon the productive capacity of Britain for a period of two generations. The legality of the debt is not questioned. But it will not be maintained that this debt is wholly of the nature of an ordinary commercial debt. The debt is expressed in terms of money, but there was no cash transaction. The loans were made by America in munitions, food, cotton, and other war requirements. The purchases made by the British Government in America, before America entered the war, were paid for by pledging and selling British collateral securities. In this way Britain incurred a debt to her own citizens of about £800,000,000, which is quite apart from her funded debt to America.

It was after America entered the war, in April 1917, that Britain incurred her debt to America. She had already severely strained her financial strength by large loans to her Dominions and Allies. But for this she would never have needed to ask for credits from America for the war supplies she obtained from there. There is that justification for the contention that Britain borrowed from America to lend to her Allies. But it is not true that the British debt to America was incurred to lend to Britain's Allies. An ambiguous phrase in the Balfour Note gave rise to the impression that our debt to America was incurred on behalf of our Continental Allies.

It is not true that after America entered the war she refused to accept the credit of the Continental Allies, or that Britain was required to underwrite the loans made by America to them. This truth has been repeatedly stated by British Ministers. If Britain had guaranteed the loans made direct to France and Italy by America, it is

certain that she would have been called upon by America to meet the obligation, being the most substantial of the debtors.

In the interests of a right understanding of the position of America in regard to the loans she made to France and Italy, and in view of the widespread impression that she refused to lend to those countries on their own credit, I am glad to make this statement of the facts, based upon a close examination of the records. It is true that America refused to lend to the Allies beyond the sum of their purchases in America, her reason being that if she did so she would have no control over the expenditure of the money.

II

The case against America's insistence upon the payment of her loans to her Allies in the war is quite strong enough on the actual facts without importing any questionable contentions into the controversy. That case is that America kept out of the war for nearly three years before she realized that it was to her interests to secure a victory for the Allies; that during that time she made colossal profits out of supplying munitions to the Allies; that by her belated recognition of her vital interest in the Allies' cause she prolonged the war considerably, thus adding enormously to the financial burden of the Allies; that when she entered the war she was not for a long time able to contribute to the military prosecution of the war; that her loans to the Allies, made after her entry into the war, should be regarded as contributions to a common effort; that her financial help to the Allies was a small contribution to the common effort by comparison with the sacrifices in life made by the Allies during the interval in which she was unable to give much effective help in the field; that, on her own contention that 'capacity to pay' should be taken into account in estimating the respective contributions to the cost of the war, she is not bearing her share of that cost; that by insisting upon the payment of loans from impoverished countries she is retarding the economic revival of Europe and the world; that by insisting upon the payment from Britain she is preventing that country from forgiving all her own debtors; and finally, that it is not in the ultimate interests of America that she should burden the nations of Europe with this enormous annual tribute to her.

The bill authorizing the bond issue enabling the United States Treasury to extend credits to the Allied Governments was introduced into the House of Representatives five days after the entry of America into the war. It was unanimously approved by all parties. Speaker after speaker justified the credits on the ground that 'the Allies were fighting the cause of America.' Representative Mann of Illinois said, amid the applause of Congress, 'We are not prepared to place men in the field. We are not prepared to fight with our army. We are not prepared to do much with our navy. . . . But there is one way in which we are prepared to engage in the war. There is only one way in which to-day we can do more than make our war an academic discussion, and the only way left to us is to help finance those nations who are fighting our enemy. . . . I only hope and pray that the aid thus given may be effectual enough to end the war before we send our boys to the trenches.'

The debate in the Senate followed the same line. The whole tenor of the speeches there was 'The Allies are fighting our battles'; 'It will be months before we can do more than lend those who are fighting our money'; 'This is our immediate contribution to the war.'

The official bulletin issued in 1917 by the United States Treasury, appealing for subscriptions from the public for these loans, contains statements which have an important bearing on the subject.

It was stated that loans were essential to America's protection, not alone in a military way, *but for her economic protection and welfare.* It was further stated that America was producing more goods than were needed for her own use, and that her economic protection and welfare demanded that she should sell much of her production to her Allies. In other words, the credits enabled America to get rid of her surplus production to the Allies at high prices and big profits, and to keep her workpeople in employment. Most significant of all was the admission in this official bulletin that the loans were made to the Allies to enable them to do the fighting which otherwise the American army would have to do at much expense, not only of men, but of money — money which would never be returned to America, and lives that never could be restored.

These admissions fully justify the conclusion that the loans made to the Allies to fight America's battle should be regarded as her contribution to the war in lieu of the money she would have had to spend and the lives she would have had to sacrifice but for her unpreparedness to put men into the field earlier. The loans made by America did not obviate the need for Britain's continuing largely to finance her European Allies. After the entry of America, Great Britain lent $4,176,000,000, and borrowed roughly the same amount from the United States — namely, $4,498,000,000. These figures prove conclusively that if Britain had not continued to finance her Allies she would have had no need to borrow from America. Therefore, in a real sense, the British debt to America 'was incurred not for herself but for her Allies.'

From the outbreak of war to the entry of America, the United States was the great market for the supply of munitions, food, and other necessaries for war. Up to 1917, Great Britain borrowed from her nationals a sum of £800,000,000 to pay for goods supplied by America. She did this to a great extent by surrendering the private investments of British investors in America. The effects of this transaction are still being felt by Great Britain in the adverse balance of trade.

The war came at a time when the United States was in sore need of a trade revival. For twelve months before the outbreak of war that country had been suffering from a very severe industrial depression. The commercial outlook in that country was of the blackest description. The number of business failures at that time was the largest recorded in her history. The war came, and in an instant all was changed. Blank depression gave place to unbounded prosperity. The madness of Europe brought industrial salvation to the United States. The demand for everything she could produce was tremendous. Prices rose sky-high, and profits passed beyond the dreams of avarice. For the three years before she entered the war America was surfeited with wealth made out of the bloody sacrifices on the battlefields of Europe.

During the five trade years before the war, the United States exported to Europe goods to the value of $6,751,498,000. During the five years of the war her exports to Europe rose to the value of $19,494,779,000 — an increase of 200 per cent. These figures are the more remarkable when it is remembered that during the war America's exports to the countries of Middle Europe practically ceased. In sending these goods to Europe, both before and after

America's entry into the war, the American exporter and manufacturer took no risks. He trusted in God to give the victory to the Allies, but he trusted in collateral to secure the payment for munitions to secure that victory. When America became a partner in the war, an arrangement was made with England and France under which the War Industries Board supervised the purchases of the Allies in the United States. But there was no control of prices. Profiteering in war time became a monstrous scandal in Great Britain, in spite of antiprofiteering laws and boards for price control. It requires little imagination to conceive what happened in the United States in this respect before America's entry. But the rise in the value of exports tells that story. The sums loaned by America from 1917 to help the Allies to fight her battle were but a part of the profits she had made out of the Allies before her entry into the war.

III

The relative sacrifices in life and treasure, and the relative capacities of the Allied and Associated Powers, must be considered in connection with the question of Interallied debts. And the point must be borne in mind during this consideration that America entered the war 'for her own economic protection and welfare.' If her interest in the defeat of Germany was equal to that of her Allies she was morally bound to make an equal contribution to the effort to attain that result. But no such proportionate contribution is asked from her. No sacrifice she can now make in canceling the Allied debts can compensate her Allies for the loss of the millions of men whose bodies lie buried on the European battlefields. The New York correspondent of a London financial journal, writing on the debate on Interallied debts which I raised in the House of Commons in March last, said that great indignation had been aroused in official circles in Washington by my insinuation that the United States ought to have borne the entire cost of the war after her entry therein, on the theory that she had been delinquent in fulfilling her moral duty from August 1914 to April 1917. I neither made nor ever imagined such an insinuation. After America's entry, Britain borrowed over £3,000,000,000 from her nationals to finance the war, for which she is paying 5 per cent interest, in addition to raising over £1,000,000,000 a year by taxation. We do not ask either America or anyone else to shoulder a penny of that burden. It is a difficult load to carry, but our self-respect will sustain us to the end.

The Bankers Trust Company of New York has furnished the following table of the relative cost of the war to the principal Allied Powers.

RELATIVE COST OF THE WAR TO THE GREAT POWERS

(In '1913' dollars)

	Gross cost of war per capita	Gross cost of war percentage of national wealth	Average annual cost of war percentage of national income	Battle deaths percentage of population
Great Britain..	524.85	34.49	36.92	1.44
France.....	280.20	19.36	25.59	2.31
Italy.....	124.59	20.59	19.18	.92
Russia.....	44.01	13.11	24.10	.98
United States..	176.91	8.67	15.50	.05

It will be seen from this table that Great Britain made by far the largest proportionate financial contribution to the cost of the war. She is still bearing a much heavier annual burden of taxation than any other of the late belligerents. Out of her abounding post-war prosperity, the United States is rapidly extinguishing her internal war debt; she is making enormous reductions of taxation; and the abundance of money is enabling her to convert maturing bonds at a very low rate of interest.

I prefer to take my figures from United States sources. The New York Trust Company *Index*, published in July of last year, gave a comparative table of the relative taxation burdens of the leading countries of Europe compared with the United States. The figures are based on national and local taxes in 1923–4, converted at average exchange rates. The table is adapted from the computations of the United States National Industrial Conference Board.

	Taxation per capita in dollars	National income per capita in dollars	Proportion of national income absorbed by taxation per cent
Great Britain	86.94	374.74	23.2
France	39.07	186.98	20.9
Italy	19.04	99.17	19.2
Belgium	24.83	146.06	17.0
United States	69.76	606.26	11.5

As a matter of fact, at the present time the taxation per head, and the proportion of national income absorbed by taxation, are much lower in the United States than in 1923–4; whereas in Great Britain the budget estimates for the current financial year are higher than in 1923–4. Our national wealth is not increasing. The yield of each penny of the income tax is showing a slight tendency to decline. More than half the tax revenue of Great Britain is absorbed in paying the interest and sinking fund of the war debt. In the United States, as the New York Trust Company points out, approximately three fifths of the total taxation is for states and municipalities, whereas in Great Britain four fifths is for national purposes.

While Great Britain's financial burden remains practically undiminished, and while her trade languishes under this load, the wealth of the United States is expanding at an enormous rate. The Federal Trade Commission recently published statistics which show that her national wealth is computed at $550,000,000,000. The wealth of Great Britain is estimated at £24,000,000,000, about one fifth that of the United States, which is increasing yearly at the rate of $55,000,000,000 — that is to say, it is doubling itself in ten years. The national income of the United States, which in 1923 was estimated at $70,000,000,000, is steadily expanding at the rate of $10,000,000,000 a year. In other words, America's national income is increasing yearly by the sum of the total amount of the debts owing to her by her European debtors. The present annual income of Great Britain is about £3,600,000,000.

A statement has been cabled to London that Mr. Mellon has informed the President that the $300,000,000 Third Liberty Loan Bonds which mature in 1928 can shortly be converted at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, effecting a saving of over $30,000,000 annually. Great Britain has large blocks of debt nearing maturity, and there is little probability that these can be converted at a lower rate than 5 per cent. In about twenty years' time, I understand, — but of this I cannot write definitely, — the whole of America's war debt will be redeemed. At the present rate of redemption it will take one hundred and fifty years for Great Britain to pay off her internal war debt.

There are two other points in this connection which may be noted. Under the Baldwin Settlement with America, Britain is to pay interest upon the American debt for fifty-two years at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Even now it appears that America is able to borrow internally at a $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent rate. If her national savings continue to grow at the present rate, the rate of interest will fall lower still, and it is no fantastic supposition that, while Britain is paying America $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in the future, the United States Government will be able to borrow at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The second point is that America, out of the tribute she is taking from Europe, and out of her surplus savings, is placing the countries of Europe under her yoke by her loans to these countries for public and commercial purposes. Mr. Hoover was recently reported in the London press to have estimated the income of the United States from these sources at £120,000,000 a year. America's capacity to lend at cheap rates is taking away from London her former position as the centre of the world's money market.

The late Mr. Bonar Law, speaking on the Baldwin Settlement with America, said that the payment would place the workers of Great Britain in bondage for two generations. We are already realizing the truth of that statement. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer is at his wits' end to make his books balance. This year he has made drastic reductions of expenditure upon several of the vital services. He has raided the fund for the maintenance of the roads. He has taken money from the sick and disablement insurance funds. Education is being starved. But these economies go but a very short way toward meeting the annual payments we have to make to America on the debt settlement. In other words, this tribute to America is in part being paid at the expense of our sick and disabled and by starving the education of our children; and, for the rest, it is being paid by 1,500,000 hours of labor by British workmen every day. Put in another form, the payment to America is nearly equal to the whole sum we are able to give from national taxation for education; it is more than the cost of our admirable old-age pensions system; it is about one fourth of the whole expenditure of the local authorities on the innumerable vital and social services.

IV

There remain to be considered the terms on which Great Britain and America have respectively agreed with their war debtors for the funding of the debts. The terms of the Baldwin agreement with America have already been stated. Over a period of sixty-two years Britain is to pay America a total sum of £2,200,000,000, the principal of which at the time of the funding amounted to £920,000,000. It is said, though I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statement, that when the Baldwin arrangement was made it was understood that the agreement would be revised if, later, America gave more favorable terms to her other debtors. Be that as it may, an added sense of grievance has been created by the more generous terms which America has given to Italy, France, and Belgium. But it is not that we begrudge the more lenient treatment America has given to these countries, for we ourselves have made far more generous concessions to them.

It was part of the policy of the Balfour Note that if our debtors, who were also debtors to America, made better terms with America than America had conceded to us our agreements with them should be revised, so that *pari passu* payments would be made to us. But in our agreements with France and Italy we have waived this condition, and have accepted a far smaller proportion of the debts than America has insisted upon their paying to her.

Take first the case of Italy. The following statement summarizes the terms of the British and American settlements with Italy.

	Great Britain	United States
Original loan	£406 millions	£339 millions
Present total	£570 millions	£420 millions
Total payments to be made	£254½ millions	£495 millions

Great Britain has sacrificed 55 per cent of the capital debt, and all the interest upon it from the date of the agreement. America is to get the whole of her capital debt and £75,000,000 of interest. It is true that for the first fifteen years Italy is to pay more to Britain than to America, but after that period her payments to America will, on the average, be double those paid to Britain. There is this further important difference to be noted. Britain will have to pay 5 per cent interest upon the sum she has forgiven Italy, which means that the British taxpayers will have to find £24,000,000 a year, for two generations at least, on the lost money she lent to Italy. It represents an income tax of fivepence in the pound. America is to get all she originally lent to Italy, and £156,000,000 of interest in addition.

The comparison of the American settlement with France with the British agreement with France, not yet ratified, also brings out strikingly the more generous treatment of our debtor, and the severity of the Baldwin agreement. The indebtedness of France to America, including accrued interest, is £805,000,000. The French settlement provides for a total payment to America, spread over sixty-two years, of £1,369,000,000: that is, in addition to the funded debt, France has to pay America £564,000,000 as interest.

Under the Churchill-Caillaux agreement made last year, France agreed to pay an annuity of £12,500,000 for sixty-two years to liquidate her debt to Britain. Her total indebtedness to us on March 31 last was £647,000,000. Britain has asked France to pay £775,000,000 altogether, which is £128,000,000 in addition to the capital sum. America gets £564,000,000 as interest on the funded debt of £805,000,000; Britain gets £128,000,000 interest on a debt of £647,000,000. Britain has shouldered an annual burden of £20,000,000 by the remission of debt she has made to France. Assuming that the French agreement is ratified, Britain has made a clear gift to Italy and France of £44,000,000 a year, or, in other words, has imposed an income tax on her people of ninepence in the pound for the next two generations at least.

The war debts owed to Britain amount to over £2,000,000,000. On these debts she is paying out of our taxes over £100,000,000 a year. Assuming that we get the £4,000,000 a year from Italy and the £12,500,000 from France, and that German reparations give us £15,000,000 a year, and that we get £2,000,000 from the smaller nations on account of their debts to us, we shall be receiving £33,500,000. We shall be paying America £38,000,000 a year, and will therefore be £4,500,000 a year to the bad. In addition to this, we shall be paying that £100,000,000 a year on the internal debt borrowed to lend to our Allies.

When the funding arrangements which America has made with her European debtors fully mature she will be receiving approximately £120,000,000 a year on account of these debts. The most sanguine expectation of the yield of German reparations is not more than £50,000,000 a year, though the Dawes Scheme provides for an eventual payment of £125,000,000 a year. But no authority believes that Germany will ever be able to pay a sum approaching the latter figure. Therefore, what all this amounts to is that America is going to take the whole of the German reparations and probably an equal sum in addition. This is not a bad arrangement for a country that entered the war with 'No indemnities, and no material gain' emblazoned upon its banners.

The position of Britain in regard to these Interallied debts has been made abundantly plain. She asks for no more in the aggregate from her debtors and from Germany than she has to pay to America. If America would cancel Britain's debt to her, Britain would cancel all the debts owing to her by her late Allies. She would be willing to shoulder the whole of these debts herself. Therefore, if Britain were to ask for a revision of the American debt, no motive of gain to herself could be imputed to her.

V

The last point that demands consideration is whether it is to the financial and commercial advantage of the United States that she should receive these annuities from impoverished Europe. It cannot be questioned that such a drain upon Europe tends to the latter's impoverishment. It will retard her economic and commercial recovery. That cannot be to the best interests of the United States. As Mr. Mellon is reported to have said recently, 'it is better to have solvent customers than to insist upon a debt settlement the terms of which would force one's customers into bankruptcy.' Then there is the problem of the receipt of these payments from Europe. The payments can be made only in goods or gold or foreign investments. America wants neither goods nor gold. The debtor countries can pay only out of an export surplus.

If these exports do not go direct to America they must go to other countries, where they will compete with American goods. The method of investing these payments in Europe is hardly more feasible. That might help the European countries which needed capital, but the remittances upon these loans would raise the import problem for America, though in a lesser degree.

If we look at this Interallied debt problem from the world point of view we are driven to the conclusion that the common-sense line, and the one which will be best for the real and ultimate interests of all countries, is an all-round cancellation of the debts. Britain is prepared for that. At the moment America stands in the way. But if recent dispatches from the United States, published in the English press, are reliable, the opinion there is moving in the direction of drastic revision or cancellation.

I have stated the case of Britain for revision or cancellation with frankness, but, I hope, fairly and without any wish to give offense. If that were given I should deplore it. I hope and believe that the bonds which unite the two great families of a common speech and a common tradition are too strong to be sundered or impaired by frankness of discussion upon a matter which it is to the vital interests of both countries to settle on fair and generous terms.

THE MINE STRIKE: A PLAIN STATEMENT

BY LORD BUCKMASTER[1]

I

It is a commonplace of physical science that the most trifling event in daily experience can be traced through an unbroken series of causes back to the creation of the world, so that every gust of wind and every drifting cloud finds its real origin in the remote beginning of things. In some sense this is true also of life. If, therefore, it be desired to seek explanation of any catastrophe and to avert its recurrence, it is necessary to go much further back than the immediate and apparent cause.

A disaster is at the present moment threatening the whole of the coal industry, on which, in the past, Great Britain has depended, not only for the maintenance of her domestic trade, but chiefly for the support of that export business which alone enables her to obtain the supplies necessary for the sustenance of her people. Work is at a standstill; the mines are shut. The miners regard this fact as due to the hard perversity of the coal owners, and the coal owners retaliate by saying it is due to the refusal of the miners to accept the unanswerable economic conditions by which the industry is bound. Reconciliation and attempts at negotiation have broken down, and those who seek for a right understanding of the position and desire to secure some permanent solution of the problem must look to history in order to understand how it is that this impasse has been reached.

The development of the coal industry in Great Britain is in many ways a great tribute to the enterprise and skill of mine owners, and no less to the astonishing qualities of endurance, courage, and dexterity of the men; but there are dark pages in the industry, and these are not forgotten. A hundred years ago the underground labor in the mines was reënforced by the use of women and children, who would be kept at work for twelve hours at a time; and, to use the words of a writer describing these conditions, 'the women, unsexed in form, function, and soul, dragged trucks on all fours, half clad, like wild beasts.' The wages were low, and the people regarded as half savage. Little by little the industry has shaken itself free of this reproach, but the memory of it still remains, and the miners thoroughly believe that every step forward they have taken in the improvement of their lot has been extorted from unwilling owners. It is unnecessary to examine the truth of this statement. The fact that it is generally believed by the miners themselves is one of the most important factors in the tangled problem with which we are confronted. Apart from this mental attitude the exact issue can be readily understood.

In 1908 the miners secured the passage of an act forbidding more than eight hours' work a day in the pits.

[1] Lord Buckmaster was chairman of the Commission of Inquiry in 1924.

In 1912, following a strike which had lasted for nearly three months, an act was passed called the Minimum Wages Act, which provided that throughout the whole industry a minimum wage should be fixed below which wages should not fall. The Act designedly omitted what that wage should be, and left it to be settled between the masters and the men. In 1914, when war broke out, rest had not been secured in the coal fields, and further efforts to improve their condition were then in contemplation by the men. Throughout the war trouble continually recurred. In one critical moment 250,000 miners came out on strike, and appeared so little to realize the national danger involved in their action that many of them actually crowded the recruiting offices to seek service in the army, without understanding that their refusal to work would in a short time have rendered our fleet impotent, starved our people, and left the army they were seeking to join cut off from our shores. Ultimately the Government took control of the mines, the wages were improved, and large profits were made, until suddenly, in February 1921, control was abandoned, and, with the market falling, the mines were thrown back on private ownership.

Before this final stage, however, another strike had been threatened, the real object being to secure that the whole industry should be taken over by the State and worked like the Post Office, as a national concern. The Commission then appointed to inquire into the conditions reported by a majority in favor of this scheme, but the Government refused to accept it, introducing, however, and carrying through a bill which provided that the time of working in the mines should be only seven hours a day, together with the time necessary for winding up and down. In 1921, consequent upon the depression that followed the inflation of the war, a strike took place that lasted for three months, and this was ended by a National Agreement between the Federation of the Miners on the one hand and the Mining Association, representing all the federated owners, on the other. This agreement divided the whole mining industry into thirteen districts, and provided that wages were to consist of a basic rate then existing, but varying in each district, with the addition of a uniform district percentage to be arrived at by providing that all the profits over and above certain defined expenses up to 83 per cent were to be added to the wages, and the balance retained by the owners. This arrangement was further safeguarded by a provision that in no case should wages be paid at lower than 20 per cent over a standard called the standard wage. It is a long and complicated matter of calculation to explain exactly what the standard wages were and how they were reached, nor for the purpose of the present dispute is it necessary. The important thing is to bear in mind the two agreed provisions as to the minimum of 20 per cent above the standard wages and the ultimate division of the profits.

II

The agreement promised well. The miners were given a direct interest in the profits of the industry, and the principle of payment was intended to have regard to all the facts as they affected the prosperity of the trade. The occupation of the Ruhr materially assisted the working of this scheme, and in 1923 the export of coal rose to 79,500,000 million tons and the profit per ton to about 1*s*. 11½*d*. The previous profits in 1913 were stated to have been 11½*d*. a ton, and the sharp contrast between these two figures,

together with the failure of the National Agreement to lift the wages in the poorer districts to an adequate level, caused the miners to claim an amendment of the agreement. As the terms of this amendment could not be agreed upon, the miners gave notice terminating the whole agreement, and in the spring of 1924 another strike was threatened. An inquiry followed, and in the result further negotiations took place, ending in an agreement to alter the division of the profits from 83 per cent to 87 per cent and to increase the 20 per cent over the standard wages to 33⅓ per cent. The withdrawal of the occupation of the Ruhr, the restoration of the output of the German mines, the increasing competition in neutral markets of the Silesian and the French coal, proceeded once more to depress the British industry, and in July 1925 attempts were again made by the owners to reduce the percentage of the minimum wage. This produced a threatened strike, only averted at the last moment by a government subsidy of one third per ton to last until April of this year, in the hope that during that period further examination might disclose a pathway through the difficulties. To discover that road a further commission was set up, which reported on March 6, 1926, and made recommendations the chief of which were these: that the royalties in the coal mines should be nationalized; that research should be subsidized and extended; that there should be established an amalgamation of the mines and a combination of the industries with electrical, gas, coke, oil, and chemical industries, power to be given to local authorities to deal in coal, with the retention of the existing seven-hour day and reduction of wages during the period necessary for the reorganization of the industry. These terms the mine owners somewhat grudgingly, and with certain qualifications, accepted, but the miners unhesitatingly refused. They declined to consider any terms whatever that involved either a lengthening of the hours of labor or any reduction of their wages. Meanwhile the mine owners in the poorer districts had posted notices saying that the minimum wages would be reduced from the 33⅓ per cent above the standard agreed upon in 1924 to the 20 per cent fixed in 1921. As the miners refused to accept work on these conditions the mines were shut, and no work has proceeded up to the present time.

It must be admitted that the report was a difficult one for the men to accept. It involved an immediate lowering of the standard of life, to improve which they had struggled for so many years; nor could they see any approaching period during which that depression would cease. The amalgamation, the reorganization, and the scientific research would all take an indefinite time to accomplish; and, though the final result might be satisfactory, this was highly hypothetical, and the decrease in wages was a definite and an immediate fact. Justice will not be done to the miners unless the magnitude of the sacrifice they were called upon to make can be properly appreciated. Although the mining industry is frequently spoken of as if it were one concern, for infinite diversity of circumstances and of labor there can be no industry that affords a parallel. The mines themselves stretch from Somerset in the southwest to Lanarkshire and Fife in the far north. Some of the mines are new, well equipped, and supplied with the very latest devices for winning coal and enabling the men to do their work as securely and with as little discomfort as the nature of the industry permits. In these districts excellent houses are provided for the men, as

well as meeting rooms, reading rooms, baths, allotments, and everything which enlightened and philanthropic management can devise. But in other and poorer districts access to the seam is difficult. In many places men cannot even walk upright to reach it. The seams are thin, the equipment poor. The mine owners have little or no capital to expend upon improvements, and with the utmost labor the miner cannot obtain from a full day's work more than a seventh or eighth of the amount that can be won under usual conditions in the better field. The housing conditions and the amenities of life suffer in the same way. Instead of living in pleasant modern houses the men have to live in hovels in a district that is blackened and soiled by coal dust and smoke. Nor is it possible to equalize conditions in any way by attempted division into districts. The result of the effort made in 1924 was that there were poor districts and rich ones. And to speak of average wages or average conditions of life not only misleads the public but causes intense aggravation among men who, when the average wage is quoted, find that the amount is far above the maximum which they could possibly receive. Further, some of the pits cannot always be kept open; the men can be employed only for broken periods of time and cannot get work in the interval, the result being that the wages actually earned are too low to admit of any reduction that will not make impossible the maintenance of the decent standard of life for which the miners have fought so long.

The working of the agreement of 1921 — to which, it must be remembered, the present proposed reductions are intended to return — can be seen from the following extract from the report of the Commission that sat in 1924: —

'In the district of Lancashire, North Staffordshire, and Cheshire, for example, it is shown that, of the day-wage men who worked the full number of days that the pits were open, 20 per cent received between 35*s*. and 40*s*. for the week and that 67 per cent of the total earned between 30*s*. and 50*s*. In the case of the pieceworkers, 14 per cent earned less than 40*s*. and 37 per cent received between 30*s*. and 50*s*. In South Staffordshire the limits of 30*s*. to 50*s*. covered 64 per cent of the day-wage men and 39 per cent of the pieceworkers. In the Eastern Federated Area, which is one of the most prosperous districts, wages were better. Only 8 per cent of the pieceworkers and 29 per cent of the day-wage men earned between 30*s*. and 50*s*., while 10 per cent of the pieceworkers earned between 90*s*. and 110*s*. Here again, as in the case of the wages rates put in by the miners, we do not reproduce these lists in full. Of the larger districts, Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Staffordshire may be regarded as a typically poor one and the Eastern Federated Area a typically good one, and the figures from these districts show how men on more or less the same work and engaged in the same industry received widely different wages.'

III

These figures, of course, overlook the fact that in some of the districts men get coal free and that in many there are provisions enabling them to get houses at less than their economic rent. The value of these privileges cannot be estimated; but the figures quoted make plain the fact that, although in certain places and under certain conditions good and substantial wages are received, yet in other places the men receive wages that could not be regarded as high even if they were gained in an industry free from the hazards and the

discomforts that are the inseparable attendants of work underground. It was in favor of reducing wages once more to this level rather than increasing the hours that the Commission reported, and this has given a bias to all subsequent action. The Government had, of course, no power to secure reduction of wages. Nor would nationalization of the royalties which they were prepared to accept relieve the burden on the mines to any appreciable extent, since the royalties would have to be acquired at their full market value and would be received by the Government instead of by the owners. This change might to some extent remove the strong sentimental grievance felt by the men against the royalty owner, a grievance which is more easily understood by those who do not possess royalties than by those who do. It is, of course, plain that the ownership of land originally designed to give free use of its surface has become strangely extended when it is taken to include the absolute possession of everything underneath, and this is more striking when it is remembered that the rights of mining gold (which does not exist) are excepted from the rule and belong to the Crown; nor can there be any doubt that the reason why coal was not included in this exception was because in earlier days it was regarded as of no value, but as a noxious thing which ought not to be consumed. But the law is quite plain. The legal ownership is incapable of dispute. Properties have passed from hand to hand and been taxed on the footing that this ownership would be protected by the law, and it is therefore clear that acquisition by the State can be justly carried out only by payment of a fair compensation. This, therefore, will provide no relief. Proposals also for amalgamation and unification of the industries are difficult for any government to undertake that shrinks from the ultimate conclusion of complete nationalization.

Meddling and muddling differ only in one vowel, and in the result they often do not differ at all. If, therefore, interference with management was to be avoided, government action could only be made immediate by altering the hours of labor and rendering it permissible to work for eight hours instead of seven. This proposal has been made and has been received with such an outcry that the authors of the bill have been denounced as murderers. It may well be asked in these circumstances whether any solution is possible, and none can be found unless the actual facts of the case be carefully borne in mind. With the present system of management, the present rate of wages, the present hours of work, the present output, and the present price, the coal industry of this country is an insolvent concern. In the last quarter of 1925, if the subsidy were disregarded, 73 per cent of the coal was produced at a loss. The miners have made no proposal to meet this situation except nationalization, which means throwing the loss on to the State, and this they justify by the not unreasonable argument that if the State as a whole requires that coal should be got from the mines it ought to see that the men who get it have a decent wage for the work they do. Apart from this piece of limited logic they have declined to consider anything whatever to meet the situation. Nationalization could not obtain sufficient support in the present Parliament. It may be doubtful if, within a reasonable period of time, it ever could. It must therefore be disregarded. Even if the remedy were the right one, the only avenue by which it could be reached is barred. Nor can the price of the commodity be raised. It already presses with great

severity upon the domestic consumer and is a source of handicap to our most important iron and steel industries. To raise the price would be to diminish the market, and salvation cannot be reached in that direction.

Reorganization could undoubtedly, if properly taken in hand, effect great economies and secure considerable relief, but it would take a long time for this to occur. There remain the wages and the hours. Whether the miners will accept reduction of the one or extension of the other no one can tell. The real root difficulty of the whole situation lies in the fact that a number of mines cannot be profitably worked except under conditions of labor which ought not to exist. The miners' representatives claim that these mines should be shut, and the claim seems just. But to shut these mines immediately and forever would throw out of work 250,000 people at least, with those dependent upon them, at a time when our industries are already saturated with labor and the unemployment figures amount to 1,500,000. On the other hand is this fact, that there are rich coal seams stretching through Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire and believed to extend for a considerable distance hitherto unexplored. If the industry were given confidence and security, these mines would be rapidly developed. Powers, therefore, might well be given to big undertakings similar to the powers given to railways and water companies, to enable the acquisition of land for the purpose of mining, so that areas could be mapped out irrespective of individual ownership and plans prepared for housing and for the sinking and equipment of the mines.

Encouragement must be given in this direction, for the real problem lies in seeing how to concentrate all the industrial energy and the capital that now runs to waste in worthless areas upon the spots where it might be productive of the largest and most profitable return. This scheme cannot be carried out in a day. It would take five to ten years for its proper development, and during this period the Government might properly subsidize the poorer pits by providing the difference between the existing wages and the sum to which the mine owners seek reduction — that is, between the $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent and the 20 per cent. The mines to which this bounty should be extended would have to be scheduled, and it should be provided that year by year, in respect of certain specified mines, these bounties would cease. By this means it ought to be possible to provide that the men would know in advance the coal fields that must fail, and they would be able to seek occupation in the new ones that were being developed. There are, of course, many difficulties in the way of realizing this scheme and many obstacles to its adoption. The rooted dislike of men to leave the place where they were born and where they and their families have worked is strong everywhere, and probably more strong in the mining industry than in any other; but even that may be overcome by the realized necessity of the case. Objection also would undoubtedly be advanced, on the other hand, against the compulsory acquisition of lands and minerals, but the ownership by the State of the minerals would remove one part of that objection. Whether this scheme can be adopted or no, some larger and more far-reaching plan than any hitherto suggested must be conceived and carried out or irretrievable disaster will overtake the whole trade, and all the other British industries dependent upon it will be involved in its overthrow.

WILL ENGLAND EMERGE?

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

I

The Wealth of Nations is the Bible of modern England. She applied to her instinct for prosperity just those principles which expressed the experience of ages, and perhaps there was in the new gospel something more peculiar to the Talmud than to either the Old Testament or the New. On a basis of honest work, backed by thrift, England raised her empire, and she owes its greatness to the way her governments adapted themselves to her successful merchants. They, it might be said, made her population. They also prevented her empire from dividing from her, as the early states had done, and as Latin America divided itself from Spain and Portugal. Behind all this was an economic process, discovered by an Italian called Pareto — the process, or law, that the wealth of the masses depends upon the riches of individuals.

The situation is a complex one; but it can be summed up in this statement, that the more things people find they want, the more people there will be. The rise of populations depends on the fullness with which people live in this material world; and the fullness with which they live depends most of all upon the capitalist who can do what none else can. For his claim is enterprise: he is the man of risks and gambles, and it is he, therefore, who manfully puts to hazard his fortune and his ease. We cannot ask that of the poor, who with their surplus lose their livelihood; we could not tolerate it in an official of the State. An official cannot and should not undertake uncertain enterprises, and his whole training robs him of the desperate keenness which turns an uncertain venture to success. He is the conservative element in politics, and advises an efficiency which is above all things safe; he has no interest in gain. The capitalist bears the buffet of not only enterprise but nature; but more — he lives on what he earns. His whole organization is based on profit; he finds no place for unproductive men. His only master is occasion, and with all the suppleness of a gymnast his system adapts itself to feats of neatness, daring, and skill.

The function of the rich man is so inevitable, his usefulness so obvious, that it is easy enough to see how Adam Smith's ideas inspired his country. Nature furnishes potential riches, labor brings them forth, commerce exchanges them, with such happy results that we have only to leave men their own advantage and, with honesty and industry as its means and guaranties, the universal system moves, as it were to music. This was the idea which, with fertile and apt illustration, with close reasoning, with the creative power of ordered thought, Adam Smith gave England and the world in *The Wealth of Nations*. But much of it had been anticipated by

Hume; it had been sketched by Locke, and in fact it was stated clearly and attractively by Fénelon, the Archbishop of Cambrai, in *The Adventures of Telemachus*.

If we want to see it applied in all its vigor by a modern business man who is prepared to let us into the secret of his business, and finds his philosophy in that, we could not read anything more stimulating, more absorbing, than *Confessions of a Capitalist*. The Capitalist is a most successful, perhaps *the* most successful, London publisher. Taste, enterprise, and usefulness, luxury and cheapness in books, all come within his scope. He has a genius for getting hold of the good book — the book so important that it must be read by those who matter and who therefore will probably have to buy. He is now what is in American standards a millionaire, and he began as a poor man.

With an engaging frankness, and the trenchancy of a mind of such phenomenal strength as to give the impression of a genius, Sir Ernest Benn applies to our own age, as with a flashing axe of immediacy and thoroughness, the political philosophy which has populated modern Europe, which has made America, which electrifies the world into a conscious organism of mutual gain. He puts his plea before practical people in such a way as to convince them that the capitalist is absolutely inevitable. He supplies them with technical arguments for what instinct and experience had already shown them.

Anyone who reads *Confessions of a Capitalist* will have an intimate and stimulating view into the case for private enterprise. Its reward in the present system is so small in comparison to the volume of business it creates that it is impossible to imagine a more thrifty or more paying arrangement. To hand over the skilled organization of modern industry and commerce to the ignorant and unwieldy governance of a crowd whose doctrines are all learned in the school of misery and who have never polished them in the friction of experience would reduce the world to a Russia; for when the Communists show us the garden of their hopes we find its biggest flowers are tombstones, and our own feet are on the slippery earth of open graves. Any artificial checks can only impede the vast effectiveness of the world's exchange of bounties.

II

That is the case for capitalism. But do nations find it a remedy that works independent of character and morals? It was not of capitalism that Bunyan said, 'It is an universal pill'; and the capitalist's trust in skill and nature is, like the trust in the efficacy of mass judgments, a preference of brute force to moral reason. There it was the brute force of numbers; here it is a force which can be just as brutal — that of business men. And although the great business organization of the world is better than that of bureaucracies; although it stands high in the scale of human values; although it is full of good and honest men, the truth that money makes money is not in itself the fulfillment of the promise of life, not citizenship in the kingdom where men work for the advantage of one another and together produce the true riches of life and good. In fact, Bunyan's pill was repentance!

For the capitalist system of leaving things to nature ignores both the evil in man, who may demand something bad, as well as the universal prodigality of sacrifice to which Nature treats her own resources, and in which man's

plans are from time to time involved. Her vast plan is one of constant change. Whole systems are formed and dissolve. Her annual growth is a display of energy with which she disposes recklessly. And so with men: absorbed in her immense complication they too find that they come and they go, that they are needed or unnecessary according to the swift changes of supply and demand. And this is the weakness of capitalism, that man with an insistence on his own value which nothing in nature rivals, an insistence which no other man can forget or fail to learn, claims the right to live. He does not accept destruction; he demands well-being. And capitalism, leaving things to nature, risks the well-being, even the lives, of masses of men. For at times one thing is needed, at other times there is too much of it; or such a price can be paid for it, and no more, and that price is not a living wage.

Mr. Basil King's thrilling story, *The Empty Sack*, shows how ruthlessly nonmoral capital can be. For it puts the rich man in possession of a power which it does nothing to regulate for the good of other men. He can accumulate goods, and overcharge, and so tyrannize over the consumer; or he can take advantage of the supply of men and put wages so low that men's lives are misery. These two evils are both disciplined by competition; but the capitalist in trusts and amalgamations aims at, and to some extent succeeds in, eliminating competition. This in turn leads to the self-defense of the workingman — the trades-union. The blessedness of free trade is therefore utopian; in reality rivalry is only partial, and nature's free system is hampered in actual fact by two different sorts of syndicates — those of the employers and those of the employed. But even so there is no guaranty for the workman against unemployment. His reason for existence may at any time be gone; until he begins to be a capitalist he has no reserves. And he is tortured by an uncertainty that his life, as well as the life of the family he supports, is always in jeopardy from forces quite independent of its worth and talents. The capitalist cannot save his employees from the buffets of nature's ruthlessness.

The result is that capitalism, in spite of its excellent and indispensable services to society, produces a system of syndicates or trades-unions, and of national solidarity with tariffs and taxes, that combats its trusts and monopolies with socialism.

This is the difficulty which underlies the strike, and which spreads through the veins of Europe the virulence of economic unrest. What happened in England was that the coal trade found itself in difficulties. Profits were disappearing. The owners could pay the old wages only at a loss, which would soon mean that, ceasing to be capitalists, they could not pay them at all. At that the miners declared that the situation was intolerable. But behind the miners' problem was the knowledge that the plight of the miners might come in any other trade, and that therefore the workers would force a higher wage all round. To do this they were prepared to risk a revolution, and the more violent and destructive aimed at an upheaval of European society. This sinister aim is not a sudden desperation, even in England. For long years the Communists have said: 'This system is hopeless. Let us first destroy it, and then we can rebuild.' Russia shows them at work.

England, after eight days of the experiment, found that it was intolerable. The most eminent authorities decided that the breach of contract

was illegal and, when that was clearly stated, it was clear also that this was more of a revolution than an industrial dispute; and it stopped immediately.

So much for the English strike, where Communism once again made effort to master the world. If it had succeeded in England, it would have succeeded elsewhere. But it failed. And the country goes back as before to cope with the peculiarity of the present age — the crisis of capitalism.

III

There can be little doubt that capitalism is very closely connected with individualism, and individualism came to dominate our philosophies when the humanism of the Renaissance found its reaction in the pieties of Puritanism. It would not be just to say that the Protestant philosophers were individualistic. What more appears to have happened was that in the lack of authority, the relaxation of philosophic tradition, and the new emphasis on the will, or even faith, rather than on grace given through the sacraments, there was a stimulus to individual effort which found in material goods its rich reward. This is the development which is traced by the most thoughtful and attractive of English socialists, Mr. Tawney, in his new book, *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, a book of philosophical and literary distinction.

Mr. Tawney points first to the very definite laws that the Christian Church made against usury, which, in the economic system of the Middle Ages, meant lending to those who were desperate, but which more generally applied to any sort of unjust or extortionate profit. In this form it was vigorously asserted by the reformers. But as first the dominance of kings strengthened the big financiers, and as later there was no authority to apply the standards of the Gospel to the vast system of mercantile exchange which followed the Reformation, Calvin's insistence upon thrift and work as the sign of loyalty to the Gospel gradually led on to Locke's philosophy that society was a social contract and not an organism. And it was from Hume's development of this that Adam Smith produced, a hundred years later, his argument that the system of trade in itself was the finger of providence.

Mr. Tawney does not go so far as this stage of the argument, nor does he give any hint of what the world owes to commercial enterprise; but he does show how, as time went on, theory fell to the standard of practice, and, instead of arguing for the moral law as the health of the social body, drifted at last to the conclusion that economic might was right.

So, in a book subtly and excellently written, Mr. Tawney argues his way to socialism from the moral authority of past ages.

It is the happiest sign of our age that influential economists are going back to moral authority, and examining an age in which it was honored. Mr. Tawney is following another writer, Mr. Penty, also a Christian and a socialist; but Mr. Tawney, in the fineness and vigor of his mind, produces something much better than does Mr. Penty. And, what is more, he leads his argument closer to the development of the modern situation. But since then the industrial system has grown up, and its philosophies have developed with it. And they do not all lead in the same direction as does Mr. Tawney.

Disraeli, for example, was no socialist, but few English writers have ever felt more strongly than he the iniquity

of commercial exploitation, whether of religious houses, of dark races, of remote traders, of machinery, or of the human labor of one's own country. Disraeli wrote and spoke against all these with a passion much hotter than that of Mr. Tawney. He identified them with the Whig tradition which had governed England in the eighteenth century, and the power of which lasted in a less absolute form until the war. He identified them with great nobles who had made money out of the Reformation, like the Duke of Bedford, whom Burke also castigated; with others who had bought peerages with money made by exploiting India, like the family he attacks in *Sybil;* and with those who had made the England of his own time of two nations, the rich and the poor. Disraeli's sympathy with the poor was as warm as Mr. Tawney's; and, like Mr. Tawney, he pointed to the Church as a remedy against the evil. But he also advocated the remedy of a responsible aristocracy.

If Disraeli had been in the position to force his theories through, then when the present difficulties were crystallizing we should have seen a different England, a different world. But Whigs and other Tories were too much for him. The world meanwhile developed another sort of prophet, a prophet who turned the capitalist's own utilitarian theories into a mine under their position. That prophet was an obscure German Jew who spent his life in the British Museum — his name was Karl Marx.

IV

Why is Marx's book the Bible of the socialists? Because it argued that capital fleeces the workman of the payment of his labor, that it takes what is not its own. His theory was that a thing is — or rather, ought to be — worth the hours of labor put into it; and that, since all men are equal, one man's labor is as good as another man's. But he recognized that a man cannot claim to be paid for producing what nobody wants; value is a social product, he used to say. But he also recognized that, especially in the industry of machinery, one man was worth more than another. 'Manufacture, therefore,' he said, 'develops a hierarchy of labor powers to which there corresponds a rate of wages,' and all these together made the collective laborer.

There were, in fact, in Marx two tendencies, one of which he owed to Hegel, who had himself studied from scholastic manuals. This took Marx back to the idea of society as an organism, and the idea of absolute right, so that Marx here was basing his argument for a price on a moral law. And, secondly, there was the element which Marx obtained from those who regarded economic law as absolute in the give-and-take of individual action. For, regarding each separate man as an individual separately seeking a separate advantage, they regarded both economics and politics as just when each man contributed an equal share to their system, and obtained, therefore, an equal right.

But what do we mean by equality? It is just that question which brings us to the cause of all the difficulties in Europe at the present moment. If it were to mean that people have equal talents, it would be obviously absurd. If it means that men, as men, have rights for a chance to work, and rights to the benefits of the law to defend their property and their conditions of work, it is the elementary moral truth of the general dignity of human nature. But if it means that men, as men,

irrespective of their abilities or their characters, should have an equal voice in government, or in the partition of property, it means the breakdown both of right and of efficiency, because it hands over society to the brute weight of mass. It leaves us with the raw material before the artists have stamped upon it beautiful order of reason and law.

The only value that there was in the theories of Marx was the protest against exploitation of labor on the part of the capitalist. For, as Disraeli made clear, Victorian England left irresponsible men of enterprise far too many chances to make their money at the cost of the degradation of the masses. The masses organized themselves in self-defense, and fought for reasonable terms and a minimum wage, as they are still fighting, through unions and the right to strike. But no sooner had they done so than the weakness of Marx's theory of democracy in labor made itself manifest, for the voters soon fell under the influence of their leaders.

In the last English strike the leaders dispensed even with the formality of consulting the men through their vote: but whether they did or did not is a mere detail. It is the leaders who make the policy. Democracy there, as everywhere, is a chimera; it is the pretense of consulting people most of whom are not competent to express an opinion. What was the result of the strike, as far as the workmen were concerned? Another half million thrown out of employment, the inevitable result of a dislocation which cost England for at least ten days a hundred and fifty million dollars per day; and to-day a million and a half are paid in England to go about doing nothing till the tragedy of boredom makes them useless.

V

No politician in England who acquiesces in a million and a half men and women accepting a dole for doing nothing dare refer to the fact that France is employing three millions of foreigners, and is still asking for more. Those three millions are Italians, Czechs, Poles, Belgians, Dutch, and even Germans, but there is hardly a single Englishman among them. When the English go to France, — and all through the winter there are at least a hundred thousand of them, — they go to do nothing but spend money. But the fact that no Englishman will cross the Channel for work, when over a million and a half Italians have crossed the Alps for it, leads us far toward explaining the crisis involving all capitalism.

It means two things: first, that enterprise is the privilege of a class; secondly, that that class has not spread the spirit of it among the masses. England is still wealthy, and pays taxes at the rate of four thousand millions of dollars a year for a population of something over forty million — a taxation approaching, therefore, 100 dollars a head. And besides this she supports a large number in luxury. This does not mean that, if their profits were divided among the poor, the poor would be appreciably better off. On the other hand, as Sir Ernest Benn shows, the capitalist system being disorganized, there would be less wealth to distribute, and we have every reason to think that — as so obviously in Russia, and to a certain extent in Germany — the poor would be poorer. But in any case the poor are always with us, for the simple reason that humanity has an instinct for life and produces as many people as a system can support. The formation of canals in India, for example, opening up vast territories,

has not so much raised the standard of living as increased the population. The population of England in the last century has quadrupled. If people grumble at her capitalist system as involving the conditions of their life, they must remember that, without it, they would not be living at all.

It is not the capitalist system that is responsible for the present crisis — it is the way that in certain cases it has been misapplied. It has been the constriction of moral responsibility so as not to involve the conditions in which workmen live. The result is that though they have now a vote, and wages, and more reasonable hours, they find their leisure must still be spent in the monotonous sordidness of a slum cut off from fields, and variety, and clean air, and nature's thousand springs of life.

That is but one example of capital's waste of opportunity, for — as villages like Bournville and Port Sunlight show — it was quite possible to amass fortunes while still building beautifully for the masses who helped to produce them.

But the capitalists show their irresponsibility with equal clearness in the fact that they have failed to explain their system to those that were living by it. The age in which Disraeli lived was that in which England grew to portentous wealth and power; and it was in that age that she disfigured her towns and landscapes with the sordid monotonies of yellow brick built for those busy with manufactures and with mines. The teeth of our age are set on edge with the sour grapes that our fathers have eaten.

Nowhere so much as in England did the masses rush from the fields to other industry. Nowhere was the access of wealth quicker as a result; nowhere at the present time is the crisis more acute. Because, as Hume pointed out nearly two hundred years ago, in a country which has become wealthy everything is dear, or, looked at from another point of view, everything is costly to produce. America has to a large extent solved the difficulty by an immense increase of production through skill, and yet again by a high tariff. England has omitted the one, and she can hardly risk the other, for that in itself raises the cost of living, and thus it would be still harder to compete.

But there is another difficulty. England's most important neighbors — France, Belgium, Italy, and Germany — have all depreciated their currencies. The one great result of that policy is to allow no class to lend its powers uselessly. Capitalists are allowed to exist if their money is in productive investments, but the large class who invested money in gilt-edged securities has been disowned. It is a stimulating reflection that this move in taking values from paper money, and loans to the State, has made it practically impossible for the countries who did it to wage war.

England, however, is still maintaining a very large unproductive class. She regards her honor as involved in that, and certainly her banking system is. She not only maintains it through its unproductive investments, but she taxes to support it. Of her four thousand million dollars of taxation, practically every cent is spent on unproductive people. She makes no attempt to teach wise buying, though wise buying is almost as essential to the rightness of the capitalist system as just profits. Her wealthy class spends far too freely, and too seldom consecrates its leisure to removing the causes of political and economic ailments.

Occupied with the technique of

earning, wages, hours, and factory conditions, *she has forgotten life.* The result is that bad cooking and uncomfortable homes, in hideous neighborhoods, prevent the wages that are paid from bringing in their worth, so that those who earn them are not properly nourished, or refreshed, or happy. The working women show their worst demoralization in incompetence in their homes. Education is hardly thought to include the most constant and valuable interests of women's lives: thrift, taste, temper, cookery.

For this a bad tradition is to blame. And though it is worst among the masses, the lack of training or example in higher classes means that they cannot be held guiltless.

Worst of all is the lack of enterprise which holds a man from the colonial or foreign adventure, and which — worse still — makes him useless when the greatness of it is thrust upon him.

VI

Whether, therefore, England will emerge from her crisis depends on these questions, which are seldom discussed, which are, in fact, too practical to engage the people who write and talk, and which require an energy and an organization that so far no one has been prepared to give. The question is the character of her people: enterprise and efficiency everywhere, and from the upper classes wise spending, and a willingness to work out for the others the possibility of possessing the missing courage, interest, and joy.

It cannot be denied that that movement has been long delayed, and that a certain dullness, sometimes turning to what Ruskin called ague fits of amazed despair, marks millions of Englishmen, whether workers, unemployed, or unemployable.

But when there is such a different spirit in France, and even in Germany, still more in Italy, it is reasonable to point to the difference of philosophy. Italy has forbidden strikes, and has evolved a system that Marx himself shadowed out — the hierarchy of labor. This is being worked out in Germany in the Syndicalist movement of organized Catholic laborers, headed by Dr. Stegerwald, which controls two million votes; and, adding to this the ideal of the tournament of talents which goes with it, Italy suggests that every man can rise and himself have the opportunity of becoming a capitalist. She enrolls every man, whether capitalist, laborer, or intellectual, into a vast organism of work, which, in cases of dispute, is to be adjusted by the State.

There still remain the untalented. For them Italy has a philosophy of patience; England, apparently, a philosophy of hopelessness. But a comparison between the two countries — one daily increasing in strength, and the other subject to appalling shocks and tragic listlessness — involves not only the fact of compulsory arbitration but also the fact that twenty-five millions of Italians are supported by agriculture, whereas in England not three millions are so supported. England's land is waste, and she buys her food from three thousand, six thousand, and even twelve thousand miles away. It seems a rather unbusinesslike arrangement when she has both idle fields and idle men. There is in England one farm which by intensive production supports fifty men on two hundred acres, and at the same time returns nearly twenty per cent on the capital invested. But that, again, is private enterprise.

England's wealth is still enormous, but she can neither discipline the unproductive, cultivate enterprise or

versatility, or thrift among the women, nor yet teach a tradition of wise spending of wealth among the masses. The last subject is the most important of all. It is avoided by both Mr. Tawney and Sir Ernest Benn. But when all Sir Ernest's arguments are heard, they would apply just as well to a purveyor of pornography as to a publisher who conducts the admirable business he himself conducts. Sir Ernest, in fact, cites the example of Lord Northcliffe, perhaps the most degrading and sinister of all the political powers that have played in English life in this century.

Between the value of a man's work and the money a buyer will pay for a finished article, the capitalist has his indispensable function. He must supply what people will find they want. But that will not in itself make them want good things. Sir Ernest advises them to save rather than to spend, but only taste and morals can teach them spending. And, when they have done both, they will need to adjust the social organism by some giving, which means as much from mind as from pockets. If the dues for that are left to the State, hundreds of millions will be thrown away. England's tragedy of to-day is taxation.

England needs both the skill and enterprise of America and the individual interest and organized intensiveness of Italy, where the claims of corporations to which all belong are adjusted by the State. Can she get them? The moral zeal which has an active understanding of economic conditions seems to waver between the preaching of wealth and the preaching of distrust of it. But the truer wisdom applies to the fleeting opportunities of this world principles that arise from familiarity with virtues and truths which are universal and eternal, so that while many are content to be poor, even to choose poverty, others will use their powers to enrich themselves in such a way that, both as they make money and as they spend it, the poor are in due proportion enriched together with themselves.

The crisis of capitalism is a question of moral philosophy, worked out, as in America or Italy, to effect the discipline of character and the spread of energy, of versatility, of enterprise, while not sacrificing the truth of the unity of society or of the necessity of brotherly love.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PETER

'Will the stranger trade? I have garlic. Thou hast bread!'

I looked up from the notes I was writing, puzzled by the voice. For a moment I saw only the incomparable Siberian summer day, and my horse grazing. Then I saw a small boy, looking at me with the unspoiled gaze of a five-year-old.

'You spoke?' I asked.

He nodded and waved a fist full of wild garlic, freshly gathered. 'Thou hast bread — I have garlic. Wilt thou trade?'

He wore only a sleeveless shift that by no means came to his knees, and he followed his suggestion by coming round the fire and laying his offering on my knee, where it smelled to high heaven.

I divided my bread fairly. 'Now that we have broken bread together, is it permitted to ask your name?' I inquired.

'I am Peter, son of Franz the *hishnik*. And thou,' he added, 'art the Foreigner.'

A *hishnik*, I knew, was a gold thief, and therefore an outlaw. I passed over his ancestry.

'Why do you call me "the Foreigner"?' I asked.

He smiled disarmingly. 'There is but one,' he stated, 'and thou art not of ours. Thou canst read — thou art great and wise; thou wearest boots; thou art a Barin. I have heard talk of such an one.'

A 'Barin' is a 'titled one,' or, more freely translated, 'Chief.'

I smiled on my biographer. 'I am that person,' I admitted, and we formally shook hands.

A year later his father had gone where all good hishniks go, and Peter's mother was established in my kitchen as cook. I had forgotten Peter's existence until, one night, he broke the law of the Medes and Persians and walked into my private office uninvited.

He began without unnecessary verbiage: 'Barin, now that I eat thy bread, I would serve.'

'And how wilt thou serve?' I asked.

'It is thus that I have thought: Thou art wise; thou canst read; but thou canst not talk. The people laugh when thou dost not hear.' He gulped in his eagerness. 'Can it not be that I teach thee to talk and thou teach me to read?' His eyes wandered to my bookshelf and stayed there.

'I will talk to thy mother —' I said.

He interrupted me with vigor: 'And she will certainly beat me for chattering. Nay, Barin, thou must not tell.'

That interview set me thinking, and in due course I established a school. I also established Peter as my valet, to fetch and carry my boots and run errands. He was a most engaging imp, but a liability as a valet. Nevertheless, though I often failed to find my boots, in other respects Peter kept his bargain. He most assiduously taught me Russian — of a highly colloquial variety — and had worn out all the Russian books on the mine by the time he was eight.

In the usual course of events I made several trips a year to Chita, the capital of the province. It was my

custom to bring back little gifts to my household, and about this time I brought Peter a pair of boots — not the ordinary, rough shoepacks that the moujiks wear, but a pair of properly fashioned, high-topped Russian boots. I knew, of course, that to a boy in Peter's position such a gift would redate the calendar. Therefore, with becoming ceremony and in the presence of his mother, I presented them, on Christmas Eve. His delight was dramatic — speechless. He kissed my slippers.

Late that night, as I was about to go to bed, a woebegone Peter, draped only in one of my old shirts, appeared in my doorway, hugging his new boots.

'Why, Peter,' I asked, 'what is the matter? Don't they fit?'

'They fit, Barin,' he answered bravely, 'but, Barin, — ' he spoke breathlessly, — 'I — I — I want books, Barin. Surely for such boots one can buy many books?'

I had difficulty with my Adam's apple, but, knowing Peter, I took him on his own ground. 'What kind of books?' I asked.

Peter's eyes smouldered. 'Books about America. About Europe. Like thou dost read. Enough to last a long time. Would the Barin mind?'

We looked at each other across the top of the fateful boots and were silent. Words are sometimes such little things.

'As you will,' I said at last. 'Wrap them up, and at Easter, when I return, I will bring you books.'

The matter was not mentioned again between us.

Three days before Easter I returned again from Chita. All the evening of my return I kept Peter busy until I was clear of interruptions. Then I sent for him.

I was busy at my desk when he came.

'Peter,' I said over my shoulder, 'your parcel is in the corner.'

As the paper began to rustle I turned and watched. Peter was kneeling, struggling with the fastenings. I was utterly forgotten. As the wrappings fell away, the pair of boots again appeared. They were tied somewhat carefully together across the top and were stuffed with paper, as is usual, to keep their shape when traveling.

Peter sat back on his heels, and, in a silence that hurt, I went to him.

Once more we looked at each other, silently, over the boots.

'Ah, Barin,' he said, a world of tragedy in his voice, 'ah, Barin — it was not kind — '

I leaned over and cut the string. 'Shake out the paper,' I ordered, 'and take them away.'

Peter knelt up, his head very straight. He avoided looking at me. Making it very plain that it was an order, he picked up the first boot to shake out the paper. A cascade of books slid out between his knees. In the silence that ensued I returned to my chair.

When I looked up next, Peter had an armful of books and boots and was standing, facing me.

'They are all yours, Petrushka,' I said. 'And I wish you a happy Easter.'

For the third time we looked at each other across the fateful boots. Peter's eyes were smouldering with a new kind of emotion.

He let his burden slide to the floor, books and boots alike, then threw up his head, and, with a gesture full of childish dignity, placed the fingertips of his two hands against his forehead, palms inward, in the peasants' salute of fealty.

'*My Barin!*' he said gently. Just that and nothing more. It is said in that way only on rare occasions, to one who is to be a blood brother.

And I answered in kind: '*My Child!*' I put my hand on his head, thus completing the rite.

And because Peter's eyes were full of tears, which threatened to brim over and undo him, I dropped on my heels.

'Come, Parnishka,' I said casually, 'help me pick up these books.'

I CONSIDER WRITING SOMETHING

'Now,' said Bradley, 'that you are going to have lots of time, why don't you write something?'

Those were my husband's first words after we had partially recovered from the shock of the doctor's order that I must rest, mostly in bed, for several months. I gave him all the reasons I could, on the spur of the moment, invent. Just because I happened to have plenty of time and writing material, it did not automatically follow that the two would combine with some sort of chemical combustion and result in a pleasant literary product. Besides, the words I write scare me. Spoken words have a comforting way of floating off into oblivion, while written ones remain to stare me out of countenance!

This is what happens when I try to write. I lie in the stilly darkness and think many thoughts, or I read a brief newspaper item that sets imagination or memory winging. Finally the impulse grows irresistible; I seize pad and pen, and 'lo!' — as the crossword puzzles say — what happens? All the brisk thoughts, all the fantasies and imageries, flitter away like tiny minnows from a net laid for large salmon. There remain only the commonplace empty shells and river-bottom litter of reminiscence, and who cares for those? It is easier to catch reminiscences than ideas, just as it is easier to draw up weeds than fish.

At last I find myself recalling the admonitions of a certain clever person whom I had the amazing good fortune to draw from an assortment of college instructors of English. She would add zest to our dry daily diet of themes by occasionally and anonymously slipping one of her own into the pile with ours, to have it discussed and criticized, though instantly identified. Imagine the courage, humility, and good sportsmanship of a teacher who would do that! Recognizing the same sketch later spread upon the pages of the *Atlantic* itself always brought a thrill to us and our increased respect to her.

Her advice? It was this: Always be sure you have something to write about (an admirable check on aimless wordiness); make sure of your beginning and your conclusion, then fill in the rest with the subject nearest to you. That is the real stumblingblock — the simple little matter of writing about the subject nearest to you. That is the thing that takes initiative and daring, the thing I am too cowardly to do, for I fear dire consequences. I have often wondered how a writer manages to keep his friends. What woman would dare be other than self-conscious in Booth Tarkington's presence?

'Know the people you write about so well that you can tell instinctively what they would eat for breakfast,' she would say, this person with the gift of planting her words deeply. My nearest subject is my husband and, needless to say, I know what he eats for breakfast. Furthermore he has many times offered himself to be used as a voluntary sacrifice; but, though I realize how amply and fruitfully he would serve the purpose, I refuse to revert to the methods of the ancient Hebrews.

I wonder if all husbands are obsessed with the idea that their wives are embryonic authoresses. In spite of five years of the most undeniable evidence to the contrary, mine still

insists, and when I try to remove the obsession by threats of exposure he declines to have it removed and simply adjusts his willing-to-be martyr's crown more firmly to his head.

Secretly, however, I am almost tempted, for it would be great fun to romanticize a bit about an engineer who designs and executes great sewer systems for the relief of overcrowded cities instead of building bridges across great open spaces, and who deals with problems concerning pipe diameters and activated sludge instead of I-beams and rivets. We grow so accustomed, through our patronage of the movies, to thinking of an engineer as a lean, immaculately groomed individual, putteed and tailored according to the latest decrees of 'what the young engineer should wear,' standing behind a transit high up on some perilous mountain crag, that it is hard to recognize him, garbed in hip boots and an old slicker, prowling through dark, clammy, subterranean passages that have the mystery of an Alice-in-Wonderland setting grown sinister.

Here is a bit of a tale. There once was a medium-sized town where a few well-established industries enabled the citizens to live mildly and comfortably and where the Chamber of Commerce convened mainly for sociability's sake. A small river meandered through the town, furnishing drinking water as it entered and carrying off all the waste as it departed — an obliging stream, to say the least.

Then one day someone discovered that beneath the town lay untold quantities of oil. What happened next was so inevitable that I need not describe it. Within the briefest possible space of time the town became a city.

But there were two especially noticeable results. A great change came over the Chamber of Commerce and the river. The former suddenly came into its own, but the latter became so desecrated that no one guessed that it ever had been called anything but 'Hog Creek.' It was no longer an obliging public utility, but a downright nuisance, and soon, as its burden of waste grew and grew, it became a real menace to life.

Of course nothing was done until the revengeful stream had fulfilled its threat. Then the Chamber of Commerce took steps. Thus it happened that engineers came and labored and finally evolved a plan for carrying all the dangerous wastes, flat though the country was, to a huge disposal plant, never to be seen, smelled, or heard of again.

Now the river has a beautiful name and pleasant green banks; it is clear and health-giving. The Chamber of Commerce lists it among the city's chief assets.

It is a flippant tale, but it is true, and it has been true so many times that it might be a fable. Be that as it may, it is romance — or perhaps it is something even greater than that!

So it may be that one day I shall 'write something,' and on that same day perhaps my husband will be surprised to find himself packing that martyr's crown neatly in camphor balls and storing it away on a very high shelf.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Every now and again silly rumors appear in print saying that the ATLANTIC *has been sold to this interest or that. Please consider that your own inside information entitles you to know that they are unqualifiedly false.*

* * *

THE health of our religious life — or the lack of it — is of serious concern to the **Reverend Herbert Parrish,** rector of an ancient New Jersey church. Dr. Parrish writes us: —

Institutions die very slowly. Dr. Ewer, in the middle of the last century, forecast the present situation in his *Failure of Protestantism,* and analyzed the fundamental weaknesses. The break-up is the economic result of these. Rome may be the residuary legatee so far as the ignorant masses are concerned and in Irish-America, but as the world becomes educated she too is doomed. Christianity itself then becomes but one of the great world religions — the best, but possibly not the final one, the organizations breaking up and changing and the doctrines and practices being altered. Ecclesiastical tyranny cannot be reëstablished ever.

The old and new orders are personified in **Mary Agnes Hamilton,** who while at Cambridge University took a double first in classics and economics. A novelist of half a dozen titles, assistant editor of the *New Leader,* and, as 'Iconoclast,' the author of two recent volumes on Ramsay MacDonald, Mrs. Hamilton in her spare moments is an active member of the Independent Labor Party. ¶The writings of the **Right Reverend Charles Fiske,** Bishop Coadjutor of Central New York, have brought comfort to many beyond his diocese. Perhaps his most influential volume is *The Faith by Which We Live.* ¶A young Englishman of the war generation, **R. H. Mottram** has brought to his books, the war trilogy of *The Spanish Farm,* a versatile understanding of French and British character. ¶The entries in the secret journal of **Jane Steger** mark days of suffering and exaltation above pain. The complete journal, containing several chapters which have been printed in the *Atlantic,* will be published between covers this autumn as an Atlantic Monthly Press publication.

* * *

Amory Hare, a Philadelphia poet pleasantly familiar to our readers, is a granddaughter of the late Bishop William Hobart Hare, apostle to the Sioux. ¶Despite his lawyer's caution, no bean stalk is too hazardous to discourage **Samuel Scoville, Jr.,** from an intimate observation of birds and their nests. **Louis I. Dublin** is chief statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and a specialist on the problems of race and occupational mortality. **Professor John Dewey,** of Columbia University, is a philosopher of whom Americans have had frequent occasion to be proud. We note that his present paper defending animal experimentation is incorporated in the record of Congressional hearings on a bill to prohibit the use of dogs for experimental purposes in Federal territory. ¶In the fields and woods of England **Sir W. Beach Thomas** has observed with what instinct and courage animals do and die. ¶It will surprise some readers to learn that **Lord Dunsany** has discovered a London club whose members, instead of sleeping, tell marvelous tales.

* * *

An *Atlantic* critic, **Ethel Wallace Hawkins** is exploring the fresh and esoteric arts of the Continent. ¶It is predicted that **Humbert Wolfe's** poems, 'The Unknown Goddess' and 'Humoresque,' lately published in England, will soon make their way in the United States. ¶During the thirty-five years that have identified **C. E. Montague** with the *Manchester Guardian* his dramatic criticism and leaders have become an almost essential part of an English middle-class breakfast. **Archibald L. Bouton** is Dean of the College of Arts and Pure Science at New York University. **A. Cecil Edwards** has resumed his London residence after thirteen years in Persia. ¶In the January

Atlantic **William Z. Ripley,** Professor of Economics at Harvard University, caught the ear of the public with his article, 'From Main Street to Wall Street.' Within a week the great papers of the country had taken up the matter; within a month the Board of Governors of the New York Stock Exchange had taken actual steps to remedy the situation. Following this investigation, Professor Ripley has disclosed another source of danger and mystification in the same field of corporate finance.

* * *

In the midst of the crisis which England has had to confront during the past months it is enlightening to hear the expert opinion of three Englishmen, each qualified for his particular study. Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Labor Cabinet, the **Right Honorable Philip Snowden** is a member of the Privy Council. **Lord Buckmaster,** Lord Chancellor in 1915, was chairman of the first commission of inquiry into the coal mines in 1924. A student of international affairs, widely read and traveled, **Robert Sencourt** is seasonably at home in Italy and England. We quote from a letter accompanying his manuscript: —

My reflections on the present state of European politics are not very complete without an examination of the practical business theories which underlie all politics, and I have just been writing these out in connection with England's general strike.

There can to my mind be no doubt that in both Latin and Teutonic Europe the idea of corporate production has fundamentally modified the old ideas of democracy and capitalism which the Anglo-Saxon world turned to such good success. For my own part, I want to give individualism the credit for the wealth and enterprise it brought, while showing the truth of the social organization which it ignored.

* * *

This letter sent to us by a friendly reader has a dear, familiar taste for all good sons of Izaak Walton.

These past weeks have been so strenuous that whenever I sat down for an instant it seemed I should be at something else. A diagnostician might say that a fishing trip was indicated; a poet might say that the streams were calling.

So one afternoon a good friend and I took our trout tackle and mess kits and went out — with eight medium-sized potatoes, bread, butter, salt, bacon, coffee, sugar, a can of condensed milk, and, as an afterthought, a glass of wild pin-cherry jelly. Our path led along the broad highway, then over a byroad, and a branch from that to the home of the last settler, and finally along an old logging road that to the uninitiated might seem almost impassable, but which to us seemed only nature's kindly protection of a spot of beauty from all save such as might value it highly enough to make an effort to win it. My friend shut off the motor, then turned to me with a triumphant look. We could hear the brook singing a few rods away in the woods. Many times we have been in that spot and heard the song of the stream, but always when we have come out of the hurry of workaday life into that solitude it seems strangely fresh and new.

There is a little pool below a great boulder, a pool perhaps eight feet across and two feet deep, into which the foaming water rushes. Across the stream at the lower edge of the pool is a huge fallen tree. Beneath this the water flows, and there is always a little patch of white foam carried off to one side. When I have crept up to the edge of the stream and dropped a worm or a fly into that pool, the question of what will happen when it has been carried below that log with its patch of foam completely eclipses in importance all questions of buildings and budgets. Will there be the tug of a hungry trout? In that question all else is blotted out. Will there be the tug of a trout? College problems — perhaps they are carried off downstream with the little flecks of foam. Will there be the tug of a trout? The answer to the question is not of supremest importance: the quest is its own reward.

We did not fish long. In half an hour we had enough trout, speckled beauties of the brook, and preparations for supper were in order. At such times the meal becomes a ceremony. When I had the potatoes peeled and sliced, I took real pride in the fact that I had gauged the supply so accurately that there were just enough to fill the mess kit. My friend displayed the trout, cleaned and washed. He started a pail of coffee, and while the trout and bacon and potatoes were being prepared to exactly the right perfection — anything less were sacrilegious at such a time — we sipped a cup of coffee, and marveled at its quality. We were proud as the proverbial boy with a little red wagon.

Supper! Trout and bacon, fried potatoes, bread and butter and coffee, with the tangy pin-cherry jelly. What a supper as we sat there with the camp fire at our feet, and the trout stream murmuring beside us! As we sat drinking the last cup of coffee after the sun had set behind the trees, and the sky was crimsoned with sunset, the occasion became of almost ritual dignity

and splendor. The stars came out, and the little fireflies began darting to and fro. Far off in the hills we heard the first call of the whippoorwill.

I lay flat on my back beside the dancing camp fire, watching the pattern of the thorn-apple leaves above me, lighted from beneath by the camp fire. I studied the perfect arrangement whereby each leaf of each tiny twig is enabled to obtain its meed of sunshine. Busy fireflies were crawling in the grass, and flying in the air. Over all our tiny world, changing moment by moment as day departed and night drew on, were shining and unchanging, infinitely far-distant stars.

A firefly suddenly shone out on the tip of a leaf fifteen or twenty feet above me. Strange! Its brightness for an instant far outshone the greatest star of all the galaxy above me; as it darted away across the sky it might have been some rarely brilliant meteorite.

The fire burned low; suddenly the last flame ceased and there was only smoke from the glowing embers. We poured a pail of water on them and drove home through the night.

The beauty of that evening has been with me for days. I can hear the song of the brook, the whisper of the trees, and all the voices of the night. I can see, when I close my eyes, the camp fire and the thorn-apple leaves, the fireflies and the stars. And I have been unable to escape the memory of the great brightness of that little firefly that outshone the stars, and the thought that perchance elsewhere than on Mosquito Brook it is possible to imagine that momentary fireflies near at hand are brighter than great stars. Perhaps after all that was why I had to get out to the Brook.

N. B. Dexter

* * *

Miss Repplier's mirror is never compromising, as this reader is big enough to see.

Portland, Ore.

Dear Atlantic, —

I wish Miss Repplier's paper could be read and heeded by all Americans. The unconscious air of superiority we assume toward all foreigners and toward other nations would be humorous if not serious. It shows itself in many ways, and the vast majority of us are guilty. From childhood we are taught in one way and another how much better we are than other people, and that we are but little, if any, lower than the angels. Every Fourth of July or other holiday the air resounds with utterances emphasizing what a powerful people we are, how much better than other poor sinners, and our deep regret for their situation. So too it has now come to pass that our history is being developed into modern mythology by censoring historical facts and cutting out anything and everything that in any way, according to these self-appointed censors, tends to humanize our national heroes. Schools are not permitted to teach facts, and anyone who ventures to say that our forefathers were men with men's weaknesses and human is damned as not measuring up to the standard now generally defined as 'one hundred per cent American' — a very indefinite term.

Another habit of ours is the attaching of nicknames to foreigners. In California, when I was a small boy, Mexicans were always referred to as 'Greasers,' Portuguese as 'Dagoes,' Chinese as 'Chinks,' and to-day the Japanese are called 'Japs.' Not so long ago I made a trip to Panama with a judge of the Supreme Court of New York, a member of the faculty of Yale, and a business man of New York. I can recall now with what a perfectly unconscious air of superiority we walked the streets of Panama, leaving in our wake dislike and probably hate. We were not there a day before we acquired the habit of calling the natives 'spiggoties' instead of Panamaians. This name arose out of their way of saying that they did not understand English. A native would say in response to a question: 'No spiggoty Engleesh.' This was enough. While we could not speak their language, we could not understand why they should not speak English. They therefore became 'spiggoties,' and their money was then and there, and doubtless now is, 'spiggoty money.'

I do not know how much good Miss Repplier's article will do, but I know that it speaks the truth and holds up a mirror in which one may see himself.

Joseph N. Teal

* * *

After reading the sheaf of communications in appreciation or condemnation of his paper, 'Liberty and Sovereignty,' in the July *Atlantic*, Mr. Martin sent us this pat anecdote: —

It all reminds me of the experiments conducted at Bedford in England between the folks who think the world is flat and those who think it is round. At that place the Bedford Canal stretches away in a perfectly straight line for six miles. It was agreed that if a sheet were put up at one end and a telescope at the other, then if the earth were flat one could see the sheet; and if the sheet could not be seen it would be because of the sphericity of the world. Well — they got the sheet and the telescope, and then a miracle happened: everyone who thought the earth was flat could see the sheet as plain as print, whereas

those who held to Copernicus could not see a sign of it. There was a lot of money up on the result, so they took pictures through the telescope and worked hard; but the same trouble developed as to the photographs: they could not agree as to whether the sheet showed or not. Neither could they find an unprejudiced umpire without preconceptions on the subject.

Man is undoubtedly the funniest ape.

But this letter, whatever its persuasion, makes a distinction that commands consideration in both camps.

West Chester, Pa.

Dear Atlantic, —

The suggested use of conscientious objection in regard to the Volstead Act is rather startling to us 'temperance people,' some of whom are reputed to be so conscientious that 'we will not eat a chicken that has roosted upon a cider-apple tree.' Those who were in connection with conscientious objectors during the World War — the United States had a small concentration camp of them near Philadelphia — read and argued and altogether reviewed the rights of conscientious objection to their limit, but found nothing at all like that suggested by George W. Martin in the July *Atlantic*. Yet our knowledge of this form of behavior was both extensive and definite. It had to be, when advice was being given to upstanding youths as they departed toward certain persecution, saying gallantly, 'I'll take whatever the Lord sends.'

Conscientious objection presupposes two very definite facts of life: the moral right of a fully developed adult to refrain from an act that he regards as wrong, even though the State requires it; and the legal right of the State to punish him for it, if it so chooses. Sometimes there may be inherent in the moral situation a legal right to deny the jurisdiction of the court. This may be an explanation of the silence of Christ at His trial, since even to give a word of testimony involves an acknowledgment of the jurisdiction of those who would cross-question a prisoner. Until someone is denied the right of trial by jury, no legal objection can be made. But should that time come, the anti-prohibitionist has a precedent in the case of the famous London lawyer, Scott Duckers, who refused in 1916 to allow himself to come under the Military Service Act. He denied the war court's jurisdiction over a civilian and held his objection unbroken through many false trials and imprisonments. Just as the Pacifist Scott Duckers is rated a martyr to Christianity and not to the law, so will this anti-prohibitionist be considered a sufferer for the right to manufacture intoxicants, and not for the right of trial by jury.

Disobedience on moral grounds presupposes the already-mentioned adulthood, not only as a citizen merely, but as a personality, fully educated in ethics. The objector must never, under any circumstances, be in need of outside control. His self-control must be complete, his life self-sacrificing in all other ways possible except the one way. At least, so they told us in war time. Therefore to say, 'I have the right to make and sell intoxicants,' absolutely requires extraordinary helpfulness in all other directions for the public good.

Prohibition was brought about by the passionate desire of mothers and of motherly women generally to save children from the danger of drunkenness. It was a war of freedom, but not for the freedom of the drinker. These mothers of a sober race in America are getting a little of the liberty for which they are fighting. They are beginning to have their day, and it is a poor day for the people who are in the habit of drinking liquor or of getting rich on its sale.

'That little fox terrier,' the owner's eyes sparkled at the thought of the mother with her boxful of puppies in the garage, 'that little mother dog killed twenty-seven mice in one day! And,' he added casually, 'it was n't a very good day for mice, either.'

Helen Elizabeth Rhoads

* * *

Helen Dore Boylston, whose war diaries brought gratification to many veterans, is now in Paris, where she is studying German and Russian before a further advance into the Albanian Mountains. On her present labor she writes us this sprightly note: —

Do you, by any chance, speak German? If you do I can only say that I look upon you with unutterable admiration as a person capable of incredible spiritual gymnastics. It crushes me flat and bores me to hysteria. Compared to it Russian is a lightsome thing that carols as it goes, and beckons to me around corners, promising the mysterious. But the German! It clumps heavily along beside me, and is continually laying a flat hand on my shoulder, saying, 'Not so fast, Fräulein. Life a serious business is, which must weighed be, and studied, and with yesterday compared. Do not after that wild Russian go! It can you nothing of the seriousness of life explain.' And all the while the Russian is just ahead and I hear it singing in its strong, free voice. It sings of cornflowers on the steppes, and of old, old waltzes, heard from afar through warm spring dusks — and remembered in the bitter cold of the endless winter nights. It sings of the joy of life and its sadness and its moments. And the German — 'Ach, she waits not, the

foolish one.' Nor do I. Many a good kick in the shin bones have I given that German in trying to shake off its fat hand. But it remains. And is undoubtedly meditating profoundly on the meagreness of my deltoid muscle.

* * *

'Sounding brass . . .'

CHEVIOT-ON-HUDSON

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In your July number Mr. A. Edward Newton remarks that Jefferson must have been crazy when he wrote that all men were created equal. I can throw some light on that. Mrs. Thomas Elwyn, a daughter of Governor John Langdon of New Hampshire, told my mother that she once said to Jefferson, 'What were you thinking of when you said all men were created equal?' He replied, 'I don't know what I was thinking of. I thought it sounded well.' Mrs. Elwyn knew all those men well, and stayed often at Mt. Vernon. It was in 1852, when she was a very old lady, that she mentioned this matter to my mother, Mrs. Edward Delafield, who wrote it in her journal, which I carefully preserve and in which I have just read it again. It is absolutely true.

ALICE CLARKSON

* * *

'We are seven!'

BLACK MOUNTAIN, VA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Knowing of your interest in the human family, I am sending you this authentic account of seven singular sisters and their equally singular parents who lived in Richmond, Virginia, during the first half of the nineteenth century. The original is contained in the diary of my grandfather, Reverend Isaac N. Walter, a traveling minister and relative of the McClures, whom he visited in 1840.

There were twelve members in the McClure family — father, mother, three sons, and seven daughters. All but a married son lived on the old homestead of several hundred acres. 'On the farm are about forty head of horses, and thirty of them have never had either bridle, saddle, or harness on,' writes my grandfather. 'Their home is very large. The second story is all in one room, about forty by fifty feet, but it is divided into many apartments by lines running in every direction, on which hang their dresses, bedclothes, and so forth. On one line hang all the mittens they have ever worn for thirty years, and on another line all the stockings. In the garret are all the old boots and shoes.

'The girls each have a saddle and bridle, costing thirty dollars apiece, which have never been used. Each of them has also a water bucket, and when one goes for water they all go. Each has a milk bucket, and when one goes to milk they all go. Each has a big wheel, little wheel, and reel, and when one spins they all spin; when one reels they all reel. When one starts to get a meal they all start. They all sleep in the same room, each occupying a bed; when one retires they all go, and when one gets up they all get up.

'They go to church very regularly, and always go in single file. All sit down together. When one gets up they all get up, and when one goes out they all go out. Each of them carries a reticule made of different colors, in which they carry apples and pears. They think much of their minister and frequently give him their apples and pears. When one gives they all give, and they often fill his pockets and his hat. He has to take them or he would offend them. Each carries an umbrella, but never do they spread them on a rainy day or a hot day. Their dress is after the fashion of forty or fifty years ago, and they wear old-fashioned scoop bonnets, very high and flaring before, with a plain red ribbon across the middle.

'The old man would not permit anyone to marry one of them unless he married the oldest, and so on down in regular order; but it happened that no one fancied the oldest, and consequently they are all old maids. They are very kind to anyone who visits them and very hospitable to strangers; but if any person goes there on Saturday night the horse is put under lock and key until Monday morning. If the traveler desires to go to church on the Sabbath, he may have the privilege, but he must walk. They consider it wrong to ride on the Sabbath, except in extreme cases.

'The old man was peculiar in his manner of doing business. Everybody could depend upon what he said in the sale of articles, and he always had his price or never sold his produce. If corn was selling at 12½ cents per bushel he would have 25 cents, and if it was selling for 50 cents he would take but 25 cents, and so with everything else.

'About four weeks ago the old man, his two sons, and a daughter died of congestive fever. The daughter died on Tuesday, and the next Saturday the father and sons were all buried in one grave. Thus in one week four members of his family were numbered with the dead. In attending to the settlement of the estate it was found, upon examination, that no person was owing the estate; nor was the estate owing any person, from the fact that the old man would never credit any person or ask any person to credit him.'

JOSEPHINE M. CATHCART

THE CITY OF VISION

BY ERNEST C. AULD

One easily gets a cross-section view of the United States in nine northern counties of New Jersey, because here are to be seen, according to government census, the eleventh industrial city of the country and a contiguous community of homes that range from the humble cottage to the large estate.

In this metropolitan area one finds the early and later American. It has a population of two million, three hundred thousand; Newark, with four hundred and fifty thousand souls, is its centre.

On June 11, 1924, Newark's Central High School children erected a tablet which reads in part: 'Here the tide was turned on the morning of November 21, 1780, in a running fight and skirmish between Newark's Minute Men, under the command of Colonel Phil Van Cortland, and a party of about one hundred refugees and British soldiers. Newark's one thousand souls manfully stopped the infantry.' This big bronze tablet, placed on the outer wall of one of Newark's famous institutions, was an invitation to tell the result of that skirmish to-day.

One enters this concern, known as L. Bamberger and Company, — which has for its shibboleth 'One of America's Great Stores,' — and learns from the management that there are thirty-two hundred coworkers operating in one hundred thousand square feet, in all their varied forms of service. Peak days see over one hundred thousand people entering the store, where one buys for cottage or estate practically everything that is made in the world.

The concern started in a small way in 1893, with a vision; you see the result of this vision in the various departments of the different floors. Happy, smiling faces greet you wheresoever you go. One of the bundle boys tells you in confidence he will soon progress, because progress is the plan under which this concern operates. In 1893 L. Bamberger and Company started; to-day it is acknowledged to be one of America's great stores, doing a business three times larger than that of similar department stores in cities of half a million.

Five days of continuously taking shorthand notes brought out these facts plainly: the concern treats its coworkers as well as it treats the buying public; it is just as gracious in accepting return packages and making adjustments as in selling.

The writer actually compared these departments with every large New York store and found as great a range of assortments here. There are not five stores like the Bamberger store in the country.

The buyers include persons of moderate means, the well-to-do, the rich, and the exclusive rich. The service to all is the same, because the people who serve are in turn served by the management. Everyone is on an equal footing here. Sex is no barrier.

A cardinal principle is that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and he gets it from the management. In the various restaurants, including the coworkers' restaurant, the same thought, treatment, and care are carried out, and tips are taboo. A physician and dentist, and their assistants, under the management's pay, wait on coworkers daily. One finds the spirit of right thinking prevailing in every part of the service. Bamberger's suburban drivers always help autos in distress.

The management aids coworkers in

bettering themselves. The ramifications of these efforts include welfare work, night schools.

As one of the customers said: 'There is a subtle charm about this store that brings added sense of joy to shopping. One tires less at Bamberger's.'

L. Bamberger and Company publishes a magazine of real beauty that delineates the finer things of northern New Jersey; it sells for thirty-five cents and has reached eighty thousand in circulation. *Charm* is its name.

The store windows show the true touch of an artist.

The big parade of the year: Newark's school children take a day off and march through the streets in gala splendor with the spirit that makes a great city. Here you see public, parochial, and private school children of every race and creed, of every age and type, marching with one accord to prove to all the true freedom of democracy, and you say, 'Whence comes this vision realized?' Here is one answer: Seventy-five years ago a handful of men began the making of men's and boys' shoes that was destined to leave an impress on the city and to establish firmly the well-known attributes of the eleventh industrial city of the country. These Johnston and Murphy shoemakers are now operating one of the largest shoe manufacturing plants of its kind in the country, and that they are right to the second is shown by the fact that by far the larger number of college men to-day are to be seen shod in the neat's leather that has been made into shoes by Johnston and Murphy. These shoemakers are selling shoes in every nook and cranny of the country.

As you go in, the workers begin to tell you that some have been here five years, some thirty years, some forty-five years, and that they feel themselves to be a part of the institution, in which each one is ready to aid the others, from the owners and officers to the cleaners and packers. The writer interviewed at random seventy-five workers; they informed him the main thought seemed to be that a steady pay envelope the year round is the rule and guide of the company. The men said they knew they had a job as long as they could work and many had a job after they could do no work; that they could count on home buying, education for the children, insurance, and know that no one would come along with harassments. The firm saw to it that the concern was up to the minute. New machinery is the order of the day. Progress is so continued from week to week as to become a practical part of the organization. More than fifty per cent of the men own their own homes clear. One of the Building and Loan Associations of Newark was started in Johnston and Murphy's shoe manufacturing plant. The men and women tell you that they have no welfare rules and regulations, because, like the acquisition of new machinery, welfare has been going on from the foundation.

There is an air of cheer about the place. It comes from continuity of purpose, lack of discord, and a real love of the work. The best, the very best leather procurable in the world is cut up by men who have been doing this work for years. Each order from every retail buyer is made according to the specification. This order is carried through in every department.

So, as one old shoemaker said, 'This is a big custom house. The shoes are practically all bench made.' Johnston and Murphy also makes shoes to individual measure.

The visions of the founders of Johnston and Murphy are realized and are really typical of Newark, knowing no discord or strife.

The latest addition to good workmanship comes in the new department to repair Johnston and Murphy shoes; you can give the dealer your Johnston and Murphy shoe and have it returned to you from Johnston and Murphy's factory in Newark — again ready for wear.

Go wheresoever you will throughout this, the eleventh industrial city of the country, and you find the workman looking to management to make his adjustment when necessary. One finds a forty-year-old institution working in iron and steel, on whose products the entire nation depends for comfort and locomotion safety. Starting with an original invested capital of fifty thousand dollars, it now has a valuation running into millions. The concern has never had internal discord, strife, or confusion. Many of its workmen have translated their efforts into homes and education and improvement. One workman, covered with the grime of his calling, grabbed my hand and took me up to the outer view to see his home that he could walk to for a hot lunch. He was all aglee about it.

All day long you talk and make shorthand notes amid the vibration and din of forging hammers, and you come away with the satisfaction that the National Lock Washer Company is *right*. Every observable unit shows prosperity, and one learns that the present officers and managers are all college graduates. The principal offices are in Newark, New Jersey, with plants in Newark and Riverside, New Jersey, and their branch offices are in practically every large city of the country. The company owns its own rolling mills, annealing furnaces, drop-forging plant, lock-washer manufactory, a plant for the machining of drop forgings, a modernly equipped heating plant, and a plant devoted to the production of railway-car hardware. It produces phosphor bronze, lock washers, railway-car hardware in an almost infinite variety, and quantities of custom forgings which find their way into printing presses, elevators, pneumatic tools, trolley cars, steel barrels and oil containers, and numberless parts of equipment and machinery.

The company's products are in world-wide use. Countless millions are using railroad and automotive vehicles, radios, machinery, and mechanical equipment which depend on its products. For instance, besides lock washers and improved Hipower spring washers, it manufactures spring steels and steel rods of special shapes, as well as brake forgings, and so forth. When your boy coasts downhill, in all likelihood you will find the runners of steel on his sled were fashioned here.

As the Civil War was receding from view, Heyward Harvey, an inventive genius, was uncovering a great number of useful ideas, and many of these inventions have become a part of the ordinary mechanism of the country. It was he who invented the National Rib Lock Washer. The National Lock Washer Company was established January 11, 1886, to produce Harvey's invention. It started in a loft — a few men, an idea, a small sum of money.

By dint of thought and continuous trials the company developed what is called the Hipower spring washer, used in rail joint construction, in frogs and crossings. It is highly resilient and is designed to meet the conditions of fast-moving trains.

Here was a task. Railroads adopt inventions, but only after careful trial; time is demanded to see what the result will be. To-day by far the larger number of rails are joined and protected by this Hipower spring washer. The company makes a large variety of steel shapes; it does custom forgings for various mechanical purposes and minute forgings that are really wonderful — the effort seems to have a romance all its own.

The men at work tell you that they are satisfied with their arrangements because in the main they are 'on their own.' Every man feels that he is at liberty at any time to go into the president's office and take his problems with him. In this large concern it is still the vogue for all to know each other and work together, and so carry out the ideas of the founders.

Gold-leaf lettering on your office windows will not suffice

A FIRM doing business in the smaller towns and cities becomes known without much effort. Your name and place in the commercial world are well known and obvious.

But in New York, if you would have your business stand above the crowd, you must do business from an address which in itself is a recommendation of repute.

Since before the Civil War, 200 Fifth Avenue—the address of The Fifth Avenue Building—has been known to New York. Here stood the famous old Fifth Avenue Hotel, the meeting-place for generals, statesmen, presidents, people of fashion and importance throughout the country. The Fifth Avenue Building now carries on the tradition of prestige.

Offices here have the quiet, friendly and yet unobtrusive dignity of a club. The two restaurants in the building are of great advantage to you in entertaining your clients. The surroundings of Madison Square give you a pleasing view. Together with Fifth Avenue, Broadway and 23rd Street, the Square forms an open area unmatched in New York for light and air.

You are at the heart of commercial New York. Midway between the two rivers, midway between Central Park and the Battery, The Fifth Avenue Building is immediately accessible to all up-town and down-town. Three subways, an elevated, surface cars and busses are all within easy reach.

When you come to New York, we should be pleased to see you and tell you about the building.

The FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING

Broadway and Fifth Avenue
at Madison Square

"*More than an office building*"

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1926

A SAGA OF TO-DAY

I. THE OLD COUNTRY

BY CARL CHRISTIAN JENSEN

I

In a dingy room over a shop, where a man made wooden shoes, I grew aware of myself. The front window faced a narrow cobblestoned street, where the heather farmers passed with their slow-moving teams of oxen and their wagons loaded with sun-dried peat. The rear window faced a large yard that was closed in on one side by a hulky, odorous tannery and on the other by the sailor inn, Kridtpiben (The Chalk-Pipe). In the rear of the yard a garden with an orchard of dying apple trees sloped down to low, swampy pastures. Beyond these lay the dunes and the sea.

I must have been three years old. I remember rocking my newborn brother out of his cradle. The twins were a year older than I. In the garden we played with the tanner's daughter, Hedvig. I fell into a mortar pit there, and all outside noises died away — Hedvig's cries, the bricklayer scraping his trowel on the wall of the sailor inn, the clattering wheels on the street. The noises within my body demanded a hearing. My blood thundered in my ears; my heart pounded against my ribs. All my inside cried for air. And as I coughed out my last precious breath my mother's hand reached down and caught me. Then the garden behind the yard was no longer the same.

Hedvig and I were the same age. One day we stole down the cellar steps of the sailor inn and turned the wooden spouts of several beer kegs. The cellar floor became foamy like the sea I had watched so often from the window. We splashed our feet in the white, frothing stuff until no more beer ran out of the spouts. Such fun! But how I feared that cellar ever after!

My mother made soup from oxtails which she fetched from the tannery. Once I followed her into the tannery shed, where she chopped off a dozen oxtails from a stack of fresh raw hides. But I no longer relished the soup she made. For the tannery gave me nausea.

There was only one side of the yard left. I loved to sit beside Hedvig on the steps of the wooden-shoe shop and inhale the odor of seasoned hardwood, watching an old man carve and chisel a formless chunk into a wooden shoe. Hedvig's pink-eyed kitten played with the chips and shavings that coiled up in

heaps on the floor while the chunk of hardwood gradually took the shape of a human foot. The heel and arch, the instep and toes, bulged out of the outer surface and caved into the inner surface.

Our eyes followed the curves of the wooden shoe. Hedvig said that the curves 'talked to her.' And she said that her eyes drew these curves of the wooden shoe on the inside of her eyelids. And she said that the picture inside her eyelids talked to her when she closed them — talked to her as did the curves of the wooden shoe. So Hedvig told me.

One day we went beyond the known boundary of our little world. We passed the cows lying on their stomachs in the pasture behind the garden, chewing their cuds. We followed a brook, where the song birds cooled themselves under the water plants. We reached a sandy road along the coast and met a farmer, sitting asleep on his load of peat, while his oxen sank knee-deep in the sand. We waded through coarse dune grass and fell down tired.

The sea lay quiet like a mirror, meeting the sky in the horizon. The smoke from the steamers rose in black, graceful columns that carried the dome of heaven. Hedvig's cheeks were flushed from the long walk. She lay with her head resting in my lap, gazing up into the sky.

We were found at night by a fisherman, who carried us to his hut on the coast. And after our return home Hedvig was in bed many weeks. Daily I was at her bedside. And always she held my hand tight — very tight. When, one afternoon, she felt stronger, she wanted to sit in the sun on the porch. Her mother carried her out there and left us alone. Her eyes turned to the sky again, and a smile lighted up her face — and remained. . . .

Her mother loosened my hand from Hedvig's cold grip and hugged me hysterically, and with a sudden violence and heartbreaking despair. She carried me to my mother; and the two ran back to Hedvig, leaving me alone with a new feeling of awe.

II

My grandfather was a man huge of frame and sturdy as an old oak. He was six feet six, with a back broad and sinewy, and with large, hairy fists. He was of a melancholy, brooding temperament, his mind burning like glowing embers that could flare into white heat. And when his anger was aroused he would stand tall and straight, with his arms crossed, his head lifted, his forehead high, smooth, and florid, and his eyes scintillating. It was not his words that terrified his wife and daughters, but rather the amplitude of his voice, and the rapidity with which he spoke. Only one of his seven daughters ever dared defy him — my mother. She would walk toward the angry Titan, look him in the eye, but remain silent. And he would lift his fists as if to crush her, but his arms would drop powerless. Then he would wander down to the coast and remain there, brooding.

I have never met a man with such physical strength, or with such anger and gentleness, or with such silence and 'gift of gab.' He came of peasant stock. And because he was a true peasant his deepest disappointment was that he had no sons. He had served his country twice — first as the King's bodyguard, later during the German invasion of 1864. His property consisted of a small farm of peat bog, heather, and sand dunes. During the centuries an ancient oak forest had rotted, leaving a bog with a five-foot layer of muddy peat sandwiched in between the heather and the dunes. In the summer time he sliced off loads of mud, cutting the peat into bricks, which he threw to the

surface to be baked by the sun. With his spade he carved his way through the bog, while his wife and daughters carried the peat away. Through several summers I saw him stand to his waist in mud, silent and melancholy. But he had only his wife to help him then.

His love for me was the only affection that I remember receiving in my childhood. He liked to have me visit him on the farm. At night we slept together, the old giant and I. A piece of rope hung from the ceiling over his bed, by means of which he would raise himself in the morning. He lay there the night long, embracing me with his huge, muscular arms, while I snuggled up to him hungrily.

His seven daughters ran away from home as soon as they became of age. His fluctuating moods drove them out. And for peasant daughters they married well. Malie became the second wife of my father's brother, who owned a hog farm. Anna married an old, long-whiskered bachelor, who bought a farm with the savings of his toil in America. Juliana and Line became the brides of fairly prosperous dairy farmers. Sine and Tine married peasants of the sand dunes. Stine, my mother, was the only one who ran away to the harbor town.

I remember the seven sisters vividly — tall, husky, bright-eyed women, very noisy, quick to laugh, and quicker still to show anger. God! What a temper some of them had — especially my own mother! Once she broke a broom handle in two on my head.

At my grandparents' golden wedding the seven sisters and their broods of children met together on the old farm. And they talked and 'joshed' each other and quarreled in their loud, broad peasant dialect, worse than a group of drunken sailors in The Chalk-Pipe. They are all alive at present except Malie. None save my mother have changed their social standing greatly.

My grandmother was a small, slender woman, cowed by her strong husband. None of her daughters looked like her. Her parents, who were a grade above the peasants, were against her wedding my grandfather. Her brother was a wealthy horse trader, whose son, my mother's cousin, was the peach on the family tree. How proud my aunts were of him! For he was a lay preacher and a revivalist, holding religious meetings at night in the barns of the peasants — a sincere but dull, unattractive man, as I remember him.

My father's parents died long before I was born. A black mystery hangs over his ancestors. And he refused to talk about them. But the fact is this, as I discovered later: his family for generations had gone to the devil. Some of them I saw with my own eyes go there. I remember his aunt, — his father's sister, — an old, old beggar woman, walking on the cobblestoned streets with a stick in one hand and a basket in the other. She told me of a 'curse' that had haunted the family for ages, ruining a line of wealthy, powerful lairds in the valleys south of Frederikshavn. One estate after another had been lost by fire, flood, and famine, by drinking and gambling, and by the abolition of serfdom, when the peasants gained their independence. In her youth her own estate — and this I verified later — had been sold at public auction. She died in the poorhouse.

Two of my father's brothers, Unge-Jens and Gamle-Jens (Young Jens and Old Jens), fared the best — though the latter almost went to the devil before my mother's sister, Malie, took hold of his hog farm. He suffered all through life for the wild oats of his youth. His youngest son, who at present enjoys the reputation of being the slyest and most daring smuggler in the seas of Skagerrack and Cattegat, once hoisted

me down a deep well, headfirst, to fetch a ball. Unge-Jens literally starved on various rented farms, while he and his wife brought up twelve sons. A third brother, Nikolaj, I remember as a bleary-eyed drunkard, whose wife and children I often saw walking from house to house begging crusts of bread. I was at his side the day before he died and saw him chew mouthfuls of bedstraw. He died of delirium tremens in the same poorhouse and in the same room as did his aunt. A fourth brother left the Old Country for Australia and was never heard from. A fifth went to America — Anton was his name — and was never heard from, either. (Today in an American prison of the South a young man, bearing my surname and not a few of the family traits, is serving ninety-nine years for murder. He tells me that his father, whose name was Anton, is dead, and that he came from a small country in Europe called Denmark.)

III

My world grew. The fifth child was born in my fifth year. The twins were going to school. My mother was always away from home during the day, sewing or washing for the rich grocer and the wealthy people across the street. My father was a longshoreman, working on the steamers in the harbor. The tanner's wife took care of Anton and Lasse. And I was much alone.

On the dumping grounds of a clay pit I picked up bones and cowhorns, which I sold to the junk dealer. He paid me with copper coins which I spent for Danish pastry. Once I came into his junk yard when he was busy elsewhere. Hurriedly I stuck a pair of cowhorns from a heap into my sack. My heart began to beat fast. This was my first theft. He recognized the horns as soon as he peered into my sack, and threw them back on to the heap. But instead of getting angry he looked at me with a dismal expression in his eyes. He hooked my sack on to his scales and threw me a few coppers, according to the weight of the bones, and turned his back to me in disgust. And his scorn smarted longer than a thrashing would have done.

Near an old church a street was being lowered, and the workingmen were excavating a forgotten churchyard. Bones dyed in a vat of mud were dug up by the wagonload. One morning I filled my sack from the excavation and carried the bones to the junk dealer. But he refused to buy them, because they were black and decayed, and because they were human bones. He placed his hand on my head and looked at me with his grave, sombre eyes. He shook his head and bade me return the bones.

The wealthy grocer for whom my mother worked imported a dozen Shetland ponies from the Orkney Islands. Coming across the North Sea the ponies had become ill, and by mistake the grocer gave them poison instead of medicine. I saw them roll on the straw in his stable in paroxysmal torture. I was distressed at their suffering. The grocer and his wife were weeping. Yet my compassion for the sick animals was not able to remove my greed for their bones. When they had been killed I followed the stableman out to the heather and helped him to dig a grave. I shoveled the sand away from the edge as he threw it up to me. Soon the grave was so deep that his head was below the level of the heather. It would be strenuous work to dig up my treasure again.

We returned to the stable and drove a wagonload of dead ponies to the grave on the heather. The heather impressed me. It was clean and fragrant. I braided wreaths of heather flowers and placed these on the grave, and I

marked the spot carefully, planning to return the following spring. Before the northern winter set in with snow and frost I was back, watching and dreaming over the ponies' bones. But during the winter I lost all trace of the place. I was never able to find my buried treasure.

Fjolle-Valde, a mute beggar boy, ransacked the neighborhood with me. His eyes looked into mine with the devotion of a dumb beast, and he granted me a half-witted friendship in exchange for my own interest in him. He belonged to a destitute family. His father had been my mother's fiancé previous to her marriage. But a scullery maid in the hotel where my mother worked had forestalled a tryst one night between the two lovers by borrowing my mother's only pair of shoes without asking. The lovers had quarreled. My mother had married my father, who was twice her age; and her lover had married a woman many years his senior. My knowledge of my mother's first romance drew me to Fjolle-Valde with the compassion of one who had been saved from a great calamity.

One day my desire to see Fjolle-Valde's mother drove me across the town to his home. On a painter's ladder in a dirty yard I climbed to the attic, where the gable door swung outward and almost pushed me off. I groped my way among bins of peat fuel that belonged to the tenants on the floor below. Through a roof window a sunbeam, bedizened with dust, stabbed into the darkness like a bejeweled rapier. And through the cracks in the red-tiled roof smaller beams of light penetrated. Children of various ages crawled around there, and, beaverlike, trailed paths of wet dirt across the floor. An untidy woman with her breasts exposed welcomed me and scrutinized me as wistfully as I did her. So this creature was the pick of the man who had jilted my beautiful mother! Yet, in her attic she aroused in me a cringing curiosity, which even later impelled me to pay her secret visits.

A horse butcher in the neighborhood would often send Fjolle-Valde and me into the country to bring back old critters that he had bought from a village grocer. And during the light summer nights, homeward bound, we rode over the sand dunes on the back of the same horse. He never entrusted us with more than one at a time. The full moon reddened the dunes and heather, and a sharp Oriental camel shadow stole along beside the skinny nag and its two riders. Ever so often Fjolle-Valde fell off, at times hauling me with him headlong into the sand. And it was no easy task to catch the frightened animal.

In a dark alley near my home lived a dwarflike woman. She was a 'peat hag' — one of these poor, hard-working creatures who on wintry days hoisted peat from the farmer's wagon to the attics of the rich. She drank brandy — the ugly stuff which the lay preacher said was made of dung from the streets. *Akvavit*, 'the water of life,' it was called in The Chalk-Pipe. Often she sat crouched on the stoop, tottering like a bear, and between hiccoughs warbled weird hallelujah hymns. Her hands, with their stubby fingers, resembled human feet. And when she sent me to the sailor inn for a pint of Akvavit she stroked my cheek brusquely, as though she had kicked me in the face with a bare foot.

At times she wept and sobbed convulsively, and besmeared her face with peat-stained paws. Then I ran after brandy as frantically as on my trip to the midwife on the night my sister was born. And a mere gulp of Akvavit revived the daunted witch.

She lived with her grown children — two helpless idiots, who night and day

sat strapped to their benches in the only room she had. One was a grinning bewhiskered female, and the other was a reeling male, who dug his fingers into a furrow on the bench. Once a week my mother sent me to the peat hag with dry flounders. And at the smell of fish the female, like a baby strapped in its carriage, bounced impetuously on the bench, and drove through her throat a guttural sound that conveyed a world of bursting clouds within. The brother neither heard nor smelled. He only stared in listless apathy like a hunger-striking martyr before his last raucous breath. He was busy scratching a solitary label deep into the wood — a cuneiform gesture of his own world of idiocy.

IV

Karla was the daughter of the wealthy railroad master in the house across the street, where my mother worked. She was as beautiful as Hedvig and her clothes were soft and fragrant. One afternoon we tramped through the woods that began at the end of the cobblestoned street. An innocent curiosity led us on. Her mother's anger surprised me. She flared up and grew wild like an angry gypsy hag and added a great mystery to an already inscrutable mystery. From then I was branded as a bad boy in the neighborhood. And I was only six years of age.

During the summer a half-grown Copenhagen girl was visiting her aunt, who also lived in the house across the street. One day I was sitting by myself on the stoop of The Chalk-Pipe, watching the farmers drive their ox teams and their products to market. I caught her eyes resting on me — dark, burning eyes. She smiled and crossed the street. I was too bashful to talk to her. How beautiful she was! The odor of her body resembled the freshest butter. I sniffed at it. And her hands possessed a touch delicate and energetic.

We followed the oxcarts to the market place, where she bought me fruits and sweets. And we continued our walk to the end of the cobblestoned street and into the woods. Hand in hand we waded through layers of leaves. We sat down on the moss under an oak and listened to the language of silence.

She began to romp in the leaves like a wood nymph that I had seen in a picture book. And she flew around me and leaped in hiding behind the oaks, and dashed toward me, catching me up in her arms and running into the underbrush with me pressed to her body. Her eyes were agitated. She opened her mouth wide and showed me her tongue and teeth. She growled coquettishly, and with a sudden impulse pressed her teeth into the skin of my throat.

On my visits to my grandfather I met my cousin, Stine. She was born out of wedlock, of one of his seven daughters. And she was a wild girl who feared nobody except my grandfather, whom everybody feared. At night in the hog pen she watched over the breed-sows, while I lay in the arms of my grandfather, pondering, and while the sea, the heather, the cattle, and the grown-ups slept.

We took a swim one day in the brown peat bog. Her husky limbs and flat, sunburned peasant face reminded me of an Eskimo woman I had seen aboard a sailing vessel in the harbor. She was not beautiful like Hedvig, and Karla, and the rich Copenhagen girl. But she was terribly strong. She held me so close to her that I bit her breast in anger. Then she threw me headlong into an ant hill. And the ants stung me and filled my wounds with a burning secretion. I cried until she knelt down and massaged my body with peat mud.

In the woods a band of gypsies had

put up camp. The gypsies were kidnappers, so I was told. And my mother forbade me to approach them. But the warning aroused my curiosity. Indian-like, I crept through the grass and through the layers of leaves until, within a stone's throw of the camp, I beheld ragged children and men with fierce pirate faces, blooming girls and wrinkled old hags. They swarmed among their tents and vans, quarreling with each other and kicking their dogs.

In the leaves near me a gypsy woman sat squatting with a pipe between her teeth. Beside her lay a young girl with raven-black hair spread out on the ground. The girl was ill. She moaned and writhed in agony, while the woman sat beside her smoking. At first the gypsies in camp caught my interest more than did the couple nearer at hand. But soon my senses became captivated by the delivery of a child. . . . The mother turned her head weakly and lifted her eyes to gaze at her child. And oh, the look of pain and love! It haunts me still. I ran home, weeping.

V

I joined a gang of boys and roamed the streets till late at night. We made ourselves chestnut pipes and smoked dry cherry leaves. And I learned to swear worse than any sailor. I would utter the common national curses: 'Cancer eat me (*Kræft æde mig*) if this is not the truth,' and 'May the Devil make me crazy (*Fanden gale mig*) if this is not so,' and 'That is an all-hellish lie (*Det er en allerhelvedes Løgn*).'

At first I was shocked at myself. But soon I grew more callous than the rest of the gang. One night I was unable to fall asleep. I was thinking of all the curses I had said that day and about my friend the junk dealer, who had hanged himself in his shed during the afternoon. I stole out of bed, dressed without awakening my parents, and walked out into the cobblestoned street, where a peasant's oxcart was passing by. The street watchman was singing his two-o'clock rhyme. I ran over and dropped my chestnut pipe in the cart. Then I went home and fell asleep.

Besides cursing and smoking, I also learned to steal. The bigger boys taught me to steal cakes from the pastry shops. They were errand boys for the rich grocer, and they would induce me to follow them into the stores where they delivered flour and raisins. While the saleslady followed them into the bakery behind the store I would fill my blouse with Danish pastry. And I was so excited at first that I forgot to watch the street through the show window. Once a wealthy woman saw me steal. She caught me dropping a kringle into my blouse. And when she entered the store she fetched four more kringles out of my bulky blouse. My boy friends scolded me to mislead the baker, who had been awakened from his slumber. And they promised him not to take me with them again. But I kept on stealing. I even began to steal money from my mother, first copper coins, then small silver coins, spending the money for sweets and tobacco.

The gang had its headquarters in the butchery, where we often watched the butcher aim a revolver at a worn-out critter which stood blindfolded in front of him. Then the fatal shot! And the horse dropped to the ground, stiff and lifeless. The cows were knocked down with a stroke of an axe. There was a knob on the flat end of the axe, and this knob generally crushed their skulls with a single blow. Sometimes, however, the cows were with calf — a small calf, three inches long, or a larger calf with hair on its body. Such a cow was 'tough-lived.' One stroke of the axe did not always floor it.

We imitated the butcher's curses and began to chew his black tobacco. And we grew lusty for blood. I followed my gang into the cemetery, where we shot song birds with our sling shots. The trees were full of birds and we shot without aiming. My first shot brought down one, and it zigzagged through the air like a coin through deep water. I caught the little thing in my hand. The bird was still warm and was gasping for breath. Then I petted it with my finger tips and stroked its feathers. And I grew aware of a curious, pleasant sensation, not only in my fingers, but penetrating through my body.

We went hunting for bird nests. I stuck my arm into a thorny hedge and tore one out of its hiding. Four downy ones fell to the ground, while the mother bird cried so loud that the cemetery keeper gave us chase. He followed me home. And I was whipped with *Spanskrøret* (the Spanish reed). This was the only real whipping that my father ever gave me. And from that day I was never again cruel to birds — except perhaps to my parrots at sea, years later, when I was training them to talk.

I often wondered at these streaks of cruelty, for I was also tender-hearted. I remember, for example, when the cemetery keeper once drained and refilled a cement pond for a shoal of goldfish. While the pond was being drained and the old keeper was wading with sea boots in the shallow water, the fish came closer and closer together. I was in a panic lest he should step on them. Sometimes one would swim under his heel before he put his foot down. And my heart would leap up in my throat, for fear that he might crush it. When the fish escaped I was relieved.

I also remember crossing a bridge where a woman stood throwing her poodle into the dam below. The dog rolled through the air, and its soft, curly stomach struck the water with a thud. Quite exhausted it reached the surface again and swam ashore, crawling back to the woman on the bridge. Again and again she threw the poodle into the dam. Its strength gave out, and, panting and waddling, without making headway against the current, it was no longer able to swim ashore. I ran down to the edge of the dam and helped the poodle ashore with a stick. It climbed to the woman, puled and fawned, and lay down at her feet. And I burst into tears, in the presence of my gang, for fear that she might throw it out again.

There was a chapel in the cemetery, behind which we found glass beads from discarded wreaths. It was a common belief that if we ran around the chapel three times and then looked through the keyhole we should see the Devil. I wanted to show my gang that I disbelieved this. Once I took courage and ran around the chapel and peeked through the keyhole. I saw something moving inside — the Devil, I thought. And I fled away over hedges and gravestones. Someone was following me — the cemetery keeper, who had been hiding in the chapel.

One Sunday morning I followed the people inside the State church, where I beheld a full-rigged sailing vessel in miniature, swinging on a wire. The immense columns and vast arches filled me with holy ecstasy, unknown to me in the barren sectarian church to which my parents had been converted. The State church drew me with wistful longings. I went home and whispered the Lord's Prayer seven times to myself.

VI

The school nipped my delinquency in the bud. The school of my early childhood was situated near the harbor next to the State church. From the class-

room windows I had a full view of the harbor. I could see every ship that passed in and out of its narrow mouth. The round granite fort, Krudttaarnet (the Powder Tower), with its tiled, cone-shaped roof and its cannon pointing seaward, lay a stone's throw away. A fleet of fishing cutters lay rocking side by side in one corner of the harbor. Farther to the right the steamers and sailing vessels were unloading their cargoes. In a shipyard near by a new cutter was frequently being launched, throwing a white wave high in the air, and scudding off to get its finishing touch and its mast and rigging. The shallow Triangle and Square lay in the shadows of the left harbor wing, crowded with dories, sailboats, and small pleasure yachts. The two harbor wings swung seaward in long, graceful curves and terminated in a red and green lighthouse. Beyond the harbor wings, far seaward, Stendiget (Rocky Dike) rose out of the water like a phantom ship. Still farther seaward another reef, Hirtsholmen, with its beacon light and foghorn and its two or three dwelling houses, skimmed the horizon.

And many fascinating people passed by outside the classroom windows. Tall fishermen in yellow oilskin suits and sou'westers came by. They were clean-shaven except for a tuft of blond beard on the throat — an extension of the thick growth on their chests — that was pruned off abruptly from ear to ear under their jawbones, and always reminded me of that man Esau, peeping out of his hairy ape-skin. Behind them came their wives, pushing the wheelbarrows, which were loaded with bundles of nets that had a hook and a rain worm on every mesh, and a flexible rim of cork and lead on the edges. Each sailor that entered port passed the school and the church on his way from his ship to the sailor inn. Once a Negro sailor passed by on the street outside, the first I had ever seen. My heart beat as when I read about Robinson Crusoe finding Friday. Another time a group of Chinese stokers came chattering by. And once a queenly lady and her bodyguard of twelve uniformed sailors marched by from her steam yacht. She was a German *Grevinde* (countess), the teacher said — immensely wealthy, and slightly demented. All this I was able to see from the classroom windows.

The walls of the classroom were hung with pictures. Three of these made a profound impression on me: a fox that had an alert look like Karla's mother, with its offspring, outside its den in the dunes; a barnyard with a cow licking its calf, and so sad and lugubrious, like the junk dealer, that my eyes grew moist when I looked at it; old Abraham — he looked like my grandfather — standing with a dagger in his hand beside his son, Isaac, who was bound hand and foot, and was lying on top of a smoking cord of wood. I was alarmed lest the old patriarch should use the dagger too soon.

I remember my school-teachers only by their method of punishing me. The singing teacher specialized in ear-pulling, until he was arrested for injuring the ear of a boy. The gymnastics teacher, who later went to Africa to save the heathen, had a knack of burning my cheeks with the flat of his palm. The teacher of Danish slapped my hands with a ruler. The teacher of religion always lost his temper and whacked my ears clumsily. Frøken Lem, my only woman teacher, used her walking stick on my back. Once she administered thirty-nine licks on my back for hitting her with a snowball. I had a strong dislike for her. She was in charge of the boys on the playground, where she spoiled many a good game. It was also her duty — and to my great chagrin — to keep watch at the

showers and 'scrubbing pool' during our compulsory semimonthly bath.

There were other teachers — one whom we called 'Goliath' because he was very tall, and another whom we called 'The Fish' because he was wabbly on his feet. But they did not leave any permanent impression on my memory. I do not even recall the subjects they taught. The former once gave me a whack that sent me spinning because I had forgotten his real name and addressed him in public by his nickname. And the latter once pinched my thigh because I refused to sit beside a girl whose breath was bad. My arithmetic teacher was fond of lifting me upon his knees in front of the class and rubbing his grizzly Vandyke beard against my cheek. I squirmed in his arms the hour long. The principal was a chummy gentleman with gold-rimmed glasses and the proud possessor of a fountain pen — the only one in town. Once he lost it, and I found it. His joy knew no bounds when I handed it back to him.

I attended school from seven o'clock in the morning until noon, six days a week. The summer vacation was four weeks in length, and the Christmas and Easter vacations one week each. Every hour of the long forenoon I changed teachers. And I learned to fear and obey them. To this day I tremble when I think of these early years of schooling. I also learned the three R's thoroughly. And I learned many Bible stories and poetic hymns and patriotic songs by heart — likewise the reign of all the Danish Kings from Gorm den Gamle to Kristian den Niende. But, above all else, I learned to use my eyes.

VII

Soon my childhood world included the harbor, with its steamers and sailing vessels, its wharves and piers. Many an early morning before school I climbed a mast, watching a hundred fishing cutters sail out of the harbor, and envying the pilots going out in their sailboats to meet the ships that came from the four corners of the earth. I lived in the forecastle or on the ratlines of these visitors, and ate the hardtack the sailors gave me. Before I was nine I tried to hide in an outgoing steamer, but was found and sent back with the pilot.

I watched the busy toilers — my father included — unload tea and spices from the Orient, maize from America, Russian wheat, fruit from Spain and Italy. I imitated the sailors by decorating my arms and chest with red and blue ink figures — writhing snakes, reproductions of Adam and Eve, wild tigers. A full-rigged sailing vessel rocked on my chest. Anchors drawn on my palms, with chains twisting around my arms and neck, held the vessel safe.

At night I became handy boy in The Chalk-Pipe, where I swept floors, washed tables, and rinsed glasses. This was life. Here the sea captains came to hire sailors for their ships in the harbor. Here fishermen came to sell their cargoes of new-caught flounders to the exporter. Here shipbuilders and shipowners met to discuss plans and prices for a new ship. When the steaming drink — a mixture of tea, sugar, and Akvavit — made these men merry, they spun wonderful yarns about wrecks and life-savings and drowned mates, and about their adventures in foreign lands.

At a table in the centre sat Captain Olsen, — the master of the lighthouse, — a man with huge shoulders and a thick neck that had ridges and ravines, craters and warts, like a lunar map. Here sat the rich herring dealer, whom I disliked because he smelled of herring, and because his face bore the likeness

of a herring, with its worried, parsimonious stare. Here sat Bette-Fanden (Little Satan), a barrel-shaped fisherman, whose dazed countenance bespoke the fool, yet whose hidden shrewdness turned all business to his own advantage, and who more than once was able to cheat the herring dealer. Here sat an old rope spinner, whose habit, when he became talkative, of walking backward around the table, as though he were spinning rope, made everybody roar with laughter. And here the old harbor master was a constant visitor. For twenty years he had served the King at St. Thomas. The West Indian sun had shrunk his hide, but he was sinewy and strong as a mule. Once I saw him throw across the table the fat horse butcher, who had entered The Chalk-Pipe without the proper credentials.

Often I heard him tell the fishermen and the sea captains of his ancestors. When he was a child of my own age his father, who was then pastor of the parish, offered public prayers to God to send the fishermen a shipwreck. There was no rescue crew to shoot off the rocket and life line and to haul the shipwrecked sailors ashore. And when a ship foundered on the sand bars and its crew drowned, the fishermen gathered up the cargo, and gave God thanks.

Still further back, when his father was a child, the fishermen would walk along the coast at night with colored lanterns to deceive the sailors at sea and make them believe that the lights were from other ships nearer shore. In this manner many sailing vessels foundered on the sand bars.

What had changed the human heart? I used to wonder at this. His grandfather had been a mean sea pirate. His father had been a saint and a shipwrecker. And he himself had been the first man on the coast to organize a rescue crew.

One night I watched the wreck of a large sailing vessel. It occurred on one of these demon nights of the North, when the evil powers of water, wind, and snow wrestled for supremacy. The harbor master came rushing into The Chalk-Pipe with salt water dripping from his oilskin suit and sou'wester. On stormy nights he always took his turn down on the coast, keeping a lookout for shipwrecks, and inspecting the life-saving rockets in the rescue stations. He ordered every man in The Chalk-Pipe down to the coast. And I followed the men. We pushed against the wind and slid down the dunes, climbed over the bowlders, and ran along the coast, until we found the shipwreck. Five hundred yards seaward the sailing vessel lay rolling on the sand bar like an immense sea bird bashing its broken wings in the surf. On the coast lay the skeleton of an old wreck. The harbor master set it on fire. Its tarred ribs caught readily, and soon the yellow flames and black smoke shot weird tongues into the air, dyeing the froth of the surf. I saw the sailors cling to the ratlines and shrouds, while surge upon surge leaped up from the depth.

The harbor master and his crew of weather-beaten fishermen got the tripod, the powder, and the rocket ready for a shot at the wreck. The line lay coiled up, sleek and light, for its race through the gale. He took slow and careful aim before he lighted the fuse. The line flew up with a jerk and out over the surf, leaving a trail of fire in its wake. But as its speed decreased it drifted with the wind and got entangled in the jib stay on the outermost point of the boom. He made ready for another rocket, while a sailor on the wreck crawled out on the boom to fetch the line.

'He'll never get back from there,' remarked Bette-Fanden. 'Better not lose any time.'

One surge after another washed over the fellow, shrouding him from view. He caught hold of the line and was ready to return when a breaker tore the boom to pieces, flinging him into the sea. Bette-Fanden hauled him ashore like a fish. The next line landed midships. The sailors hauled an attached hawser aboard and fastened it to the main mast. And the rescue crew was able, by means of a pulley line, to pull the conveyor basket out along the thrumming hawser.

Twenty men were hauled ashore, one by one, before the ship broke in two. The ends of the hull rolled away from each other and spurted masses of water into the air, like a pair of exploding sea bombs. And through the night the sea threw the rest of the men upon the bowlders. The harbor master laid them near the smouldering bonfire. Eight, I counted.

VIII

Afternoons I worked in a hand-driven rope spinnery which was built on the sand along the open coast. The wooden flywheel was not even enclosed in a shed. A row of pine crosses, carrying the twisting yarns, strands, and hawsers, extended along the coast for a full mile. A bonfire for a tar pot and a shed for the hemp bales completed the primitive spinnery.

A hundred yards away the surf rolled in over the bowlders. And between the surf and the spinnery a flock of sea gulls sought shelter. Sometimes they would fly up with a noise as though a bowlder had been blasted and was scattering in many pieces; and sometimes they would rest themselves upon the twisting yarns, where their claws would get caught in the hemp and they would whirl around with the spindles, until the spinners, on their return for a fresh start, kicked them off.

At the age of seven I started to turn the wooden wheel. From bundles around their waists the five old spinners payed out wads of hemp on to the twisting rope yarns, until far on the horizon they looked like black dots. For a whole mile they walked backward, placing their yarns between pegs upon the pine crosses, and at last thrumming the yarns as a signal for me to stop for a moment until they fastened the yarn ends to a loose log. When I turned the wheel again, the yarns twisted themselves into a thick strand. So went the afternoon. A one-mile backward dash, and five yarns were spun; five backward dashes, and five thick strands were spun. Out of these the ship hawser, like a huge sea worm, suddenly came writhing into existence.

With this monster did I wrestle while I turned the wheel. I held it by the snout until it groaned. Its tentacles were hooked taut on to the spindles, and its one-mile-long body stretched itself upon the bowlders, and its hairy segments creaked as they twisted themselves tighter around each other. On 'dipping days' the hawser slid through my hands as I drowned it under the hot tar, inch by inch, while the spinners wound it into a coil. Then its fibre splinters tore the skin off my fingers, and the friction blistered my hands.

In the rope spinnery I had time to talk to myself. Out of the frail, short hemp fibre, plucked from plants on foreign soil, baled into compressed, disorganized masses, had come this long hawser. The hawser was all hemp, and the bale was all hemp. Yet what a difference!

And I watched the shaggy old spinners as much as I did the gulls, the sea, and the wooden wheel. What else could I do but watch the moving objects and discuss them with myself, pinned as I was the long afternoon to the wheel? Their weird, backward walk caught my eye first. They faced

me and shrank away from me like ghosts of the sea. Their bodies swayed and twisted from side to side in rhythm with their feet, which slid slowly over sand and rocks, groping for a ground grip. I took notice of their fingers, shredding the hemp fibre from bundles around their waists, and paying it out evenly to the twisting yarns. With what rapid motion their fingers tore the hemp off the bundle! Their hands caught the right amount, seizing the threads with their hairy, crooked fingers. Their hands were like huge spiders. And when they snatched new bundles, as the old ones gave out, and wrapped them around their waists, — snatched with one hand while the other hand continued to spin, — they were like sleight-of-hand performers in the market place. Then my eyes were not even able to follow their motions.

On the other side of the wooden flywheel the pulleys, belts, and spindles whirled around each other almost as smoothly as did the gulls in the air. The moment I started to swing the handle these began to revolve — some fast, others slow, but all moving together and stopping together. I followed my own invisible hand power with my eyes through the motions of the whole mechanism, from the handle of the flywheel far out along the twisting hemp yarns on the pine crosses.

From pulleys to belts, from spindles to hemp yarns, leaped my hand power. The wheel made me sweat and made my heart pound, and at times stopped my breath entirely. When the yarns were being spun, I gave out only a slight amount of hand power. But when the strand was being spun from the yarns I gave out much more. And during the making of a hawser from the strands I gave the wheel all that was in me. Then the wheel stopped at the moment I took my hands off the handle. It did not continue a few extra turns by itself, as it always did during the spinning of the hemp yarns, when I was able to make excursions within a radius of ten steps while the wheel continued to turn. For, even if it did slow down during my absence, I would rush back and leap up on the box again to reach the handle and turn the wheel double fast. And soon the new twists would catch up with those at the other end that were waning.

Above the spinnery the sea gulls dived and soared, their wings stretching and relaxing, their small heads, calm eyes, capable beaks, and pliable necks steering them safely through the thick of the traffic. On the blue sky they scrawled mystic symbols and drew curves of infinite variety. Perhaps the gulls had learned their own code of wing writing. Perhaps they talked to each other in a written code of curves. And perhaps their talk was more unequivocal than human speech. For they never collided.

Far at sea the surges from the tide were like endless hawsers in the process of being spun. Their spiral-shaped segments turned around, and their hemp fibre whirled on the circumference. I imagined that the fishing cutters were the rope spinners. They disappeared in the horizon like the spinners ashore. The tide that twisted the surges around was the wooden wheel. But I was not able to imagine the spinnery lad who turned that wheel. The tide that moved the sea gave me a feeling of awe — especially when the wind did not disturb the water. I found something that I was unable to discuss with myself — a supreme power, perhaps.

(In November will appear Chapter II, 'The Sea Is Calling')

THE TEST

BY J. M. WITHEROW

Mr. Julius Fairleigh Stern owned a palace on the St. Lawrence not far from Grindstone, a mansion on Fifth Avenue, New York, and a castle near Fiesole in Italy. Some of his friends were trying to persuade him to make his real home amid the romantic scenery of Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, but Mr. Stern refused, as he preferred to give away his surplus income for the endowment of education rather than add further to his many luxuries. For some reason that no one could discover he took special interest in Tarrytown on the Hudson.

A report had just reached him from the principal of the Tarrytown High School saying that three pupils had tied for the prize of $200 which Mr. Stern had presented for the best year's work done by pupils in their final year at the school. The percentage attained by the three equal firsts was 88, a record figure for the Stern Prize Competition. Mr. Stern replied that he would himself be present at the next graduation, as he wished to meet the three young men, and enclosed his check for $400, so that each might receive the same amount as their predecessors in previous years.

So at the June graduation at Tarrytown High School the Stern Exhibitioners of 1920 — Mr. Gerald Daly, Mr. Eric Arthur Hamlet, and Mr. Charles Burke Brookfield — were presented to Mr. Stern, who at the close of the day's proceedings carried off the young men to dinner at his hotel. In conversation there the rich man soon discovered that the three boys were keenly set upon a university career, but were all very poor.

'Very well,' said Mr. Stern. 'That is just what I had hoped. I am interested in the result of university education. I make a proposition to you. I will bear all your expenses at the university — traveling, board, books, fees, and personal allowances — for four years. You will choose each the university you prefer and the line of study you like best. My conditions are two — that you will all promise to do your best at college in your own line, and that four years hence you will all come to me and undergo earnestly and loyally' — Mr. Stern repeated these two adverbs slowly and with emphasis — 'a test which I will then describe to you. The test will be nothing vexatious or unreasonable.'

The young fellows expressed their thanks as best they could, being rather overwhelmed by what they had just heard, and gladly and enthusiastically assented to the conditions laid down. 'Is n't he a jolly old chap?' said Brookfield, as the three sauntered home that night. 'Is n't he splendid? And by the way, did you read his article in *Harper's* on the "Castles of the Loire"?'

'No,' said Daly, 'but I have been in his castle on the St. Lawrence, and in his library there is the finest collection of British and American poets you ever saw, bound in blue morocco; and what's more, he reads them. Every volume I opened had something marked.'

'My father,' said Hamlet, 'was once in his house on Fifth Avenue fixing the telephone wires, and the housekeeper showed him pictures by Maris and Corot and Sargent that would drive most art collectors crazy.'

Time passed on, and in June 1924 three distinguished graduates appeared by appointment on a certain day in that same princely mansion on Fifth Avenue. Daly came from Yale, first-class honor man in history and law; Hamlet came from Harvard, first-class honor man in the classics; Brookfield came from Johns Hopkins, with first-class honors in German, French, and Spanish.

Mr. Stern met them and greeted them warmly. He then took them separately to his private room, gave each one a long sealed envelope on which his name was written in large letters, marked 'Private,' and said to each in turn: 'Give me your word of honor you will not open this till you are at home and quite alone. It contains all instructions for the test.'

Each promised, took his envelope, and went home to Tarrytown.

And that evening in Tarrytown each of the three young men was gazing at a check for $5000, and a sheet of paper bearing these words: —

THIS IS YOUR TEST

1. You shall visit, within the next twelve months, Holland or Switzerland, Germany or France, Italy or Greece, and Egypt.

2. You shall write a report on what you think important in the countries visited and send your report to me within twelve months.

3. You will bring or send me a match box filled with sand from the desert at the foot of the Great Pyramid.

N. B. No questions shall be asked by you regarding the meaning of these instructions, either verbally or in writing, directly or indirectly. You shall not consult with anyone regarding the contents of this document or your intentions or methods in obeying it.

This is your test. Remember your promise.

JULIUS FAIRLEIGH STERN

June 18, 1924

Mr. Gerald Daly, of Yale University, first-class honor man in law and history, fastened on the phraseology, grammar, and punctuation of the document with all his faculties of meticulous scrutiny thoroughly aroused. To prevent himself from overlooking any qualifying word or clause, he slowly read aloud the whole composition sentence by sentence and then memorized it till he was word perfect — an expedient he had found helpful in solving many a legal puzzle.

Subconsciously Mr. Daly whispered to himself, 'I promised to meet this test "earnestly and loyally," and I will. I will do what J. F. Stern wants done and I will do it with the utmost fidelity at my command. He does not require for his own need anything from me — neither words nor deeds nor gifts. But to test me, as he has every right to do, he tells me to obey him in certain matters. The best compliment I can render him is to respect his wishes in every particular. It is for me to understand him and then do exactly — no more, no less — whatever he has expressed or implied; no more, for that would be misusing his money; no less, for that would be disloyalty.'

In this spirit Mr. Daly studied his instructions and obeyed them with scrupulous sincerity.

He saw at his first reading the effect of 'or' and 'and' in No. 1 — no country compulsory except Egypt, and yet a restricted choice. Very soon he had decided that his itinerary must be through Holland, France, and Italy to Egypt, and thence home. He sailed in a Dutch liner for Rotterdam, which

called at Southampton, but Mr. Daly would not set foot on shore even for a few hours. Britain was not mentioned in No. 1. It was not till he had visited Leyden, Alkmaar, Utrecht, Dordrecht, and began to arrange for his departure to France, that a scruple arose in his mind about going there by rail. If he did so he must report passing through Belgium, and that would look careless. He felt he could not. It was not playing the game. So, after trying in vain to get a passenger steamer, he decided to go from Amsterdam to Paris by aeroplane, and thus recovered peace of mind.

His traveling was continued with the same carefulness to Italy, Egypt, and home again. A liner was obtained at Alexandria bound for New York, but Daly refused to go ashore at Malta or Gibraltar or the Azores.

Instruction No. 2 gave him very few qualms. 'What you think important,' Daly repeated to himself again. 'Well, I am free from challenge there. It cannot mean *all* that I think important — it would be unreasonable to ask that. I will choose one thing which I think important, health, and report on whatever I think benefits or injures public health.'

In harmony with this view of his duty, Daly examined the duration-of-life statistics in the various countries and wrote little notes of observations on athletics, drainage, ventilation, and cookery, and so drew up a short but businesslike account of public health in the lands he had seen.

Instruction No. 3, of course, was the clearest and easiest of all. At the second reading Daly pounced on the change from 'you shall' to 'you will,' and said, 'Quite so, quite so — a request, not an injunction; but in this matter Stern's wishes are law as much as his commands.'

On reaching the Pyramids he was tempted to bring also a match box full of sand labeled 'From between the giant paws of the Sphinx,' but eventually refrained. He had not sufficient authority for that.

And so Mr. Gerald Daly, of Yale University, having carefully executed all that was prescribed, drew up his report and sent it along with a carefully packed match box, filled with sand from the base of the Great Pyramid, by registered post to the house on Fifth Avenue at the end of May, 1925.

On reaching his home in Tarrytown, however, Daly found that he had still in his pocketbook $523.75 unexpended out of his $5000 check. Murmuring to himself, 'This is your test,' he wrote an explanatory letter and mailed the money to Mr. Stern.

Mr. Eric Arthur Hamlet, of Harvard University, first-class honor man in Greek and Latin, also read his test paper of instructions with extreme care, but he took a somewhat different view from that of Mr. Daly.

'This is some test,' Hamlet murmured to himself; and then, after a second reading and a long pause, 'The snag is in No. 3.'

He secured a berth on a transatlantic liner at the earliest possible date, spending the few days before sailing in New York libraries. Crossing the ocean, he went straight to London and took rooms near the British Museum, where for a whole month he read as hard as he had ever done at college, taking careful notes. Then followed a hurried visit to Holland and three months in Germany, three months in Italy, and three in Egypt.

The result of his investigations he embodied in three of the most brilliant essays he or any other Harvard graduate ever wrote. He selected certain aspects of the industrial, the educational, and the religious conditions of

the three countries, and on a basis of carefully ascertained causes and consequences deduced the probable effect on Europe and America generally of the new movements in Germany, Italy, and Egypt. His incisive remarks on the decay of religion in the two former countries, his reasoned prediction that Fascism would survive Mussolini and effectually ruin Italian literature, and that Egypt would ere long alter both the commercial and the religious position in the Orient, astonishing Manchester as much as Constantinople — these reports sent in by Mr. Hamlet, when published a year afterward, attracted universal attention, evoked long-continued discussion, and are likely to retain a permanent place among the prose classics of British and American literature.

'Stern has practically asked me for my best,' said Hamlet to himself. 'He had a right to ask it, and I am giving it. He said he was interested in testing university culture, and every line of Orders 1 and 2 shows he wishes to test wisdom of judgment, insight, power of forming opinion, and discrimination between the really momentous and the trivial. Order 3 — but is it an order? — is the catch. Did he add this to see if we should have the common sense to omit it? And in any case a match box is a poor thing to pack sand in.'

Very strongly inclined to take no notice of No. 3, Hamlet consulted various authorities on the geological characteristics of Egyptian sand in the hope of discovering some overlooked value or rare property, but without success. Finally he returned home and sent in his reports, and after much hesitation sent in also a small bag of sand, frankly confessing his fear that he must have misunderstood instruction No. 3.

Mr. Charles Burke Brookfield, of Johns Hopkins University, first-class honor man in German, French, and Spanish, gazed one moment in stupefied silence with open mouth after reading his test paper and his check. Then he gave forth his college yell. His mother barely saved herself from a heart attack by recognizing the 'tune.' Hardly had the martial strain died away when Brookfield sprang to his desk, whipped out his fountain pen, and wrote the following letter.

TARRYTOWN, *June* 18, 1924

DEAR MR. STERN: —

How to thank you for your colossal gift of a whole year of joy after all you have given already is a problem that knocks me helpless. I have dreamed again and again of at last being able to manage one month in Europe. And now a year! A whole year free of cost! Sir, you are a prince. Thank you again and again.

Yours most devotedly,

C. B. BROOKFIELD

'The dear, delicious old humbug,' he said to himself more than once, as he sealed and addressed and mailed the letter, 'he nearly bamboozled me with his "shalls" and "wills" and "musts" and "must nots." But his check and his match box gave him away. What a heart of gold! Giving and giving all the time what will help us best and please us most, and then trying to save our faces with his "tests" and "promises" and "shalls" and "musts." Oh, the kindness of it all! If he were only a girl I should love to kiss him and call him a peach and a darling.'

Brookfield started again on his college yell, but stopped abruptly as he awoke to the fact that he was coming through the front doorway of the post office.

'Are you hurt?' said an elderly man, turning around suddenly.

'No, thank you. I was just thinking.'

'Thinking — thinking you were a steamer lost in a fog.'

'Steamer!' shouted Brookfield. 'Of course. Thank you — that is just what I ought to be thinking about,' and hurried off to the nearest shipping agent, leaving the man muttering, 'Crazy ass.'

In England Brookfield carefully examined the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, and the Wallace Collection, and after a day at the Tower and Westminster Abbey hurried off to Oxford, where he made copious sketches and notes. His next stay was at Amsterdam and his next at Nuremberg, and there he wrote his first report, dwelling chiefly on the development of portraiture from Rembrandt to Sargent and a study of mediæval architecture, exemplified in Nuremberg and Oxford. The latter subject he continued in a study of Lisieux, and a playful comparison of the majestic Mont St.-Michel with the Renaissance splendor of Chantilly.

His third report consisted of an almost lyrical dialogue between the Rigi, Pilatus, and the Rochers de Naye, each proudly claiming the grandest prospect of the dawn to be seen anywhere in the world.

With truly American energy he hurried from Switzerland to the South of Spain, pausing only to make a careful survey of the Pont du Gard and Carcassonne. A small steamer carried him from Gibraltar to Palermo, where amid the golden glories of Monreale and the Capella Palatina he wrote an enthusiastic essay on the respective merits of the Moors, the Normans, and the Saracens.

Girgenti and Syracuse were not forgotten; but at Taormina, in front of the indescribable magnificence of Etna, snow-robed, against the burning Sicilian blue, Brookfield laid down both brush and pen. 'Oh, Mr. Stern, I can't — I can't tell you what I see and feel. How can we ever thank God for giving us a world like this?'

And so the enthusiast passed on, drinking deep drafts of the loveliness of Rome and Naples, Florence and Venice, Athens and Delphi, and writing out, as he was able, something of the overflowing joy of his heart, till at length he arrived in Egypt. There he saw the principal sights of interest, but dwelt chiefly on all that threw light on Akhenaten, the one original mind that appeared in the long procession of Pharaohs. He made some pretty sketches of boats on the Nile, but expressed his regret that he had 'no art that would sketch the awesome silence of the desert.'

Brookfield reached New York on the first of June. He had spent every cent of his $5000. But twenty exquisite sketches of scenes in Athens, Cairo, and Thebes brought him $150 from a Broadway art dealer, and after making a certain purchase he drove to the Stern mansion. The secretary told him the great man was at Grindstone. Brookfield said he wished to write a note and leave a small parcel for him. Shown into the library, he wrote as follows: —

New York, *June* 1, 1925

Dear Sir: —

I return at the close of the most joyous twelve months of my life — a gift from you under the guise of what you called my 'test.' Well, I have tried earnestly and loyally to satisfy my examiner. I have visited all the countries you mentioned and more. I have reported what I thought 'important' — namely, the truth and the beauty in art and nature that your writings taught me to see and love, and everything that seemed likely to give a little pleasure to one who had given so much pleasure to me. Your third instruction I divined was meant to find out if in the midst of all my enjoyment I remembered the giver. My dear friend, I remembered you with loving gratitude every day. In proof of this I ask you

to accept the enclosed match box with its Egyptian sand, and believe me

Yours ever faithfully,

C. B. Brookfield

Having signed his name, Brookfield drew a small packet out of his pocket and opened it. It was an exquisitely carved little match box of pure gold. But alas, through careless packing most of the sand had oozed out into the paper and through the paper into Brookfield's pocket and through a tiny hole in the pocket had been steadily leaking since he left the jeweler's shop on Broadway. Scarcely a teaspoonful remained. In much distress he had to add a postscript, describing what had happened and bewailing his failure to do what he had been asked to do.

Mr. Julius Fairleigh Stern, a man without near relatives and with few intimates, died suddenly in January 1926. He left by will his three residences on Fifth Avenue, at Grindstone, and at Fiesole, with all their contents and all his invested property, amounting to $20,000,000, to the one of the three young men 'who on being tested had shown the highest quality of careful, intelligent, and noble obedience.'

Was it the graduate of Yale or of Harvard, or of Johns Hopkins?

If you can judge reasonably between Saint Paul and the Pharisees, or between Erasmus and Luther, or between Fundamentalists and Modernists — you can answer the question.

THE WORST FUNDAMENTALISM

BY WILLIAM B. MUNRO

The Scopes trial in Tennessee provided the biggest and best newspaper story since the war. It kept the headlines for weeks and provoked an immense amount of discussion all over the country. Especially among scholars and scientists this episode aroused a fine display of indignation. It was looked upon as a throwback to mediævalism, an attempt to stultify the convictions of men by due process of law. One would think, from the reaction in academic circles, that religious belief is the only field in which great bodies of our fellow citizens decline to be guided by science or by history.

Of course religion is not the only field in which fundamentalism challenges science. It is not the most important field. There is more fundamentalism in the political than in the religious thought of the American people to-day, and it works greater injury both to the cause of national progress and to the interests of the social order.

Even the most casual observer of our political psychology must have noticed that there are literally millions of Americans who decline to accept things on faith in the realm of religion, but who do not have the slightest compunction about swallowing the catchwords, phrases, formulas, and slogans that go to make up a creed in politics. They scoff at the miracles of Holy Writ, but are continually looking for the miraculous in government, or what would be miraculous if it ever happened

— the conduct of a government according to business principles, for example. Most intelligent people regard as preposterous the idea that man was created from the dust of the earth; but they appear to see nothing ridiculous in the proposition that all men are created free and equal. They call that proposition a self-evident truth, when by all the teachings of science and history it is neither true nor self-evident. The modernist in religion wonders how anybody, in spite of astronomers and geologists, can believe that this world was created in six days of twenty-four hours each; but he himself finds no difficulty in believing that the Constitution of the United States was struck off as a finished job in four months. We do not call that belief fundamentalism; we call it patriotism. Of course our national Constitution and our whole frame of government are the product of evolution, just as man himself is; but how few people, even among the well-educated, have learned to think of the body politic in dynamic terms! No, we merely look upon the American democracy as something that rests upon inalienable rights and universal principles, a paragon of excellence which the rest of the world ought to copy but does not. Hence our laws insist that the Constitution be studied in our schools and colleges with due regard for the sanctity of the text and with no taint of higher criticism, but rather in all its textual literalness — that is to say, in the same uncritical spirit that characterizes the fundamentalist approach to the first chapter of Genesis.

I

Let me try to put together, in skeleton form, the political creed of the average American citizen, the dogmas which he accepts as fundamental truths notwithstanding their repugnance to the dictates of reason and to the teachings of experience. 'Government must rest on the consent of the governed.' 'Democracy is government by the whole people.' 'The cure for the ills of a democracy is more democracy.' (What a strange article of faith that slogan embodies! Were I to say that the remedy for the evils of misgovernment is more misgovernment I should be saying something just as rational, but I should be giving you a poor opinion of my intelligence.) 'Ours must be a government of laws, not of men.' 'The executive and legislative branches of the government should be kept separate'; or, as it is sometimes expressed, 'Checks and balances are essential safeguards of popular liberty.' 'No taxation without representation.' 'Self-determination and municipal home rule.' 'Avoid entangling alliances.' 'State rights.' 'The office should seek the man, not the man the office.' (The office does seek the man sometimes, but not often — about as often as a burglar goes seeking a policeman.) 'The rule of public opinion.' 'Political parties are groups of voters who think alike and have a common programme.' And last, but by no means least, 'The equality of all citizens before the law.'

These phrases and slogans, I believe, are accepted as gospel by the great majority of our people. They are taken on faith by men and women who insist on rationality in religion. Yet it can readily be demonstrated that no one of these principles is true without large qualifications, while some of them embody only a half truth or no truth at all. They have come down to us from earlier days, enshrined in the literature of patriotism, and so often reiterated from generation to generation that they have become a sort of biological inheritance. They are firmly stamped on the

national imagination, and it is to one or another of these creedal tenets that the average citizen relates his reactions on most questions of public policy.

In some cases the results have been detrimental to progress in politics and even to sanity in our processes of government. Take the dogma of human equality, for example. It is a very pleasing idea, this proposition that all men and women are created free and equal, and especially alluring to those who by all the tests of reality are inferior. During the past hundred and fifty years this egalitarian principle has colored our whole political philosophy. It has profoundly influenced our constitutions, laws, and judicial administration. Yet a moment's reflection will convince anyone that it is absolutely at variance with everything else in the range of human knowledge. Every biologist knows that men are not created equal in body; every educator knows that they are not created equal in mind. And anyone who observes the course of our politics is readily made aware of the fact that all men are not equal in their influence upon government — never were so and never can be. These things are as plain as any facts of biology or history can be, yet the man who would venture to advocate a system of government based upon the demonstrable inequality of men would promptly find his teachings stigmatized as un-American, undemocratic, and a menace to our institutions. He would be investigated by the school board at the demand of the American Legion.

In the practice of American government this doctrine of human equality has done a lot of harm. By its implications it has afforded good soil for the growth of the spoils system and the practice of rotation in office, two of the most noxious weeds in the garden of American politics. If all citizens are equally competent to govern their fellow men, why should we endeavor to choose among them on the basis of their special qualifications? If all citizens are endowed with the same political capacity, why let any one stay in office very long? Our reluctance to make use of experts in any branch of public administration is in large measure a by-product of this national obsession. The most formidable obstacle in the path of civil-service reform is not the avarice of the politician. It is the deep-seated popular conviction that any able-bodied citizen, whatever his competence or lack of it, has an equal and indefeasible right to a place on the public pay roll. Civil-service reform is deemed by many thousands of people in this country to be undemocratic because it throws public employment open to competition, and there is nothing like an open competition to demonstrate the essential inequality of men.

Of course we have been careful not to carry the doctrine of equality too far. We do not project it into the field of taxation, for example. Oh, no, not at all! Men may be equal in their capacity to govern, but not for one moment do we hold them equal in their capacity to bear the burdens of government. When it comes to the framing of our tax laws, we adopt the exact antithesis of the leveling principle. We go on the tacit assumption that men are vastly unequal in their ability to earn and in their ability to pay. In other words, we exalt the common man so far as his share in the control of government is concerned, but when it comes to liquidating the cost of this control — well, at that point the common man seems to lose all interest in the philosophy of Jefferson and Rousseau. He is willing to concede the superiority of the few when sacrifice is involved, and asserts the natural rights of the many only when power and patronage are

concerned. I am not arguing, of course, that all men should be equally taxed. I am merely pointing out that this postulate of human equality goes quickly into the discard when it conflicts with the practical necessities of government. A principle always gives way when its application conflicts with the plain interests of the governing class.

II

Government must rest on the consent of the governed. This rule, of course, does not apply to aliens, Negroes, Filipinos, or inhabitants of the District of Columbia. The consent of the governed is a synonym for the will of the majority, and the will of the majority is expressed by a plurality of those who take the trouble to vote. There is a considerable spread between the two, as the figures disclose. For example, the census of 1920 showed approximately fifty million American citizens of voting age. Of this total, only about twenty-six million voters actually went to the polls in the presidential election of the same year. The successful candidate for the presidency was said to have 'swept the country,' yet he received the votes of only thirty per cent of the people who were legally qualified to exercise the suffrage. Fifteen per cent of our total population gave the 'consent of the governed' for all the rest! This, moreover, was an unusually good showing, in a presidential election where momentous issues were at stake. Taking our state and municipal elections, and averaging them for the country as a whole, the figures show that the will of the people is regularly expressed by less than twenty per cent of our adult citizenship, or about ten per cent of the population. What we have in fact, therefore, is not a government by the whole people, or by a majority of the people, or even by a majority of the registered voters, but government by a mere plurality of the politically active.

So widely, then, is our doctrine of popular sovereignty at variance with the facts. Nor does the situation seem to be growing better. The proportion of the polled vote to the registered vote is smaller in this country to-day than it was fifty years ago. It all goes to prove what a strangely perverse creature the citizen is. Refuse him the right to vote, and he would take up arms to wrest it from his rulers. But give this right to him freely, and he tucks it away in moth balls. He insists upon government by the whole people as a matter of principle, but as a matter of practice it does not concern him much.

III

We are asked to believe that public opinion rules the United States. It is the ultimate sovereign, the supreme law of the land. This is proposition number three in our fundamentalist decalogue. Government by public opinion is a phrase that slips easily from the tongue and has been so oft repeated that most people believe it to be true. Yet public opinion, when you try to define it, proves to be a very elusive thing. What passes for public opinion, in perhaps the majority of cases, is simply the outcome of propaganda and counter-propaganda working upon the traditions, prejudices, aversions, or inertia of the people. I use the term 'propaganda' in no disparaging sense. Call it 'a campaign of education' if you prefer that expression — as most propagandist organizations do. The difference is all in your point of view. The first inclination of most men and women, at any rate, is to connect every new problem with something already silhouetted in their own imaginations, some principle that has already found

lodgment there. Very few of us approach any new public question with open minds; or rather, we do it with minds that are open at the bottom only, not open at the top. Arguments and appeals to reason go in — and fall right out again. The stereotype remains unaltered.

Public opinion does not exude spontaneously from the cogitations of the multitude. It does not embody the rational conclusions of what psychologists call 'the group mind.' In large measure it is a manufactured product, prepared for the purpose of selling it to the people and marketed to them in the accustomed way. We are prone to forget that you can sell an idea to the people in the same way that you sell them any other commodity, from a Liberty Bond to a breakfast food, and our politicians are the brokers who put through the sale. The arena of political discussion is a great stock exchange in which principles and policies are bought and sold. There are bulls and bears on the floor, crying their specialties up or down, urging the public to put their confidence in World Court common or endeavoring to pull down the market value of Volstead preferred. Our political brokers even deal in futures, and have marketed to the country a large block of that somewhat speculative stock known as 'America's entry into the League of Nations,' when, if, and as issued.

We speak of the referendum as an expression of the public will. But this is merely one of the pleasant self-deceptions which a democracy likes to cherish. For a referendum is at best nothing more than a call for the yeas and nays, with no opportunity for anyone to voice a qualified opinion. It assumes that every voter is ready to say yes or no to any question that may be placed before him, whether it relate to the extension of a street-railway franchise, the independence of the Philippines, or the pay of the police force. The unthinking voter may be able to do this, but the thoughtful man or woman, when confronted with an issue of public policy, is rarely able to express his true opinion by the simple expedient of marking a cross on a slip of paper; and this is particularly true when the question carries various implications, as referendum questions so often do. In such cases the referendum merely gives the voter a choice between two alternatives, neither of which he may desire, and to that extent it becomes an agency for eliminating the greater of two evils by forcing the people to choose the less. Small wonder it is that under such conditions the voice of the people turns out to be a babel of discordance like unto that which was heard on the plain of Shinar when men sought to build a city whose tower should spike the sky. *Vox populi, vox Dei*, it is said. For myself, if I thought that the voice of the people was the voice of God I should be sorely tempted to become an atheist.

No, the justification of elections, referenda, and majority rule is not the wisdom of the multitude, much less its omniscience, but the pressing necessity of devising some crude makeshift whereby decisions can be reached which the people will accept. In other words, democracy is a form of government that goes through the gestures of obeisance to popular sovereignty. A presidential election is merely our modern and highly refined substitute for the ancient revolution, a mobilization of opposing forces, a battle of the ins against the outs, with leaders and strategy and campaign chests and all the other paraphernalia of civil war, but without bodily violence to the warriors. This refinement of the struggle for political control, this transition from bullets to ballots, is perhaps the greatest

contribution of modern times to the progress of civilization.

Public opinion does not follow the dictates of human reason, for if it did it would have some degree of stability, which it has not. It obeys what we may call, for lack of a better name, the 'law of the pendulum,' swinging from one extreme to another, with almost mathematical regularity. The public temper moves from conservatism to radicalism and back again with a precision that can be almost accurately predicted in advance. At one moment it craves strong and assertive leadership; but give the public what it craves and the people resent being led and demand a return to normalcy. Look over the list of American presidents during the past forty years and note the unfailing regularity with which strong men have been followed by weak, and weak presidents by strong. It is not reason that controls this swing of the pendulum, but emotionalism, the desire for change, the disinclination to be content with anything that is.

'Who rules England?' asked a Stuart satirist. 'The King rules England, of course.' 'But who rules the King?' 'The Duke.' 'Who rules the Duke?' 'The Devil.' And so it is public opinion that rules in a democracy, and propaganda makes public opinion, and the politicians make the propaganda.

IV

We come to the fourth commandment: 'Ours must be a government of laws, not of men.' Free people must be subject only to laws of their own making, and never to the discretionary power of officials, whether elective or appointive, for official discretion is the essence of tyranny. So, indeed, it was written by the Fathers in the *Federalist*.

But no government ever has been or ever can be a government of laws alone. Laws are inanimate things. They have no motion of their own. Like clocks, they go from the motion that men give them. They must be interpreted, applied, and enforced by human agencies. Hence every government must be to a large extent a government of men, no matter what our delusions to the contrary may be. And the more complicated our civilization becomes, the more essential it is to widen the range of administrative discretion and to have a government of men. This broadening has been going on at a rapid rate in all branches of American government during the past few decades, and the end is not yet. We have, in fact, departed far from the old order.

Our tenacious belief in a government of laws has had one obvious result. It has resulted in an outpouring of laws the like of which the world has never seen elsewhere. There are various estimates of the total number of laws and ordinances now operative in the United States, but these estimates are mere guesswork, because nobody has ever attempted to count them all. We do know, however, that there are now on the statute books of the nation and the states no fewer than twenty thousand laws relating to the railroads alone. Thomas Jefferson once asserted that a government was best when it governed least. What would he say, were he to rise from his grave and survey a government which practises the principle of noninterference to the tune of twenty thousand statutes affecting a single branch of our transportation system?

Our Federal and state laws are increasing at the rate of about ten thousand a year. It takes no fewer than one hundred and twenty-five printed volumes to hold our regular output of statutes, not to speak of almost as many more to contain the decisions of the courts interpreting these statutes.

Think of the New York policeman who carries in his pockets a list of the sixteen thousand ordinances and regulations which he is expected to enforce. Your answer is that he does not enforce five per cent of them, and you are right. He is merely the sauntering symbol of our helplessness in dealing with the problems which life in a great urban community brings with it.

Our zeal for the making of laws has been matched by our lack of success in enforcing them. That is not surprising, for the average citizen has only a limited amount of time and thought for public affairs. If he bestows it on the task of getting laws made, he has none left for the much more difficult job of seeing that they are enforced. Our people keep a far closer watch on legislatures and city councils than on police courts and district attorneys' offices and parole boards. The consequence is that a large part of the energy expended in lawmaking goes for nought. Much has been written upon the ways of securing a better enforcement of the laws of the land. But the first essential step in that direction, as I see it, must be a reorientation in the mind of the ordinary citizen. He must be brought to realize that when a law is passed the job is only half done, or less than half done. He must be induced to think in terms of a government of men. Until he does this, all other remedies for laxity in law enforcement will carry him but a little way.

V

Let me invite attention to another aspect of our political life and to some widespread misconceptions relating to it — namely, the party system. Nowhere does the fundamentalist character of our political creed disclose itself more plainly than here. A political party is commonly defined as a large group of men and women who profess allegiance to common principles and who think alike on public questions. We are asked to believe, in fact, that voters choose a political party as the outcome of their own thought and reflection. In reality this is very seldom the case. Far more often the voter's allegiance to a political party is the result of his ancestry, or his occupation, or his personal associations, or something else that is largely irrelevant to his own rational processes. Most men and women inherit their party affiliations. They are creatures of the Mendelian law. They are Republicans or Democrats because their fathers and grandfathers were, although they do not like to be told this truth. If one takes the country as a whole, it is within bounds to say that at least sixty per cent of the active electorate is strictly 'regular' in its party allegiance. Irrespective of issues or personalities, the partisan loyalty of these groups is almost absolutely dependable. Some of these voters — yes, thousands of them — would support Beelzebub for governor, with the right tag pinned on him. It is not that these men and women 'think alike'; many of them do not think at all.

When you consider the realities and not merely the philosophy of our party system, you will find that unity of thought and allegiance to common principles is about the last thing that a party organization possesses. Glance for a moment at our two major organizations of to-day. The Democratic Party is made up of two outstanding elements: namely, the solid South and a large, widely scattered following in the North and West, particularly in the industrial cities. These two elements have virtually nothing in common. The Southern Democracy is largely native-born, Protestant, conservative, agricultural, and bone-dry. The Northern

wing of the party is, by contrast, very largely of foreign birth or descent, diverse in religion, predominantly industrial in occupation, more radical in its point of view, and wringing wet on one of the main issues of the day. What a travesty on truth to say that here is an organization whose members profess common principles and think alike on public questions! To make any such assertion is to use the terms in a strictly Pickwickian sense. The affair in Madison Square Garden two years ago showed us what men who 'think alike' can do when they come together.

Nor is the situation in the Republican Party substantially different. It is merely that here the cleavage is East and West, not North and South. The G. O. P. is also a composite of two great elements that have little in common. The Eastern wing of the Republican Party, resting on New England and Pennsylvania, is heavily — but of course not wholly — industrial, strongly protectionist, and desirous not only of getting back to normalcy but of staying there. But as you move toward the Republican Middle West, Northwest, and Far West, you find the party taking on a bucolic color. Its attitude on public questions tends to centre around the interests of agriculture, and it can be counted upon to insurge whenever the price of wheat goes down. This Western section of the party is more radical, — or more progressive, if you prefer that term, — and its inclination to bolt from the paths of party regularity gives the Republican leaders perpetual concern. So there is no approach to unity of thought in the ranks of either organization.

What, then, of the party creed, the national platform to which members of the party are assumed to give their allegiance? True enough, the ostensible purpose of a party platform is to set forth foundations of belief and to enunciate a programme. But read one of these documents and you will find that this is precisely what a party platform, in its most important planks, is very careful not to do. Take the tariff issue, for example. Here is what the Republican national platform of 1924 said about the tariff: —

> We believe in protection as a national policy, with due and equal regard to all sections and to all classes. It is only by adherence to such a policy that the well-being of the consumers can be safeguarded, that there can be assured to American agriculture, to American labor, and to American manufacturers, a return to perpetuate American standards of life.

Mark the solicitude for everything and everybody: for the consumer and producer, for the farmer, the industrial worker, and the employer. The Republican Party pledges us a tariff that will be equally beneficent to buyer and seller, to agriculture and to industry, to North, South, East, and West alike. Surely that pledge pays a poor tribute to the economic sagacity of a practical people, for no tariff equally advantageous to all classes and sections ever has been or ever can be framed.

But the Democratic Party did not propose to be outdone by any such compendious appeal, and its national platform of 1924 promptly countered with the following more concise but equally alluring assurance: —

> We pledge ourselves to adjust the tariff so that the farmer and all other classes can buy again in a competitive manufacturers' market.

There is a special appeal to the farmer here, to the discontented Republican farmer in particular, but you will observe that 'all other classes' are not forgotten. Indeed, the distinguishing mark of each plank in a party platform is its universality of appeal and its all-

inclusive promises. The party platform may embody a creed, but it is one that promises salvation to all.

VI

And so I might go on to the last verse in our political Pentateuch. 'With words we govern men,' Disraeli once said, and he was well practised in the art of government. Words and phrases have often been more influential than ideas in shaping the course of public administration. Nevertheless we are making progress. We are becoming less deferential to the platitudes than we used to be. A generation ago there was hardly anyone bold enough to question the time-hallowed doctrine of checks and balances in government. It was regarded as the shield and buckler of all true democracy. To-day it is not only assailed from many quarters, but in the field of municipal government it is being widely abandoned. The marvel to me is that any race of men, in their senses, should have chosen this extraordinary principle as one on which to base their government.

Some years ago I took a walking trip through southern Ireland. I noticed a good many goats in the fields, but always in pairs, tied to each other. Wondering why this should be the case, I asked an Irish farmer the reason. He was amazed at my lack of sophistication in animal husbandry.

'They're tied to each other so that they won't wander away,' he said.

'But I don't see the point,' was my reply. 'Why can't two goats wander away as well as one?'

'They can't, and they won't,' he said, with true Hibernian emphasis, 'for one goat will never go where the other wants to go, and the result is that they just stay around where they are.'

Then, for the first time, there dawned on me the psychological basis of the principle of checks and balances in government. Just hitch the executive and legislative branches of your government together in such a way that the one can never go anywhere without the other, and you may safely count upon both staying just where they are. This would be all right if the chief end of government were to maintain the status quo; but it is not. The chief end of a government is to promote progress, and no doctrine of checks and balances will ever conduce effectively toward that end.

In brief, then, the time has come to reëxamine most of these maxims and postulates and aphorisms which are believed to embody true principles of democratic government. For it is only by renewing the foundations of the commonwealth that the permanence of a government can be assured. Ten years ago we talked gallantly of making the world safe for democracy. But the world can never be made safe for any system of government that does not rest on a rational basis, and our first task is to rationalize it in the minds of our own people. What we most need, therefore, is that the oncoming generation shall make war on fundamentalism in politics, just as scholars of the past generation have assailed fundamentalism in religion. That is one of the many herculean tasks that we pass along to the college graduates of to-day.

SMALL MEMORIES

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I. A DESERT TOWN

ALTHOUGH it had a name on the map of a transcontinental railroad, it could hardly be called a town. There were a combined general store and restaurant in an unpainted shack with a false front, a small brick depot, three ancient box cars converted into dwellings for the Mexican section hands and their families, a railway water tank, and nothing else. Eastward and westward the rails stretched without a curve across the desert to horizons that seemed immeasurably distant. A branch line ran off in a northerly direction to some mines hidden in a range of mountains sixty miles away. These mountains, for all their remoteness, were outlined in such purity of detail that one would have thought them within easy walking distance.

There was a slight stir in the settlement when the section hands came in for their midday meal — a stir of movement only, not of sound. The men dispersed to their houses without a word, moving as noiselessly as their shadows over the deep sand. I had my lunch — some tinned salmon and hard biscuits — at the restaurant, which was kept by an elderly Chinaman. He looked on with interest while I ate, and at length, when I put down my knife and fork, 'You finish?' he asked eagerly. I nodded. He scraped the remnants of food from my plate into a pan which he then carried to a pig dejectedly nosing among clumps of sagebrush at the rear of the building. I have never seen a bonier animal; its ribs seemed on the point of bursting through the tightly stretched hide. It made short work of the scraps. The Chinaman then scraped out the empty salmon tin, cut it open with a pair of heavy scissors, and, having carefully trimmed and flattened out the strip of metal, placed it with a stack of others on a shelf behind the counter.

'What are you going to do with those?' I asked.

'Bimeby make little house keep sun off pig,' he replied.

At one o'clock the section hands went away again down the main line. I watched their hand car dwindling and dwindling until it vanished in the sparkle of light where the two lines of rails seemed to meet.

The station agent, a man with watery blue eyes, a prominent Adam's apple, and a wrinkled, leathery skin, sat in his office reading a 'story magazine.' It was a grimy, tattered copy, so well thumbed that the pages were as limp as dishcloths. The agent wet his finger as he turned them. Now and then the telegraph instrument clickety-clicked for a moment or two, throwing out minute, hard pellets of sound that impinged sharply on the eardrums. Presently the telephone rang. It rang again, more insistently. The agent, still reading, took his feet from the table and groped for the receiver.

'Yeah?' he said, and waited. . . . 'Yeah.' . . . 'Yeah.'

He hung up the receiver and resumed his reading.

I strolled a little way down the track, but the glare of the sun on the sand was too blinding to be endured for long. My eyes ached and my skin felt parched and dry. The only shade the settlement afforded at that early hour of the afternoon was a circular patch under the water tank. Several swarthy children were gathered there. One of them, a boy of seven or eight, held a tin cup under a damp spot in the planking where the water seeped through. It dripped — *ping, ping, ping* — into the cup, very slowly. When a little had collected in the bottom of it, the boy drained it at a gulp and reluctantly gave place to another youngster. It made me thirsty to watch them.

After a while a woman appeared in the doorway of one of the box-car houses and looked down the track to the eastward, shading her eyes with her hand. Following her gaze I saw a black speck no larger than a pinhead, which I at first thought was the hand car returning, but it grew too rapidly for that. Then four tiny puffs of steam emerged from it, and long afterward the sound of a whistle reached us: a deep-toned *woo-o-o-o, woo-o-o-o, woo-woo-o-o-o*, so faint that it scarcely ruffled the surface of that immense pool of silence; but the children at the water tank heard it and came running to the station. One little girl remained behind to hold the tin cup under the leak. The old Chinaman shuffled along the platform, drew back into the meagre strip of shadow made by the overhanging eaves, and stood gazing pensively at his slippers. The station agent came to the doorway and leaned against the lintel, one leg crossed over the other.

The train thundered by at tremendous speed. I had a glimpse of blurred faces at blurred windows, and of a glassed-in observation platform vanishing at once in a cloud of dust.

When I took my hands from my face the dust was settling again. High in air a fragment of colored newspaper was rising and falling in the windy wake of the train. It fluttered slowly down, dancing over the sand before coming to rest. The children ran to fetch it at once. They spread it out on a baggage truck, examining the pictures — it was a comic supplement — with grave, interested faces.

The stump of a lighted cigar which someone had thrown from the train was lying by the side of the track, sending up a thin ribbon of smoke. One of the Mexican women noticed it from afar and came to pick it up. She pinched out the fire, crumbled the tobacco between her palms, rolled part of it into a cigarette, and placed the rest in the pocket of her apron.

One other bit of treasure-trove, the core of an apple, was found by the old Chinaman's pig. It consumed this delicacy with an expression of pure sensual enjoyment comical to behold.

The station agent stood motionless in the doorway, picking his teeth with a match stick, gazing absent-mindedly after the train, which was now miles away. He watched it disappear over the rim of the world, then returned to his office, put on his green eye shade, and again settled himself to his reading. He was still reading when I passed his window an hour later.

'How 's the local train?' I asked. 'On time?'

'Yeah,' he replied, without looking up.

Nothing, not even breath, was wasted in that lonely desert town.

II. AND POINTS WEST

I left New York in an agreeable frame of mind. I had a railroad ticket to San Francisco, a steamship ticket from that port to a group of Pacific

islands four thousand miles farther on, and nearly eight hundred dollars in cash. Wheels would be turning and propellers spinning under me for many days; I was going from winter to perpetual summer, and by husbanding my resources I could loaf, if I chose, for two or three months after arriving at my destination, one of the authentic ends of the earth. There was reason for contentment, and as I watched the snowy landscape flowing past I considered myself a fortunate man.

But the mood changed before we had reached the Ohio boundary. The Christmas season was responsible for that. The train was filled with students homeward bound from Eastern colleges and universities, young fathers and mothers with small eager children on the way to family reunions — all sorts and conditions of people with expressions of happy anticipation on their faces. There was a holiday, home-going spirit in the air and it aroused in me a feeling of loneliness.

For I was merely traveling, as I had long been doing, from one place to another, from one group of strangers to another group. I was not, to be sure, weary of travel. On the contrary, pleasure in movement and in change of scene was keener if anything than it had ever been. 'But it may be,' I thought, 'that satiety is not far distant. It may come at any moment, and what is to be done then?' One could hardly expect to find lifelong enjoyment in wandering, and meanwhile I was not forming those close associations, either with places or with people, which are said to be the consolation of one's later years. My allegiance was to the world at large — a world too large, perhaps, even in these days, to be faithful to. Assuredly faithfulness could not be expected from it. Where was home to me? I could think of a dozen places that might have been, but of none that was. This was all very well for the present, but what of twenty years, thirty years hence? Where would 1960 find me? Hobbling in to the table d'hôte of some dingy Paris pension? Playing solitaire in front of a clubroom fire? So I mused as the train sped westward and people around me were talking joyfully of home.

We arrived at Chicago on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth. I decided to remain there over Christmas Day and, forgetting my resolve to husband resources, I chose as a stopping place a large, luxurious-looking hotel on the lake front. That evening I went to a theatre. Afterward I had supper in a deserted hotel grillroom. Then to bed in my sixteenth-floor eyrie.

It was a raw, gray Christmas, with low-hanging clouds shaking out damp flakes of snow, melting as they fell. From my window I could see the glistening tops of a few taxicabs drawn up at the curb. There was almost no pedestrian traffic. The avenue, as far as I could see in either direction, was black, wet, and empty.

Flop! Something was dropped outside my door. It was a morning paper. Far in the distance down the green-carpeted passageway a man or a boy — I could not be sure which — dropped other papers at the doors of a few occupied rooms. Picking up mine, I found attached to it a small white card with 'Good Morning!' printed on it. Under this was another card, decorated with a sprig of printed holly and bearing the inscription, 'Merry Christmas!'

I winced. The greeting was well meant, no doubt, but it was too impersonal, and it seemed even less personal when I remembered that this hotel was one of many under the same management to be found in cities scattered all over the continent. I could imagine some super proprietor-in-chief, in New York perhaps, issuing

orders several weeks earlier to the effect that 'On Christmas Day the season's greetings, in the form of neatly printed cards, will be extended to the guests in all of our hotels. These will be distributed with the newspapers, and are in addition to the usual "Good Morning" cards.' I tried without success to humanize this greeting. It depressed rather than comforted me to be wished a Merry Christmas by a chain of hotels.

I decided to have breakfast in my room and ordered it by telephone. A voice at the other end of the wire said, 'Yes, sir; very good, sir,' and a few moments later, while I was having my bath, someone knocked. 'Come in!' I called — the outer door had been left ajar. I hurried into my dressing gown, but when I came from the bathroom I found the table laid and breakfast awaiting me. Whoever had brought it had gone. I was greatly disappointed, for I felt the need of talking to someone, and a newspaper is a poor companion of a Christmas morning. However, it served as well as it could while I breakfasted. The food was excellent, and each lump of sugar on the silver platter was separately wrapped, with the name of the hotel stamped in gold, on blue paper.

Meanwhile the snow had turned to rain, which was falling in a fine drizzle. The hotel was so vast that I decided to have a morning constitutional indoors. As I came from my room someone was entering one a few doors farther down. I saw a withdrawing trouser leg and a patent-leather shoe; then the door closed with a dull boom. That was as much as I saw of any guest during my morning walk.

My feet sank noiselessly into the thick carpet. I went on and on, past innumerable doors, and at length, upon turning a distant corner, I was slightly startled at observing a woman seated in a small niche there. She was an elderly woman, dressed in black, with immaculate collar and cuffs. Her back was toward me, but I had a glimpse of an expressionless face reflected from a mirror. I then noticed that two mirrors hung in front of her in such a position that she commanded a view down the length of both corridors. There was a telephone on a small table beside her. She sat quite motionless, her hands folded in her lap. I started to speak, thought better of it, and went on.

On the floor below there was another woman seated at a corresponding corner in the hallway, and dressed in precisely the same fashion, and yet another on the floor below that. There must have been eighteen or twenty of them in all — one for each floor. I suppose their duties were to direct the maid service, and to keep watch and report any suspicious-looking prowlers along the hallways. One of them looked at me rather suspiciously, I thought. The others gave me, by way of their mirrors, such brief, impersonal glances that any desire I may have had to wish them a Merry Christmas was stillborn. I was glad, afterward, that I had refrained. It would have been a tactless wish. Who could have a Merry Christmas in a hotel corridor?

I walked down to the street floor — thirty-two flights of steps — and returned by elevator. My bed had been made and the room tidied during my absence. A hand bag I had left open in the middle of the floor was on the luggage stand, and my typewriter was placed by the side of the writing desk where clean new pens and penholders seemed to be saying, 'Use us!' and snowy sheets of hotel stationery, 'Write on us!' But I did n't feel like writing, the place was so depressingly neat and orderly — like a show bedroom in a furniture dealer's display window.

From afar, through the closed door, I heard the faint moaning of a vacuum cleaner. 'Lord!' I thought. 'What a wretched life, this perpetual moving from place to place! How could I ever have believed that it had attraction?' Here I was, on Christmas Day, alone, among strangers, with the dreary prospect of a hotel dinner before me! Well, I should have to get through it, somehow. It occurred to me that it might be advisable to write after all. I might compose a 'whimsical' article on 'The Joys of Wandering.' The time would pass more quickly, and perhaps, later, I could sell the article for a sum equal to my hotel bill. So, placing the table by the window, I got out my typewriter, and began: —

I have often wondered at the disfavor with which hotels are regarded by the generality of men. Forced, upon occasion, to resort to them, they do so with an air of melancholy, melancholy to behold. They seem to have lost — if ever they have had — the faculty to enjoy their moments of freedom from the humdrum of settled domestic life. The blood of nomadic ancestors has long since been bred out of them; they are never so miserable as when compelled to sleep in a strange bed, and it is curious that this should have come to pass in an age when the opportunities for travel are as varied and pleasant as the inns where one may refresh one's self at the end of a journey.

I am glad that in this respect I am not as other men, for, being by profession an itinerant journalist, movement is of course necessary to me, and under favorable conditions a hotel of sorts awaits me nightly. You may have seen me, at one time or another, passing through some hotel lobby, with a small scuffed traveling bag in one hand and a portable typewriter in a black cloth-covered case in the other, disappearing through the revolving doors with that peculiar dust-shaking movement of the feet common to itinerant journalists. Or, perhaps, hurrying along the gusty street to the bosom of your family on Thanksgiving or Christmas Day, you may have observed me — not without pity — dining alone in an otherwise deserted hotel restaurant. It is true that I am a homeless man, but no tears of self-commiseration fall upon the page as I write these words, for I am homeless by preference, by a choice long since made and adhered to with increasing satisfaction.

Were you to offer me, as a freehold in perpetuity, the most comfortable of homes, one functioning smoothly, with loyal domestics going smilingly about their tasks, and an agreeable wife awaiting my coming with her children — somehow *our* children, all past the age for childish complaints and diseases — grouped around her in front of the fire; if I were to be gifted with this ménage on the sole condition that I should manage it, 'No,' I would reply, without a moment's hesitation. 'No, no! I am extremely grateful to you, sir (or madam), but this one condition makes the acceptance of your generous gift impossible.' And why should I accept it when, at a nominal cost, all of these advantages, save only the doubtful one of the family, may be enjoyed at a hotel without further responsibility on my part or the least restriction on freedom of movement?

I was steadily gathering momentum, but upon reaching the bottom of the first page I made the mistake — always fatal to composition — of reading over what I had written. 'Rubbish!' I said. 'And furthermore there's not a word of truth in it!' I crumpled the sheet and threw it into the waste-paper basket; but a moment later, prompted by the journalistic instinct, I fished it out again. Perhaps use could be found for it some day. Then I sat by the window, gazing at vacancy, trying to dream into existence the home and family I might have had, and the Christmas I might have been enjoying at that moment, while the vacuum cleaner went moaning past my door and on down the hallway as though it were a voice out of the aching void I felt within myself.

The hotel dinner was even more solitary than I had imagined it would be. A few waiters stood against the walls in attitudes of deep meditation, or conversed in whispers behind their hands. There must have been several acres of table linen in the immense room; all of the tables were set, and, with the exception of three or four, unoccupied. Far in the distance an elderly man with a shining bald head, shining nose glasses, and mutton-chop whiskers was complaining to the head waiter about his food. I heard him say, 'Abominable! Old patron. I want you to see to it —' He had a shrill, peevish voice that cut through the deep silence like the droning of a gnat's wings.

After dinner I went to the hotel library, a large, comfortably furnished room with windows looking out on the lake front. By a happy chance I discovered there a copy of Captain Joshua Slocum's *Sailing Alone around the World*, one of the most fascinating books of travel I have ever read. Hours passed like minutes. I forgot that I was alone, that it was Christmas Day, and upon reaching the end of the story I regretted with all my heart that there was no more of it. It was then nine o'clock and my train for San Francisco was to leave at ten-thirty.

I took a taxicab to the La Salle Street station. Snow was falling again and a cold wind swept through the empty streets. The station was warm and brilliantly lighted, and a crowd of incoming passengers was entering from the train shed, where the lines of rails gleamed like silver in the light of the arc lamps. An engine was panting quietly after its long journey — a deep, measured *tsoo-tsoo, tsoo-tsoo*, streaked with threadlike lines of metallic sound.

I had had no supper, so I went into the lunchroom for a piece of apple pie and a glass of milk. Whether it was the refreshment, or merely the fact that I was again in a railroad station, I can't say, but certain it is that the last vestiges of my melancholy mood vanished at once. Then, of a sudden the walls and lofty ceilings of the waiting room echoed and reëchoed with a clear call that sounded like music in my ears: —

All aboard!
Ten-thirty Rock Island tra-ain!
Mo-line,
Rock Is-land,
Dav-en-port,
I-o-way Ci-ty,
Des Moines,
Coun-cil Bluffs,
O-ma-ha,
Lin-coln,
Ma-has-ka,
Belle-ville,
Man-ka-to,
Co-lo-rado Springs,
Denver,
And points we-e-st!
Train now ready on track fo-o-our!

The mere enumeration of those westward-reaching towns made the pulses leap. It was poetry to me — a 'Song for Wanderers' in the finest sense. One would have said that a great portal had been flung open upon an immeasurable expanse of snow-covered prairie, of plains, of desert country, of cloud-shouldering mountains falling away to the sea, blue and sparkling in morning sunlight. Picking up my traveling bag and the portable typewriter in the black cloth-covered case, I joined the stream of travelers filing through the gates to the waiting train.

'Tired of wandering?' I said to myself. 'Far from it! Not yet at any rate. Not while there are still Points West.'

III. INDIAN COUNTRY

A traveling salesman whom I met on the train assured me with enthusiasm that it was 'the best, busiest little city

west of the Mississippi,' and perhaps it was, and is, from a commercial point of view. From any other, in so far as I could judge after a five hours' visit, it seemed to have but small claim to distinction. Indeed, there was nothing, not even a name, to distinguish it as a Western town, and a chance visitor, had he been set down blindfold in the main business thoroughfare, might easily have thought it a street in Albany, or Dayton, Ohio, or Indianapolis, or Los Angeles, or Atlanta, Georgia.

It was a busy place — there was no doubt of that — and growing rapidly, but to me it seemed mere rank increase without order or design, and one would have said that here dreary uniformity was something inherent in the principle of growth. It met the eye on every hand, and in the residence districts the machine-made individuality of the houses was even more depressing. Most of them, evidently, had been turned out wholesale by real-estate promoters. Dwellings of precisely the same design appeared again and again in street after street, and the same want of imagination was apparent in the public and semipublic buildings. The post office was in the Colonial style and looked as out of place in the setting as the city hall — a replica, with certain bizarre concessions to utility, of a Grecian temple. One of the Protestant churches, an enormous structure of yellow brick, was flanked by two squat towers surmounted by green domes. What sort of men, I wondered, were the City Fathers who permitted such things?

Then it occurred to me that there were no City Fathers any more in such towns as this. Perhaps there never had been. The development of the country had been too rapid. Migration had followed migration in quick succession; the population was still fluid, and, like water, its only business was to spread, to fill, and, rising to certain levels, to flow on.

I walked for miles over stone-covered prairie where, within the memory of living men, the buffalo had roamed. The business streets were lined with motor cars and filled with shoppers. Caught for a moment in a cross-street crush, I heard a fragment of conversation between two women behind me.

'What'll we do now?' asked one.

'I'm kinda tired, ain't you?' replied the other. 'Let's go sit in a movie.'

Having nothing better to do, I too acted upon this suggestion. The theatre was well filled even at that hour of the morning, and as I glanced at the rows of pale, expressionless faces behind me, faintly illuminated by the light from the screen, it seemed to me that all those people, like the two women whose conversation I had heard, must have come there merely to sit. The film was an utterly banal one, having nothing to commend it but the excellence of the photography. Part after part was reeled off, and one longed and half hoped for some demonstration on the part of the audience, some active protest against such an insult to common intelligence; but the rows of pale faces showed neither pleasure nor displeasure, neither amusement nor boredom, as though the minds behind them were as blank as they.

I left at the conclusion of the fifth part and resumed my aimless wanderings. Here and there, on side streets, I came upon buildings remaining, undoubtedly, from the early period of settlement. They had an appearance of immemorial antiquity, but this, I realized, was merely by reason of the contrast with the modern buildings around them, and because of the vast changes which had taken place, both fundamentally and in the externals, in American life since the beginning of the new century.

There was nothing, certainly, in the appearance of the principal hotel to remind one of pioneer days. It was a fourteen-story building with the date 1920 on the corner stone. Over the main entrance hung a large sign: —

WELCOME TO THE INTERSTATE RETAIL CLOTHING DEALERS' ASSOCIATION!

CONVENTION HEADQUARTERS

Being tired after my long walk, I went in there to rest. The walls of the spacious lobby were covered with convention signs and advertisements of clothing, underwear, hosiery, and haberdashery of all sorts, and a throng of delegates wearing badges were listening or not, as they chose, to a concert of popular dance music furnished by radio from Kansas City.

I bought a local paper at the news stand and sat down to glance through it. It was the kind of paper to be found everywhere in these days, with syndicated news columns, syndicated comic strips, syndicated editorials. Even the local news struck me as being the same local news I had read while passing through other American cities on my way westward. The Y. M. C. A. was making a drive for funds for a new building; a valuable property in the heart of the retail district had just been sold; the mayor had extended the freedom of the city to the members of the Retail Clothing Dealers' Association, and so forth. I was about to lay the paper aside when my eye caught the heading of a column on an inside page: 'Fifty Years Ago: Items from the old *Weekly Gazette* for July 1872.'

Frank Holliday has sold his holdings on the north branch of the Smoky River and is going on west. He says this country is getting too settled-up to suit him. Frank is one of those men who have to have at least thirty miles of breathing room all their own in order to feel comfortable. He's aiming now, he says, for the other side of the Rockies. . . .

A nest of rattlers was routed out from under the floor of the Plain Dealer saloon yesterday. The largest measured four feet, two and one half inches. Some of the boys played a joke on Joe McCracken, who was having a comfortable snooze at one of the tables in the Plain Dealer. They coiled up the dead snakes on the floor beside him, and when he woke up he gave a yell you could have heard all the way to St. Louis. Joe thought he 'had 'em again.' . . .

On Monday negotiations were at last opened up with the Indians of the Smoky River reservation for the disposal of their lands to the United States Government. Colonel George Godfrey and J. C. Appleby, acting for Uncle Sam, met the Indians in the grove of cottonwoods a mile east of town. They explained to the chiefs why the Government was making this request for purchase. Homesteaders are coming into the Smoky River Valley in increasing numbers, and it is only a matter of a few years before the country will be filled with settlers and the reservation completely surrounded. For this reason, the Government, having in mind the Indians' own welfare, urged them to move to a fine site already chosen for a new reservation four hundred miles farther west, where they can live in peace and quiet.

The Indians, according to the usual custom, made their replies the following day. Most of them were firmly opposed to moving on. Chief Gray Wolf's speech, which is a fair sample of the others, was as follows: —

'I heard what you said. I don't want to give up my lands. This country is like my mother. She has fed me and my children. When you moved us across the Missouri you said this valley was to be ours forever. You told us to build fences. You told us to plant corn. We did what you said. Now you want us to move again. It seems to me we have no home and you will always be driving us farther away from the lands of our fathers. We have gone far enough. I don't want to give up my lands. I want to stay here.'

While we appreciate the Indians' point of view, they cannot be allowed to stand in the way of progress. We hope, and believe, that our government agents will bring such

pressure to bear as is needful for their removal from this rapidly developing country.

Under this, the present editor of the paper had appended the following note: —

It is hardly necessary to inform our readers that the hopes of the editor of the old *Weekly Gazette* were realized. The site of the cottonwood grove where this historic meeting was held is now in the very heart of the city and is occupied by the New Jefferson hotel.

Luncheon was being served in the hotel dining room, and the crowd in the lobby began to thin out. A bell boy passed, calling, 'Mr. Goldberg, please! Mr. Goldberg, please!' with passionless insistence, and a man with a huge paunch and a shining red jowl, who was being massaged and manicured at the same time in the hotel barber shop, raised his head and shouted, 'Here, boy!' Several commercial travelers were shaking dice and exchanging banter with the girl at the cigar stand. From a near-by alcove came the busy clacking of the public stenographer's typewriter. A telephone rang in the long-distance booth. A guest sitting beside me, who had been waiting for the call, opened the door and took down the receiver.

'Hello. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Hello! Is that you, Sam? Say, this is Charlie. How 's every little thing in St. Jo? What? Yeah, I'm down here for the convention. Look here, Sam, I thought I'd call you up about that —'

The door of the booth slammed and I heard no more.

The Indians had passed on — no doubt of that. But it was hard even to imagine that they had ever been within a thousand miles, or years, of that spot.

THE FIERY CROSS

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

I

Old Flo was in the kitchen, eating, not bread and honey, but coffee soup, which was simply bread dipped in coffee. It was of all viands most admirable, furnishing both stimulation and a solvent for bread no longer edible without softening.

The kitchen, which was also parlor and bedroom, contained a stove, a table, two chairs, one of them broken, a bed made up on the floor, and the iron frame of a cot hung on the wall. Drinking her soup, Flo contemplated the iron frame and commented upon it aloud as was her wont. She was very short, very thin, very black, and almost toothless. Her voice was soft and beautifully modulated, and all harsh sounds had long since been elided. There was in it now a tremor which was either of weakness or of fright. The skin on her little face quivered; her hands shook.

'Ladies ob de Gettysburg Red Cross' — the emphasis was on the 'red,' as though there were ladies of other sorts

of crosses — 'Ladies ob de Red Cross done bring me dat bed. But I ain' got no use for a high bed, 'cept to crawl beneaf. Ise got a floor bed what's good enough fo' me. All I wants' — a profound shiver set her body quivering — 'all I wants is peace an' plenty. Plenty I has now, but it won' las' long. When de col' winds blow an' I ain' got wood fo' mah fiah or food fo' mah mouf, den I ain' got plenty. An' peace! I ain' got no peace whatsoevah! Ise got de terro' — dat's what Ise got! Terro' in mah haid and in mah haht, an' in' — Flo essayed to rise, but sat down with a thud — 'an' in mah bones. Heah I is, one hundred an' twenty yeahs in dis wo'ld, an' I ain' nebber yet been 'fraid o' nobody, an' now Ise 'fraid to deaf. Ise 'fraid to go to bed, Ise 'fraid to get up, Ise 'fraid to stay in de house, Ise 'fraid to go out.'

There was a knock on the door and Flo clutched the table. The knock was furtive, as though the arrival were afraid also.

'It's me, Aunt Flo!' said a woman's voice. 'Let me in!'

Flo uttered a long sigh of relief and tottered toward the door. She did not have many visitors. The sensible members of her own race let her alone as she wished to be let alone, and the foolish stood in awe of her. In her own house, her head uncovered, she was the least dangerous of all human creatures, but dressed for the street, a staff in her hand, her bright eyes peering from a cavernous sunbonnet, she had a witch-like appearance.

The visitor, admitted after a bolt had been slipped, a key turned, and a chain drawn back, was a young woman, Annie Garrett, who lived next door. She was much lighter in color than Flo and she had a pretty face and a shapely body. Far from being pure African, she spoke a language less soft and sweet than Flo's. She came in and closed the door, and Flo locked and bolted and chained it.

'They's beginnin' to come in, Aunt Flo!' she gasped. She sat down on Flo's chair as though she could no longer stand. 'We's goin' to lock ourselves in the house and stay there from now on. They's comin' into the Square in droves.'

'Oh, I guess not!' Flo always took a lofty tone with the Garretts.

'They is! They has signs on their autos, crosses an' words that don' mean nothin' to mos' folks, like "Kiggy."'

'Kiggy!' repeated Flo scornfully. The word had a dreadful sound. She was frightened almost to the point of dying, but she determined not to acknowledge it.

'Yes, K-I-G-Y, Kiggy. A-K-I-A is another word they has. There'll be ten thousand of 'em. They're tentin' on the hill and there they holds their convocation.'

'"Kiggy" means nothin' — 'xactly nothin'.' Flo tried to control the tremor of her cheeks.

'It means kill, burn, destroy — that's what it means!' gasped Annie. 'I heard tell of 'em. They comes from war times. They rides on hosses with white robes trailin' round 'em, an' they has long tongues an' firey eyes. Some of 'em needs only to look at you, an' spang! you dies.'

'Dat was ol' times,' said Flo.

'It'll be again,' insisted Annie. 'By night the town'll be so full you can't breathe. Then's when they'll do their work.'

'Den's when dey'll be caught!' answered Flo. 'Ain' we got no policeman?'

'We got only one policeman,' said Annie. 'You know that. What good is one policeman in this big place? How could he stop the killing at the end of York Street if he was first called to Seminary Ridge? How could he' —

Annie began to gesticulate, pointing now this way, now that — 'how could he save your life in your house if he was savin' someone's life four blocks away? How could he look after you at this end of the Long Lane if he was lookin' after bedridden Pete Evans at the other and savin' him from their claws? How —' Suddenly Annie uttered an hysterical shriek.

'You quiet yo'self,' ordered Flo. 'You asks how can de police save me in mah house? Ise not goin' to be in mah house.'

'Where you goin'? You can't run away. They's all about the town an' they'll round you up.'

'Ise not goin' to leab de town,' answered Flo with dignity. 'No Cluckses can dribe me from mah town where I libed a hundred years. I ain' goin' to leab de limits. Heah I votes and heah I stays.'

'You're going to hide, though!'

'Hide? No, Ise not goin' to hide. I has my frien's an' I has de Lo'd. De Lo'd took care of me fru frien's and I trusts Him an' I trusts dem. Ise goin' out to collect as usual from de good families. If I needs to, I stops in and visits.'

'The good families!' mocked Annie. 'Lots they care for poor colored people!'

'Dey cares fo' me,' said Flo. 'De good families, dey jest waits on me.'

'You're not going uptown!'

'Yes, I is. Ise not 'fraid. I'll see dem in dey robes! I'll look dem in de eye!' Flo's own eyes flamed, but in her mouth there was a soft sound which would have been called chattering if she had been equipped for chattering. 'Ise not 'fraid.'

'They's death on Jews,' declared Annie.

'I ain' no Jew,' said Flo. 'But de Jews is good people.'

'And on Catholics.'

'I ain' no Catholic,' said Flo. 'But de Catholics is good people. Dey often helps me out.'

'But it's the colored people they hates.' Again Annie was working herself up to an hysterical climax. 'They turns green when they sees 'em, they hates 'em so.'

'I ain' 'fraid of 'em,' declared Flo. 'Let 'em turn green or yallow as dey pleases. Now, Annie, you go an' hide yo'self in yo' house. Ise got to make mah preparations.'

II

Having triple-locked the door, Flo sank down in her chair.

'Ise goin' out because Ise 'fraid to stay in,' she confessed. 'I'd as soon stay heah an' be killed as go out, but I guess Ise safer out. Ise goin' to de Squah. Dere once Abe Lincoln looked out de window and bress me. Dere mah frien's can see me and de Jedge can see me and de Lo'd lookin' down from Heaven can see me in de open spaces. Best of all, dere de man what fetches me to vote can see me. He ain' goin' to let me be sacrificed like de goat or de lamb, not when he thinks enough of me to fetch me to vote in he auto.' For an instant Flo's eyes were dreamy. 'I suah do like ridin' in he auto!'

The strong coffee began to have an effect and her courage returned.

'I puts mah tongue out at de Cluckses,' she said in a shrill voice.

Rising, she unbarred the door and looked out. Over her cabin spread a magnificent sycamore, through whose silver branches and green leaves she could see the blue sky.

'Sun's long past de meridium,' she muttered. 'Time to sta't.'

She took her shawl and sunbonnet from their hook behind the door.

'May not get back to-night. May have to sit on a bench all night.

May have to stay till de Cluckses is all gone.'

She took from the corner her staff, which was almost as long as she was tall.

'I could swinge a couple of 'em anyhow,' she said. 'Knock dey heads off, I could. I will, too, 'fo' dey ties me to dey firey cross.' Into a deep pocket reënforced by several thicknesses of cloth she put a piece of bread; then she looked again round the tiny room, tears running down her deeply furrowed cheeks. 'I certainly has a nice home.'

Shivering, she stepped out. She saw in imagination the street at night, filled with skulking figures, white-robed and masked, stealing from house to house, their light the blaze of a fiery cross. Trembling, she locked first her door, then a padlock. Into her deep pocket she dropped the two keys. The street was entirely deserted; all the windows were darkened. At the Garretts', next door, she saw a movement of the shade — they were watching her.

'Dey thinks Flo's done fo',' she said. 'Like's not dey's right.'

At the corner she came upon a group of colored children playing ring, but keeping a wary eye toward the centre of the town. She enjoyed the celerity with which they broke ranks and took refuge at a little distance, the look of awe with which they regarded her, even the crossed fingers behind their backs. They were desperately afraid of the Ku Klux, but they were more afraid of her. She grinned at them; it was absurd to fear mortals dressed in white robes with masks over their faces; it was still more absurd to fear her.

'Run! Dey'll catch you!' she said.

At the corner she met Jim Washington, also of her own race. He was six feet tall and weighed a hundred and ninety pounds, but in him racial timidity persisted. He opened his mouth to speak, then closed it. He too credited Flo with occult powers.

'Dey'll get you, Jim,' prophesied Flo cheerfully.

'Where you goin', Aunt Flo?'

'Ise goin' about mah business,' explained Flo. 'Ise callin' on mah frien's among de ol' families as usual. Mah bread is gone and I has no wood in mah pile fo' de wintah. Ise takin' de collection.'

'Ain't you afraid?'

'Ise 'fraid of nobody,' declared Flo. 'Talkin' big helps,' said she to herself.

At the next corner she met an acquaintance of the white race. She did not belong to the old families, and Flo treated her as an equal.

'The Ku Klux'll get you, Flo.'

'I puts my tongue out at de Cluckses,' said Flo. 'I — ' Without completing her sentence she walked away, putting out not her tongue but her hand. Coming toward her was Dr. Severan, who belonged to an old family and was one of her benefactors. She felt already the comfortable touch of his quarter, or perhaps even his half dollar.

'Well, Flo, not afraid of the Ku Klux?'

'No, sah.' Flo grinned. It was a half dollar. 'Not 'fraid of nobody.'

'That's right,' said Dr. Severan.

A second later Flo suffered a shock. She turned the corner and could look straight up the street toward the Square. Even here, three blocks from the centre of the town, no parking space remained, and the pavement was thronged with strangers wearing white badges. She could not see the Square plainly, but she believed that it was filled with white-robed figures.

'Dey's heah!' she said in a whisper. 'Dey's suah heah!'

She faltered and stood still — fear had her at last. Perhaps her cabin and extinction there were better than a death in the public arena. At least at home she would be on her own ground.

'But I belongs in de town,' she muttered. 'I votes. I pays for de streets an' de 'lectric lights an' I pays for de policeman.' She took a step forward, keeping, as was her wont, to whatever part of the pavement suited her fancy.

The strangers looked at her curiously; to some who came from country districts far to the north a Negro was an uncommon sight. Almost anywhere Flo would have attracted attention. Her skirt trailed on the ground, her shawl was too large for her little frame, her face was invisible from all positions but the front, her large staff looked dangerous. She had a far more determined air than the visitors, some of whom had doubts as to the necessity of their organization. Others looked troubled at the state police who appeared walking innocently about.

Suddenly Flo's hand went out and she smiled her sweet, toothless smile. She had been oblivious to the stares of the strangers, but she was not oblivious to the glance of a pair of kind eyes. They belonged to the butcher who often supplied her basket with meat. As her hand went out, his went toward his pocket. He did not belong to an old family, but he had aristocratic instincts.

'Glad you're not afraid, Flo.'

''Fraid!' mocked Flo. 'Not I!'

But in an instant Flo was afraid. The butcher passed on, strangers surrounded her, and a gigantic and spectral creature came toward her, tall and broad, robed in white, a mask over his face, the aperture for the mouth cut in a fantastic shape, the eyes black caverns. She tried to walk backward and, stepping on her dress, fell flat. The spectre laughed and some of the people laughed, but a kind woman helped her up and restored her staff.

'Better go home, aunty,' she advised.

Flo took one halting step, then another. The Square, she could see plainly, was filled with similar spectres, but she was too dazed to alter her direction. She tottered on until she reached the curb, and, waiting her chance, crossed at risk of her life to the space in the centre where there were a planting of grass and shrubbery and a number of benches. She often sat here in the sunshine and took a nap, and there was one bench which fitted best the bend of her back. To it she tottered and sank down. Two men who had been resting at the other end rose immediately and left. They too wore white badges, and it was clear from their gait and their backward glance that those who could inspire fear could also experience it.

For a long time Flo sat motionless, her eyes closed. It was after two o'clock when she left home, her slow progress took half an hour, and now an hour passed before she opened her eyes. She sat with her arms folded, her head bent, her face invisible, presenting a strange contrast to the crowd about her. The Gettysburgians who crossed the Square believed that she slept and did not disturb her; strangers who sat down beside her by accident rose quickly and went away.

Round her surged a thickening mass of automobiles, from near-by Harrisburg, from distant Erie, from Somerset, from Easton. Some were ornamented with an inscription in chalk, 'On to Gettysburg,' some had streamers of white muslin floating from the top. Some had the words 'Ku Klux Klan' written across the back, some had printed cabalistic signs pasted on the rear window. Some had no insignia, and the passengers looked out furtively, preferring to remain unrecognized. Frequently a car would arrive undecorated, and the driver, halting at the edge of the wide curve, would put up a banner or a card, as though he could at last make his principles known. A large camping ground had been provided on the hill above the town, but

the delegates seemed to enjoy riding round and round.

III

When Flo woke it was at the sound of music. A delegation from Reading was headed by a band which struck up 'America' as it entered the Square. Flo opened her eyes, yawned, and looked about. Her situation seemed for the moment perfectly natural. Then she lifted her head and saw that the Square was filled with people.

'What's dis?' she cried, forgetting the circumstances which had driven her thither. What did it mean — these multitudes of cars, these sheeted creatures, this noise? She panted for breath, and suddenly cried through her dry throat, 'Jedgment! Dat's what it is — Jedgment!'

Suddenly she remembered where she was and why she had come. Toward her across the street, appearing to her terrified eyes to be passing bodily through the cars themselves, strode four tall spectres.

'I knows you!' she groaned. 'You is Cluckses! O Lo'd, defen' me!'

The spectres passed and she drew a deep breath. Other groups passed and she was still safe.

'Dey waits de time ob da'kness,' she muttered. 'An' de time ob da'kness is on de way.'

She looked out the street toward the west. Already the sun was dropping toward Seminary Ridge. She began to shiver, though she was wrapped in her thick shawl and the warm sun shone full upon her.

'Ise had a good time in dis life,' she muttered. 'But de en' is at han'.'

She looked desperately for a familiar face. How foolish she had been to isolate herself thus — it was like taking refuge in the heart of the enemy's stronghold.

'Dey's thick as flies,' she muttered. 'Dey's like de rats what ate de bad man what would n't give de po' people food. Dey's gettin' mo' an' mo', an' thicker an' thicker. Nobody could fin' me to save mah life. Dey could kill me an' eat me' — she was not so far gone in terror that this thought did not amuse her — 'an' nobody would even know whah Ise gone. Dey could put me in one of dey cahs and take me off and set me 'longside dey firey cross, an' dat would be de en' ob Flo. I ought to of gone to de Jedge — he's mah frien' and she's mah frien' — and said, "Hide me in yo' house." I could 'a' hid in de coal bin, or undah de bed. But heah I is, los' fo' good. I hates to die.'

The tears rolled down her cheeks. She ceased for a moment to talk aloud, but her thoughts went on, now fearfully, now insolently.

'Look at de big one comin' like a fat pig! Look at de bean stalk! How dey big men's feet sticks out beneaf ob dey robes! Dey beliebes dey looks handsome! Why, my soul,' — Flo uttered these words aloud, — 'look at de lady one!'

The sun sank lower; it shone in under Flo's sunbonnet; it dropped at last behind the Ridge. Automobiles continued to arrive, singly and in groups; trucks heaped with human beings rolled along; great buses rumbled in, filled with singing passengers.

'Dey sings, "My country 't is ob Dee!"' said Flo, outraged. 'What was de words ob Abe Lincoln! Dere's de bery window whah he look down on me! I wish he lookin' down on me now! I beliebe it ain' too late to run to de Jedge. Dat's what I do — run to de Jedge. I knowed he pappy an' he gran'pappy — he boun' to help me.'

She rose and put her foot over the edge of the curb, and drew it back. It

was impossible to cross; round and round went the cars, four deep.

'Nebber will I get 'cross,' said Flo. 'Nebber, nebber!'

Again she tried, and still again. Once she stepped down and advanced a few inches, but a shout of warning drove her back. When at last the lights came on she gave up hope. The sky grew dark; the Square became a place of shadows and glaring, shifting, treacherous shafts of light. Weak with hunger, but forgetting the bread in her pocket, she sat muttering to herself.

'I must get to de Jedge. I must get to de Jedge.'

Once the judge in whom she trusted went swinging past, boldly crossing the Square directly, but she did not see him. She saw only the sheeted figures — all, it seemed, were putting on regalia as it grew dark. The other benches were occupied, but she sat alone until a Klansman, as tall and broad as the one she had encountered in the afternoon, came toward her. She held her hands before her face to shut out the dreadful sight, but she heard his tread close at hand. She felt — oh, horror! — the bench sag as he sank down beside her. He made, to her further terror, no motion; he simply sat, statuelike. Her heartbeats shook her body; her jaws clapped softly together; her feet, in their worn shoes, danced a jig.

At last, unable to endure the suspense, she turned her head.

'Is you my gua'deen?' she inquired in a shriek. 'If not, say so!'

The man gave a mighty start. His mask had the same effect as blinders on a horse, and he had not been aware of her presence. Never had she looked so eerie, so witchlike. She lifted her face, and the light from the standard above her shone in upon her glittering eyes. It shone also upon his own eyes, and Flo saw in them a strange sight. Though white, he, like Jim Washington, still had old superstitions. He was, Flo saw, afraid — too afraid, she believed, to move. At once her heart leaped in a different measure, and instantly, grinning, she held out her hand. To a hand held out even a partially paralyzed creature may make the appropriate response. The stranger put his hand into his pocket; he put something into the hand of Flo; he fled.

'Humph!' said Flo after a long moment. 'It's a whole half dollah!'

'Humph!' said Flo after five minutes. 'I eats mah refreshments.'

'Humph!' said Flo after fifteen minutes. 'I takes up mah staff and gets to work.'

IV

A cessation in the flow of cars, an access of bravery on the part of Flo, and she had crossed the street. She went at a leisurely pace, staff in hand, her skirts dragging. She put her half dollar into her pocket. It was a fine pocket; it held in turn bread and meat and candy and tobacco and money. Sometimes it held them all together. She approached three masked and sheeted figures at the corner. She could not prevent her body from trembling a little, but her hand was steady.

'You help po' Flo?' she said, ingratiatingly.

The three men jumped; then they looked at her. Without masks they were three gentle souls, one a clerk in a shoe store, one a clerk in a dry-goods store, one the janitor of a church. They knew Jewish people and liked them; they knew Catholic people and were entirely friendly with them; but, coming from the northern border of the state, they knew few colored people and stood in terror of them. Each put his hand into his pocket and drew out a

quarter. They then edged away. Flo did not leave them — they left her.

'My, she scared me!' said one.

'I'm glad I'm not in the black belt,' declared another.

'I tell you, brothers —' began the third, and they passed out of hearing.

Flo sucked in her lips as though she tasted something good. She looked about and saw near by another group. She took a few steps and held out her hand.

'You gent'men help po' Flo?'

These gentlemen also felt beneath their sheets and put their hands into their pockets. They were moved not by fright but by a different impulse. They held Ku Klux principles, but they did not carry them out against individuals. They presented their donations with flourishes, hoping that they were observed giving gifts to this poor old Negress.

Flo fingered the coins and dropped them into her pocket. Evidently the Cluckses were rich. People usually gave her dimes or nickels or even pennies. She took another step, and a man said, 'Why, yes, aunty, surely I'll give you something!'

'Is you one of dese Cluckses?' she asked.

'No,' answered he, amused.

'Nor is I,' said Flo.

'You're not afraid of them, then?' said the kindly gentleman.

Flo saw another group ahead.

'No mo' dan a rabbit,' she said, and stepped away.

The band tunes grew livelier, the cars more numerous. In the distant field preparations were being made for a huge meeting, but it was not to be called until ten o'clock, and ten o'clock was still far off. Round and round the Square went Flo, her hand outstretched. Nine o'clock struck and half past. At quarter to ten the Square began to empty.

'I thinks of bed,' said Flo aloud. 'But I has too much money to look aftah — I takes mah money to de Jedge.'

Walking at a pace which was little more than a crawl, leaning upon her staff, she proceeded out the street. If she had lifted her head she might have seen against the sky a bright glow. The fiery cross had been erected and was now ablaze. But she did not lift her head.

'I goes slow,' she said to herself, with amusement. 'But it ain' my hundred and twenty yeahs, it's my heavy weight.'

When she reached the Judge's house she had to lift her pocket with her hand in order to get up the step. Confident of a welcome, she rang the bell, and the Judge himself answered. He was slender and straight, and he looked down upon his visitor from a great height.

'Why, Flo!' said he. 'You're out late!'

'I is,' smiled Flo.

'Are n't you afraid of all these Ku Klux?'

'I is n't,' declared Flo.

'Will you sit down?'

'Inside,' stipulated Flo. 'I has private business.'

The Judge laughed and bade her enter.

'Ise dog tiad!' she sighed as she sank down into a pleasant chair.

'You look tired,' said the Judge. 'Would you like something to eat?'

'No, sah,' answered Flo. 'What I needs is to get rid of mah money.'

'Your money?' As a frequent contributor to Flo's treasury, the Judge was surprised.

'Mah money,' insisted Flo. 'Jedge, you pull down de shades and shet de do' an' I'll show you mo' money dan you saw in yo' life. You get a basket.'

Greatly amused, the Judge obeyed directions.

'How big a basket?'

''Bout a bushel. If you was me and could feel dis pocket bangin' 'gainst yo' laig, you'd know how big a basket.'

The Judge spread a paper on a deep chair.

'Put it in here.'

Flo thrust her hand into her pocket.

'Dimes, qua'tahs, nickels, half dollahs,' she said, emptying handfuls into the paper.

'Where did you get all this?'

'I got it from de Cluckses,' explained Flo. 'Dey's 'fraid of me — dey can't look me in de eye. De chilluns in my neighborhood, dey's 'fraid of me, but mos' grown folks is n't 'fraid of me 'cept Cluckses. Roun' an' roun' de Squah I went, holdin' out mah han'. I did n't need say no word. Dey shrinks from me an' shivers.'

'You spoiled the Egyptians, did you?'

'I don't know 'bout spilin' de 'Gyptians,' said Flo, 'but I suah did spile de Cluckses. Now you keep mah money. When col' wintah comes, I got wood; when I gets hungry, I has food; when I gets col', I buys myself clothes.' The Judge had begun to count, and she watched him earnestly. 'I don't need no Red Cross no mo'. When dose ladies comes roun' I say, "No Red Cross fo' me — de firey cross is what I stands by." I says to dem, "Yo' takes yo' bed an' yo' basket elsewhah." How much is I got, Jedge?'

'Forty-seven dollars and ten cents,' answered the Judge. 'That's a good deal.'

'Fo' de lan' sakes!' cried Flo. She tried to rise and failed. 'Ise worn out at last.'

'I'll take you home,' offered the Judge. 'You sit still till I get the car.'

'I suah will,' said Flo. She sank back into her chair and remained there till the Judge summoned her. 'I prayed de Lo'd fo' peace an' plenty, an' He sent me peace an' plenty, an' now he sets me up in a chariot like a king.' Having recovered her strength, she stepped nimbly into the car. 'I asks you to drive roun' de Squah, Jedge, so's I can look whah I sat in tribulation.'

The Judge laughed and drove round the Square.

'Dey is mostly gone,' said Flo. 'Only a few po' samples lef'.'

'Now home?' asked the Judge.

'Home,' answered Flo. 'Ise got a good home an' Ise glad.'

'Roof tight?' asked the Judge.

'Yes, sah. An' if it is n't tight, I has ample money to fix it.'

The car stopped and Flo stepped down. Under the great tree her tiny cabin looked like a doll's house. She herself looked like a strange, untidy doll.

'You do me one mo' kindness, Jedge?'

It would have been hard to refuse, so wheedling was Flo's tone.

'What's that?'

'You blow yo' ho'n, good an' loud.'

The Judge complied with vigor.

'Want your neighbors? They don't seem to hear.'

Flo looked back from the door where she was fumbling with the padlock. No day had ever had so satisfying a climax.

'Dey heahs all right,' she called. 'Dey's lookin' fru de cracks ob de shade. I said I goin' to visit de bes' families an' I wants 'em to know I tells de truf. Dey sees you an' dey knows you, an' I bids you good-night.'

THE MYSTIC TO THE BOOSTER

BY VIOLA C. WHITE

Brother, I know the cities from of old.
They are the incrustation of my dream
Of turbulence and youth, set in their mould
With hardening of the hot lava stream.

Boston — I snared a wild bird from the sky;
New York — I trampled brutelike by the tide;
In Baltimore I watched Virginia die;
God's angel in Chicago I defied.

Slag of my dream, stage setting of my strife,
You hold their acreage at six per cent,
Incredibly predicting future life
For spiritual sin that I repent.

Upon time's long and strangely fertile road
The cities are the dragon teeth I sowed.

EDUCATION IN THE ENGLISH MANNER

BY GAILLARD LAPSLEY

Most Americans would be prepared to explain the system upon which American university life and teaching are organized. No doubt a traveler could have for the asking an account of courses and credits, majors and minors, fraternities and student bodies, that would enrich, if it did not enlighten, his intelligence. A corresponding account of how things are managed at Oxford or Cambridge might be less easy to obtain, but it could scarcely fail to confound a mind already in possession of the American system. Indeed, one who has to compare the two for the first time may be excused for thinking that one or the other might be rational, but not both.

I am mainly concerned, of course, with the contrast between Oxford[1] and Cambridge on the one hand and the American universities on the other; but it may be well to say in passing that with the exception of Trinity College, Dublin, the other universities of the United Kingdom and the Dominions are organized in very much the same way as those of America. They derive, indeed, from a common type worked out, I think, in Scotland and much influenced by the way in which things were done in Holland. With all the differences, one feels that the academic kinship is clear and close, and that after all we are beset with nothing more than the old difficulty of trying to understand how the same goal can be reached by so many seemingly divergent roads. It may be worth while, therefore, to consider a little some of the English ways that are unfamiliar to academic folk in America, particularly to the younger of them.

[1] I have no right to speak of Oxford, least of all to generalize about it, and the more I learn about it the better I understand how deeply it differs from Cambridge. The two, however, have much the same structure, and they resemble each other to the verge of identity in differing from all other universities.—The Author

I

The European universities are older than the colleges which composed or, as in the case of Oxford and Cambridge, still compose them. It was and is the business of the university to teach in varying amounts and to certify, after due application of tests, the proficiency of those whom it has taught. But men require to be fed and clothed, housed and warmed, and young men at least may be the better for some supervision, some guiding of their feet toward the paths of peace and of their minds into habits of industry and application. These needs were no less urgent at Bologna, Paris, or Oxford in the thirteenth century than at Ann Arbor, Madison, or Berkeley in the twentieth.

The ways in which they have been met are at once so like and so unlike each other as to make one suspect that history may indeed repeat itself on condition of never using the same language twice. The mediæval undergraduates hired houses where they lived in common, generally under the presidency of a master of arts, and

such a common dwelling was called a hostel. But there were many young men who could profit by study at the university but could not afford to maintain themselves there, and for these, in due course, provision was made, first by bursaries and exhibitions in the case of individuals, and then by the foundation of colleges which were in effect endowed hostels. The pious liberality of royal personages, bishops, judges, noble ladies, and rich men created foundations and fashioned dwellings where old and young might labor together for the promotion of religion, education, learning, and research.

These societies consisted of a master and a body of fellows and scholars on the foundation, to whom were later added in increasing numbers young men called 'pensioners' who were able to pay their own way. Carefully drawn statutes and ordinances regulated the conduct and duties of all alike, and officers were appointed to see that the young men observed the rules. The conduct of the seniors was controlled by a governing body constituted from among themselves and an external visitor to whom an ultimate appeal could be taken. The university soon required the unendowed and freely organized hostels to submit to the like discipline. It had the means, indeed, of regulating the conduct of its senior members, the doctors and masters, and to a certain extent that of the juniors too. But the control of these was perhaps regarded as a more domestic and educational matter, which could best be confided to the hostels and colleges.

So it happened at last that in order to be a member of the university you had also to be a member of a college or hostel. The colleges, each with its chapel, hall, courts, gardens, and ranges of chambers, provided for the religious, physical, and social needs of their members and gave to the juniors teaching supplementary to that provided by the university. Oxford and Cambridge alone retain this system, which was once almost universal, practically unaltered in its main lines. But the newer American universities, with their numerous fraternities and clubs where young men are lodged, amused, sometimes kept out of mischief, and often trained and influenced, present a curious and striking analogy to the conditions in European universities before the appearance of the endowed colleges. The analogy is worth dwelling on for a moment because it helps one to understand what is indeed my main point: namely, that the English college provides a very great deal which in an American university you must seek in a club or fraternity — if you have one — or else go without; and some things which, for good or for ill, are not to be found there at all. This may be worth developing a little.

To begin with, I would emphasize a point that is often lost sight of, to the confusion and disappointment of those who wish to enter an English university. The number of men which any college will receive is strictly limited with reference to its capacity, not only to house, but also to teach and to train. This could not indeed be otherwise, but it follows that every college that has a margin of candidates over vacancies will inquire carefully, not only into a lad's ability to pass the university entrance examination, but also into his fitness to profit by and contribute to the general life of the college. When the list for any given year is made up the belated applicant can hope for nothing better than the slender chance of a casual vacancy.

Once the men are admitted, the college takes responsibility for most of their needs. Every member *in statu pupillari* — everyone, that is, who has not yet taken his M. A. degree — is

under the care of a tutor and under the eye of a dean. The word 'tutor' has many meanings and a long history. In English universities it sets out with its Roman sense of guardian or protector, to which is presently added the notion of a teacher. I think that it was in Oxford in the fourteenth century, and actually at William of Wykeham's foundation, still known as New College, that the plan originated. It consisted in placing every undergraduate under the care of one or other of the fellows of the college who was best qualified to help him to prepare for and take advantage of the teaching of the university. In time the college teaching became more important than that of the university and was done either by the tutor himself or by his assistants. But beyond this the tutor had general charge of his pupil's affairs and was responsible for him to his parents, to the college, and to the university. This — and all that it involves, which is a good deal — is in Cambridge the whole duty of a tutor, who, as such, does no teaching. In Oxford I think it is arranged somewhat differently.

The Cambridge tutor, at any rate, stands in a paternal relation to his pupil. He has corresponded with the boy's parents and schoolmaster before he comes up, and has probably interviewed him more than once either at his school or during some examination he has had to take in the university. He knows what allowance the boy will have and has found lodgings for him. Then, at the beginning of the academic year, he instructs his pupils collectively in their obligations to the university and the college. Thereafter there is the routine of entering them for examinations, giving or refusing leave to be out late, or to go away for a night or two, or to entertain a party at lunch or dinner, or to keep indoors in case of illness.

Breaches of discipline outside the college are dealt with by the proctors, who invite the tutor to impose certain punishments, and it is for him to speak on his pupil's behalf if he thinks fit. College discipline is maintained by the dean, but he will generally consult the tutor before taking action, and here again the accused has a protector if in the tutor's opinion he should deserve one. The doctors report all cases of illness, and it is for the tutor to see that the parents are notified if necessary, and at least to visit the patient. Privation and even real distress endured with silent courage are not uncommon, but they sometimes pass the limit of endurance and it is then generally possible to find means of helping.

Beyond this there are emergencies — many, various, and sometimes formidable — and the tutor must always reckon with the unexpected, which occasionally takes disconcerting forms. I have myself appeared in a police court to speak to the good character of a pupil charged with using obscene language in the presence of the police — putting ideas into their heads, as it might be. I have helped to compromise an action for breach of promise and assisted at two coroner's inquests. Such and suchlike are all in a day's work and one takes them as they come. Their importance lies in the fact that they are part of the human, and what I called just now the paternal, relation that the college maintains with its junior members.

No college, unluckily, is big enough to house all its men throughout their whole course, except indeed in the case of scholars. Most people therefore will pass one year in lodgings — in Cambridge their first, and in Oxford their last, as a rule. But all will dine together in hall, and the college kitchens send out meals and provisions, for purposes of convenience or hospitality,

to college rooms and lodgings alike. If an undergraduate wishes to entertain he has only to get leave from his tutor and give his order at the kitchens — everything else is done for him. If he wishes to put up a friend for a night or two his tutor will lend him a set of rooms in college, for someone is sure to be away ill or on an exeat.

All this is more than a matter of amenity — it means that every undergraduate feels some degree of social responsibility. He has the power, and therefore the obligation, to return the hospitality he has received. It may be that he can offer no more than a cup of tea and a muffin, but even so he must use the vigilance and unselfishness of a host. For the rest, he will necessarily feel himself a member of a social body and not merely an individual in a crowd. Meetings or dinners of the numerous clubs, societies, or old school associations are provided for in one or other of the lecture rooms, or it may be that the dons will lend the college guestroom or their own combination room. If the college crew should row head of the river in the summer bumping races there will probably be a 'bump supper' in the hall. The college gates are locked at 10 P. M. — rather earlier in Oxford — and after that no undergraduate may go out, but there are plenty of resources within the walls for those who have leisure. There are few nights in the week when you can't find a meeting in someone's rooms. It may be gathered to hear a paper on mathematics or history, to read a classical author or Shakespeare, to debate, to discuss theology or politics, to make music, or for lighter purposes. Then, of course, there is plenty of private visiting, and numbers of the dons who live in college are by way of seeing their undergraduate friends easily and informally when the day's work is done.

II

I have said enough perhaps to make it clear that an English college stands halfway between a big family and a small club. It joins to the business of education the moral and social training of the one and the amenities and individualism of the other.

In a community so chosen and so cared for, the social life, as might be expected, organizes itself freely. No doubt the size of the college has a good deal to do with the matter, but in most colleges, though not in all, people who have been in residence for a year will know the whole college by sight at least. The old custom of calling on freshmen has, I think, fallen into disuse, — in Cambridge at all events this is so, — but there are other and less formal ways of making acquaintance. A young man's interests and abilities in games, sports, politics, or whatever, are, except in certain negligible groups, much more considered than his background. The young men, indeed, are more interested in what their companions may be than in who they are, and college society is therefore remarkably democratic. It makes little difference where you come from if you are good at rowing or cricket or field games, if you have a turn for acting or are attended to when you speak at the Union. These things will bring you into contact with many people, and such acquaintances are readily cultivated in view of the easy arrangements for entertaining. Here, as elsewhere, the men of light and leading are those who have managed to accumulate capacities, and in most colleges they would prove to be the scholars — by which I mean holders of a scholarship or some lesser emolument — who have distinguished themselves in other ways as well.

Every college has a certain number of emoluments at its disposal — some

of them a good many — which are open to competition once a year. A boy may come from an obscure country grammar school and beat a Winchester or Eton colleger at his own game — the nets are cast very wide, and when the youngsters come into residence they are marked by a common intellectual distinction that sets them apart from the rest of their contemporaries. This is recognized and respected; and if, as often happens, the scholar is good at other things as well, he is likely to become one of the 'figures' in the undergraduate world of his time. Any don could give many examples — I have several in mind among my own friends: one who got his two firsts in his tripos and a blue for cricket; another with the same academic record who just missed a rowing blue but was president of the Union; and I can't help recalling a third who, though he missed a scholarship, got a first in his tripos and his rowing blue and was subsequently elected to a fellowship. They were the same sort of men — the sort by which a college profits. This system is, of course, an essential part of the educational ladder, — the *carrière ouverte aux talents*, — and the fact that the competition is wide and open guarantees the quality of those who succeed, while the social conditions I have been trying to present afford an excellent opportunity for making the most of success.

Many young Englishmen are extremely sociable, but bring with them from their public schools a dread of conversation. There at least it appears to be unsafe to express opinions or deal with ideas. This point is aptly illustrated by a story attributed to a well-known peer. It seems that in his first week at Eton an older boy asked him whether he was a lord, and he answered yes. Thereupon he was kicked, with the comment, 'That's for your side.' When the question was put to him again, not long afterward, he took the precaution of answering no, but he was kicked none the less this time for telling a lie. Thereafter he held his tongue even when questioned, and lived in peace until such time, one supposes, as he was in a position himself to question and chastise the young for their souls' health. Such discipline is not readily forgotten, and it is small wonder that boys who have undergone it should be shy of conversational adventure even when they reach the university. To such, games and sports give the opportunity of enjoying companionship without trenching on dangerous ground.

But young Englishmen have plenty of ideas, and, given the right conditions, will produce them with humor, irony, and moderation. The right conditions, it seems, prevail more generally at Oxford than at Cambridge. Certainly schoolboy reluctance and caution tend to disappear very early there, and I have heard it said that at Oxford people talk to impress you with their intellectual superiority, while at Cambridge they hold their tongues for the same purpose. But this judgment is superficial as well as ill-natured, for good talk can be found in Cambridge if you know where to seek it, and silence in Oxford if you should happen to need it.

The various meetings to which I referred are held in the rooms of the members of the particular society or group in turn, but there are also university clubs of the usual sort with their own accommodations, restaurants, and other amenities. In Cambridge there are three, apart from the specifically theatrical clubs, and Oxford has more. These are much more like the ordinary clubs of London, New York, or San Francisco than the fraternities or societies in an American university. Some years ago now, a young American who had been elected into one of the most sought-after of the Cambridge

clubs told me with some indignation that he intended to resign. I asked him why, and his answer seemed to me very significant. 'I've lunched and dined there for the last two days,' he said, 'and not a soul I did n't know before has spoken to me.' Not so had he fared as an American undergraduate, and it was hard to persuade him that the members of this club had not allotted him one of the coveted vacancies in order to insult him more conveniently.

Of course in both American and English universities the social grouping rests ultimately on congeniality or common interest. The English system is, however, more elastic, just because the college is in some sense itself a club. You are not obliged to commit yourself irrevocably to any one group of people. In America, I think, when you join a fraternity or club it is generally with the implied, if not the expressed, condition that 'thy people shall be my people and thy ways my ways,' and the groups so formed constitute a series of independent cells that are somehow or other worked into the general organization of the university. In England the organization is for all but social purposes already complete, highly articulated, and officially recognized. This leaves to the social life within the colleges a great freedom — men pass easily from one group or set to another.

III

An American arriving at Oxford or Cambridge may well feel somewhat ruefully that he is left to grope his own way among unfamiliar social arrangements, but he will scarcely make such a complaint when he turns to the educational and disciplinary side. Here, indeed, he will receive a measure of personal attention and direction to which he has probably not been accustomed at home. At the outset he must put aside the ideas with which he is familiar, and particularly the notion of courses as self-contained units and the wide range of choice, limited only by the grouping of major and minor subjects, to which he has been accustomed. He will discover that in general the university frames the curriculum and leaves the colleges to do the teaching, reserving to itself the right to test the results by examinations in consequence of which it will give or withhold the degree. This is less true in the sciences, which require a great deal of practical training in laboratories, and it is also true that in consequence of the report of a recent royal commission the university will shortly take a larger share in the direction of the teaching of all subjects. But even then, I think, the more personal and characteristic side of the work will still be done by college teachers in their own colleges.

The whole system rests on two assumptions that hitherto do not seem to have been made in American university education. One is that it is desirable to classify men according to their natural ability and their intention and capacity to work. To facilitate this the university provides in most subjects parallel courses leading in one case to the ordinary or 'poll' degree and in the other to honors. In each case the whole course is mapped out and the subjects to be studied are proposed and defined, leaving a range of individual choice which in America would probably be considered very narrow. At Cambridge, in the courses leading to the ordinary degree the lecturing is rather elementary, set books are provided, and the examination tests are relatively simple. In one way this system resembles that of the American universities, for it enables a man to qualify for a degree by passing certain examinations in subjects not

necessarily related to each other, one at the end of each year. There is no general examination or test of proficiency.

The advantage of this classification is that lecturers and teachers know pretty well to whom they are addressing themselves and the kind and amount of intelligence upon which they can count, and are able to adjust their work accordingly. The plan, of course, treats the poll men as though they were all alike — and perhaps in their shortcomings they are. So they remain units in an educational system which appears to be the best that can be made for men of that sort without being unjust to those who are better qualified.

This brings me to the second of the assumptions to which I have alluded: that every man reading for honors should be treated not as a unit but rather as a case. What that may mean can perhaps best be explained by taking account of the system of examining and teaching for honors. The university sets and defines the subjects in which the men are to be examined and in many cases recommends books for study or reference. The various lecturers doubtless take these into account in arranging their discourses, and are further guided by reference to the questions set by the examiners in past years. The examination itself is the affair of the university, which appoints a board generally including at least one external examiner. The papers framed by individual examiners are subject to a double process of revision and criticism which makes them, when they see the light, effectually the collective work of the whole board. The test therefore is one of proficiency. A man is examined in all the work he has done during two and sometimes three years, and the examiners consider not only what he has learned but what he has become. In some triposes there is an essay paper proposing general subjects unrelated to the content of the other papers, and this is a great help in estimating a man's general ability and his capacity to write English — a matter as to which I shall have something to say presently. It may happen, of course, that some of the candidates will have heard the lectures of one or other of the examiners, or even that they may have been drilled by him in private teaching — called classwork or supervision — before the paper has been set. But any special advantage they may derive from that is so slight as to be negligible, and the reasons are not far to seek. In many cases every paper is read separately by two examiners. Then, when all the results are before the board, the candidates for the most part fall naturally into classes, and if in any one subject they diverge from their own level the particular paper will be reread by the original examiner or referred to one who has not seen it before. My own experience suggests that the idiosyncrasy is generally due to the examiner rather than the candidate. On the whole, therefore, you get a test of the knowledge and ability of the candidates which is independent and impersonal. I speak after a pretty considerable experience both of teaching and of examining. The contrast between such a system and that still prevailing in many American universities is as great as it is obvious. I understand, however, that in the American academic world it is coming to be recognized that there are certain advantages in the English plan and that in some quarters steps have been taken to readjust the former arrangements.

It is, however, the method of teaching rather than of examination that does most to secure that the honors man shall be treated as a case. I spoke just now of the private teaching known in Cambridge as classwork or supervision. I suppose that historically such

individual instruction is connected with the origin and development of the office of tutor — those learned in academic history will speak to that. The plan, at any rate, is generally known as the tutorial system, and in Cambridge it appears to have been at least revived within the last thirty or forty years. What this really meant was that the colleges were taking over and organizing the work that had previously been done by coaches or private tutors. Now, at all events, coaching is regarded as a medicine rather than a food, and the regular teaching provided by the colleges suffices for most men.

At the beginning of each term every man is sent by his tutor to one or other of the college lecturers, who will act as his director of studies. This means that he will get expert advice in choosing among such alternatives as are allowed him and in selecting the lecturers whose courses he will attend. In many subjects there will be several lecturers, and a director will take account of his pupil as well as the lecturers before settling the combination.

More important than the choice of lecturers is the weekly task which is the main part of the director's work. The way in which it is done will vary, of course, with different teachers and their subjects. In the literary subjects, the director, when he has arranged his pupil's lectures, will assign him a fixed time for his weekly work — generally half an hour, though this, of course, may be exceeded if necessary — and a subject. Very likely he will begin the term's work with a general essay, giving a choice of several subjects. This is useful, as it gives you at the outset some measure of your pupil's capacity to think and write. Thereafter there will be problems formulated by the director, who will generally add references to relevant books and articles.

The men bring the finished work to the director's rooms and read it aloud. Then you are confronted with a double problem: you must see that your pupil has got his facts fairly well, has presented them intelligibly, and has understood the critical difficulties in interpreting them; and you must see that he has understood the bearing of the particular question set him on the subject he is studying as a whole. The most effective way of doing all this is to question your pupil on the basis of the notes you have made during his reading, though there will probably be explanations and much additional information needed as well. Or the work may be a general essay raising some question of a moral, æsthetic, or political order, and criticism will then turn mainly to coherence of thought and grace of form. In any case you have the opportunity of helping the youngster to clear his thinking a little, to try to make his way about 'mid worlds not realized' with due respect and humility. The boy will probably find himself at the end with more questions than answers in his mind — but that is not an unwholesome state.

There remains the question of the young man's use of his mother tongue, and this is the second part of the director's problem. The late Barrett Wendell used to say toward the end of his life that the experiment in teaching English in which he had coöperated at Harvard with Professor A. S. Hill had been a failure. He considered that undergraduates could only be trained to write English in connection with all their academic work which involved any writing at all. I don't think that anyone who had the advantage of working for Barrett Wendell will allow that his teaching was a failure, but my present point is that the condition he required is fulfilled at Oxford and Cambridge. Week by week you have to deal with manuscripts ranging from the fairly

helpless to the positively graceful, but in all cases you have the writer and his work before you. Then it will often happen that you know the student in other ways as well — he may come in and smoke a pipe with you after dinner or ask you to tea in his rooms. And so you will have learned enough about him to know that there is a way to teach him which is very likely not the way you used when you began, and certainly not that which you would use for another man.

It may be objected that this is not the best way of training scholars. The objection, I think, would be both true and irrelevant. The system is intended to help toward a liberal education, and the universities that employ it have other and on the whole pretty effective means of training scholars — but they begin by educating them. The tutorial system is a costly one — that cannot be denied. One man cannot deal effectively with more than twenty-five pupils a week, and I believe that that is five too many for really good results. Very little time or effort is saved by taking the men in small groups or classes, unless you give up the principle of having each man do a piece of work each week and receive the individual criticism and attention which his case requires. That can indeed be maintained when you have several men together, but there is no saving of time or exertion, though there is an advantage if you have first-class men who are keen about their work, for they will measure themselves against each other and profit by each other's strength and weakness.

Then, the growing diversity of disciplines and specialization of scholars increase the difficulty and expense of this kind of teaching. I sometimes think, indeed, that the old fallacy that a university is a place where everything is taught is beginning to transform itself into a new and rather formidable truth. At any rate it is manifestly impossible to provide teaching by members of a college staff in, let us say, all branches of natural science or even the principal languages of contemporary Europe. A small college with a limited staff will be forced to neglect some subjects altogether and to treat others on a rather narrow basis. But there are ways and means of adjusting these difficulties, and the educational value of the system is great enough to make it worth keeping, even at considerable cost. A young man who, week by week and term by term, has had to measure his ability and knowledge against those of a trained scholar will learn, if he learns nothing else, intellectual humility and critical caution. 'Did you ever reflect,' Woodrow Wilson once said to a young colleague in historical research, 'how many miles you have to traverse before you advance an inch?' It is a wholesome lesson and one not readily to be learned from textbooks.

IV

It would be impossible, I think, to pass even a single term at Oxford or Cambridge without becoming aware that if you want to understand the life of the university you must begin by finding out something about the schools. The relation between the two goes very far back. William of Wykeham and Henry VI provided for the scholars of Winchester and Eton at Oxford and Cambridge respectively, and, although in these latter days King's has ceased to be exclusively Etonian and New College Wykehamist, the connection between the foundations is still vital. Nothing else, indeed, would account for the restrictions that constitute university and college discipline. The lads who come to Oxford and Cambridge are courteously called men, but they are treated as schoolboys who

have reached an age to be trusted with a good deal of independence though not with complete freedom. Most have learned in their schools both to obey and to command, and the colleges have been mindful of this in leaving them a good deal of room for individual activity while guarding as far as may be against serious disaster. Therefore, just as the colleges rely on the school training, so do they seek to complete it and send into the world men sufficiently equipped not to make fools of themselves without intending to do so.

Naturally not all the men who come to the university have been to what are called the public schools — nor are all the public schools of the same standard or organized on quite the same lines. But it seems possible to an alien observer to discern certain things, principles and ideals, common to them and beginning to diffuse themselves through the schools that cannot be called public in the English sense of the word. For one thing, they deal with the whole boy — soul, brain, and body. It is, as they say, a 'large order,' and the nice adjustment of pressure among the three is not always successfully attained. So much is clear enough to the observer; the mystery lies in how the thing is done, and not done — how, for example, so many hours can be spent in form or division with no discernible intellectual result; how, on the other hand, principles and inhibitions can be worked into the very texture of a boy's nature with apparently so little direct communication.

The school, of course, like the university, is a *societas societatum* in which the houses correspond to the academic colleges and have indeed, in the old foundations which began as endowed colleges, very much the same origin. Individuals, accordingly, are dealt with in relatively small groups, for a house will seldom contain more than forty. Then a large share of responsibility is laid on the older boys. This has sometimes been described as a system of self-government. But the more I see of the vigilance, the unselfishness, the idealism, and the sympathy of the housemasters, the more I am inclined to call it self-agency. By that I do not mean to suggest that it is merely the most effective method of enabling the housemaster to get his own way; rather is it the common effort of masters and boys alike to seize and apply what for generations the continuous life and aim of the school have meant and striven for. Every school, every group indeed, with a history, a purpose, and a life greater than that of the sum of those who for the moment compose it has its arcanum, and the measure of its success is the extent to which those who do for the moment compose it possess themselves of the secret. It is of the essence of such a secret that it can never be told — it can only be learned and kept. To find out even that much you must go to one or other of the great schools with a young man who knows and loves it, and as he takes you about you must watch him as well as what he shows you. You will never surprise the incommunicable secret, but you will be assured of its existence and will be able to refer to it a great deal that you see about you in the university. You will begin to see then that you are dealing largely with initiates or adepts who know quite well why they do certain things and leave others undone, and expect you to understand that they have their reasons, though they cannot formulate, still less impart, them.

What I have been trying to get at, of course, is the best of the public-school training. It is n't everyone who goes to a public school who gets the best or even the second best. Some boys are unsuitable material, and the system itself has something to answer for. A

little more emphasis might well be laid on intellectual training. There is an old gibe that one may hear from many an Etonian: 'You must choose between going to Eton and getting an education.' There is this truth in it: that in the system which aims at moral and physical health as well as education in the narrower sense of the word the schools must probably attend most to the first and second, leaving the third to the university. But the schools may well be asked to send up boys adequately grounded and teachable in the sense of being open to an intellectual appeal, and in this respect, apart from the specially trained scholars, a good many of them fall short.

I go into all this by way of laboring my point that you cannot consider the universities and their ways without taking account of the schools. They work together in an educational system which sets out to train the whole boy throughout the whole of his boyhood and youth. Regarded from this point of view, the system of control and discipline prevailing in the English universities and colleges appears natural and reasonable. A boy coming from the far stricter system of the public school is less likely to resent the restrictions he finds at the university than to welcome the system as a large measure of freedom. If his school has taught him nothing else, it has at least made him understand that the society of which he forms a part rests on discipline and subordination. At the university he will see that he is part of a like society and subject to the same principle. If he gets into a scrape he will very likely resent the nature or amount of the penalty, but he will scarcely challenge the principle in virtue of which it has been imposed.

In America a boy going to the university considers that he is *homo suæ potestatis*, owing, indeed, certain obligations in respect of attendance at classes and examinations, submission of written work, and what not, but apart from such educational demands responsible only to his conscience — and the police. Such liberty is apt to be heady, and it is small wonder if, after four years of it, a young American coming to Oxford or Cambridge tends rather contemptuously to resent customs and restrictions which form part of an organization highly articulated and delicately adjusted to the accomplishment of a purpose which appears to him unintelligible — if indeed it appears to him at all. But then, you see, the young American is an intruder in the same sense that the mother of Triptolemus was — only he is often wiser than she and tiptoes away, leaving the baby to gain what he can on the coals. To Triptolemus, who has been through the mill of a public school, the process is perfectly natural — neither unexpected nor necessarily unpleasant. He slips easily into the formal and external life of his college and is the better able, therefore, to try to apprehend the spirit that animates it — the arcanum, in short. He may find it or he may not, but in either case he will hold his tongue.

I have said enough perhaps to make my immediate point, which is that you can't hope to understand Oxford and Cambridge without knowing something about the public schools from which they are so largely recruited. There will be more than that to do if you mean really to get at them, and you will be wise to begin with the finished or nearly finished product. Make friends with him and you will see that the English simplicity is not nearly so simple as it looks. It is in fact a highly complicated thing, the result of processes that are worth studying even at the cost of patience, vigilance, and the suspension of many of the ideas and judgments by which you have hitherto lived.

HOW HIGH IS THE SKY?

BY ALEXANDER McADIE

I

HAMLET, quizzing his two friends concerning their ulterior purpose in visiting him, says: 'This most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.'

The erratic young man was justified in calling the clouds vapor congregations, if he had in mind the vapor of water. But in all likelihood neither he nor his creator, the myriad-minded playwright, knew aught about the origin of clouds. Shakespeare not infrequently alludes to the ephemeral beauty of airy crags and castles floating overhead; but exact knowledge of the gases composing air did not come until one hundred and sixty-five years after Shakespeare's death, when that strange, solitary figure in science, Henry Cavendish, separated nitrogen and oxygen.

Even at the close of the eighteenth century no one knew how far up the atmosphere extended, or, in common speech, how high was the sky, meaning by this the outer limit of the earth's atmosphere.

When Cavendish was isolating nitrogen there lived in Paris a certain philosopher-statesman, representing the new American nation. He had in earlier days written much about clouds, vapors, winds, and storms. But Franklin was then an old man, and duties of a political nature occupied most of his time; so we have nothing from him in these later days worthy of much comment except the expression of his firm belief that man at last had conquered the air. Cavendish had made it plain that hydrogen gas had a definite lifting power in air, hence it was no longer necessary to burn straw, thus making hot air for the inflation of balloons. On August 27, 1783, the professor of experimental philosophy at the University of Paris inflated a large oiled-silk bag with the new lighter-than-air gas. Franklin, who saw the bag rise, wrote to the president of the Royal Society that 'it [the twelve-foot balloon] entered the clouds and seemed scarce bigger than an orange, and then disappeared into the clouds.' Incidentally we may note that some fifty thousand people beside old Ben saw the experiment and were delighted. In Franklin's words: 'The multitude separated, all well satisfied and amusing one another with discourses of the various uses to be made of this new discovery.'

Hot air, however, had its devotees, in that day even as in our own, and before the end of November in that memorable year two men actually ascended in a large balloon which carried a basket grate in which fagots and sheaves of straw were burned. These airmen may very well claim the honor of being the first motor firemen, for each had to pass sheaves of straw into the grate, 'to keep up the flame,' as Franklin wrote to Sir Joseph Banks, 'and thereby keep the balloon Full. When it went over our

heads, we could see the Fire which was very considerable.' It may be remarked in passing that life insurance was not then in vogue.

While it is somewhat foreign to the question, 'How high is the sky?' the temptation is strong to conjecture how Shakespeare would have embodied this new knowledge had it come one hundred and seventy years earlier. What immortal lines would have described man's audacity in bringing lightning from the clouds down to earth and the even more astounding feat of rising from earth to journey through the clouds!

II

The first man who carried aloft scientific instruments and, so to speak, tried to 'plumb the air' was a graduate of Harvard College — class of 1763. Dr. John Jeffries in 1784 ascended over London, equipped with barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, electrometer, compass, and six small stoppered bottles. These last, filled with water, were emptied when the balloon was highest, then sealed. Samples of air thus obtained were given to the Royal Society and analyzed by Cavendish. The fact was thus determined that up to two miles at least there was no sensible difference between upper air and that at the ground.

A few months later Jeffries, with Blanchard, crossed the English Channel via air. They were four hours going from Dover to Calais in four loops. In the last of these loops they met with disaster and were nearly drowned. As they approached the French coast, all ballast having been thrown out and even their outer clothing cast off, the balloon notwithstanding fell lower and lower until at last the basket was in the water; but as they neared the cliffs a slant of wind carried the balloon upward sufficiently high to clear the hills, and they were able to make a landing a short distance back from the coast line. A monument marks the spot where the first gliders demonstrated what Professor Langley more than a century later described as the inertia of the air. Making use of this physical property of air, man to-day can not only imitate the buzzard but even outdo that bird by flying upside down.

After a short rest Jeffries went on to Paris and, it is interesting to note, met the great Dr. Franklin at Passy and dined with him a number of times. At one of these dinners Commodore John Paul Jones was present and complimented his fellow countryman upon his courage in venturing thus to cross the Channel. Little could either of them imagine that in years to come airships larger far than any frigate of the line then in existence would cross and recross the Atlantic. Nor could they picture in the mind's eye heavier-than-air machines hustling across the Channel, as they do to-day in half an hour, even against head winds.

The ascension over London, however, was in many respects more important than the flight across the Channel, for it gave the first information of the fall in temperature with elevation. Starting with 50° F., the aeronauts soon experienced freezing conditions, and, at their highest level, a temperature of 20° F., or twelve degrees below freezing. These figures agree quite well with modern values of the 'lapse rate,' as it is called, or the vertical gradient of temperature, to which we shall refer later.

Near the end of the eighteenth century there was much enthusiasm shown in connection with ballooning, and even so cautious a man as Franklin freely prophesied the complete conquest of the air by man. These high hopes were not fulfilled. For a century, indeed, the balloon remained just what it was, a

gas bag. There were several ascensions that were noteworthy, but the one which attracted most attention occurred on September 5, 1862, when Glaisher and Coxwell thrilled the world with a dramatic ascent in which both men became unconscious. The exact height is uncertain, but it was approximately 11 kilometres — 6.6 miles. This was not equaled until June 30, 1901, when Berson and Süring ascended to a height of 10.5 kilometres, both men being unconscious for perhaps fifteen minutes.

III

Meanwhile this most excellent canopy, the air, was being bored into from below, if one may so express it, by inquisitive scientists. Not content with climbing mountains and flying kites larger and more complicated than Franklin ever dreamed of, the aerographers began to send up small free balloons carrying automatically recording thermometers, barometers, and wind registers, known as *ballons-sondes* — sounding balloons. As soon as the results accumulated, an astounding discovery was made. It seemed as if there must be some mistake, some error of registering, for the fall in temperature or lapse rate ended at a rather definite height, 10,000 metres. Above this the temperature remained stationary or grew warmer. It seemed unbelievable, but record after record confirmed the result; and the leading aerographer of that day, M. Léon Teisserenc de Bort, announced that this most excellent canopy, our atmosphere, was a double air sphere — that is, two concentric shells. Or we may think of it as a blanket with an under lining. This lining lies close to the earth, but is not of uniform thickness, being five miles thick — or high — in temperate latitudes, but thinning toward the poles and getting thicker over the equator. This lining is called the 'troposphere' or region of turning, while the upper part of the blanket is called the 'stratosphere' or layer region; and here, although the temperature is very low, some fifty degrees below freezing on the Centigrade scale, the region, no matter how high we go, is isothermal. This means that there is no marked difference in temperature from six miles up to twenty — unless indeed it grows somewhat warmer. A certain Oxford professor deduces from the study of meteors that at an elevation of fifty miles it is actually much warmer than on a summer day at the surface. This, however, is to be taken with reservation.

Teisserenc de Bort's discovery of the dual nature of our atmosphere materially modified all previous conceptions of its structure. A close friend and side partner of the enthusiastic Frenchman was Lawrence Rotch, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, class of 1884, founder of the Blue Hill Observatory, an institution working along much the same lines as Teisserenc de Bort's observatory at Trappes.

Sounding balloons found a practical application in the late unpleasantness between the leading civilized nations of the world, being utilized to advantage in warning airmen of the existence of dangerous conditions at flying levels. To-day they are extensively used by all national weather services. Free pilot balloons are also used, and as a result of all this exploration we have a fairly good idea of the structure of the air up to 35 kilometres or 21 miles. Here our knowledge might have rested but for progress in another field.

Early in 1902 an electrical engineer, Professor Kennelly of Harvard, published in the *Electrical World and Engineer* a paper on long-distance behavior of wireless waves. He announced the probable existence of a reflecting layer

about 80 kilometres above the earth's surface; for, as every radio expert knows, signals fade out at certain distances and come in strong farther away.

A mathematical genius, the late Oliver Heaviside, in an article written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, December 1902, unaware of Kennelly's paper, also announced the probable existence of an ionizing layer at great heights, which would explain the behavior of radio signals. The layer is commonly called the Heaviside layer, although more justly it should be termed the Kennelly-Heaviside layer.

So we have come by slow marches to the top, or very near the top, of the canopy concerning which our young Hamlet spoke so disparagingly. But that was long ago; and neither Shakespeare nor any of the rovers of the Elizabethan age dreamed that some day ships midway between the cliffs of Devon and the far-away Bermoothes would carry on conversation with folks at home. How loud their laughter would have been at the mere suggestion that voices on the far-spread open sea could be heard distinctly at firesides a thousand leagues away! But so it is.

IV

To return to high levels in the air: the Radio Research Board has now no problem more pressing for solution than the determination of the part played by this stratum in the propagation of electric waves. A ship leaving the sending station will receive signals — especially if short wave lengths, say 10 metres, are employed in sending — until the ship is about 150 kilometres or 90 miles out. Then the waves die down, being probably flattened or attenuated. When, however, the ship is 1500 kilometres — 900 miles — out, the signals are heard again. On the vessel used by the Board in its experiments the signals were once more heard at 5000 kilometres or 3000 miles; and they can be picked up at 10,000 kilometres, or one fourth of the distance around the world. It is agreed by the investigators that a layer of thin air, very thin indeed, 90 kilometres above the earth, carries the waves and also deflects them. It has been actually shown that after sunset waves travel downward. Methods for measuring the angles and intensities have been devised and used with such success that probably in a few months radio engineers will announce important discoveries concerning the upper air.

Two other lines of attack on the confines of our atmosphere are open. Trails of meteors offer evidence of pressure and temperature at a height of eighty miles; and auroral displays that have baffled explanation so long now seem about to yield definite information of conditions at a height of one hundred miles or more. The seat of these phenomena is far, far above cloud land. Judged by these heights, the clouds are very near neighbors of man. Indeed, venturesome man has several times vaulted over the highest clouds, the cirri. M. Callizo, on October 10, 1924, reached 12,066 metres, — 39,586 feet, — while the high cirri measured at Blue Hill are as a rule below 10,000 metres. An American airman, Lieutenant Macready, reached an altitude of 11,797 metres — 38,704 feet — on January 29, 1926.

An astonishing thing about these trips above the clouds is the speed and ease with which they are made. The ubiquitous flea has long been hailed as the champion jumper, considering his size and weight, but man now hops up in the air seven or eight miles and returns to the starting point in an hour.

A year ago it seemed that positive knowledge of the nature of the aurora was in our hands. Vegard, bombarding

nitrogen at extremely low temperature with cathode rays, obtained in the spectrum the characteristic green auroral line. Since then McLennan and Shrum at Toronto have definitely obtained the line by using admixtures of helium under like conditions. There is no positive evidence of free hydrogen in our atmosphere. Later experiments may, however, indicate the presence of oxygen at the auroral level. These studies make it plain that our atmosphere extends much farther than we thought. In fact, we may answer the question, 'How high is the sky?' At least one hundred miles!

V

Let us now approach our atmosphere from above. An observer on a near-by planet, studying our most excellent canopy, would see a bluish haze rotating with the same angular velocity as the earth, an elongated ellipsoid of revolution, bulging considerably at the poles. At the outer limit there would be no heat; the temperature would be the absolute zero. Far down in the very dregs would appear a shallow sediment where the temperature would average a few degrees above freezing. Mankind lives in that sediment and actually breathes it, a mechanical mixture of nitrogen, oxygen, carbon dioxide, helium, argon, krypton, niton, zenon, neon, and — last, but most important — vapor of water. Fortunately there are no chemical combinations, and the elements of our atmosphere get along quite peaceably together.

Our planetary observer with a big telescope and high-power eyepiece might discern small black specks. These — if we anticipate the future by a few months — would be squadrons of airplanes, darkening the streets below. Our extraterrestrial gazer might even make out infinitesimally small dots at the very bottom — that is, on the ground. These would be the 'chariots' that 'rage in the streets,' as a prophet of the Old Testament would describe them were he alive.

If he knew as much as our all-searching physicists on earth know, he would call cities atoms, and the inhabitants electrons. The designation of nations would be molecules. He would discover that there were far-flung whirlpools of air, commonly known as storms. He might somewhat hastily conclude that the affairs of men were determined by these vortices at the bottom of the bluish haze. He might tell his fellows that undoubtedly affairs at the bottom of the sky were controlled by wind. Would he be far wrong? Constitutions, political platforms, even commencement orations — are they not essentially air in motion? The very term 'democracy' carries the fine flavor of air in motion, for the *demos*, or crowd, like a wind vane, is blown about by every strange wind of doctrine.

Turning from the dregs and turmoil of the winds, the planetary observer would record that the heights were serene. Here no tumults, no congregations of pestilent vapors, but even, as a great playwright put it in the speech of Hamlet, an overhanging firmament, a majestical roof fretted with golden fire. And there on the majestical roof, keeping company with the aurora, electrical waves started heavenward from earth-born lips may dance their way onward. Perhaps the whispered tones of a maiden's 'Yes,' — a maiden of the days when the Autocrat wrote, — uttered within range of a microphone, may reach those uttermost skies. Traveling thence many, many miles, they may bend again earthward, and, caught by dull glowing grids, reclothed as audible speech, be heard by millions far across the seas.

THE GOLDEN MOMENT

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Does everyone, I wonder, experience at some time in his career a golden moment, when the veil of everyday life is rent and he looks through into a lovely world, which is here and yet not quite here? And if all hearts were opened, and all secrets known, should we find in most of them records of such moments of illumination? There seems to be some reason for believing so, for apparently the virtuous conceal their lovely experiences as jealously as the unvirtuous attempt to hide their ugly ones. Whether the Light comes to most people or not I do not know; all that I know about is Erica Hume's illumination, and this is the story of her golden moment.

When the walls of life opened for Erica, it seemed to her at first that they had done so entirely by chance, but afterward she realized that the whole astonishing experience had been directed, step by step, from the very beginning. It was directed, yet always she was a free agent and could at any moment have turned back, bringing the whole plan to naught. At first, too, it appeared to her to have been born out of her own family's tragedy, but later she came to know that their affliction was only a small part of the grim obsession which gripped the whole of the East Valley neighborhood under cover of a seemingly beneficent world.

Certainly the state of affairs in the Hume household was very distressing. Bob, the heart and centre of the family affection, was off again. Or rather he was just back from being off, retrieved from a ditch, and brought home dead-drunk the night before by their neighbor, Hiram Withers. Erica's father was in a black rage compounded of grief and hurt pride — chiefly the latter. Her mother was in far deeper. She had plunged straight down to the heart of the tragedy with Bob himself. So completely had she rushed forth to succor her son that it seemed to Erica almost as though her mother had slipped out of her frail body, leaving it a gray shell of desolation to go automatically about its duties, while all her real self was down in the quicksand engulfing Bob. As for Bob himself, Erica did not dare to think what he faced, as with returning sobriety he was forced to view all his brilliant young manhood devoured by an appetite stronger than himself.

'It is n't Bob! Some awful power has got hold of him. Oh, what a dreadful world!' Erica cried the words violently to herself as she began to dive into a trunk for the roll of material in search of which she had come up into the attic. The pieces were not there, and as she sat back on her heels and looked about her she caught sight of a pile of old books that had belonged to her great-uncle Stephen. Uncle Stephen had been dead and gone many years, but he had been a delight of Erica's childhood, and the sight of his books brought his kind and whimsical old face, with its young eyes, flashing back upon her. The remembrance of him was warm and comforting in the

present bitterness of her world. So much so that she reached out toward the pile, anxious through contact to make the memory more vivid. The books had held their contents between reserved covers for years, for Uncle Stephen had a curious taste in reading unshared by any of his family. He had spent some years in India, and there it was whispered he had imbibed a hidden wisdom. Or had he? No one really knew for certain. Was he a white magician? Erica certainly did not know, and hardly cared. He had been dear and friendly, so that now she desired to touch his books. She took up one which was worn at the edges and had a yellow, musty smell.

'This is Uncle Stephen's book, which he often read,' she thought. 'Perhaps there was one passage he liked especially — I will see.' She separated her palms so that the book might fall open as it would. After a moment's uncertain flutter it settled down at a point where a page had been doubled over to the words, 'By perfectly concentrated meditation upon . . .'

I must not give the rest, or the name of the book. It is well known to all white magicians, and doubtless to the black ones also, but its wisdom is potent and dangerous, and should be approached only in a certain manner. It is not for everyone to plunge headlong into the heart of the adventure as Erica did. That the door swung open a crack for her was due, no doubt, to the pressure of the moment's need, and also to the fact that she was suitable material on which to build, being young, and having that nature which thinketh no evil and is as devoid of ulterior motives as is a child's or an artist's.

At any rate, when Erica read that by a certain meditation a certain unusual insight might be attained, a flash of desire to try the experiment swept over her. She had no time for it then, but that night, just as she was ready for bed, the desire returned. 'By perfectly concentrated meditation . . .' Erica knew almost nothing about meditation; nevertheless she set herself to the endeavor, and after a long period of persistent concentration she began to sink deeper and deeper, from one layer of consciousness to another. Suddenly there came a startling experience. She felt herself in the midst of a tremendous pressure and rushing excitement. The walls of her being appeared to open slightly, and she seemed to be slipping out of herself into a world that was wide and fluid, far less dense than matter. So terrifyingly wide was it that with a shock of fright she caught herself away from the abyss and scuttled back into her usual consciousness as fast as the leap of her frightened thoughts would carry her.

'Goodness, Uncle Stephen! You must n't do *that!*' she cried. After which she fell upon her knees and wove a protective chain of prayer all about herself. She had suddenly discovered the world to be a much wider place than she had ever supposed, and its walls most terrifyingly thin — so thin that she was half afraid to commit herself to sleep, for fear that under its dark veil she might fall through the confines of space and time and never again be able to get back. She did go to sleep, however, and that almost immediately.

She was awakened next morning just at daybreak by a golden shout of joy, a proclamation of life, a salute, a celestial gayety. So vivid was it that it appeared to be light as well as sound, a flash of radiance jetting up into the air. What was it — what could it be? A herald angel trumpeting the dawn? Surely she had never heard it before, and yet surely she had.

Erica sprang out of bed. Something tremendous was about to happen: this was the prompt-call for which all her life had waited. Again the golden shout came, piercing the sky with ecstasy. She snatched the shade aside and looked.

On the garden fence, flapping his wings to crow, sat their big white rooster. And *this* was the herald angel! Erica stared and stared, her eyes incapable of getting enough of the revelation. What was before her was not a rooster, not flesh and blood and feathers, but a miracle of life, a vehicle for the ecstasy of God. Two tears leaped into her eyes and bubbled down her cheeks.

'I never knew — I never understood before! All my life I've seen roosters, but I never really saw one until now!' she whispered in a broken joy.

She turned back into the room, and the same ecstasy, filling it with unseen life, was there. Even the round print on the pillow where her head had rested was possessed of personality. The dressing table, her books, the chair she sat in, all had this suddenly manifested value, and presented it to her as a poured-out and loving gift. Her glance, traveling slowly around the room, in a stricken wonder came upon the reflection of herself in the mirror, and here was the crowning miracle of all, the sharp focus of life. She saw the spring of her neck, the delicate rounds of her breasts beneath her gown, the shower of her dark hair, and again tears leaped into her eyes. 'Am *I* that!' she whispered. 'O God, I did n't know, I never understood before.' For a moment she was overwhelmed by a conviction of sin, by the thought that she should ever have desecrated the shining wonder that was herself with anything short of perfection. But even contrition could not last. It vanished in a moment, like a vapor clearing from a mirror, and only left the ecstasy of life more poignant.

And this was what the 'perfectly concentrated meditation' had brought! She had shifted her perceptions just a hair's breadth, and the amazing value of life was revealed to her astonished eyes.

She could not linger between walls when a new creation was all without. Besides, there was something she must do. What it was she did not know, but someone else knew. With the swiftness of guidance she dressed, and, going downstairs, pushed open the front door and came out into a magic world. It was early morning of a summer's day. East Valley lay before her with the mists slowly dissolving from the mountains. She stood upon the threshold, and knew that she had been born again; this was a resurrection from the grave of her old blind perceptions. Wherever her eyes looked was a miracle; wherever her ears listened was ecstasy. The unfolded wonder before her and within herself was beyond laughter and beyond tears. There was no emotion of hers great enough to express it — only the words, 'Lord, here am I,' spoken in a complete surrender of self.

As she stood thus, she heard suddenly over her head in Bob's room the sound of broken, sobbing words, and her mother's tired gray voice trying to comfort. She was out in a golden world while her mother and brother, almost in touch of her, were in hell. Oh, she *must* bring release for them out of all her joy! But first there appeared to be something else she must do.

As she waited, not knowing for what, another sound saluted her ears. Like all the sounds that morning, it was imperious with hidden meaning. It was the whetting of a scythe. Hiram Withers was preparing to harvest the

wheat in the Round Field. For some unknown reason she knew at once that this was the signal for which she waited, and on the instant she went down the steps, down the garden path, and out into the road. 'The play begins!' she whispered with a little shiver of expectancy.

The daisies, the grass, and the wild carrots saluted her as she passed with this intensely poignant life. Even the dust trailing away from her feet was filled with wonder. Once she paused and looked back, and the faintly seen tracks of her feet drew her with a thrill of ecstasy. They were only footprints in a dusty road, but they were infinitely more. Seen as she saw all things now, they seemed a pathway of life running across the heart of God.

Hiram Withers was standing with his back to her, still whetting his scythe, when she came up to him. He was a neighbor of the Humes, a small farmer, whose hands were calloused from the plough handles and the axe helve. He had not been in the Valley long and Erica knew little about him, but she remembered with gratitude that it was he who had brought Bob home the last time. She stood behind him for a moment in silence. The early sun poured over him, seeming to draw an effulgence from the man himself. Beyond him swam the yellow wheat field golden for harvest, and the whetting of his scythe was an exclamation in eternity. He turned and smiled at Erica.

'You have come?' he said, surprise as well as greeting in his tone.

Erica knew he meant, not that she had come to the Round Field, but that she had come into this real world, where, apparently, he was at home.

'I have only just come,' she confessed. 'I never dreamed of it before. It is all new, all different, yet all familiar.' She made a wide gesture toward the sky, the mountains, and the dappled farms. 'I've seen them all my life, yet never really seen them before. I heard a rooster crow for the first time this morning,' she said, looking at him with a lovely astonishment on her young face.

He returned the look with a deep and smiling comprehension.

'*You* have been here some time,' she said in awed tones.

He nodded. 'Many years. The turning of a hair brings one — but that hair is hard to turn.'

Suddenly Erica knew — she seemed to catch the knowledge from him — that she was to be in this strange new world for only a short time. 'I came by chance — I shall not be here long,' she said a trifle breathlessly.

'Then you have come for a purpose — they would not let you come by chance otherwise.'

'Yes,' she assented. 'But I do not know what the purpose is. I only see step by step. When I heard your whetstone, at once I knew that was what I was waiting for.'

'Then the purpose is with death, if it was the whetting of a scythe you listened for,' the reaper told her. 'And that to-day will be furninst Black Ridge.' He looked at her young face, and for a moment he seemed doubtful. A thrill of fear shot through Erica. 'It is a dark adventure,' he said. 'However, they know best, and if you win through 't will be a great deliverance for all concerned. He dies to-day, but unless he be turned at the last his evil will still possess the countryside. Speak to the spinner at the foot of the hollow — she knows the thread. Yonder is the way.' With a wide sweep of his arm he pointed up the draft toward the dark line of Black Ridge. Then he turned to Erica and made a strange gesture, a salute of reverence, as though he

held her in deep respect. Again the stab of fear shot through the girl, but now it was tempered with courage born of his salutation.

The reaper turned back to the field, and with a sweep of his scythe took the first great bite out of the wheat, which fell across his blade with an expiring sigh, as though it fell into the arms of the beloved.

Erica went upon her way with the thrilling loveliness of life unfolding its heart to her in a beauty as poignant as pain. As she passed Mill Hill she saw an astonishing thing. At least on any other morning it would have been; to-day it seemed wholly natural. She saw that the old mill was still standing, although it had been burned to the ground three years before. Beside it, too, was a small gray cabin which she had never seen, although she was aware that there was a tradition that a cabin of pioneer days had once stood there. Now here it was, as complete and untouched by time as the mill by fire. She lingered a moment to stare, but her hidden purpose drove her on.

The spinner could only be old Aunt Rose Easter. She was the only one of the mountain women who still spun. She was a withered old woman who tied her head up in a colored handkerchief and smoked a corncob pipe. At least that was the way she had always appeared on all the days before — but what would she be to-day?

As Erica went up the beaten path to the cabin, she saw the old woman standing in the doorway by her great spinning wheel, with a roll of freshly carded bats on a chair near by. She appeared immensely tall — tall, and beautiful, and solemn. So beautiful that again Erica was dazzled by a flash of reverential tears.

'I have come,' the girl said simply, curiously sure that she was expected.

'I knew they were sending someone, but I did not know it would be you, little Erica,' the spinner answered, and she too made the same grave and deep salute that Hiram Withers had accorded Erica.

'I have come with a purpose, but what it is I do not know. I see only step by step,' Erica said, as she had said to Hiram Withers.

The other nodded. 'Yes, that would be the only way they could use you.'

'The reaper sent me to you. He said the purpose was with death, and that you knew the thread.'

'The thread is the light.' As the old woman made this statement she looked keenly at Erica, but the words conveyed nothing to the girl. 'The plague spot of the Valley, and of all the country round about, passes to-day. He has made a dark centre of iniquity through which the forces of evil that wait upon the outer wall of life could enter. To-day he goes. Bull Snyder is dying.'

'*Bull Snyder!*' Erica's heart leaped into her throat, and now she knew the reason for that thrill of terror which had assailed her. Yet why should she be afraid? How could Bull Snyder's evil touch her? It was whispered that he lived an unspeakably wicked life back there at the foot of Black Ridge with his feeble-minded daughter, and that his dark cabin was the scene of orgies of drunkenness and debauch. Men said — they said many things about him; but when people spoke Bull Snyder's name they lowered their voices and glanced behind them anxiously. People who spoke too openly about him were apt to lose their buildings by lightning, and to have their cattle die of unusual diseases. But nothing was ever proved against him. To suppose that he could direct the lightning was to suppose things that no one credited nowadays. Nevertheless men feared him on the

surface, and feared him also for something just below the surface, which they dimly suspected but could not know.

'He has wrought great mischief,' the spinner said. 'Most of it has been in our world; but, use what precaution we might, some of it broke through to your surface world as well. To-day he passes. They will try to turn him at the last, but that will be only if you can hold the light.'

'Hold the light!' Erica cried, and knew at once that these were the key words for which she waited. But what did they mean? Was the doctor going to give Bull Snyder some treatment and did he want her to hold the light for him?

The other shook her head as though answering the girl's unspoken question. 'The light is the thread,' she said, as she had said before. 'You are a clear taper, else they would not have had you come.' She threw a look over the girl that was beautiful and tender, and appeared to wrap her about with courage as with a garment. Her eyes seemed to say, 'God be with you.' 'And the reaper and the spinner will be with you as well,' she added out loud. 'We hold the thread also.' Stooping, she took up one of the freshly carded bats of wool, attached it to the thread already upon the wheel, and began to draw it out in a long strand.

With the deep humming of the old woman's wheel following after her, Erica turned her face up the hollow at the head of which Bull Snyder was dying. As she went the shadow of the mountains crept upon her, and terror came with it. She tried to reason it away. For some purpose which she did not understand she was being sent to see a man who had lived an unspeakably wicked life and who now was dying; but even so, how could his evil touch her? It was not reasonable to suppose that it could, but to-day reason, as she knew it, was not to be counted upon. It was not reasonable for the old mill still to be standing when it had burned to the ground years ago, and yet there it was. What danger she faced she did not know, but some deep instinct told her that she was jeopardized by something beyond the physical plane. It was not her life which she took in her hand, but her very soul.

For a time the hum of the spinning wheel followed her reassuringly, but soon a turn of the hill shut it from her. Erica stood still then, clutching her hands tight against her breast. It seemed to her that she could not go forward. For a moment she hung there, caught in indecision, submerged in a horrifying tide of fear and loneliness. She stared up the dusky hollow beneath the outer semblance of which lurked that dread something. For the first time that day the sense of guidance was gone. It was as though secret hands which directed her were suddenly withdrawn. All decision lay completely with herself. If she turned back or went forward now she did so entirely of her own volition. Behind were sunshine and security, in front a dark path and an unknown terror. For a moment she hesitated; then she went on. She did so simply because for a long time now she had made it her practice to choose the most difficult way, some determined hardihood of her make-up finding a stern satisfaction therein. That was her habit, and she obeyed it now. As she stepped forward the feeling of guidance, as definite as a hand on her shoulder, instantly returned. Nevertheless she knew she was a free agent, pressing forward to whatever awaited her of her own accord.

It was dark going. It had been sunny out in the Valley where Hiram

Withers harvested, but here the mountains stooped breathlessly upon her, and the path was assailed by black shadows. The sun too had lost its brilliance, as though clouds were banking up for a storm. Were they real shadows? Were they real clouds? They seemed to Erica more an emanation of wickedness distilled from Bull Snyder's evil life. There was a drawn expectancy and sense of something more, a vast nebulous and sinister personality, which drew its sustenance from human depravity, and which waited now, just beyond the familiar surface manifestation of trees and grass and wood perfumes, hideously expectant of some impending disaster. In a moment this vague, half-guessed evil began to take on a pulse, as though the unseen presence gathered to a point. At first it was hardly more than a disturbance of thought, something suspected but not defined; then as Erica went steadily on, around turn after turn of the hollow, the pulse became a vibration of the air, and at the next bend it was a sound, piercing, terrible, which in another moment resolved itself into a human voice raised in an anguish of screams and oaths. As these shrieks came through, every aspect of nature — the mountains, the gray stones, the ferns and grasses — appeared to fall into a stricken silence, standing aside, as it were, to give the right of way to this human disaster.

At the sound Erica began to run forward, and now if the guidance which had directed her all day had tried to force her back she would still have pressed on, so poignantly did that agony cry out to her. She made the last turn, she saw the dark log cabin facing her, she heard the voice within screaming; and with a last burst of speed she raced across the intervening space, indifferent to the frantic baying of two mangy hounds, and, springing up the rickety steps, rushed into the main room. Once inside the cabin, however, she fell back, suffocated and horrified. The place was a gray squalor. Swarms of flies buzzed everywhere, born of the reek and filth and stifling odors. On a broken chair lolled a half-grown youth, Bull Snyder's grandson, sodden with drink or sleeplessness. By the bed stood Snyder's feeble-minded daughter, dirty and unkempt, holding a tin can, to which the label of red tomatoes still adhered. On the bed, the centre of all the loathsomeness and horror, lay Bull Snyder himself, screaming and distorted in the rigors of a violent death.

The youth stared up astigmatically at Erica, his chin dropped, and his eyes squinting. 'He 's got 'em ergin,' he said, jerking his head toward the bed. The woman corroborated the statement with a foolish giggle.

Erica took a tremendous grip upon herself and looked toward the bed. The figure that had been cursing and thrashing there was still for an instant, inarticulate also save for dreadful gasps. As her eyes rested upon him, all that was in the girl recoiled in horror.

'It 's not a *man* — not human! It 's — it 's an appetite — a bloodsucker!' she gasped to herself.

The great hulk was flung back among the dirty bedclothes, the eyes bloodshot and staring, the mouth a huge voracious gap, the lips grinning back from teeth that looked like discolored tusks; and all the body from the head went down under the bedclothes in a great bloated swelling, the distorted stomach of the man — a monstrosity, an obsession, a dreadful incubus.

'It 's not human!' Erica cried within herself again, her heart pounding in her throat. 'There 's no soul — it 's just a desire!'

The swollen eyes stared at her a moment, then with a scream the horrors began again — sobs, shrieks, blasphemies, wild ravings, and thrashing of the arms and body in a desperate effort to escape some unseen terror. The woman stooped and offered the can of liquor to the beastlike mouth, but with a sweep of his arm the man dashed it away. The can clanked to the floor, rolling slowly over and over to Erica's feet, its paper label flapping like a grotesque animal, and leaving behind it a spill of corn whiskey.

'Is there nothing to do? Have you sent for the doctor?' Erica cried, turning breathlessly to the youth.

The boy nodded. 'They've done went fer the doc. There ain't nothin' ter do twill he comes. It's ther D. T.'s,' he added succinctly.

Yes, certainly that was what it was on the surface of everyday life, but Erica was no longer entirely in the surface world. She knew that much more was here than an alcoholic in the ultimate throes of his appetite. A renewed ferocious struggle was taking place now in the heaving mass upon the bed. Erica felt also the pressure of an intense excitement in the room. It was outside herself, outside every visible manifestation, even outside the physical aspect of Bull Snyder; but on a plane just beyond the reach of her perceptions tremendous forces were at grips. The body of the man was rigid, the eyes staring and the face glazed with sweat. Silently, terribly, something within him was fighting desperately. All at once she knew what it was. There was still a spark of divinity there, and now it was battling to drag itself free of the monstrous appetite that had engulfed it. That was what the conflict was, that was where all that strange rushing excitement was centred. Would the man's soul, what was left of it, win? His eyes stared at her and she stared back, awaiting, with all the unseen forces present, the outcome of the struggle. With an incredible effort Bull Snyder heaved up to a sitting posture, his fists clenched, and his dreadful gaze still upon the girl's face. Slowly, slowly, the spark of life dragged itself up from the death trap of his desires, up into his face, into his eyes. Suddenly the eyes blazed open, and the mouth screamed at her, 'Pray for me, woman! Lord God Almighty! *Pray for me!*'

For a flicker of time the soul hung there in the man's eyes imploring Erica; then it was caught back into a torrent of oaths and ravings.

Erica fell upon her knees on the dirty floor and prayed as she had never prayed in all her life. The appeal of that screamed despair tore her heart with an agony of pity. She thought of nothing save to throw out the life line of her prayers to that soul in hell.

She prayed and prayed, a confused jumble of petition, baby prayers, church prayers, and snatches of Biblical phrases. She was still aware of that intense pressure of excitement in the room, just beyond the reach of her physical faculties, and knew now that it centred upon herself and the dying alcoholic. But she could not pause over that at present; her one concern now was to pour out her very being in a flood of prayer. Such was her utter, self-effacing compassion for the soul that had screamed to her that all at once, most strangely, the pressure of it appeared to break through the walls of her heart, and floods of golden light broke in upon her. Generated from within, wave after wave of it swept through her, submerging her in its effulgence. One long, passionate beam streamed out of her heart straight across the room and poured itself upon the loathsome mass upon the bed.

At the moment that the golden light broke within herself Erica felt a sigh go through the room. All the rushing excitement fell away; she was bathed in an ineffable, radiant peace, and knew that she was in harbor after a most perilous passage. A voice like a clear bell sounded within her head. 'Hold the light,' it said.

'They want you to hold the light' — that was what the spinner had said, and this was the light. It continued to pour through her in a golden joy, welling out of her heart across the room in shining strands of compassion. What the light was she did not know, but she knew she was the vehicle for some spiritual emanation.

Her eyes were closed, so that she did not know what took place, but she felt great forces in the room. Once the youth cried out, 'Looky! Looky!' in sharp excitement, and the feeble-minded woman gasped, '*God!*' Erica half opened her eyes. Instantly the long shaft of light wavered. The voice in her head commanded again, 'Hold the light.' Erica closed her eyes and plunged back into her deep self, from which her supreme compassion had generated the light. The voice had spoken only three words, but it went through her with a piercing ecstasy, understanding all she was, all she had ever been or ever suffered. For that voice all her life had waited, and in its service she would have knelt there upon the frontiers of good and evil holding the light forever.

How long it lasted she never knew, but at last she was conscious that the beam of light that had streamed from her had withdrawn itself once more into her own heart, because there was no longer anything for it to succor.

'He's *dead!*' the boy cried out, and opening her eyes Erica saw the woman slowly drawing the sheet over the face of Bull Snyder.

'He's dead, Mammy! He's dead! He'll never tech you ner me no more!' the boy screamed, and fell down across a chair weeping with joy.

The woman looked at Erica. 'What — what was it happened?' she gasped.

Erica shook her head. 'I don't know. I could n't look — I was holding the light. Did you see the light?' she demanded.

'No, I did n't see nothin' — but *some'n's* done set me free,' the other said in awestruck tones. Gazing at her, Erica perceived that the idiotic expression had been swept away by one of depth and understanding. She straightened up, threw her head back, and began tidying her unkempt person, as though a new, strong spirit had taken possession of her forlorn body.

Erica gazed about the room. It seemed sanctified, as though some beautiful, consecrated event had taken place there. The flies had vanished, and in place of the sickening odors was a perfume she had never encountered before. She glanced toward the bed, but the sheet was drawn up over the body with a sense of finality, and it was no longer her concern. She knew that she must return now to the spinner, where enlightenment awaited her.

As she came down the hollow, she moved in ecstasy. The sinister oppression which had overhung it had vanished, and every tree and green blade saluted her with a message of wonder. The inner effulgence still poured through her, and she walked, as it were, in a streak of her own sunlight. Once a gray squirrel in her path sat up abruptly on his hind legs, his little bright eyes adoring her, and all his body aquiver with joy.

As she came up to the spinner's door the old woman rose to greet her. 'You held the light!' she cried, her voice deep and exultant.

'Bull Snyder is dead,' Erica announced. 'But I think they turned him at the last.'

The spinner bowed her head. 'He was turned with the light distilled out of your compassion. That was what we hoped for, but could not know. They knew that your habit of life was a brave one, so that you would go forward when it was easier to go back, but even they could not know whether you had the gift of compassion great enough to pierce through to the light.'

Then *that* was it! Erica knew now the reason for that rushing excitement in the cabin. Everything had hung upon her capacity for pity. Awestruck by the revelation, she looked humbly at the other, certain that there was more to come.

'Bull Snyder has been the black evil for all the countryside. He was possessed of many devils, all with ravening appetites. *One* mouth was not enough to satisfy their cravings.' She looked straight at Erica and spoke the next words slowly. 'To serve his devils Bull Snyder has been drinking with the mouths of the young men, and his thirst has been in their throats.'

'He has been drinking with the mouths of the young men!' Erica cried out, the revelation bursting upon her like lightning from a dark cloud. 'His thirst has been in their throats! Then it was he — it was Bull Snyder who has been drinking with Bob's mouth!'

The other bent her head in solemn affirmation. 'He has been the thirst in your Bob's throat, and in the throat of many another young man for miles around. The young ones were his victims. The old and settled in habit could resist the sudden craving. But the young men, in their pride and self-confidence, were an easy prey to his devils. You have wrought a great deliverance for many more than you will ever know. If his divine spark had not been rescued at the last, his evil at his death would have taken fresh grip upon the Valley.'

'Bob is free!' Erica cried in a burst of great joy. 'I did not know — I never dreamed *that* was it!'

'They could not have used you had you known. They could only work with a pure light born out of a disinterested compassion.'

'*They?*' Erica questioned. 'Tell me who they are before I go.' For she knew that the bright world into which she had come for a time was beginning to be replaced by what she had always known.

The other shook her head. 'Do not seek to know further. Your time for that has not yet come. You are returning to your dim surface world. Soon roosters crowing for dawn will be only what they have always been. I shall be just an old woman with a spinning wheel, and the reaper just Hiram Withers harvesting the Round Field. But because your gift of compassion brought the light when it was greatly needed, the light will come again, and' — she stooped and kissed the girl upon her bosom — 'your children shall be born with a clear vision.'

ANGLING IN THE POOL OF OBLIVION

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

Of all forms of sport, angling is the most esoteric. Well does Walton call it the contemplative man's recreation. The angler is not only contemplative himself, but he is the cause of contemplation in other men. To a super-contemplator, sitting on a breezy hill-top, he is the subject of curious speculation. There he is in a superlatively damp place, surrounded by pestering mosquitoes, waiting for an accident that may not happen. Nothing that he can do seems to accelerate the crisis. No tempting variety of bait can ensure success against the procrastination of the slow, unwilling trout. Nor does he know that the trout is there. This may be his day out.

Wherein is the joy of this long trial of predatory patience? Why should a man spend the best part of a spring day dangling an unavailing hook over an unresponsive pool? Where is the sport?

To such a question the cheerful angler, returning with an empty basket, deigns no reply. He has the inner satisfaction that comes from an eventless day well spent. He believes in the values of what the sagacious Bismarck called 'the imponderables.' There are no scales in the fish market that could weigh the trout he was angling for. He does not believe that the pool was untenanted. He has been trying his wits against the Fabian tactics of a shrewd old antagonist. To-morrow he will try again. Hope deferred does not make the heart sick. It affords a healthy satisfaction.

This is the kind of pleasure some of us get in angling in that dark pool of oblivion that is called the Past. Our ordinary experience is with our contemporaries, but sometimes we like to wander off and try our luck in antiquity.

We pore over an ancient book, and for a long time nothing happens. The words arrange themselves according to the pattern of our own day. We discover facts, but they are dead facts. And then something happens. There is a sudden pull as of a living thing struggling in its own element. It is alive and fighting. There is a thrill that rewards us for our hours of watchful waiting. There is a swift motion beneath the surface, which is communicated to us and becomes a part of our present experience. Something that happened long ago is happening again in our consciousness.

There is a sense of immediateness, as if the barriers of time were suddenly removed. We are not looking back at the Past — we are looking around at what is passing. It is all present to us. It is a momentary glimpse of a living reality; we must be quick about it or it is gone. The word 'moment' means movement. The present is that instant of time when everything is presented to us as moving

rapidly before us. The procession is passing our house, and the band begins to play.

This experience is something different from the knowledge of what is called 'History.' It is not so much historic as subhistoric. The contemplative man uses history as an angler would use a motor car to take him swiftly over the state road to a point in the woods where he leaves the highway to plunge joyfully into the wilderness, where he can loiter and enjoy himself in his own way. He is not interested just now in the course of events or the sweep of great causes; he is not curious of the grandiose things which are matters of careful record, but of the forgotten emotions of half-forgotten people. Suddenly someone who had been a mere name becomes a real person and is caught in the act of doing something interesting.

> Oh! the battle of the Nile —
> I was there all the while.

That is the way we like to feel. We have the sense of being a part of the performance.

I do not agree with the dictum of Mr. Henry Ford that 'history is bunk.' But the historian will be the first to admit that history as set down in a book is not what many people think it is. It is not a record of all the important things that happened during a particular period. It is an arrangement of selected facts, and the historian is responsible for the selection.

He may do his best to rid his mind of prejudice. But he has an ineradicable prejudice in favor of intelligibility. He tries to set down the facts in such a way that their relations may be readily understood. They are marshaled in an orderly fashion. Unfortunately that is not the way they happened. So for the sake of an intelligible narrative he must eliminate those happenings that were irrelevant, confusing, and incoherent.

His history must be the history of something and not of everything. In spite of himself he must select his facts. He is the potter with power over his clay. Some facts and persons he chooses for vessels of honor and some for vessels of dishonor. The clay cannot say to the potter, 'Why hast thou made me thus?' A history book is a manufactured article. It is assembled and put together by competent workmen, like a Ford car. It is made to go, and if it won't go it is scrapped.

The historian deals with great masses and long periods of time, and he is apt to ignore the fortunes of the little people. The individual is but an atom. Still, the atom exists as well as a planet, and an atom can get along without a planet easier than a planet can get along without its atoms. The saucy little atom, with its galaxy of electrons revolving within it, is imperturbable. Its atomic weight is what it is, and its attractions and repulsions are all its own. It will join huge and temporary aggregations of matter, but always on its own terms, and with reservations. Secure in its littleness it says to the big Universe, 'I stand for the self-determination of atoms. Thus far thou shalt go and no farther. No more pushing, no more crowding. I require but little space, but that space is my own and I propose to fill it.'

The idiosyncrasies of atoms are not to be despised. The historian describes epoch-making events and is apt to take for granted that the people who were participants or eyewitnesses were as much impressed by them as he was. But how could they, poor fellows, be expected to know which events were

to have historical importance and which not? There are any number of events which promise to be epoch-making that turn out to be false alarms. Whose fault is it? The event, in bridal array, starts at the church door, waiting to be joined to the new epoch. The fickle epoch delays his coming, and finally weds another event.

II

'It is one of the bad effects of living in one's own time,' wrote Horace Walpole in 1759, 'that one never knows the truth about it till one is dead.' Future generations, he said, would take it for granted that everybody at that time was absorbed in the fortunes of Frederick the Great and the world-wide war. But they were n't.

'A war that reaches from Muscovy to Alsace and from Madras to California don't produce an article half as long as Mr. Johnson's riding three horses at once. Europe is a dull, insignificant subject to one who knows little and cares less about Europe. Even the King of Prussia, except on post days, does n't occupy a quarter of an inch in my memory. He must kill a hundred thousand men once a fortnight to put me in mind of him. Heroes who do so much in a book, and seem so active to posterity, lie fallow a long time to their contemporaries. And how it would humble a great prince who expects to occupy the whole stage to hear an idle man in his easy-chair cry, "Well, why don't the King of Prussia do something?"'

Even amid events of the most tremendous importance the trivial has a way of taking the centre of the stage and holding it for its brief moment.

In the supreme crisis of the World War, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Lloyd George hurried across the Channel to consult with the French Government. What were their thoughts as they returned? One of them repeats their conversation. Sir Edward Grey: 'I could not help thinking of mines all the way over.' Mr. Lloyd George (wearily): 'Oh, I was feeling too bad to think of mines.' Mr. Balfour (with convincing emphasis): 'I longed for a mine.' This is not the pattern that the historian chooses, but it is the stuff that human life is made of. In the stream of consciousness all manner of things float by. Most of the little things are forgotten, but when they are accidentally called to memory they enable us to reproduce a scene, and give it reality. They give just the touch of incoherence that makes it akin to our daily experience. We feel that we have an instantaneous view, a picture that has not been retouched.

The Apostolic times seem far away, and Saint Paul is an heroic figure moving rapidly through the ancient Roman Empire. I see him through the mists of time. But I ask myself how I should have reacted to his presence. Were I among those who listened to him, should I be astonished at his doctrine? Should I reject it or enthusiastically accept it? What I do not consider is that my reactions would largely depend upon circumstances.

I take up the book of the Acts of the Apostles. 'We sailed away from Philippi . . . and came unto them to Troas in five days; where we tarried seven days. And upon the first day of the week, when we were gathered together to break bread, Paul discoursed with them . . . and prolonged his speech until midnight. And there were many lights in the upper chamber, where we were gathered together.'

Now I can feel that I am a part of the company. We all came to hear Paul. But the plain fact is that he

has been preaching too long. It is midnight and the room is crowded, and there are too many lights.

Then when he goes on, unconscious of the passage of time, our attention is distracted. 'And there sat in the window a certain young man named Eutychus, borne down with deep sleep; and as Paul discoursed yet longer, being borne down by his sleep he fell down from the third story.'

We who are there have our minds distracted. When we look up and see the young man, in his precarious situation, beginning to nod, our attention turns away from the Apostle. All our sympathies are with Eutychus. The secondary figure takes the first place in our consciousness. The chances are that when afterward our friends begin to discuss their favorite preachers, and one says, 'I am of Paul,' and another, 'I am of Apollos,' we take the part of the brilliant Greek orator.[1] This is only because we heard Apollos under more favorable circumcumstances.

These discrepancies of judgment are the very essence of contemporaneousness. We appeal to Posterity to reduce everything to certainty. But Posterity is somewhat absent-minded, and is likely to confuse its own troubles with those of the generation it is judging. It is enlightening to see things while they are happening. Always there is a mixed multitude watching the mixed happenings with mixed emotions or with no emotions at all. There are those who take sides fiercely and those who take sides mildly and those who look on with bovine incuriosity. They are never all excited at the same time or over the same thing.

In the last great battle of Armageddon there will doubtless be noncombatants strolling over the field asking languidly, 'What is all this about?'

[1] Racially an Alexandrine Jew. — The Editors

It was so in the first battle of Armageddon, described so vividly by Deborah, the prophetess: 'The kings came and fought; then fought the kings of Canaan in Taanach by the waters of Megiddo.'

There was no lack of martial ardor. 'Zebulun and Naphtali were a people that jeoparded their lives unto the death in the high places of the field. . . . The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.' There was much shouting of the captains, and 'then were the horsehoofs broken by the means of the prancings, the prancings of their mighty ones.'

But the enthusiasm was not universal. The tribe of Reuben looked on with indifference, being chiefly interested in the wool industry. Reuben, 'why abodest thou among the sheepfolds, to hear the bleatings of the flocks?'

Why indeed? I should like to interview an honest Reubenite, and discover why he preferred to hear the bleatings of his flocks rather than the noise of the battle.

'Gilead abode beyond Jordan: and why did Dan remain in ships? Asher continued on the sea shore.' And these were the people of Meroz, who, in spite of the bitterest invectives hurled at them, insisted on preserving a benevolent neutrality.

It would appear that at the battle of Megiddo, in that far-off time, there were all sorts of people, and they reacted to the questions of the hour in all sorts of ways. There were pacifists, militarists, profiteers, pro-Canaanites, agriculturists, and imperturbable seafaring folk, while above all was heard the shrill voice of an emancipated woman.

'Awake, awake, Deborah: awake, awake.' She was awake, and she succeeded in awaking some, but not all. There was a great difference of

opinion. To some the battle was the most important in all history; to others it was a regrettable interruption to trade.

III

When we are traveling rapidly through a foreign country we see crowds and classes, and when by chance we are introduced to individuals we treat them as types. We unconsciously multiply them and draw conclusions as to the group to which they belong. Only when we have been long enough in one spot to feel at home do we see particular persons clearly differentiated.

Wordsworth complained that Scott in one of his novels misquoted his lines on Yarrow. 'He makes me write:—

> 'The swans on sweet St. Mary's Lake
> Float double, swans and shadow.'

Wordsworth had written 'still St. Mary's lake' and wished to emphasize its stillness. 'Never could I have written "swans" in the plural. There was one swan and only one, and that is the reason I recorded the Swan and the Shadow. Had there been many swans I would have said nothing about them.'

This is something to be remembered by those who are dealing with the literature of a former age. When we discover a lifelike individual it is better to see him as he is without jumping at the conclusion that there were vast multitudes just like him. Perhaps he was an exception. Why not enjoy him as he is? There are times when one swan vividly seen makes a deeper impression on the imagination than a dozen swans accurately counted. And the same thing may be said of geese.

In Ben Jonson's *Volpone, or the Fox*, we come across Lady Would-Be, who with her husband, Sir Politick Would-Be, is on her Italian journey. She is a very advanced lady, with a great contempt for all conventions and taboos. She is anxious that everyone shall know how sophisticated she is. She has arrived in the advance guard of the intellectuals.

> I have a little studied physic; but now
> I'm all for music, save in the forenoons
> An hour or two for painting. I would have
> A lady, indeed, to have all letters and arts,
> Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
> But principal, as Plato holds, your music,
> And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it,
> Is your true rapture.

As for poetry, she dotes on it. All the poets are at her tongue's end.

> Petrarch or Tasso or Dante?
> Guarini? Ariosto? Aretine?
> Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.

But chiefly she admires the poet who 'has so modern and facile a vein, fitting the time. . . . Dante is hard, and few can understand him. But for a desperate wit there's Aretine. Only his pictures are a little obscene.'

Lady Would-Be plunges at once from the latest poetry into the latest philosophical speculation, choosing by preference to dwell on those things which 'overwhelm the judgment, cloud the understanding,' and finally 'assassinate our knowledge.'

Poor old Volpone cries, 'Some power, some fate, some fortune, rescue me.' Now if one were writing an historical thesis Lady Would-Be might be taken as a type of early seventeenth-century culture. It would be safer to say she was a character that amused Ben Jonson. If Ben Jonson were alive to-day he might find the same kind of amusement, if he knew where to look for it.

IV

I take up a history of the Protestant Reformation. I get a general idea of

the course of events. I read of the dissolution of the monasteries, the new learning, and all that. But how did people feel when all these changes were going on?

Then I take up Stow's *Survey of London* in the time of Queen Elizabeth. I am taking a walk with an amiable and intelligent gentleman whose only intent is to show me the interesting sights before it is too late. For London is in a state of transition.

Once London was full of springs and brooks. 'There were wells, sweet and wholesome, frequented by scholars and youths of the city on summer evenings when they walked forth to take the air.' There was Clerkenwell, 'where the parish clerks used to assemble and play some large history out of Holy Scripture.' That has all passed away — more's the pity! The parish clerks no longer assemble to play some large Scriptural drama. The new theatre is changing all that.

'Once the wall of the city was all about furnished with towers and bulwarks in due distance one from the other.' But all this picturesqueness is being rapidly destroyed by the march of improvement.

I begin to feel differently about Elizabethan London. I feel its ruthless modernism and realism in contrast with the picturesque past. That is the way the Elizabethans felt.

Stow begins to talk about education as any gentleman of mature years would speak. In these days there are a great many educational fads, and the schools are being revolutionized, but for all their pretentiousness it is a question whether they make better scholars than they did when he was a boy. As for the disputing of the scholars according to the rules of logic, that has been discontinued. 'I myself in my youth have yearly seen, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, the scholars of divers grammar schools repair unto the Church in Smithfield, where upon a bank boarded about, under a tree, some one scholar both stepped up and there opposed and answered till he were by some better scholar overcome and put down, and then the newcomer, taking his place, did like as the first, and in the end the best opposers and answerers had rewards, which I observed not but that it made good schoolmasters and good scholars.'

Now I get a glimpse of the way in which people actually felt when the new learning was crowding out the mediæval scholasticism. It was not a matter that interested only the great scholastics we read about. It was a matter which affected every school and the proud parents whose sons got prizes in those exciting contests which were conducted like our old-fashioned spelling bees. If I had in my youth stood up under a tree on St. Bartholomew's eve and astonished the whole village by my precocity, and had been the last on that glorious day to be argued down, I would not listen to the radicals who were trying to introduce a newfangled intelligence test. Wait till these educators produce scholars of the old type — which they never did.

We take a walk through a large street recently replenished with comely buildings and go out to the Whitechapel region. Stow calls attention to the fact that Whitechapel is not what it used to be. It is becoming sophisticated. We pass the new church of St. Botolph. 'The parishioners being of late years mightily increased, the church is pestered to find seats for them.'

To get into the country, let us take Hog Lane. 'This Hog Lane, within these forty years, had on both sides fair hedgerows of elm trees, with

bridges and easy stiles to pass over into pleasant fields very commodious for citizens to walk in, and shoot, and refresh their spirits in the sweet and wholesome air, but now is turned into a continual building of garden houses and small cottages, bowling alleys, and suchlike, as far as Whitechapel.'

In this region that is now being built up Stow can remember rural delights that are no more. 'There was a farm at which I myself in my youth fetched many a halfpenny worth of milk and never less than three ale pints for a halfpenny in the summer, nor less than one ale quart for a halfpenny in winter, always hot from the kine, as the same was milked and strained. One Trollop and afterwards Goodman were the farmers there, and had thirty or forty kine to the pail.'

Now Trollop and Goodman are not historical characters, but they are very real persons to me, which is more than can be said of many who had greater names. I can see their burly figures at milking time. I sympathize with Stow in thinking that it was a pity that when the elder Goodman died his son did not follow in his ways and keep the thirty cows and sell milk to thirsty pedestrians at three pints for a halfpenny. Instead of which young Goodman, when he came into possession, yielded to the prevailing fever for real-estate speculation. He subdivided his farm into city lots and thereafter, says Stow, instead of being an honest yeoman, moved into the city and lived like a prince.

That sort of thing I see to be happening all the time. And the worst of it is that nobody knows how to stop it.

When I walk about with Stow and see all the fine old abbeys dismantled, and think of the way the fair old elm trees in Whitechapel have been cut down, and think how much better a man old Goodman was than his popinjay of a son, I begin to feel reactionary. Three or four hundred years from now there may be historians who will take it all coolly, but they won't know what we know.

Stow takes me by the Priory of the Holy Trinity, which was scrapped. It was Sir Thomas Audley who did it. He sold the bells for what they would fetch, which was n't much. Then he offered the priory church and steeple to whoever would take it down, but no man would take the offer! Stow remembers when this sort of thing was going on all over London. 'At that time any man in the city could have a cartload of hard stone brought to his doors for sixpence or sevenpence with the carriage.'

We come in our walk to the old church of St. Andrew Undershaft, on Cornhill. Stow explains the name. There was an immense timber shaft or pole which every May Day was set up in front of the church, and when it was thus placed it was higher than the church steeple. Chaucer had written of the great shaft in Cornhill, testifying of the ancient union of mirth and religion. It had not been raised since 1517, but it rested on six hooks till the third year of King Edward VI, 'when Sir Stephen, curate of St. Katharine's, preaching at Paul's Cross, said this shaft was an idol.' Sir Stephen cried out against the name of the church. That was the kind of man he was. 'He would have fish days any day but Friday, and Lent at any time except between Shrovetide and Easter. . . .

'I have ofttimes seen this man, forsaking his pulpit in the said church, preach under a high elm tree in the midst of the churchyard, and entering the church, forsaking the altar, sing Mass in English on the tomb of the

dead toward the north. I heard his sermon on Paul's Cross, and I saw the effect that followed; for in the afternoon of that present Sunday the neighbors and tenants over whose doors the said shaft had lain, after they had dined to make themselves strong, raising the shaft from the hooks on which it had rested two and twenty years, they sawed it in pieces, every man taking his share. Thus was that idol, as they termed it, mangled and afterwards burned.'

When I watch the proceedings and remember how Chaucer had chuckled over the thought that the May pole was higher than the church steeple, I have a dislike for thin-lipped, sour-faced Sir Stephen. Why could n't he leave our May pole alone? Why was n't St. Andrew Undershaft a good enough name for our church? Our fathers saw no harm in it. And then to think that those hypocrites sawed the May pole up and carried it to their own homes! If they had made a jolly bonfire in the street and danced around it we could have forgiven them. But the pious rogues carried their sticks to their own fireplaces, where they could show their hatred of idolatry and save their fuel bills at the same time.

V

When I read of the religious persecutions of those days I find it hard to realize what they were like to the people who engaged in them. I think of one side as habitual martyrs and the other side as habitual persecutors. I do not take into account the fact that these parts were changed with the utmost alacrity.

But one day I drop in at the trial of Bishop Hugh Latimer in the reign of Queen Mary. It is all so different from what I had expected. It is n't a criminal trial. It is a spiritual tournament, a grammatical exercise, and a revival of religion, all in one.

I see the old Bishop 'holding his hat in his hand, having a kerchief on his head, and upon it a nightcap or two, and a great cap with two broad flaps to button under the chin, wearing an old threadbare Bristol frieze gown, girded to his body with a penny leather girdle, from which hanged by a long string of leather his Testament and his spectacles, which were without a case.'

He has just come from his prison and is weak physically, but he has the fighting spirit. He is a knight, lance in hand, ready for all comers. There is a sharp clash of texts.

Weston. 'Where do you find that a woman should receive the sacrament?'

Latimer. 'Will you give me leave to turn to my book? I find it in the eleventh chapter to the Corinthians. I trow these be the words. *Probet autem seipsum homo.* I pray you, good master, what gender is *homo?*'

Immediately the assembly is in an uproar. Weston, Cole, Harpsfield, and Feckenham begin to shout their answers. Latin grammar was a live subject in those days, and angry passions were aroused. Weston cries, 'Marry, it is common gender.' Feckenham asserts, 'It is *probet seipsum*, indeed, and therefore it importeth the masculine gender.'

In the first round Latimer has the best of it. Weston finds a new passage of Scripture and begins the battle anew.

'"I will be at host with you anon"! When Christ was at his supper none were with him but the Apostles. Ergo — he meant no woman.'

Latimer. 'In the twelve Apostles was represented the whole Church; in which you will grant both men and women to be. Well, remember that

you cannot find that a woman may receive by Scripture.'

I can hear a deep voice crying, 'Master opponent, fall to it!' In those days pugnacity and piety were not strangers. Latimer is plucky, but he is an old man, and when he is pushed too far he admits his weakened powers.

LATIMER. 'Disputation requireth a good memory. My memory is clean gone and marvelously weakened, and none the better, I wis, for the prison.'

WESTON. 'How long have you been in prison?'

LATIMER. 'These three quarters of this year.'

WESTON. 'I was in prison six years.'

Our preconceived ideas of persecutor and martyr do not cover this situation. Weston is as proud of his six years in prison for conscience' sake as a soldier would be of the battles he had fought. These men understood each other. They were of the same bulldog breed. Our doctrine of toleration would have seemed to them to be very flabby.

When he comes again before the commissioners, Latimer asks, 'Will your lordship give me leave to speak a word or two?'

BISHOP OF LINCOLN. 'Yes, Master Latimer, so that you use a modest kind of talk without railing or taunts.'

Latimer expounds his faith and ends with 'Now I trust, my lord, that I do not rail yet.'

BISHOP OF LINCOLN. 'No, Master Latimer, your talk is more like taunts than railing. What was that book you blame so much?'

LATIMER. 'It is by one which is Bishop of Gloucester, whom I never knew, neither did I at any time see him, to my knowledge.'

'With that the people laughed, because the Bishop of Gloucester sat there in commission.'

Then the Bishop of Gloucester stood up and said it was his book.

LATIMER. 'Was it yours, my lord? Indeed I knew not your lordship, neither did I ever see you before, neither yet see you now through the brightness of the sun shining betwixt you and me.'

'Then they all laughed again.' The Bishop of Lincoln commanded silence.

Then they all laughed again! This was not the Spanish Inquisition. The laughter was the laughter of sixteenth-century Englishmen who were accustomed to give and receive hard blows. When they had laughed for a moment they would take up the cudgels again. To-morrow would be a time for grim tragedy; to-day they would fight the good fight.

VI

In the preceding reign, a Protestant statesman was asked to fulfill engagements made by King Henry VIII. He answered bluntly: 'That was made by the King of England who now dead is to the King of France who now dead is. Then was then, and now is now.'

That is the practical man's dictum. Then was then and now is now, 'and never the twain shall meet.' What happened then is nothing to us. What happens now will be nothing to those who come after us. But the contemplative man is not satisfied with this bleak view of Time. Now is now; but he is interested in thinking about how our now will appear to our successors. What is there that will be found to have permanent interest? How will our fashions appear when they have become old-fashioned? Which of our institutions have survival value? He is accustomed to project his thoughts into the future and to think of now as if it were then.

In like manner he takes delight in

sudden glimpses into the life of other days. He does not conceive of that life as altogether outside his personal experience. There is for him a dramatic revival of old comedies and tragedies. They have been enacted before, but it is his privilege to see them presented again on the stage of his imagination. Perhaps some of the actors will be more kindly received and more fully appreciated than on their first appearance.

To help us to reset the stage, to recall the actors, to turn on the lights, and to enjoy the play — this is the aim of a liberal education.

But after all, every man must be his own stage manager.

RAVISHER OF TOMBS

BY WILLIAM PRESTON BEAZELL

If I kept a check list of birds — I make no such record of my other friends, why should I of these? — the sapsucker would rank high on it. He visits us constantly. He is no dandy, for all his effective coloring; he is n't particularly friendly, but we like him.

It is rather the habit just now to cast aspersion upon the sapsucker. The ancient accusation stands, of course, that as he drives his precise rings around bole and branch and takes his fill of the tree's blood he is an active — if not, indeed, an immediate — menace to its life. Some are saying in addition that it is not food alone he seeks in his methodical rounds, but drink, and strong drink at that; so strong sometimes that he staggers in his flight to find a place where he may sleep off its effects.

But these indictments leave me cold. The sapsucker has killed no tree of mine, and never yet has he made one the scene of a debauch. I rather wish he might; the morality of most birds falls little, if at all, short of monotony. I must confess, however, that he is a ravisher of tombs. I have seen him at it.

Spring was just around the corner. There was neither sound nor shadow to declare her presence, but one needed no sensible proof; one just knew she was there and that the most engaging, most exasperating days of the year were at hand — the days of waiting for her to come out from her retreat.

It was not quite time for me to start for the office and I was taking a final dander among the shrubs and trees in search of some swelling bud whose discovery might ease the irk I knew would await me at the office. I like my job, but not on the first days of spring! My thoughts were filled with the things I would do, once frost and rain would let me — where the zinnias should go, and where the calendulas; whether the poppies should have their old place around the turf oval; how the phlox might be given more morning sunlight. Vagrantly my thoughts ran on to others of my small husbandries and, as I came into view of the biggest of the birches,

settled on the cocoon that must be removed from it before it was burst by its sleeper.

The cocoon had, of course, been there through the winter, but it had gone untouched in tribute to its beauty and mystery. Three leaves at the tip of a lower branch had been drawn into its making, with a silvery coating as lovely and as lively in the shifting light of the gray days as frost on the nodding dead grass of a fence corner. The angriest winds of the northwest had torn in vain at the casing, rain and snow and sleet alike had beaten upon it, but still it held its place, not so much in defiance as in an indifference that had even more of contempt. Save for these three leaves the tree had been whipped bare to its twigs, and in their triumph there had been but one concession — they had been chosen from the lee of the prevailing winds.

The mystery of the processes by which these domiciles are fashioned is as profound as the results are beautiful. Man's best achievement is a ludicrous futility beside them. Miles, perhaps, of gossamer threads had been used in binding these leaves together, and into each had been spun some element that made it — and the whole of which it became a part — impervious to wind and rain, impervious to cold, impervious to every ordinary attack. No one has ever determined the formula through which it is accomplished; perhaps no one ever will. It would be good for the arrogant soul of man to contemplate more often the might of these feeble folk.

I came, then, to the walk's nearest approach to the tree of the cocoon. I looked perfunctorily at it, then looked again. It had suddenly more than doubled in size!

I goggled for a moment, then pulled myself together for a narrower look. I saw what I saw; there was no question about it. But in another instant I realized that I had merely been looking, not seeing at all. The cocoon was unchanged in size, as in place. The 'growth' was a sapsucker, clinging, back down, to the under side of the cocoon.

I *did* goggle then. The illusion had been extraordinary, but reasonable enough. Cocoon and sapsucker had blended into an almost exact identity of color as the branch sagged under the new weight and by that very sagging hid the sapsucker's distinctive marks. But to see a sapsucker feeding elsewhere than on the body of the tree — to see one feeding on larvæ, or at least such a larva as this!

For this sapsucker *was* feeding. Cautiously I shifted my position until I could see unmistakably what was happening. (It was a happy chance that I did, for so I was able to affirm that it was a sapsucker and not a downy woodpecker, as the cognoscenti would have had me concede.) This sapsucker was feeding, I say, and Lucullus himself never yielded more utterly to the enjoyment of a repast.

His busy bill was deep in the cocoon. I could fairly see his sides contract and expand as he drew forth the luscious store. At intervals he withdrew his bill and, as I thought, drilled with his lightning tongue another tap hole. Later I found I was wrong, in so far as I thought he drilled anew through the outer shell. I have never seen a creature work with such rapidity, such efficiency, and withal with such delight. He swelled as wisibly before my wery eyes as did the tea drinkers to whose exploits Tony Weller paid his amazed homage.

It is part of my curse that so many of my adventures come just at train time. This was but another instance, and before the feast was over I had to be on my way. I do not know how

long it lasted, but I could not have missed much of it — the job was being done too expeditiously. But how I did want to stay!

The birch tree was my first objective the following morning. There was more of sunshine, and a freshening breeze was setting prophetically into the south. In the breeze the cocoon lifted and fell as though to hasten me to my inquest. In the sunshine its silvery sheen lighted in new beauty. I drew the branch down. On its upper surfaces the cocoon was quite as it had been all winter long. I turned it over, and saw in almost the mathematical centre of the under side a tiny hole. Around it was the 'darkening stain' that goes with all good murders.

No other trace of the ravage was to be seen, not even the marks of claws where the sapsucker had clung. I had expected to find these; it must have required a firm grasp to hold him. A glass might have revealed the scars, but my curiosity does not run to such niceties of inquiry. If they remained hid to the unaided eye it merely added a new and fascinating detail to the exploit. What I should have preferred greatly to find was some clue to the reason why the sapsucker had chosen the under side of the cocoon for his point of breaking. To my notion he could not possibly have contrived a more awkward position. If it had been the deed of a nuthatch I should have expected it, for the nuthatch loves topsy-turvy ways of going about his affairs. All other sapsucker activities I had ever observed had been carried on with due regard for traditional posture. There was, however, no clue to this problem, and I did not long vex myself with it — I was too eager to learn what was left inside the cocoon.

To determine this I sought the services of a specialist. By occupation he was a commercial artist, his drawing board beside a window looking out over the towers of Brooklyn Bridge. But, like thousands of whom it is rarely suspected, his abiding interest was in things far, far removed from his six-days-a-week surroundings. He really lived for his seventh day, when he could flee the brick and plaster of the city for parks and meadows where butterflies and moths fill out their hurried, harried spans.

I laid the cocoon on his drawing board.

'Oh, yes,' he said, with the indifference the most gracious of experts must feel for the amateur's discoveries. He would have gone on, I suppose, to tell me just how common this sort of thing was, but I forestalled him with the story.

'A sapsucker?' he repeated, and incredulity took the place of indifference.

'A sapsucker,' I assured him, and he looked, first at me, and then at the cocoon, as though an Einstein had taken his place among naturalists.

I nodded assent to his unspoken question, and from a waistcoat pocket he drew a little leather case, and from it a pair of scissors — the sidearms of his avocation. They were so exactly at hand, even in the desert space of that workroom, I wondered for a moment if they found a place, too, in his pajamas. But, after all, my trove and I were justification for such preparedness; some day I shall go back and find how many other occasions he has found for his scissors at unexpected times and places.

The scissors flashed once, and the cocoon's outer shell was opened. Inside lay a still more perfect case — perfect in its fit, perfect in its proportions, perfect in its workmanship, perfect, too, in coloring, for it would have blended as

protectively against the twigs of the birch and against the dull winter skies showing among them as did the outer shell.

The scissors flashed again and slit the inner case. The artist laid his scissors down and placed deft thumbs on either side of the incision.

'And here,' he said, 'is Prince Tut himself.'

He pressed the case open and out fell the emptied shell of a grub that had been almost ready to burst his prison.

The Prince Tut simile was precise. As long as the phalanx of one's thumb, not quite as thick through, the shell was the very brown of the age-old cerements of a Pharaoh. But more than that, the shell showed in perfect balance of line the members that had been taking form within — here were the head and its horns, here the snugly folded legs, here the wings, here the slim body. No veritable scarab, no idealized one, could compare with this. There was sheer beauty in every aspect — even the sophistication of the specialist wavered before it.

The sapsucker's first thrust had been through the breast; the indication of that was plain. But this thrust was only one of six. *That* was why he had seemed to withdraw his bill and drill anew. What he had done, though, was merely to draw back far enough to roll the body over a little way and strike again. The six holes made a complete cincture; no one of them varied a hair's breadth from the line of the others. The workmen in the Valley of the Kings could not have been more systematic.

For a long, silent moment we viewed the evidences of the tragedy. My fancy leaped on to the time when this tomb would have been rent in its natural, orderly way, when a gay, lovely creature would have danced in the sun, when another miracle of life and procreation and death would have been wrought. My fancy leaped on to these, and then came back to the violence before me, a violence that was, after all, as natural and — who knows? — perhaps as orderly.

'By the way,' broke in the voice of the specialist, 'this is the cocoon of the American silkworm.'

He paused and returned to his former incredulity.

'Are you sure it was n't a downy woodpecker?'

I was — and I am.

PARTING, WITHOUT A SEQUEL

BY JOHN CROWE RANSOM

She has finished and sealed the letter
At last, which he so richly has deserved,
With characters venomous and hatefully curved,
And nothing could be better.

But even as she gave it,
Saying to the blue-capped functioner of doom,
'Into his hands,' she hoped the leering groom
Might somewhere lose and leave it.

Then all the blood
Forsook the face; she was too white for tears,
Beholding the ruin of her younger years;
She went and stood

Under her father's vaunting oak
Who kept his peace in wind and sun, and glistened
Stoical in the rain; to whom she listened
If he spoke.

And now the agitation of the rain
Rasped his sere leaves, and he talked low and gentle,
Reproaching the wan daughter by the lintel;
Ceasing, and beginning again.

Away went the messenger's bicycle,
His serpent's track went up the hill forever,
And all the time she stood there hot as fever
And cold as any icicle.

GET AT THE FACTS

BY WILLIAM E. DEVER

I

THE writer was elected mayor of the city of Chicago in the spring of 1923. During the three and one half years that have elapsed since his induction into office he has acquired an experience in efforts to enforce the national prohibition law which has led him to the conclusion that in the interest of domestic peace, and even public safety, definite and reliable information should be obtained, if possible, as to the effect upon the national welfare of the passage of this law — whether that effect be good or evil, or both.

In the year 1920 Congress passed the Volstead Act, intended to give vitality to the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, which prohibits traffic in intoxicating liquor.

At the time the Volstead Act was passed twenty-four states of the Union had prohibition laws in full force and effect, so that the Federal Constitution and the Volstead Act, in the main, created new social inhibitions in the north central and northeastern sections of the country. Six years have elapsed since the passage of the Volstead Act, and the national policy prescribed by that law is to-day our most discussed and disturbing domestic question.

Many prohibitionists assume that because of the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and the passage of the Volstead law the liquor-traffic question is permanently settled. Clearly, facts that are obvious to everybody are against this assumption.

At a recent hearing before a subcommittee of the Committee on the Judiciary of the United States Senate, advocates of prohibition with much ability and earnestness argued that the new national policy had brought widespread beneficial results to the nation, and their opponents with equal candor and force urged that these laws are responsible for an increase in drunkenness, insanity, and other evils, and have caused an almost general disrespect for law and order.

The evidence submitted to the subcommittee was illuminating, but the vehemence and even the extravagance of both the proponents and the opponents of prohibition at the hearing were so marked that the Committee seems to have been unable to make a report promotive of domestic peace.

Neither side at the hearing showed a disposition to concede an iota of merit or truth to the contentions of the other, and each seemed unable or unwilling to search for a basis upon which any adjustment of the problem could be reached. At least they did not agree that prohibition laws, where desired by the people and enforced by public officials, had promoted in a large way the public welfare, or that the adoption of the new national programme had been followed by serious social evils.

For more than fifty years there has been in this country an increasing wave of opposition to the liquor traffic. Temperance and total abstinence during

those years have made rapid strides. In addition to the twenty-four states which had adopted prohibition laws before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, large sections of those states where the traffic was legally permissible, through local-option measures, had become dry. The fact, then, is that prohibition had become the policy of a large part of the nation before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, and this fine progress was accomplished without causing any marked social or political disturbances.

When, however, by Federal enactment it was attempted to impose prohibition upon many of the northern and eastern industrial states, our troubles began. A large majority of the people here were and are opposed to prohibition laws. They do not and they cannot by force be brought to respect them. Hence, such efforts as have been made to enforce the laws in those states — or, more correctly, in their larger communities — have been followed by social and political evils of the first rank. The wise legislator in a democracy will not attempt to impose by law any special programme, however desirable in the abstract, that will not receive general support of the people, if for no other reason than that such attempt will in practice be found unworkable. It is not what people should think, but rather what they actually believe, that determines whether they may be likely to respect and obey certain of our laws; and men, except through the slow process of education, cannot be brought to support a policy that they believe to be oppressive and unjust. The practicability, then, rather than the desirability of national prohibition should be given more careful and tolerant thought.

There is a widely entertained feeling that Congress in enacting prohibition legislation had exercised powers never intended to be reposed in the national government by the framers of the Constitution. Even though it be conceded that Government has the right to interfere with the free will of the individual as to what he may see fit to drink, still it is a debatable question whether such powers, under the spirit of our Constitution, should not be exercised by the several states and their constituent governments. It is true, of course, as so often answered, that the Constitution cannot be unconstitutional, yet within its general spirit and purpose, and with the nature of the question under consideration in mind, there is practical value in the argument that the enforcement of the policy of the Eighteenth Amendment in the interest of social peace and good government could be better assigned to the state governments. But this question, important and interesting as it is, may for our purposes be disregarded. The Federal Government has assumed to act in the premises, and the United States Supreme Court has held that such action is at least legal.

II

An ever-present danger in a democracy lies in the possible abuse of power reposed of necessity in the majority. Majorities are sometimes quite as unwise and may on occasion be as lawless as minorities. In a republic, where the will of the people is crystallized into law through elected agents, there is a constant possibility that the agent may at times and to the great damage of the people misinterpret his instructions, whether expressed or implied, and this has been our too common experience.

Consider the liquor question. What the majority opinion of the nation is thereon is uncertain; and, again, the majority opinion of to-day may be made up in part of the minority opinion of yesterday. In the flux and flow of public opinion an elective

representative not infrequently is at a loss to know what the people may actually require of him; as a result, representative government, so unavoidably hampered, is often led into gross error, and particularly so when it attempts to interfere in matters that until recent times have, with reasonable limitations, generally been regarded as properly within the free will of the individual.

The concurrence of thirty-six states of the Union is required to make an amendment to the United States Constitution. In ordinary times this requirement serves as a sufficient protection from unwise or undigested amendments to that fundamental law, which, as was intended, in the main prescribes only rules of the most general character for the guidance of the national government. But in a time of national excitement, when public attention was temporarily diverted to a great world struggle, which so engaged the passions of men that it was thought not impossible that the older European civilizations might sink in chaos and ruin, it was found not difficult to adopt an amendment to the Constitution that in normal times might have received more serious thought and consideration. The exaltation of spirit of those days brought somewhat similar social changes in other countries.

It is not urged here that the Eighteenth Amendment did not receive the assent of a majority of the people. That question may be disregarded for the moment, but it is insisted that the representatives of the people acted upon this important subject under the inspiration and exaltation of a time that was altogether exceptional in our history. In a less degree it recalls experiences of the French Revolution, when men and women in a frenzy of fraternal zeal entered upon the impossible purpose of attempting to cure in a moment of time, through the power of the majority, all of the social ills with which France was then afflicted.

Once a constitutional amendment is adopted, it may become practically impossible to repeal or modify it. Thereafter the policy declared by the amendment may rest, because of a change in public opinion, entirely in the will of a minority, and even though subsequent thought and investigation may convince a majority of the people that an error of first importance has been committed by the adoption of the amendment, the policy becomes practically fixed, and in the end may express the will of a relatively small minority of the people. This may or may not be our predicament at the present moment, for no one knows to-day what the majority of our people desire on this question, although signs are not entirely absent of a growing belief that the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment constituted a serious social error.

Our Constitution is the fundamental law of the nation, and its provisions in the main are, as they should be, the expression of general principles that meet with the almost unanimous respect and support of an intelligent, moral people. Questions of a widely controversial nature have no place in such an instrument. They should find treatment at the hands of legislative authority to the end that the law at all times may at least be expressive of popular will. That public opinion in this republic is liable to marked changes will not be denied, and of our domestic questions few have been the subject of more popular interest, debate, and changes than the liquor-traffic question.

III

It is believed by many that there is in the nation a growing disrespect for nearly all our penal laws, and that particularly in the larger cities and

towns of the country such laws are not obeyed or enforced; and, further, that these conditions are in large part due to the attempt to enforce national prohibition. The extent to which this belief is well founded, and the effect upon the social progress of the nation, might well be the subject of careful study.

It cannot be denied that the purpose of the new national programme — that is, the prevention of drunkenness and the use of intoxicating liquor — has not as yet been realized. Drunkenness does exist to an alarming extent, and whether it is on the increase or the decrease is one of the undetermined issues in the case.

A further fact that is worthy of intensive study is that the illegal traffic in liquor is corruptive of our official life. Law enforcement officials, not only in the large cities and towns but throughout the nation, are being subjected in a very positive way to the degrading influence of this traffic. It does not solve the question to say that if all public officials would enter into a whole-hearted purpose, by coöperative efforts, to enforce these laws they could be enforced, for the fact is that the unpopularity of the laws renders such coöperation and coördination of effort well-nigh impossible.

The writer has said quite publicly that even these, in some quarters, unpopular laws could be enforced were all public officials — Federal, state, and municipal — to enter into a definite programme for their enforcement; but, even so, this would tend only to intensify rather than solve the problem, for not much of permanent benefit can be expected from efforts to enforce a particular law upon an objecting and protesting people, otherwise law-abiding.

Public officials are only human and they will react humanly to their environment. Where such officials depend for office upon votes, they will not in every case in good faith enforce laws which citizens of their communities oppose. And one of the most disturbing results of our Federal prohibition law is that so many elective officials — national, state, and municipal — are chosen, not for their probity or capacity, not in accordance with national, state, or community needs, but rather because of the attitude they assume on the liquor question.

Candidates for public office make very practical use of the prohibition question, even in cases where the office sought has no power or jurisdiction over the subject; too many of them do not entertain the belief that any duty rests upon them to educate or direct public opinion. Witness the recent primary election in the State of Pennsylvania.

The demoralizing effect of the illegal traffic in liquor upon our national, state, and municipal governments is so widespread and deep-rooted that it cannot be even summarized, much less adequately discussed here — in one way or another the malign influence of this traffic is felt throughout public life, to the great injury of much that appeals to the pride of the patriotic American. Even our courts have not been free of its corroding influence; judges and prosecuting, as well as executive and legislative, officials in many disturbing ways have indicated a political sensitiveness to this influence; and it is not extravagant to say that where the national prohibition law is unpopular it has been found extremely difficult to procure that prompt and efficient administration of the law so necessary to effective, decent government.

In the progress of the nation, the proper government of large cities, because of their extraordinary growth in population, wealth, and influence, has become a matter of consequence to the national welfare, and officials charged with this responsibility should be chosen

with intelligent thought of their character, experience, and abilities. Problems of increasing difficulty and complexity confront such officials, and no argument is needed to prove that persons of high moral and even technical quality should be selected for these most important posts. Yet extremists on both sides of the prohibition question have been so prolific and loud of argument that, with damaging results to the country, almost every other matter of social or political consequence is driven from the public forum.

A new and increasingly dangerous and difficult element has entered as a factor in the problem. In recent years the making of beer and moonshine whiskey in the private home is expanding at an alarming rate. In the days of the saloon, drunkenness touched the family life in the majority of cases only intermittently, but under these later conditions the use of intoxicants has so entered the daily life in many of our homes that strong and even poisonous liquors are becoming as staple a commodity therein as is the daily bread. There is much evidence which tends to prove that this demoralizing practice has entered the homes of the people, not only in industrial centres, but also in sparsely settled regions throughout the country. The only legal method by which this evil may be attacked is through the use of the search warrant; to employ this unpopular writ in so extensive a manner as to reach this newer development in an effective way would be followed by consequences that, to put the matter lightly, would be undesirable and even dangerous. Here, again, is needed an intensive study of a phase of the question that is fraught with great difficulty.

Mr. James C. Carter, a profound student of the law and in his day a leader of the American Bar, in notes written by him in 1906 for his Harvard University law lectures said, concerning a proposal to pass prohibition laws: —

> The object the lawmaker seeks to gain by this legislation is to do away with, or greatly diminish, the indulgence in intoxicating drinks, for, although the sale only is prohibited, the real thing sought and expected is the prevention of the use. He wholly fails to gain the object in view; but objects not in view, and by no means desired, are brought about on the largest scale — vast and useless expenditures, perjury and subornation of perjury, violation of jurors' oaths, corrupt bribery of public officers, the local elections turned into a scramble for the possession of the offices controlling the public machinery for the punishment of offenses in order that that machinery may be bought and sold for a price; law and its administration brought into public contempt, and many men otherwise esteemed as good citizens made insensible to the turpitude of perjury, bribery, and corruption; animosity created between different bodies of citizens, rendering them incapable of acting together for confessedly good objects.

How completely this amazing prophecy has been realized is shown by Mr. Edwin M. Abbott, counsel for the Director of Public Safety of Philadelphia, in the May 1926 issue of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science:* —

> The enforcement of the Volstead Act has opened many channels for the illegal use of money. Disregard of the Eighteenth Amendment, which is a part of our Constitution, and as much a part of the Constitution as the Bill of Rights, has led to the commission of many other crimes beside that of bribery. A most amazing condition has resulted to the body politic through the honest attempt in Philadelphia to enforce the prohibition laws. Perjury struts naked through our halls of justice, and disregard for the sanctity of the oath prevails in most of these cases. Public officials, police officials, magistrates, grand jurors, petit jurors, and even some judges upon the bench forget that they are all sworn to uphold the

Constitution and laws, both of the nation and the commonwealth, before they enter upon the activities of their offices. Witnesses in court no more regard the oath as binding them to tell the truth, but use their testimony to their own advantage, irrespective of its truth or falsity. If jurors do not like the law they acquit defendants who are charged with transgressing it. If jurists find the law obnoxious to them they discharge malefactors convicted of breaking it. If police officials have been tainted with avarice and have fallen for a price, then memory becomes hazy and faulty, and so we have farce after farce enacted in what should be courts of justice.

IV

One need not deny that prohibition, where accepted by the people, has brought peace and happiness to innumerable homes, and that in an impressive way it has caused moral, intellectual, and material enrichment to the nation.

It is neither fair nor in the least helpful to assail prohibitionists on the ground that they are narrow-minded, and are engaged in a purpose to deprive others of reasonable opportunities for pleasure. Every great social movement has as its almost certain attachment persons who have only a superficial or selfish interest therein. Demagogism and hypocrisy in connection with a matter of such deep social interest are inevitable, but the human misery caused by the intemperate use of intoxicants has resulted in such social, family, and individual loss that there was bound to follow an impressive movement to eliminate this evil. This is just what has happened; and the men and women who have devoted even lifetime efforts to eradicate the evil of intemperance have done and are doing a tremendous humanitarian service.

But, while this seems to be quite true, there is another side to the picture. Can it reasonably be denied that in important parts of the country national prohibition laws are found not workable, because they are not respected, and hence are not obeyed by that section of the people who by heredity, tradition, and custom have been taught that the moderate use of intoxicating liquor is not only harmless but actually beneficial?

If man, as has been said, is a sentimental rather than a rational animal, then the lawmaker is often charged with the difficult task of determining, not what can be done for, but rather what may be done with, him. The beliefs of men have their source so largely in tradition, custom, environment, and heredity, and personal habits and desires of widely varying kinds have so modeled and differentiated the characteristics of so many groups of our American people, that one becomes doubtful of the advisability of any attempt to compel people so impressed to obey, against their will, any rule of conduct not involving moral iniquity, however desirable in the abstract.

Canada and Sweden, nations of homogeneous population, have tried and, to a considerable extent, abandoned the experiment of national prohibition. In the United States, because of its territorial extent, its divergent industries and occupations, its heterogeneous population, and even its climatic influences, the liquor problem is one of peculiar difficulty. Racial differences alone make it quite dissimilar to what it is in other countries.

Generally, the southern and western states support prohibition laws, while the north central and northeastern states, the important industrial sections of the country, in the main oppose them. The question is one of such sectional, social, and economic complexity, and the factors involved in it are so unknown, that the writer

ventures the opinion that there is no person in the country possessed of information on the whole subject that would enable him to affirm dogmatically, as so many do, the effect of national prohibition upon the country and its future progress.

No effort is here made even to list what are claimed to be both the benefits and the evils that have followed the passage of the Volstead law. But if it be conceded that benefits have resulted therefrom, and also that evils have followed in its train, then is it unreasonable to express the hope that statesmanship may in some manner devise means whereby it may become possible to determine whether the benefits, by constructive legislation, may be retained and extended, and the evils eliminated? This, it seems to the writer, presents a problem the proper solution of which is a matter of first importance to the nation.

Notwithstanding the complexity and intricacy of the problem, and though it affects in a most important and varying way almost every home in the nation, and even though efficient government itself may be seriously threatened, no intelligent and farsighted attempt has as yet been made by an organized body, made up of persons without preconceived prejudices on the matter, to learn the actual facts in the case.

It is not the purpose of the writer to give advice as to what settlement of the question would be the part of wisdom, but merely to indicate that in the welter of charges and countercharges and the contradictory reports and statistics presented by the contestants no one is in a position to determine what has been the actual effect of the attempt to enforce national prohibition; that in the present chaotic state of public opinion and knowledge on the question the factors upon which a final conclusion may be reached are not known to anybody; and that our first duty is to set about to find the truth or falsity of the conflicting claims and counterclaims made by leaders in a strife that is becoming more and more intensified, and is distracting the public mind from other matters of vital importance.

Is it possible, then, that a carefully planned study of the entire question may be begun by an agency made up of intelligent, open-minded persons, to whom may be delegated the responsibility of investigating and reporting upon conditions as they actually are, and who will be authorized to recommend new or additional legislation, if such may be found to be advisable?

The selection of the personnel of such an organization would, of course, be difficult, but it can be accomplished. Such a body, if and when organized, should be provided with legal power to receive and compel the production of any evidence competent to shed light upon the problem; and, more important, it should be supplied with adequate machinery to make on its own account an intensive study in the field to determine the truth or falsity of the claims made by either side to the controversy. Quite clearly this work, if entered upon, would be expensive and arduous; but if, as a result of such investigation, a solution of the problem could be arrived at that would meet with general approval, it would be money and effort well spent.

Is it, then, practicable to set up such a body, the personnel of which would be so outstanding in character and ability as to have and retain the confidence of the public?

THE PERSONAL PROBLEM

BY JEROME D. GREENE

THE opponents of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act have quite unnecessarily weakened their case by the usual argument based on personal liberty, and, to a certain extent, by their advocacy of light wines and beers.

Every civilized community is so accustomed to the limitation of individual freedom in the public interest that the appeal to personal liberty as such carries no weight in this connection and means almost nothing. If a community, with substantial unanimity, once chooses to regard any particular act by an individual as seriously detrimental to social welfare, the appeal to personal liberty becomes academic, if not unsound, however just it may seem from an individualistic standpoint. Thus the restrictions on the sale of poisons and narcotics are made with general consent, and their enforcement has the support of public opinion. The infringement of liberty thus involved creates no grievance. The same is true of traffic regulations and scores of others. It is in the realm of local discussion and local legislation that the difference of individual opinion as to interference with personal liberty presents a real issue and one that often has to be thrashed out until a conclusion satisfactory to the local majority has been reached.

The practical question, therefore, is not whether a given restriction is an infringement of personal liberty, but whether the preponderant and effective sentiment of a community regards it as necessary to social well-being. The word 'community' is the key to the problem, and the case against the Federal Amendment and the Volstead Act is that they are infringements of community liberty, because they impose the will of the national government in a domain appropriate to local control.

As the disastrous experience with the Eighteenth Amendment has shown all too clearly, the enforcement of temperance is peculiarly a matter which depends for its success on the attitude of the community — that is, the city, town, or village in which one lives. If the preponderant sentiment of such a community is against the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks, there is no serious difficulty about enforcement. This has been shown by a long record of no license under local option in hundreds of American communities; and when such communities comprise practically the whole population of a state, which is simply a larger unit of community life, enforcement by state legislation has in many instances been equally successful. By the same token national prohibition would create no grievance, however objectionable theoretically, if it represented the substantial unanimity of all local communities. That it does so now would hardly be claimed by its most ardent champions.

The great mistake of the Eighteenth Amendment from the temperance point of view has been that it substituted a drastic national law, wholly regardless of community sentiment and community liberty, for the method of gradual

prohibition based on local and state enactment. The experiment of national prohibition might be justified from the point of view of a temperance extremist indifferent to our political traditions if the record of the temperance movement had been a dismal failure and the evils of intemperance, as reflected in crime and social behavior, had been correspondingly aggravated. But the facts, whether based on temperance statistics and propaganda or on general experience and observation, pointed in quite the opposite direction. So far from being discouraged by the progress of temperance in the United States up to the time of the war, its advocates had every reason for optimism regarding the final outcome. We have all seen the charts that used to be printed from time to time showing prohibition states in white, local-option states shaded, and license states in ominous black; and the gradual advance of the white areas, the changes under local option from license to no license, and the tendency of the black areas to dwindle down to the large centres of population were apparent to everyone. The speed with which prohibition and no license advanced, rather than their slowness, was the striking fact during the twenty or thirty years before the war.

There were other encouraging phenomena which were doubtless related to the changes above mentioned. No one whose observation has extended over the last thirty or forty years can have failed to notice the difference in the drinking habits of the community. Drinking during business hours or at luncheon, formerly a grave abuse, had practically disappeared from business districts in our large cities. It is a well-known fact that in and before the nineties reunions of college and university men were characterized by a good deal of drinking, whereas the experience of many, if not all, colleges and universities since that time was that drunkenness among undergraduates and graduates had become exceptional, even on festive occasions. At one large convivial gathering of university graduates in New York a few years before the war, where over a thousand men sat down to dinner, champagne was provided without extra cost and in quantity practically unlimited, except by the tastes and habits of those present. The number of men in that gathering who gave any signs of having taken too much was certainly not more than two or three, and the assembly was in perfect order during the after-dinner speaking. Could that experience, impossible thirty or forty years ago, be repeated today? It may be a reflection on such a collection of men to admit that they might allow their annoyance with the Volstead Act to drive them to an excess against which their taste and moral sense defended them a few years ago, but Burke's dictum about indicting a people would seem to have some application here. Certainly the general reaction to prohibition is too obvious a psychological fact to be dismissed with a hasty condemnation. As for undergraduate life in our colleges and universities, the change from a situation in which, with perfect liberty to drink, the habit of being 'on the water wagon' had come to be regarded as desirable and creditable, to one in which a boy finds it rather amusing and clever to buy and drink what he can get, is certainly one which does not conduce to satisfaction.

Another phenomenon to which the public was becoming accustomed before the war was the prohibition of drinking on duty, off duty, or both, by employees of railroads and other industries. This was a limitation which did not depend upon legislative enactment and the enforcement of which, to a growing extent, had the acquiescence

of all concerned, including the public.

No worse blow could have been inflicted upon the temperance movement than the sudden and hastily contrived legislation by which it was sought to impose the Federal authority in a field which peculiarly required, not the sanction of Federal authority, but the sanction of local opinion. Herein lies the constitutional objection to the Eighteenth Amendment, using the word 'constitutional' in the British sense, as applying to the spirit and tradition of American institutions. There is much to be said for the point of view of a recent British commentator on the American Government, who distinguishes between the written and the unwritten constitution of the United States. It is theoretically possible that by a series of amendments rushed through under stress of popular excitement other changes in our political organization affecting the fundamental rights and privileges of individuals and communities could be made nominally constitutional; but does it necessarily follow that the loyalty of a citizen of the United States is engaged in perpetuity against anything which the Constitution may do to him? He must perforce reserve the right of individual judgment in determining his attitude toward a governmental act which is repugnant to his conscience or to the fundamental principles of our constitution, in the broad sense of the latter term; and of course he must be prepared to take the consequences of his decision.

The legitimizing of light wines and beers through some amendment of the Volstead Act would doubtless mitigate, in the minds of a large proportion of the opponents of the Eighteenth Amendment, the inconvenience and evil of its rigid enforcement; but in principle it is just as obnoxious to have the Federal Government interfere in such a matter as the precise alcoholic content that can be legally consumed as it is to have the Government prohibit alcoholic drinks altogether. It is really none of the business of the Federal Government to do either. It may well be the business of town, city, or state, speaking for an effective majority of its citizens.

A real danger that menaces this country is that of using the Federal Constitution and legislature as instruments for accomplishing the desires of groups or even majorities of the population in matters which the Anglo-Saxon mind, at least, regards as the sacred domain of community, if not of individual, action. There is hardly an argument in favor of prohibition by Federal enactment that would not apply to other forms of benevolent regulation calculated to satisfy the desires of overhasty social reformers; but it is doubtful whether there is any social reform so important as to justify the abandonment of our tradition of local or state control in such matters. Once open the door to the regulation of local and individual affairs by the Federal Government and it may prove that much of the work of centuries in gaining individual and local liberty will have to be done over again.

What attitude or course of action should be commended to those who find themselves in general agreement with the opinions here expressed? The attitude, it would seem, should be one of acquiescence in and encouragement of the process of nullification through which a community with American traditions normally asserts itself against the improper or unwelcome intrusion of governmental action in individual or local conduct. As has been frequently observed, there are now on the statute books and even in the Constitution of the United States regulations having the form of law

which, at least in certain sections, nobody regards as the law. They have failed to receive the essential ratification of local or sectional opinion and are now more or less completely ignored. There is a point at which an obnoxious law, meeting with less and less observance, reaches the category of a dead letter. This may be the fate of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act in communities which choose to disregard them — and by this I mean disregard of the law, not by persons of criminal tendencies, but by those properly described as law-abiding citizens. Those who oppose in principle the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act should, if they are honest and have the courage of their convictions, openly approve and encourage this tendency.

As to a programme of action going beyond verbal advocacy of nullification, the most obvious and effective measure is that of electing to Congress men who sympathize with state regulation of the liquor traffic and oppose the intrusion of the Federal Government in all such matters. In the second place, the withholding of appropriations for enforcement should be advocated as the consistent and legitimate means whereby a reawakened public opinion on the respective rights and functions of the Federal and state governments should assert itself.

This is not a counsel of lawlessness, for law rests fundamentally on public opinion; and public opinion can assert itself as effectively and rightfully in breaking as in making a law, provided it is really public opinion which is acting and not the capricious action of lawless-minded individuals.

If it be said that the foregoing remarks imply a humiliating confession of the breakdown of legislative procedure for the correction of errors in legislation, under a government supposedly based on law, the humiliation may be admitted; but the responsibility for it rests on those whose rash advocacy of the prohibitory amendment combined with the pusillanimous action of some politicians in the state and national legislatures to fasten upon the country a constitutional amendment which, owing to difficulties inherent in the process, practically cannot be repealed, though it is plain as a pikestaff that if the amendment were to be freshly proposed to-day, after seven years of popular education on the subject, it could not possibly prevail.

It is wholly to the interest of the temperance cause that the present abortive effort to make people temperate by Federal legislation should collapse, so that the healthy progress of temperance, so unfortunately interrupted by the Eighteenth Amendment, may be resumed. Such an outcome would leave in full force every moral and social consideration in favor of temperance and total abstinence as legitimate objectives of public education and of state and local legislation.

CURIOUS MEALS IN CURIOUS PLACES

BY MARY W. GRISCOM

'VERY well,' said my sensible Quaker mother, when I made clear my determination to study medicine, 'thee may go to the medical school, but first thee must learn to cook well and to care for a home.' Incidentally, no modern institute of domestic science could have provided a finer teacher than my mother; like many other unsung mothers of the older generation, she not only knew how to prepare delicious and wholesome food, but she gave her family a well-balanced ration, even though she did n't tabulate the vitamins, proteins, and calories. She gave us other valuable lessons, in resourcefulness, endurance, and self-control, and years later I found her philosophy of getting along with people well expressed in an old Chinese maxim, 'Be square inside and round outside.'

In the beginning my practice often blended domestic and professional details in amusing ways, as when I had to operate in immigrants' rooms, where the one cooking utensil served for surgical purposes as well. A knowledge of cooking never came amiss, even when my practice improved and stylish cooks had to be instructed tactfully what to make for patients; sometimes I had to turn to and prepare the things myself. And when, still later, work in the Orient began, I was especially thankful for my home training. In long journeys by chair, boat, litter, or cart, in wild mountain regions, in camps, missions, or hospitals, there was use for every bit of knowledge and experience. My own housekeeping days heightened my interest in the household ways of Oriental women; as a woman doctor I was privileged to go behind the scenes, and sometimes to partake of hospitality in an intimate way. I learned also to take meals as they came, to make the best of it when they did n't come, and to eat strange things in strange surroundings.

I

In China the New Year is a time for ceremonious observance as well as feasting. The kitchen god must be well smeared with a sticky confection known as New Year taffy, to sweeten his temper, so that when he goes up in flames immediately after the treat he may report kindly of the family to the God of Heaven. The new kitchen god is not set up for some days, and with neither old nor new on duty there is an opportunity to do many gay, reckless things which the gods might not approve, but which they can never know! I have attended New Year celebrations which were festive, but one New Year in western Shantung, northern China, was more like a fast than a feast. The doctor at the mission had decided that she must take the holiday time to go to Tientsin for some dental work. As I was due there for an operation, we planned to take the two-day trip by mule cart together to the railroad, in spite of the Chinese proverb, 'Never travel in the first month of the New Year.' In view of this journey we had had to decline an

invitation to a feast given by the wife of the mandarin of the district, whose baby I had been taken to see. Before we left she sent bearers with holiday food — literally a movable feast — and her regrets that we could not stay to eat at her home. There were many good things, chicken and meats served in various styles, fruits and sweets. We ate some of these, and I packed some to take with us to vary our roadside meals. This proved to be a fortunate inspiration.

'Little parcels' for us to carry and deliver began to arrive the night before we started, for all through China, as a matter of course, travelers are friendly about carrying things to people along the route. We decided to take a 'big cart' so that we might ride together and talk on the journey, in spite of the fact that big carts have very inadequate bamboo mats as covering, and are open at the front and back and practically open at the sides. When I saw the cart I wondered where the passengers were to be stored, for our 'little parcels' included about a hundred pounds of meat, packages of money, a hamper of lamp chimneys to be exchanged, and a ten-year-old Chinese girl, large for her age, who was to be left with her mother for the holidays, at a hospital near the railroad. The housekeeper at the mission was ill that morning, and the servants, unsupervised, packed the food cabinet and strapped it on somewhere. It was bitter cold and beginning to snow, but our head carter, as usual, wore his mouth so wide open that I feared his front teeth would freeze. The doctor and I crouched down among our own belongings, and the Chinese child sat on our feet or any other handy portions of our anatomy, and got under our covers for warmth.

When the noon stop was made, we found that the servants had left out an important half of the provisions, as well as all the cooking utensils and the dishes. Our only hope for anything hot lay in the little spirit lamp, with its tiny tin, which I always carried. The inn where we had halted would supply nothing because of the beginning of the New Year season. 'No fire this day; no food this day,' was the innkeeper's ultimatum. We sat down to luncheon in an open shed, with the thermometer at zero, heated an odd blend of bran, coffee, and sugar mixed by a blundering packer, and ate some cold bits of the mandarin lady's feast. Then we heated some water for our bags and went on.

The night was to have been spent in a little mission chapel, but long before we reached it the men pulled up at another inn and refused to proceed; they were cold, it was snowing, and the wind was high. Such an inn! The carters said that there was 'a warm place' we could have, and we were deposited in a mud-walled shed. It had a door, to be sure, but there were four inches of open space all around it and it had to be propped shut with a big stone. There was a mud kang, or bed platform. I made a bit of tea on the spirit lamp — by the time I rinsed the pot the lid had frozen on and the tea leaves were frozen inside. Having eaten a little cold meat and bread, we went to bed on the kang, in our clothes and wrapped in all available coverings, but we did not sleep comfortably or late.

The next morning at four, in a blinding blizzard, we sallied forth to coax the carters out of the shed which they shared with the mules; they were in no hurry, and merely grunted and sat closer to the warm animals. Before they stirred we had finished our modest allowance of coffee bran, and the grounds were frozen in the pot. Public activities were still suspended, for 'No

fire this day' was the motto of the innkeeper, and we began to realize the wisdom of the native proverb about traveling too early in the New Year. It was snowing and blowing harder than ever when we got off, with a pint of hot water in my bottle, the vapor frozen on its spout. About ten we reached the chapel village where we should have spent the night. There we got some hot water for our bags. As we left, the men stopped at a fair to eat bowls of mush, a mixture of *gauliang*, sesame, and millet, seasoned with ginger root instead of salt. I clamored for some, and insisted, though the doctor thought we could get a better meal farther on. We could get but two bowls, and shared with the little Chinese girl, who recovered quickly from her cart sickness when she smelled the hot porridge. It was well that we ate something hot when we could get it!

At one o'clock we stopped again — the carters had discovered another inn! This time, however, there was flat rebellion on the part of the passengers; we insisted firmly that we must reach our destination that night, in order to take the train to Tientsin in the morning. The argument lasted all that long, bitter afternoon; though the carters yielded they were far from happy and wanted to stop at any shelter that offered. For a while it looked as though they knew best, for we struck a sunken road full of drifts, which the three mules refused to pass, dashing first up one side, then the other, until one of the men had to walk ahead and drag them. Had we chosen two of the little single carts, our case would have been hopeless. When the pangs of hunger became violent we did some New Year feasting in the cart, and ate fragments of chicken, frozen stiff in watery gravy and pried loose from the pan with difficulty and a spoon handle; this we varied with salted peanuts and, oh, such cold bread! At one stop, late in the afternoon, the men did get us a bowl of tiny meat dumplings, an atrocious mess, with which I tried to warm up the frozen chicken. Finally the wind went down a bit, and our relief may be imagined when, at about eight o'clock, we saw the lights of the hospital which was our goal. Before long we were crouched around a red-hot stove in one of the new wards, wondering whether we should ever be really warm again. We slept on a bed pulled close to the same fire. We were well cared for by the hospital people, and made our train the next morning, luckily none the worse for all the exposure. The operation went through successfully, even though the surgeon had celebrated the New Year neither wisely nor well.

II

During my school and hospital work in India I partook of some meals that were strange even in that strange land, and one of these was a feast given by a *begum*, a Moslem lady of high degree. Her daughter, the younger begum, and her granddaughter, the youngest begum, or 'Bee-Bee,' were at the hospital awaiting the advent of a baby begum, and, in Indian fashion, Grandmother Begum thought to ensure the special favor of gods and men by means of gifts. Her mother was a Persian, and she regarded me with especial favor because I had been in Persia. She was a determined old lady, and one day when I went to midday breakfast I wore two beautiful sapphire rings. The head of the hospital was a doctor who had been in India for many years, and she was shocked and scandalized.

'You must take them back now, at once!' she exclaimed. 'Gifts make a great deal of trouble, and they are never allowed.' After breakfast I gave

the rings to my stern senior, saying that I had tried to refuse them, and that it was up to her to succeed. She did, but the begum was resentful and determined to gain her end in some other way. This she did by sending to me each day at breakfast elaborate special foods, prepared by herself and her daughter.

After the littlest 'Bee-Bee' came, the proud great-grandmother gave a treat to the entire hospital, except the Hindu caste people, and great was the day in the hospital annals! A date was fixed when a noted Moslem cook could be engaged, and a giant pilau was prepared, for which three sheep were sacrificed. The meal was cooked at noon in huge cauldrons swung over small fires, out in the blazing sunshine of the compound — hot enough, it seemed, to do the cooking without the little fires of twigs and straw continually fed by one of the attendants. The meat was thoroughly cooked, with special rice sent from Nisan, mixed with raisins and nuts, and yellow with saffron from Kashmir.

We sat in long rows, cross-legged, on the floor of the surgical ward verandah — doctors, nurses, attendants, and patients. For plates we used the customary banana leaves, and we were served with brass shovels from the great pans loaded with pilau. Around the edges of our heaps of pilau were many varieties of chutney, in little dabs of different colors, and each, it seemed, a little hotter than the last. We ate with our fingers, of course, which is quite an accomplishment, especially in southwestern India where, with a certain curry, the way to eat a banana is to squash it between the fingers. The Indians could do it without soiling their fingers above the second joint, but I always got my whole hand messy before I was through. Later, in the same banana leaf, we all had curds and whey, after a special recipe known to the begum and her family. The old lady was the life of the party, directing the feast and absorbing the glory which was due her as its giver.

Meanwhile, out in the compound the servants and pariahs were served. After the feast the big cauldrons were carried away, doubtless with much useful food adhering to their sides, which would not be overlooked by the famous cook and his attendants. The begum must have felt that she had 'got even' with the hospital rules, for the feast doubtless cost more than the rings and reflected more public credit upon the giver. By late afternoon the hospital had returned to its routine, and the matron sat on the verandah of the children's ward as usual, to watch the milkman milk the cows for us, and to see that either the heads or the tails were turned toward her, so that an accomplice could not put in water from the other side.

This was a Moslem feast, but I partook also of meals in high-caste Hindu houses, where during a vacation another woman and I were entertained by two of our girl students from the medical school. We were met at the station by a manservant who was placed at our disposal, and who by some subtle adjustment had broken caste enough to cook for us, but not too much to go on cooking in the family utensils. We were escorted to the house in the local tonga, which looked like a little Swiss chalet on wheels, even to window curtains with frills, and we were graciously received by our student, her mother, and her grandmother. We were ushered into one of the two rooms that had been furnished especially for us in European style, to make us feel more at home, and also to lessen the difficulties of caste observance. Left alone, we sat upon one of the red plush sofas, with our bedding rolls and suitcases on

the other, and marveled at the vivid chenille tablecover with its made-in-Germany travesty of Oriental hues. Only Grandmother was in sight, as at her day-and-night vantage point by the front door she cut and pounded and mixed and chewed her betel nut. We felt out of place and uncertain as to what would come next; but the thing to do in the East is to wait, and we waited.

Finally the partly 'un-caste' servant appeared, and we followed him into the next room, where, lo, 'eats' awaited us! Sweets and tea were plentifully provided, but our hostesses could not join us, — according to caste rule they must eat in the dark, that no alien shadow might fall upon their caste food, — so the tea party was a bit one-sided.

Later the other medical student came to call with her father, a native Indian doctor, who in a spirit of fraternal courtesy insisted that we move to his house. Our hostesses would not consent, but it was arranged that we should take breakfast with the doctor's family the next morning. Then we went for a wonderful ride in the Swiss chalet, along the rocky ledge above the Arabian Gulf, and returned for a dinner for two, served in our little special room; as we ate we wondered how it must feel to dine in the dark as our hostesses did. We slept in a room furnished with two beds and a locked wardrobe, and, having no light and no mirror, dressed and combed our hair by the touch system. Then we had *chota hasri*, or little breakfast: syrupy-sweet coffee, many sweets, and *oppems*, great cakes of rice with crisp brown edges — very good.

The ceremonial breakfast given by the native doctor's family was served in a hired room reserved for illustrious visitors. By such an arrangement the host does not lose caste or have to pay for purification, as he must do if his own house is used. As a compliment to us, foreign food was served at this meal. We ate, while an ever-swelling procession of townsmen and women strolled by and peeped, to see American women eating in a high-caste place. The family stood by to make sure that we were enjoying the meal, and then considerately retired to allow us to take naps. Tea, at this house, had to be early, and we were served with nine different varieties of sweets, composed of coconut, sugar, and *ghi*, or buffalo butter, variously flavored, and we ate these nine rich sweets to music, as two noted Malayalam singers had been brought to entertain us. Then, after a drive, our hospitable friends tried to make us feel an appetite for dinner. They were all very kind and courteous, and when we left we felt remorseful to think that in spite of all the special arrangements many purification ceremonies must have been necessary after our visit.

Among the characteristic refreshments in India, available on journeys or at almost any time, were shoots of the palmyra tree, cooked in their husks, pithy but good, and young or 'tender' coconuts, which were delicious eaten or drunk from the shells, satisfying both hunger and thirst. It was curious to note the distinctions drawn between the different varieties of the ubiquitous banana. Those of one region were practically tabu in another, though the foreigner could see little difference.

III

Another breakfast I remember was eaten at dawn in the Mesopotamian desert during the winter season. On the previous evening the Fords of the Relief Expedition had refused to go, and we had made camp near an English military encampment. The kindly British officers had supplied the elderly

woman of the party with a tent, while the men of the Expedition slept in the open, though chilly weather and uneasy consciences may have marred their slumber. Clinging to the obsession that woman was created to cook and minister to man's comfort, they had from the start protested against hiring a Persian man cook for the journey; since I was there, why should I not do the cooking and dishwashing, in addition to buying supplies and doing medical and surgical work at the relief stations? I had been firm, but here was a chance to force the situation. Two of the men had serenely sent the servant ahead on some errand, and the stage was set.

'Where's the lady doctor? The lady doctor who slept here last night? I want the lady doctor who slept here last night!' It was cold and dark and dreary, and the voice crying in the wilderness waked the lady doctor at six, in her borrowed tent in the English camp. She had an invitation to breakfast there at eight, but she emerged to see what was the matter.

'Breakfast is all ready and we are just waiting for you; please come at once,' said the man from the Relief Expedition. Rather puzzled, I went to the camp in the open, and found that 'breakfast is all ready' meant that a little cocoa had been made, and that the rest of the job had been saved for me. I decided that it was time to settle this much-debated question, so, sweetly ignoring the display of uncooked food, bacon, eggs, and so forth, I munched dry bread contentedly and was about to help myself to cocoa when I was told that it must be shared with a number of other members of our caravan, and that the pot was small. Knowing the appetites of the men, I thought I could stand what was coming as well as anyone, so I made myself a little coffee from my own basket and finished my bread. Then I gazed on the sunrise, and on the dreary waste of desert, Ford cars, bread and cheese, and baffled conservatism, and observed cheerfully that when they had finished breakfast and washed the dishes I should be glad to show them how to pack.

Yes, they found the cook before time for the noon stop, and I saw to it that a good meal for all was promptly prepared. It was eaten with zest. After that there was a clear understanding that the cook should not be sent away without my leave, and that I was perfectly willing to go on taking charge of supplies. It is strange how some men still feel that woman is a rib — useful, so to speak, in keeping man inflated. Weeks later, when we settled down in Persia to do relief work, there was another rosy plan: to take a vacant house and have me keep house for the men, in spite of the fact that the work for which I had been sent — operations, dispensary duty, and so forth — filled my days. The resident woman doctor at the mission hospital insisted upon having me live with her, and I felt no compunction about accepting the invitation. It was really funny, and the seriousness with which these plans for comfort were made rendered it all the funnier.

Aside from high prices and the poor quality of the food, it was hard to do marketing in Persia, one complication being that on Fridays the shops of the Mohammedans were closed, on Saturdays those of the Jews, and on Sundays those of the Armenian Christians. The Persians use the fat of the fat-tailed sheep in nearly all their cooking; it is sold in the bazaars in goatskins with the hair inside, and is not at all appetizing.

We did have one feast at the Teheran hospital, a gift to the resident doctor. This was Persian lamb, not for outside

adornment, but roasted whole, with stuffing of rice, raisins, and nuts — meat, vegetable, and dessert, all in one!

At Armenian meals we had various pilaus, rather greasy rice, sometimes with a little curry, then grape leaves or cabbage leaves or quinces stuffed with forcemeat, and rather good. We had also white grapes that had been hung up in a cold, dry room until they were shriveled, but very sweet, and there were pomegranate seeds in quantity. At all meals thick sour milk was served, also cheese. The tiny grapes known as dried currants, which are also made into jam, grow about Hamadan, the Ecbatana of ancient history. The Armenians bake in the earth. After the hole is heated well, the fire is taken out and great circles of thin dough are baked on the sides. This bread, hot from the charcoal fire, is very good; it is like big crackers, about eighteen inches across, and it keeps indefinitely.

One day, in Teheran, I was walking with a nurse from the dispensary, and we smelled fresh bread. I had always wanted to see how Persian bread was baked, so I said, 'Let's go in.' We found the bakery very entertaining. There is a book called *Hadji Baba of Ispahan* which speaks of 'flaps of bread,' and that is a good description. The oddly shaped loaves are almost a foot wide and nearly three feet long, flat and somewhat irregular. The bread is also called 'stone bread,' and it is baked on the small gray stones of the oven floor, under which is the fire. Often there are little stones embedded in the bread, which make it hard on the teeth. There was no door to the oven we saw, and a man was spreading flaps of soft pasty dough on a long-handled spade which was propped on a frame. Another man, using a sort of pitchfork, was taking out the flaps already baked on the hot stone floor. The man with the spade then pushed it into the oven and gave it a sort of flip and fling which sent the pieces of dough to the oven floor in the proper shape and size. The bakers laughed to think that foreigners should want to see such a simple thing, but we found the skill of the man with the spade quite wonderful.

Persian bread is useful as well as filling. Men and women carry it rolled up on their heads, in wet weather spread out to keep off the rain, in sunny weather to protect them from the sun; they hang it over the arm or the shoulder, or roll it in a bundle under the arm. It is hung up at home, to be eaten later, plain or toasted. At the hospital the servants used to spread their Sunday supply to dry on the quilts of unused beds, first making sure that the doctor's rounds had been made.

My experience in Teheran was not wholly confined to relief camps and plain food, for I had a taste of social grandeur and the food and service that went with it. I was there during the *No Ruz* or New Year celebration, March 22, when festivities of various kinds were in order. The servants gave gifts and expected to be remembered in return. One day I found on my table a gorgeous plate of apples, oranges, and pomegranates, with gold-paper characters, expressing good wishes, pasted all over them. One night is known as 'fruit night,' when all good Mussulmans eat fruit. Donkeys heavily laden with bright-colored fruit were a pleasing sight at this season. One very gay celebration was held in a palace room which had been fitted up for the Parliament that never met; the band played, and we were served with cakes and tea. The mullahs had to go out of hearing, for, like the Scottish Kirk folk, they do not consider instrumental music properly worshipful.

After the New Year it was the proper thing to call on the wives of some of the

high officials. One ex-Shah, by the way, had thirty wives, who had presented him with thirty sons. The gardens of the palaces belonging to government officials were charming, and everywhere we were served with tea, cakes, pistachio nuts fried in butter, roasted hazel nuts, pomegranate seeds, and almonds. In one *anderun*, or harem, we sat on the floor with our feet under a long, low table with a velvet cover, where a charcoal brazier kept us too warm, and a former Turkish 'beauty,' with fine eyes but coarse features, sang to us in a voice that must have been audible throughout the palace. Before refreshments water from a silver ewer was poured over our hands. Among the delicacies served were rather good filigree rice cakes, fine-spun like a loose bunch of wire. We walked on such rugs as are never seen out of Persia; even there some of the most beautiful are hung on the walls. Among the guests were two old princesses, and after they had had their tea the long hubble-bubble, or standing water pipe, was brought in, with its silver cup at the top filled with tobacco and charcoal, and each took a pull at it. I never in my life saw so many diamonds, emeralds, and pearls in active service as at such gatherings. One young girl wore on her fingers two diamonds that looked as big as the Koh-i-nur. Ropes of pearls adorned her mother and sisters, to say nothing of brooches and pendants of emeralds set in diamonds.

The serving of the tea was always an impressive rite. At one palace our first cups were poured from a silver service, the second ones from a gold service, into exquisite Sèvres cups. One of our calls was made at the palace of the Minister of Finance; when our party left, the hostess took from a beautiful Shiraz silver half-moon box a little net bag for each of us, containing Persian gold and silver coins. According to ancient custom, this is a select and fitting New Year gift; the position of our host made it seem particularly appropriate! It was like living a scene from the *Arabian Nights*, and I felt almost too set up and haughty to return to an everyday existence.

IV

Perhaps the most unusual meal of all was eaten about five years ago, away up on the northern edge of India, on the southern slope of the Himalayas. I had been staying at Darjeeling, and the expedition, a vacation trip 'for to admire an' for to see,' started from the school for Eurasian boys and girls at Kalimpong. We were a party of five women, journeying on horseback in Sikkim, which lies between Nepal and Bhutan. Our way lay through the most marvelous mountain gorges; on clear days we could see the magnificent peaks of Kinchinjunga and Kinchinjau, and look into Tibet, the 'forbidden land' stretching away to the north, with its glorious snow peaks and glaciers. We had the necessary syces, or grooms, and coolies with pack mules to carry bedding, mosquito nets, and food.

It was a wonderful jaunt, lasting for three weeks, and at Lachung, one of the highest and remotest spots, two of us visited a mission station carried on by two plucky Scandinavian women, who were very friendly and who gave us much information about that strange region, with its Tibetan people and villages. No doctor had visited the region for years, and we held quite a reception in the tiny dispensary, with its meagre supply of drugs, for patients crowded in steadily until long after dark. It was a gala occasion and the people looked happy and smiling as they described their ailments and begged me to feel their pulse in both

wrists. Among my patients was a red lama, or high priest, a big, gray-haired, sunny-faced man, who consented, after his treatment and some persuasion, to explain the use of the rosary he carried and to let me examine it. A doctor is highly honored in that region, and during the three days of my stay in Lachung every coolie we met on the road laid down his load to salaam with both hands, and stuck his tongue out as far as possible, to show his respect.

As a mark of appreciation, the headman of the village invited the foreign doctor and her friend and the two mission ladies to breakfast at his house. We went through the irregular streets to reach the conspicuous wooden house with very steep steps at each side of the end. Mounting these, we climbed over the threshold, which was two feet high to keep out marauding animals, and entered the main living room. On one side was a large stone inset in the wooden floor, and on this were several small fireplaces of loose bricks or stones, on one of which a large kettle was boiling. Around this place were square cushions, where the family usually sat to eat, and as there was no chimney a huge yak skin was hung above the stone fireplace, fat side down, to absorb the smoke. At night the family slept about the stone inset, wrapped in their red and blue and brown striped blankets. At one side were the bamboo churns, beautifully laced with reed, in which the tea was churned; for Tibetan tea is a mixture of tea leaves, butter, salt, and boiling water, churned to a perfectly smooth consistency. Our tea was all made and ready to serve, in great black clay jars.

We were to have the honor of breakfasting in the ceremonial room, which is always in the headman's house, and which serves as religious headquarters for the village. Over another high threshold we climbed, into a fair-sized room with several windows; this contained a Buddhist altar, which bore a small Buddha, photographs of the Dalai Lama, a great copper and brass jug, bowls of brass to be filled from the jug with holy water, many offerings, and some foreign gimcracks. Beside the main altar were pigeonholes for the scriptures, on separate leaves, with a satin tab or label at the end. The bell and *dorchi*, or external clapper, were of fine workmanship, as was the jug. In the background was a big clay fireplace, a sort of oven in the wall, for the cooking of ceremonial food.

It was decidedly impressive to sit down to a meal in the presence of the sacred emblems, while the headman and his four sons stood proudly by. Each of the four guests had a small table or stool, and a cushion or mat upon which to sit cross-legged. Upon each little table were a beautiful Tibetan bowl of wood lined with silver, a finely lacquered box, and a fascinating little pottery jar with a cover. Our bowls were filled with the reddish, salty tea mixture by our silent hostess, a tall, sturdy woman of Mongolian type, and her daughter-in-law, the wife of the four sons — for the Tibetans are polyandrous. After the first sip the bowls were promptly filled to the brim again. Our missionary friends indicated that we were next to stir into the tea some of the contents of the jar.

'What 's in the jar?' I whispered to my neighbor, with vivid curiosity.

'Crushed mice,' the little Swedish lady murmured back discreetly. Horrified but determined, and outwardly serene, I lifted the lid, and was relieved to find that her mispronunciation of 'maize,' boiled, roasted, and crushed, had lent an extra thrill to my meal.

Another sip, and the bowls were

filled again. Next we stirred in some of the finely ground barley from the lacquered box; the mixture was rather like Scotch brose, and really very good. We were careful not to offer an insult to our hostess by dropping any grains on the floor. After the tea bowls had been filled for the third time the demands of etiquette were satisfied, and we were at liberty to leave the rest.

The ceremonial meal was over. We expressed our appreciation, and one of the missonaries interpreted our thanks to the hostess, who stood facing the row of little tables. In accordance with the etiquette which forbade her to notice such speeches unless made by members of her family, she looked perfectly blank until the daughter-in-law repeated the words, after which she beamed upon us, and we took our respectful leave, going back to our regular breakfast and our patients.

Later in the day the weaving class at the mission asked that the visitors might have tea with them in their shed. Here we saw the tea churned and served to forty-six women and innumerable babies. I, as the doctor who had treated most of them, had the cushion of honor at the head of the table, and the three other ladies had mats. The 'mice' was popped this time, and very good. The Tibetan women sang hymns. As they loved stories, I told them, through an interpreter, a moral Chinese tale, which they interrupted by appropriate groans and exclamations of horror, astonishment, or joy. Then came salaams, as we had to leave early and they had to travel miles to their homes.

There were other queer meals, too numerous to describe fully, in settings which made a Quaker-bred American woman feel somewhat out of the picture, but their charm lay in their very strangeness. There was a spirit-lamp breakfast which I cooked and ate sitting on the floor of a little Chinese 'slipper-boat,' as it raced down the swift current of the Min River and the rain poured in torrents on the sketchy bamboo covering. There was a tea party given for me by a dear old Chinese lady in Soochow, while I was crippled by a lame knee. After due consideration of our respective ages and the canons of hospitality, the tea was given in my own quarters at the request of my gracious hostess, who sent elaborate refreshments by bearers, and arrived later by sedan chair with her female relatives, all of them gorgeously arrayed. The Chinese are called rigid in regard to social observances, but I always found them courteous and ready to make concessions to foreigners who respected their point of view and met them halfway. There was also a late supper in an upper room of an unspeakable little Chinese mountain inn, in bandit-infested country. We met some of the bandits next day, by the way, and they were very chummy with our soldier escort, inspecting their arms with interest, but giving us no trouble.

Sitting here in my little apartment with all its modern conveniences, eating waffles hot from the electric iron, and recalling those gypsyings in Asia,

> I tells them over by myself
> An' sometimes wonders if they're true.

RECIPROCITY

BY CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER

I

In one of his less kindly caricatures, that universal favorite, Mr. Max Beerbohm, pays his respects to the artistic aspirations of the American people. It stings a bit, coming as it does from one to whom we Americans have been unfeignedly attached, but it is in the current English mode of fretting at this country, and, like any other spasm of bad taste, must therefore be understood and pardoned. Moreover, it is undeniably amusing.

The plate to which I refer is found in *Things New and Old*, and is entitled 'Reciprocity.' It represents Brother Jonathan — who, save for certain marks conventional among cartoonists, looks remarkably like John Bull — interviewing a withered beldame arrayed in ermine and rags. She is Dame Europa, who is supposed to have sold the American a large number of packing cases filled with oil paintings. These are labeled Constable, Gainsborough, Manet, Gauguin, Degas, and so on; and the old lady is saying to Jonathan, 'And now, young man, now that you've bought up all *my* art products, I shall be happy to acquire all *yours;* and I am willing to pay a generous price.' 'Name it, marm,' he replies. 'Twopence halfpenny,' says the old lady. *Brother Jonathan* — continues Mr. Beerbohm — *is slightly hurt, but, like a sensible fellow, closes with the offer.*

Now it would be preposterous to ask a caricaturist for fair play. We do not expect Mr. Beerbohm to be fair; we only want him to be funny — and Mr. Beerbohm can be as deliciously ridiculous as anybody alive. In this case he did not perhaps realize quite how ridiculous he had been. Let us, as sensible fellows, inquire what the caricaturist means by 'reciprocity.' An Englishman seldom admonishes us without having something in mind besides a joke, something, as a rule, which he takes to be an idea. It is for us to strive to find out what the notion is. What, then, in the name of fine art and literary history, is meant by reciprocity?

Mr. Beerbohm's notion seems to be that, when the fine arts are concerned, a nation ought to do business on the principle of barter, and give in return as much as she receives. What a nation acquires by mere purchase can hardly, in any true sense, be considered hers. If she has nothing but her money, nothing with which to repay in kind those from whom she has drawn her 'art products,' — as Mr. Beerbohm chooses to call them, — she may as well admit that she is a poor thing, worth, at a generous estimate, $2\frac{1}{2}d.$

Although we must not ask Mr. Beerbohm, when making fun of us, to use his reasoning powers, we, as good Americans and good merchants, may be pardoned for using our own. Indeed, we may feel the need of powers of derision equal to his own when we visit the National Gallery in London and

find the paintings of Whistler and Sargent labeled 'British School' — an illustration of that acquisitive skill which has made England great among the colonizing nations. Reciprocity, quotha! Whistler and Sargent, it is true, lived long in Europe, a fact which might be cited as reciprocity of a sort; but we are hardly as yet disposed to yield them up to the British School, however much her faded glories may stand in need of them. But even if we leave these two out of the list of modern American painters, there remain Mr. Bellows, Mr. Hassam, Miss Beaux, Mr. Henri, Mr. Benson, and a dozen others whom England might be the better for knowing, and whom, for all that we can tell, she may one day be claiming. Meanwhile she remains contentedly ignorant of Inness in one field and Saint Gaudens in another. No specimen of their work is to be found in English galleries — perhaps because specimens are not to be purchased for twopence halfpenny.

II

But it is useless to recommend your own wares to a satirist who will only find you the bigger fool for taking the pains to do it. Best turn the tables. Well, then, to use his own arguments against Mr. Beerbohm, what evidence can be shown of a fine reciprocity in England? So far as he is concerned, it seems to consist largely of scolding at America for purchasing works of art made in Europe, and this at the very moment when England is opening a new wing at the Tate Gallery to receive pictures by Continental artists — Gauguin, Manet, and Degas among others. A few of Europa's packing cases labeled with those names seem to be destined for England — to England's immediate artistic advantage.

And does the current flow at times in the other direction? Does England repay in kind for what she receives from France and the Continent? As inveterate travelers, we Americans demand to know where on the Continent a great collection of British painting is to be found. Just where, that is, are we to go in Italy, France, or Germany, to examine the works of Raeburn, or Wilson, or Burne-Jones, or Augustus John? What impress has British painting left on the artistic life of The Hague or Paris or Budapest? The fact is that on the Continent British painting has not been wanted. It has received such a measure of neglect as our own has received from Great Britain. The chief admirers of British painting outside the island have been found in America.

Reciprocity! It is not in her name that nations can transact their artistic business. To pay in kind as you take from others has been no principle of æsthetics. What British sculpture is worth twopence halfpenny in comparison with the Elgin marbles, which are the proudest possession of the British Museum? Has payment in kind been made for the Italian marbles in the South Kensington Museum? Are Thornycroft, Bacon, Nollekens, Leighton, and G. F. Watts to be offered in exchange for Donatello and Desiderio da Settignano? What possible offering of England to the Continent is to be judged as a fitting return for the French paintings in the Wallace Collection?

Thanks be to Apollo and all the Muses, no nation is compelled to pay her artistic debts. It is comforting to reflect that no nation has ever paid, or can pay, her artistic debt to Greece, or, for that matter, to Venice or to Florence or to Paris, or to any other pulsing centre of artistic life, save by that finest tribute of continuing the tradition. In this realm we might

almost reverse the rule of the Gospel, and contend that it is more blessed to receive than to give.

Remembering this, we will not, as Americans, feel hurt by British captiousness. It is conceded, even by Mr. Beerbohm, that Americans are 'sensible fellows,' and we may assure him that Jonathan will buy Max's pictures as fast as they come on the market. If Dame Europa expects to retain any of them, she had better hustle them into museums as fast as ever she can.

III

The doctrine of reciprocity, however, is related to another heresy perhaps equally erroneous. Although one may admit that a nation has an inalienable right to purchase as much of the beauty of the Old World as she finds offered for sale, one may still feel that the only true art of a people is its indigenous product and not the reflection or imitation of that of other nations. When the British grumble over the departure of Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy' from their shores, they are not indignant because we fail to offer them a Stuart or a Saint Gaudens in return, but are, quite naturally, distressed to lose a masterpiece of their national school, the particular lack of which all the treasures of foreign galleries cannot make good.

Why, they ask, cannot a great people be content with their own art, and leave Dame Europa to enjoy her own? Are not Americans tacitly admitting that they have nothing of their own with which they can remain content?

This question Mother England is never tired of asking us, and the question has somehow got very deep under our skin.

'This art of yours, Jonathan,' says the old lady, 'is all very well, but is it yours or an imitation of mine?'

Let Mr. Beerbohm make a cartoon of that! And let him follow it, in one of his incomparable series, with a picture of Jonathan waiting — into the second century — for the great American novel. And then let him show us Jonathan studying the verses of Mr. Vachel Lindsay, in a quandary as to whether that gentleman is sufficiently poetical as well as sufficiently American to be put forward as the typical lyrist of our age and our nation.

Is our art indigenous? Is it *ours?* This is the suppressed query that is running through most American criticism at the moment.

Mr. Untermeyer, for instance, is very much distressed about the present state of Mr. Lindsay's poetry. Mr. Untermeyer used to think that Mr. Lindsay's 'native urge' promised fine things. Mr. Lindsay was unabashed, American. His feet were in the road that leads to immortality. But the poet's latest volume disappoints the critic. It is still sufficiently American, but something is lacking.

Suppose that Mr. Lindsay and his native urge should fail us after all? Suppose, in short, that there were to be no indigenous poetry — none, that is, with any readers? We have an architecture that is all our own. We have given to the world a kind of building, soaring, incredible, American, that serves as an emblem of our very soul. Is it impossible that we should strike out an American poetry that is as incontestably our own?

This notion that the genuine literature is of an indigenous sort is widespread to-day. It is not only in America that the gospel is heard. Long since Ireland led the way in this passionate quest of a national school; and if her prospects of a glorious achievement in the Irish tongue have grown a

little misty, there is still the English vernacular to retire upon. The desire for Home Rule in the poetical realm has spread to Scotland, and it would seem that we are to hear much in future about a Scottish Renaissance. Mr. Edwin Muir, who is one of its prophets, tells us about it in the *Saturday Review:* —

> The idea of a Scottish literary revival was first publicly advanced by Mr. M'Diarmid's friend and colleague, Mr. C. M. Grieve, about three years ago. It was associated at first in the *Scottish Nation*, a weekly journal, with a political policy of Home Rule for Scotland. The *Scottish Nation* was short-lived; the writers whom Mr. Grieve expected to arrive did not appear, and the public was cold. The *Scottish Chapbook*, a monthly miscellany of Scottish poetry, ran the same course and had to be discontinued at the same time. . . . It was redeemed by the occasional appearance of Mr. Grieve's prose, of poems by Mr. M'Diarmid, and of various contributions by Mr. J. R. Malloch. These represent thus far the net literary achievement of the Renaissance.

Mr. M'Diarmid is the expectancy and rose of this new movement, for he has fearlessly dedicated his talents to the native Muse, and is, we must all agree, very Scotch. Mr. Muir quotes some of his verses for us. Among them are these: —

> There's golochs on the wa',
> A craidle on the ca',
> A muckle bleeze of cones,
> An' mither fochin' scones.

In commenting on Mr. M'Diarmid's poetry, Mr. Muir continues: —

> It is written in Scots, and it has the best of justifications: it is perfectly original. That is to say, it could have been written by no one but Mr. M'Diarmid, by no poet of any nationality other than the Scottish, and in no language save that language.

Here, too, I suspect that many will be found in full agreement with Mr. Muir. Whatever we may think of the critical conclusions, there can be no reason for missing the idea in Mr. Muir's mind. It is bell-like in its clarity: true poetry is a home-grown product, and intended largely for home consumption.

Well, this desire for a Scottish Renaissance must be reassuring to one who is experiencing great concern about the future of American poetry or the arrival of the great American novel. Other nations are having their difficulties, too. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Perhaps, in time, we may come to suspect that all this Simon-pure nationalism is, so far as literature is concerned, a little silly. One would like to introduce it into some American version of *Through the Looking-Glass.* To wit: —

> 'But then,' said Alice, 'we have a very nice literature of our own.' 'Oh no, you have n't,' said the Pennsylvania Dutchman. 'Oh no, you have n't. Literature, you know, is like lettuce.' 'Oh,' answered Alice, 'I had n't thought of that.' 'No, I suppose you had n't thought of it,' said the Dutchman, 'but you must think of it now. Lettuce, you see, must not be eaten unless you grow it in your own garden.'

IV

If critics were at all inclined to study present conditions in the light of literary history, they would come to doubt the value of a perfect nationalism of expression. The great writers of the past have been freebooters rather than patriotic stay-at-homes. What they wanted in the way of foreign material, that they went and took, unblushingly.

The English poets have never, thank God, cared to be exclusively English. They have helped themselves liberally to the good things of their neighbors and to the wisdom of their

ancestors. They have brought home booty from Troy and have filched from the troubadours. They have read Homer and the Old Testament, and have drawn off the old wine into English bottles. Horace and Boccaccio, Saxo Grammaticus and Omar Khayyám, are among the sponsors at the baptism (by immersion) of the English poets.

Verily there can hardly be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the philosophies of our poets. They fetch their wares from the East and from the West, from the isles of the seas and from the rolling spheres of heaven. Even in the most English of them the indebtedness to other lands and other times is conspicuous, because England has arisen upon the foundations laid by other peoples. England has no exclusive, no lion's share in the sources which inspired Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Byron, Browning. The voice is, no doubt, English, but the words are Venetian, Roman, Athenian, what not.

Even the novelists, who are often thought of as uncompromisingly British, acknowledge, in one way or another, their debt to the Continental. Harry Fielding, for example, 'the full-blooded, clear-eyed Englishman,' avowed, on the title-page of *Joseph Andrews*, his first novel, that it was 'written in imitation of Cervantes,' and in a famous passage in *Tom Jones* he enumerated Aristophanes, Lucian, Cervantes, Rabelais, Molière, Shakespeare, Swift, and Marivaux as the sources of his inspiration and his method.

And what shall be said to those Northern critics who are waiting to confront us with the name of Robert Burns? Merely this — that Burns at every moment of his career deliberately challenged comparison with the English poets. He was proud of Scots poets who had attained fame in England, and meant to emulate them. He lauded the poet Thomson, a Scot who, like Smollett, had renounced the vernacular and submitted himself to the literary standards of the English metropolis. Burns himself imitated Thomson and Shenstone and Gray and Collins and Goldsmith, and, though he never ceased to write verse in his native dialect, increasingly tended toward English as a medium; and it is because he is at least partially intelligible to English-speaking folk everywhere that he has ever been regarded as something other than a merely local poet, a writer of verses significant only in the provinces.

In a word, — though it be a word that gives offense to many, — Burns has triumphed over provinciality. He has escaped from the remote and the unintelligible line of Scots poets, Dunbar, Lyndsay, Douglas, Fergusson, Ramsay, and the rest, whose history has been written by Mr. Henderson, and whose race Mr. M'Diarmid wishes to see perpetuated in modern times. Burns is no more to be confounded with such local predecessors and contemporaries than Dante is to be confounded with the horde of theologians and poets out of which he rose. Fergusson and the others are among the glories of Scotland, but Burns is one of the glories of the world.

Such universality has been a mark of poetry throughout the ages. It has never been conceived of as local or indigenous, but as a living growth whose branches roof the world. Its 'progress,' about which poets used to write in the eighteenth century, was as majestic as the thunderous history of Christendom.

For its origin poetry acknowledged the 'harmonious springs' of Parnassus. 'Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,' that stream of music had rolled through

the Grecian world, and then poured its fertile waves over the Roman world. With the rebirth of learning, the entire Italian peninsula partook of its influence, and thence, in an ever-widening stream, it entered France. Westward the course of this poetic empire took its way, and in two enormous tides flooded England with glory, culminating in the spacious times of great Elizabeth. The broad river had gathered tributary waters from a thousand streams. Hence its rolling force. It acknowledged no allegiance and no nationalities, for its function was to unite the present with the past, the West with the East, and the traditional with the modern, in the creation of an art which could, in some sense, resist the very decays of Time.

Certain poets in the eighteenth century believed that this stream of influence was destined to pass to the Western main. Goldsmith, in a burst of prophecy and allegory near the close of *The Deserted Village*, described the Muse herself as embarking for America. It could never have occurred to Goldsmith, it could hardly have occurred to one of the radicals in all the agonies of Romanticism, that a new, indigenous, and wholly original poetry would arise in the West to express the native genius of the New World. It would be as futile to invent poetry anew as to create a new language or reconstruct Christianity. And though both a new language and an unrecognizable Christianity have arisen in our midst, they are not perhaps to be conceived as our peculiar glories.

Language, religion, poetry, and such ultimate things, whose origin is lost in the dark backward and abysm of time, were always, and quite inoffensively, deemed to be *supra*national. Some things man may inherit humbly from the past; some things he must learn to be beyond his power to reconstruct without destroying them. Most persons find it a sobering experience, at a certain age, to renounce the attempt to change human nature, as Margaret Fuller experienced a certain spiritual settling when she decided to accept the universe.

V

Our American poets will one day wake from their dream of a sublime poetry which smacks of Americanism and owes nothing to Europe, — not even the English language, — and will soberly accept the ancient doctrine of the progress of poetry, even as their rude forefathers of the Concord School accepted it in the last century. Happily that acceptance need be neither deliberate nor even conscious. The slow processes of nature spare us much mortification that arises from a sudden shift of position. Gradually we shall hear less of 'the American language,' whatever that may be, of the 'seven lively arts of America,' and of poetry purely native in origin. They will have no 'progress,' but will fall before the assault of newer heresies. When we have stopped talking about them, perhaps England will cease admonishing us to cultivate them, and permit us to enjoy, as she has done, the common literary inheritance of the chief nations of the Western world.

If, then, as a nation, we are destined to increase still more the waters of that vast poetic stream, our contribution will, without special thought on our part, be sufficiently American. No one will fail to recognize it as ours. Who has ever been in doubt about the American complexion of Poe's work, or Hawthorne's, or Emerson's? Perhaps none is more American than that nervous Briton by late adoption (at his own request), Mr. Henry James. We need never fear that we shall get away from our own shadow, or that we shall

persuade the British to believe that there is no important difference between them and us. American poets of the future will, we may be confident, feel no disposition to limit themselves to the sentiments of the province in which they were born or sing the war songs of their tribe to the exclusion of all other lyrics. There is certainly no lack of patriotism in claiming one's right to the common inheritance of Christendom. To know it through its long history, to enjoy it forever, and to add to it if possible — this is surely no unworthy aim for any national movement or literary renaissance, and to realize the aim is to discharge in full the manifold duties of reciprocity.

POETIFICATION — NEW STYLE

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

I WENT out to see Minch Pith — or, as he prefers to have it printed, minch pith — the other day, and found Flushing's new poet of passion hard at work and using a typewriter. He greeted me enthusiastically.

'I am glad you have come to see me,' he said, 'because I have just improved my soulyearns, as I call my poems, in a way that will practically revolutionize poetry throughout the world, and I want to tell somebody about it. You notice I have bought a typewriter.'

'Always up-to-date, Minch,' I said, 'as new poets of passion should be.'

'Almost up-to-date,' he answered. 'I bought it on the installment plan and I am two installments in arrears. But I want to show you my newest poems. What do you think of this one?'

He handed me a sheet of paper on which he had typed the poem.

life

life is a contract thrust at us
and all of us must sign
and all of us inscribe our names
upon the . . . . . .

life is a river we must cross
to reach eternal thrones
the minutes are the ripples there
the days are . . . . . .

'Don't you like it?' he asked anxiously, as I frowned over the poem.

'I don't just understand it, I'm afraid,' I said. 'I think I get the meaning of the dots following the first verse. They mean "dotted line," don't they?'

'Of course!' said the poet of passion. 'And at the end of the second line they are "stepping stones." That's my invention. That's the improved poetification. It,' he said vaguely, 'it helps you get your money's worth out of a typewriter you have bought on the installment plan.

'It helps use up the punctuation marks,' he said. 'I saw as soon as I had bought the typewriter that I ought to do something about the punctuation marks to get my money's worth out of them. I don't use many writing these new-style poems of passion, you know,' he added sadly. 'We moderns don't.'

'You might use them for a border around your poems,' I suggested.

'I think my way is best,' Mr. Pith said a little haughtily. 'I call it imagist verse, because it uses the punctuation marks as images. This one shows what I mean.'

He gave me another poem: —

futility

man seeks to reach the distant *****
or mount and ride the)
he ends by riding trolley cars
and eating with a spoon

man longs to be a washington
a ford or davy crockett
alas when all his flight is done
he is a bursted?

'You knew that final image was a rocket, did n't you?' the poet asked me anxiously. 'My mother thought it was a sprocket; she had never seen a sprocket, you see, and did not know what a sprocket looked like. That's one of the greatest things about this imagist poetry of mine — only the true cognoscenti can understand it. Their souls reach out and grasp the true meaning. The souls of the cognoscenti are always reaching out and grasping, you know. They know there are many meanings in everything. The moon is not always the moon. I mean, the same image may mean many things. As in this poem': —

rosalie diffenheimer

my rosalie my rosalie
shes not one of the highbrows
she hasnt any brains at all
behind her coal black))

but o her heart beats strong and true
and seldom ever rests
but ever warmly palpitates
behind her snow white))

'Don't her eyebrows run rather up and down in the poem?' I asked as gently as I could.

'That's the only way they run on the typewriter,' said Mr. Pith. 'How do you like this one?'

kist

i kist her at eve
ere the swallows had flitted
and X

I suppose I looked at this poem rather too long, for Mr. Pith seemed to become rather nervous as I studied it.

'Don't you understand that one?' he asked.

'It seems to end rather abruptly, does n't it?' I asked. 'I'm afraid I'm not a full-blown cognoscentum, only a half-baked one, as you might say. The X stands for "ten," does n't it?'

'Dear me!' cried Mr. Pith. 'I do hope everybody does not think that. It would n't make very good sense, would it? Not that sense is important in the new poetry. But it does n't even sound like sense that way: —

'i kist her at eve
ere the swallows had flitted
and ten.'

'Does the X stand for a kiss?' I asked. 'I recall now that my children sometimes put a whole row, to mean many kisses, when they write me letters.'

'I'm afraid that poem is n't a real success,' Mr. Pith said. 'Not if a newspaper man like you can only make that out of it. A newspaper man ought to understand it. Don't you know that X always "marks the spot where the deed was committed"?'

'Why, of course!' I exclaimed. 'I'm a stupid animal, ain't I?' and I read the poem as it should be read: —

'i kist her at eve
ere the swallows had flitted
and X marks the spot
where the deed was committed.'

'That's it!' exclaimed Mr. Pith joyfully. 'It's a double-meaning poem, you see — a triple-meaning poem. X stands for a kiss, and X stands for the

spot where the deed was committed, and it stands for the crossroads, too. It's lovely when you understand it, is n't it?'

'Mr. Pith,' I said, 'I cannot even begin to tell you what thoughts that poem causes to arise in me!'

'Do you like this one?' he asked with eagerness.

fido

i had a little fido once
his hair was full of fleas
he would have been unhappier
had they been ####

'Ah — er — ' I said as I studied the poem.

'Now, please!' the poet said earnestly, and with a great pleading in his voice, 'please don't say the words ending that one are "railroad crossings." That is what my mother called them. Railroad crossings! How could a doggie have railroad crossings in his hair?'

'He could n't very well, could he?' I agreed. 'Not four of them, anyway.'

'But he could have bumblebees, could n't he?' asked Mr. Pith, in a way that indicated he desired no answer. 'And bumblebees would have made him unhappier than the fleas did, would n't they?'

'I don't know how unhappy the fleas made him,' I said.

'Not very unhappy,' said Mr. Pith. 'He seemed more resentful than unhappy. But if the bumblebees stung him he would have been unhappy.'

'Particularly,' I agreed, 'bees like these, with double stingers.'

'And here is the second verse about Fido,' he said, handing me another sheet.

he never ran with any speed
but at a gentle jog
for he was not a hasty hound
he was a /

I laughed heartily as I read this verse.

'Of course,' I laughed. 'I understand this. It is

'he never ran with any speed
but at a gentle jog
for he was not a hasty hound
he was a lazy dog.'

'How did you know it was that?' Minch Pith asked me.

'I remember the old riddle as well as you do, Minch,' I said. '"Why is an inclined plane like a lazy dog?" Answer: "An inclined plane is a slope up; a slow pup is a lazy dog."'

'You're wonderful!' he said. 'You should become an imagist poet yourself.'

'I thought to once upon a time,' I said, 'but my wife refused to take in washings.'

'I, REZA, PLACE THIS CROWN UPON MY HEAD'

BY AN ONLOOKER

I

It is like bygone days to have a great national event and so little of the modern inartistic accompaniments. In Teheran, on April 25, at Reza Shah's coronation, no movie cameras purred at street corners, newspaper correspondents were conspicuous by their absence, and the legations, I venture to wager, were pestered by no society writers, plaintive or domineering, who wanted permits and interviews. You did not feel the thing was being staged for publicity or propaganda. In fact, it did not occur to those in charge to take a 'portrait photo' of the Shah in his state regalia till one of the foreigners — who perhaps wanted to take home such a memento — started the suggestion. There were very few foreigners besides those who naturally belong here, and no rich and idle curiosity seekers pressing to see and to be seen.

The chief reason for this absence of a grandstand crowd is the fact that Teheran is probably the most inaccessible capital of any pretensions in the world to-day. Even with the motor it is far, far away. The journey is long and expensive. Connections are not always certain, as a writer from home found out who arrived ten days after the show was over. If you don't come in one of the slow boats through Suez or from Bombay up through the Persian Gulf to Bagdad, you leave Beirut with a motor convoy — and at times, during the last year, with a life-insurance policy if you are wise. You cross the Syrian desert to Bagdad and proceed again by motor from the Iraq frontier over the remaining four hundred and fifty miles to Teheran.

The day was clear and the air fragrant with the Judas trees and locusts which fringe the little watercourses on the outskirts of the city. In Persia, Nature comes nearer being expansive in April than at any other time, but even then she seems friendly largely because of her aloofness during so much of the year. At best she gives the impression of inhospitality. The far expanses devoid of tree or bush, only limited by mountain chains and succeeded only by more expanse and mountain, recall in their simplicity and nakedness the relief maps we used to have at school. Well do the words of Stevenson fit the great Persian plateau: 'There is a certain tawny nudity of the south, bare sunburnt plains, colored like a lion, and hills clothed only in the blue transparent air.' But to my mind one can hardly call the mountains, for instance, which rise like a wall to the sky behind Teheran and shield it from the north, desolate. Their lights and shades, whether in stormy or in fair weather, when the day is breaking or is at its height; the perfection of their ruggedness; the crispness with which they bite the atmosphere, unless indeed the mists of a storm envelop their tops; their winter cloak of snow, which at sunset often turns a pink pure as the throat of a Ross's gull, make you draw

a deeper breath and feel glad to be in Persia.

South of this city of one quarter of a million souls, of gardens and open spaces, of mansions and mud huts, the silence and solitude of the vast plain lose themselves in the dim cloud mountains that fringe it. The eternity of nature here! Across this plain, beside these mountains, marched and countermarched the troops of Darius and Alexander, the hordes of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane. An heroic setting for a history of six thousand years.

To reach the Golistan or Garden Palace we drove through crowded streets bedecked with the Persian red, white, and green. Countless streamers of this bunting flickered from lines that stretched at all angles across the streets. The principal thoroughfares had each its triumphal arch, a towering scaffolding of poles covered from top to bottom with the chief form of domestic wealth here, the rug, and ornamented profusely with mirrors and glass lustres and candelabra, and always the picture of Reza Shah. You often speculated whether one of these suspended masses of glass would drop, and whether you or your neighbor would be its victim. Rugs and mirrors and heavy old-fashioned glass candelabra that in most countries have been put away in the attic or transferred to the secondhand dealer are the universal articles for public decoration here. The rugs hang from the wall or window and often hide the entire side of a building. In the evening doorways and balconies and windows are a mass of glass and twinkling candles.

The broad sidewalks of the great Meidan Sepah were thronged. Lines of soldiers kept a way open for the carriages and automobiles of the coronation guests. Here and there, in the more quiet and spacious corners, the eye met with a mass of black. These were Persian women, each a jet-black figure in the enveloping chadar, from which only the eyes peep out.

The Square of the Portuguese Gun in front of the Palace entrance was filled with vehicles. *Farrashes* awaited us. We passed first by the long water basin, with its spouting jets that run up to the open throneroom from which the Kajars, and latterly Reza Shah, have presented themselves before their subjects at the traditional salaams. This open chamber, the three walls of which are paneled with mirrors and glass facets of varying shapes and sizes, contains the famous balustraded marble platform from which the monarch graciously allows himself to be gazed upon. That at least was the traditional theory, taken more seriously, perhaps, in days gone by than now.

We passed into a second court and by the spot where the Kajar monarchs buried the ashes of their immediate predecessor in order to have the satisfaction of treading upon his dust whenever they entered or left their abode. Kerim Khan Zand happens to be one of the most popular of Persian rulers, and the promptness with which Reza Shah had his remains removed to a more friendly resting place met with public acclaim.

II

Reza Shah was crowned in the Hall of the Museum, a huge room, arched and vaulted, with immense alcoves running down both its longer sides, and its enormous plate-glass windows — what a job it must have been to transport them by camel! — facing the pines and cypresses and plane trees in the gardens, which shade the raised basins over whose brims the water laps into blue-tiled troughs. I had seen this great hall earlier in the winter, when it was still the repository of a hundred years' accumulation of presents and

purchases of the Kajar monarchs: a curious cross section of the attempt and inability of nineteenth-century Persia to assimilate European culture. Here were two priceless Gobelins with which Napoleon is said to have planned to buy his way to India, and an assortment of fantastic clocks gathered by Nasr-ed-Din Shah when he visited his fellow sovereigns in the West. In one case I remember a monkey playing a guitar in the garden of a Swiss chalet beside gold and enamel work of Isfahan. Alabaster vases flirted with gold snuff boxes. Musical boxes jostled Sèvres china. On the walls hunting trophies leered at bad copies of French paintings. To my regret I failed to find the sixpenny toothbrushes which one traveler has chronicled. Now, however, treasures and rubbish were all gone; the floor was cleared; the walls were nearly bare.

At the far end, like an animal's eye in the night, blazed the Peacock Throne, hidden away so long that many said it was only a myth. Even now, as is the case when so many mysteries meet the light of day, there are unbelievers.

For many a long year this treasure of the Great Moguls has been wrapped and swathed like a mummy, stored in a palace vault far from the view and knowledge of all but a chosen few. The Kajar monarchs seem to have guarded it with as zealous secrecy as if it had been a family skeleton. Its very existence was denied. Curzon, when he was gathering material for his monumental book on Persia, as inveterate a seeker after Persian facts and fancies as has ever come to Teheran, left with the conviction that the Peacock Throne of history had long since been broken up and its stones and its charms dispersed to the four winds. It was a natural conclusion for anyone to draw who had seen only the platform structure made in Isfahan a hundred years ago for Fath Ali Shah. For the Persians call this the Takt-i-Taous, or Peacock Throne. It was made at the behest of the Taous Khanum, or Peacock Lady, by which name the favorite wife of Fath Ali was known to her husband's subjects. This throne, upon which the Persian ruler of the early nineteenth century is so often depicted, squatting on knees and heels, has a beautiful covering of gold plating and enamel work, but with its seven legs and balustrading looks more like a dais than a throne. Now it was placed in a recess behind the one which Nadir Shah brought from Delhi two hundred years ago, as if it had gracefully withdrawn in favor of a finer, newly found sister. Cobwebs were brushed from many places when the Kajar dynasty was swept away last winter, and the reappearance of this historic relic but accompanies new and hopeful signs for a rehabilitated Persia.

It stood there arching its disdainful back, its gold skin on sides and arms and legs and back pocked with stones that glittered with all the colors of the rainbow. From the ends of the arms hung tassels, not of brocade or silk, but of emeralds, clear and cloudy and voluptuous in their irregular, curving contours.

The diplomatic corps was grouped on the left. At one end was the ranking ambassador, its dean. Then came the ambassador from another neighboring country, a healthy, hearty-mannered ex-professor in whose classes you would have liked to have sat. Both represented Governments whose foundations were laid during the Great War. The senior minister came next, in gold braid and ribbons and orders, for he speaks for a Government that has talked for a thousand years. All were ranked according to the length of their stay in the Persian capital, some in uniforms that Talleyrand and Castlereagh might have worn, and others in

the plain black clothes proper to those whose age and traditions are newer and simpler.

Opposite, at the right of the throne, were crowded many mullahs, bearded, beturbaned, imperturbable, who squatted on the floor until the Shah appeared. Even had there been room, custom would have prohibited the use of chairs. Next to them came the 'notables and grandees of the empire,' of varying ages and degree, many representing a day long since past, all wearing various kinds and shades of cashmere robes cut in the manner of a Japanese kimono. We asked each other who they were. That gaunt, bent old man is Sepah Salar Aazam, active in public affairs for sixty years. Near him, leaning on his stick, is the Farman Farma, one of the most charming and picturesque personages in Teheran to-day, a relic of the old order, whose villages number in the hundreds, whose memories go back to feudal levies and warfare. That clear-eyed, wizened little man came to Washington as first Persian minister in the days of President Arthur. Across the way is the Mostowfi-ol-Mamelek, an ex-prime minister, son and grandson of grand viziers, a famous hunter and one of the few remaining who go to the chase with a falcon on the wrist. In green satin stood a tall black-bearded man, a khan of Bokhara driven from his lands by the Bolsheviki. Near by was a group of Kajar princes, uncles and cousins of the late deposed Shah, who had accepted the invitation to appear and show respect to the new ruler. There, too, were many veteran ex-ministers of state, some of whom had wielded power under Nazr-ed-Din Shah, the picturesque potentate who introduced Persia to Europe and who, at a state banquet in Berlin, as a mark of extreme favor once transferred a drumstick with his royal fingers from his own plate to that of his hostess, the Empress Augusta. And there, in black satin and Arab headdress, was the old and stately Sheikh of Mohammerah, last of the independent chieftains to be broken by Reza Shah. He was brought eighteen months ago, a political prisoner, to Teheran from his palaces and date groves on the Persian Gulf. Chieftains, too, were there of the great tribes of the Bakhtiari and the Kashgai, who migrate by the tens of thousands with their flocks to the uplands in the spring, and over snow-covered mountains down to southern lowlands in the autumn; chiefs of the Baluchis from the south and of the Turkomans eight hundred miles away in the north.

Each of the great alcoves of the hall was filled with the representatives of guilds, of business and commercial interests, the military, the judiciary, and the ministries of government. Among these last, in *kollah* and cashmere abba, as befitted officials of the Persian Government, were the members of the American Financial Mission, whose contribution to the new Persia has coincided with the political leadership of Reza Shah. Under the able leadership of Arthur C. Millspaugh these fifteen Americans are not only showing the way in the building up of the Persian financial structure, but are also showing an ancient community the methods and outlook of American citizenship.

III

A broad lane down the centre was kept open by cadets, who held at intervals regimental colors.

From the Palace entrance came the strains of the Shah's anthem, and then at the far end of the hall appeared a diminutive child, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, Crown Prince, solemn, erect, in military uniform. He stands about on a level with his father's knee. Solemnly

and alone the little chap strutted down the long aisle and took his place at the right of the step to the throne. Later during the ceremony, when the mullahs were pressing forward and over him and, quite outside of the programme, mumbling blessings (or were they curses?) into Reza's ear, he thought he was quite forgotten. I got a glimpse of him intently toying with the pearls sewed into the hem of his father's robe.

After the Crown Prince came adjutants and chamberlains and the ministers of government: Mohammed Ali Khan Foroughi, Prime Minister, lawyer, scholar, and patriot, bearing on a red velvet cushion the Kianian Crown; the Minister of the Court, young, hard-working and hard-playing, bearing the new Pahlavi Crown made in Teheran for this occasion; the Minister of War, who goes himself disguised into a hostile camp if there is need for information or quiet negotiation, with the scimitar of Nadir Shah in a scabbard barnacled with diamonds; and sixteen more ministers and functionaries, — some quite old and breathing hard, — with sword or mace or shield or bow or axe. One bore a jeweled quiver, another the shirt of mail of the Great Abbas. Up the aisle they came, two by two. Then, parting, they turned back, making a semicircle, and took their places along the edge of the aisle. No file of waiters appearing with a new course at a hotel banquet balanced their trays with more dexterity.

The audience waited — you could hear a pin drop. An order was given, and the colors along the side of the aisle were dipped. Preceded by six adjutants appeared Reza Shah, taller than any other man, I believe, in that vast hall, erect and powerful, with a dark complexion and a profile that might have been chiseled from the rock — a man of action and not of words. Here it is not so easy to rise above the station to which one is born, but there is a certain type of man who in all ages and in all communities comes forward. Such a one is Reza Shah. By rare native shrewdness, energy, imagination, and magnetism has this private in the army risen to be sovereign of his country. At five he is at his desk; at seven-thirty he receives the chief of staff. Or he may appear at sunrise in the poorer quarters of the city, or at hospital or barracks, and woe betide those in charge if the inspection does not bring satisfaction. Not infrequently he appears walking on the street alone. On a winter's morning some weeks ago, when dawn was breaking, the guard on duty at the military hospital three miles outside the city was accosted by the new Shah. Reza is said to have informed the astonished hospital staff that they must not think he was no longer interested in the efficiency of public organizations because he had become their sovereign. He still lives simply in the comfortable but by no means palatial house that he occupied before he became Persia's executive, and goes to the Palace only at stated times for the transaction of business and to appear at official functions.

In his military cap he wore the aigrette plume of Nadir Shah, from the base of which shone the Daria-i-nur (Ocean of Light), which legend connects with Tamerlane, that stone of blood from which the Koh-i-nur is said to have been cut. At the buckle of his belt was a cloudy, sullen emerald as large as a woman's fist. The diamonds of his coat, on the epaulettes and on its face, were hidden by a cloak of heavy cashmere sewed with pearls.

He mounted and took his seat on the ancient Delhi throne.

The ministers bearing the historic appurtenances of the Persian crown formed a semicircle in front like vassals

presenting tribute. Into their centre marched the green-turbaned Imam Juma, elder of the Shiite Church and chief priest in Teheran. 'Oh, praise be to Allah,' he orated, 'who created the universe, who gives kingdoms to him whom He chooses, who is the author of goodness, who is omnipotent, who gave light to the sun and the moon, who made the earth the representation of His heavenly and godly graciousness and loveliness, who makes the prophets and the kings the protectors of the rights of His slaves, who orders them to act with justice and kindness. . . .'

The Shah sat meantime with the uncanny immobility of a statue. When the Imam finished his petition that royal favor might smile upon the Church, Reza leaned forward, gave his military cap to a chamberlain, took the Pahlavi Crown from its cushion, and placed it on his head. Then advanced the Minister of War and fastened to his belt the diamond scabbard and scimitar of Nadir Shah, and this act was heralded to the crowd outside by a salvo of guns.

Reza Shah read a speech from the throne, short and terse, like most of his public pronouncements, outlining his hope for the future of Persia and the chief reforms and measures he considered vital to her progress. 'Energetic action,' he declared, 'must be taken to develop the forces of security, education, public sanitation, and agriculture, to improve economic conditions, means of transportation, commerce, and the judiciary. . . .' He spoke in a quiet, modulated tone so low that it sounded almost as if he were talking to himself, but while straining to catch the words you somehow knew that a thousand troops could hear that voice if occasion required. Perhaps he had in mind a favorite axiom that it is action and not words that count.

Then there came forward the Prime Minister, whom some like to call a dreamer and a man of books. But it has been remarked that as chief minister he has contributed a saneness and a wisdom to the decisions and actions of government that have been responsible in no small measure for the confidence which the new régime of Reza Shah enjoys. 'The people of Persia,' he said, facing the Shah, 'are celebrating, not because a new Shah has come to the throne, but because that event has created the impression that Persia is resuming her historic glory and prosperity. . . .'

Addresses were read on behalf of the Persian people and on behalf of the provincial communities welcoming Reza as Shahinshah of Persia.

It was a picture to remember — this gathering from all the empire of those who had inspired the old order as well as those who were taking their places as makers of the new. How easily the Kajars had slipped away, how easily the page of history had turned upon them! After all, what a shadow in recent years they had become! And in their place stood this man who a few short months ago had led a bloodless revolution and who had largely been successful because of a realization that a patriot gives and does not take. To him ancient Iran is now turning, with the hope that the torch of progress and enlightenment may lead it into paths of awakening vigor and prosperity.

THE TORIES IN ENGLAND

BY IAN D. COLVIN

I

When Hengest, the Great Horse, Chief of the Angles, found the quarrels of his old men too much for him, he laid down his club in the centre of the clearing and commanded them to fight it out among themselves — adding, with a humor characteristic of his tribe, that the weapon might come in handy to finish off the weaker side. Thus the mace became the symbol of our Parliament and the King learned to trust in the dominant faction, and throughout the greater part of our history, when one party was defeated, the King, by the advice of the other, took off its head. This salutary custom cut a sharp line across the principle of continuity, so much so that in the Middle Ages it is difficult to trace the lines of our politics. Only when our politicians, alarmed by their high death rate, entered into a gentlemen's agreement not to impeach one another, and to pension where they used to decapitate, do we come to distinct and continuous traces of organized parties embracing, not merely one, but succeeding generations.

When we inquire into the principles which governed these parties, we find reason to doubt the lofty claims made by their respective historians, who have an easy habit of tracing everything to two big noises, one the Constitution and the other the Church. Such lofty explanations of the politics of the past will hardly convince the student of the politics of the present. For human nature under all its variety is a constant factor: the political animal makes a great show of fighting over an ideal — his true motive is generally something more material. Man may pretend to himself that even his hatreds are divine and that his animosities are founded in altruism; but if we look to the roots of his nature we find interest perpetually asserting itself under these plausible disguises. The flower of sentiment grows on the root of necessity; man organizes to protect or advance himself in the struggle for existence.

Here, I suggest, lies the origin of the party system.

Even in those misty and violent Middle Ages we seem to trace parties clustering round certain great interests of the nation. England was at one time a wool-exporting country, — Friedrich List describes mediæval England as the wool farm of the German Hansa, — and there grew up a popular party that aimed at keeping that wool for English looms, opposed by a foreign party that had an interest in the weaving industry of Flanders and the carrying trade of the Hanseatic cities. We see the patriot, Simon de Montfort, like George Washington, clothing his followers in homespun to symbolize the cause of weaving native cloth out of native wool, and our oldest political ballad tells the secret of his overthrow by foreign intervention: —

The Kyng of Alemaigne bi mi leauté
Thritti thousand pounds asked he
For to make the pees in the countrie.

In the Wars of the Roses these native weaving, mercantile, and shipping interests supported the House of York against the House of Lancaster, which was committed to the export of wool, and its foreign bankers, the Hansa. Warwick the Kingmaker, like Simon de Montfort, led the national against the alien cause. To that end he set Edward IV upon the throne; but that monarch cynically betrayed the interests by which he had risen. The Wars of the Roses were indeed a popular revolt against an alien domination; we find the same cause arising again to a brief triumph in the reign of Edward VI, suppressed in blood by Mary and Philip of Spain, and returning to complete and glorious victory with Queen Elizabeth.

Thus even before the rise of party government we see dimly certain great lines of conflict in English history and the existence of a party devoted to such interests as English weaving and shipping, or — shall we say? — to the national economic cause. Here, if I am right, was the germ of the Whig Party, the party of the merchant adventurers and manufacturers, the party of high protection, the party that made war either to open markets or to defeat commercial and industrial rivals. This party supported the Reformation because the Pope, the Emperor, and the King of Spain between them had closed the ports of the Old and the New World to English trade; it supported Cromwell because Charles I drew heavily on its capital and depended on our commercial rivals, the Dutch; it brought in William III because James II was thought subservient to our industrial rivals, the French. It was an active, aggressive party that dragged its country into many commercial and colonial wars on sea and land — its aim being to make England a great economic power. It had its chief strength in London and in the seaports and industrial towns. Such in essence were the Whigs.

Upon the other side was a party founded on the great quiet landward interest of agriculture, a party that would have been content to sell its wool to the foreign buyer if he offered a better price, a party that had no quarrel with French silks and clarets, a party that disliked foreign wars, for which it had to pay without receiving any direct benefit, a party rooted in English soil and devoted to old traditions, to the Crown and to the settled hierarchy of its social organization. It was this party that was faithful to the Stuarts, fought Cromwell, and would have opposed Dutch William but for the fatal obstinacy of James; it was this party that reasserted itself under Bolingbroke, fell because of that leader's subservience to France, and remained long in the shades of opposition through its fidelity to the cause of the Stuarts and its dislike of the House of Hanover.

The Tories were disabled, not only by their adherence to a fallen cause, but by the nature of things. Whereas the Whigs, depending on industry and commerce, were concentrated mainly in the great towns and the eastern counties, the Tories, depending on agriculture, were widespread and found it more difficult to combine. Adam Smith, a pensioner of the Duke of Buccleuch and a stout adherent of the landed interest, puts the case of the Tories as follows in his *Wealth of Nations:* —

The country gentlemen and farmers dispersed in different parts of the country cannot so easily combine as merchants and manufacturers, who, being collected into

towns, and accustomed to that corporation spirit which prevails in them, naturally endeavor to obtain against all their countrymen the same exclusive privilege which they generally possess against the inhabitants of their respective towns.

I do not assert that the Tories were all landowners or the Whigs all merchants. But there was, roughly speaking, this economic division between the two parties; and, that being so, the Whigs were the active element in the State, the Tories the passive. And although these circumstances made the Tories comparatively weak in organization, they were strong in popularity. The Whigs exploited the common people as free labor; the Tories protected them as feudal dependents. 'Long,' says Lecky, in his *Democracy and Liberty*, 'after the sceptre of feudal power had passed from the landed gentry to the middle classes, the old belief or prejudice or superstition, that the administration of government ought to be chiefly entrusted to gentlemen, prevailed, and in spite of all democratic agitations it is certainly very far from extinct.'

And the same judicious historian writes further: —

> It was also a fundamental principle of the old system that the chief political power should be with the owners of the land. The doctrine that the men to whom the land belonged were the men who had to govern it was held, not only by a great body of English Tories, but also by Benjamin Franklin and by a large section of the American Colonists. It was urged that the freeholders had a fixed, permanent, inalienable interest in the country, widely different from the migratory and often transitory interests of trade and commerce, that their fortunes were much more indissolubly blended with the fortunes of the State; that they represented in the highest degree that healthy continuity of habit and policy which is most essential to the welfare of nations.

I have said that the Whigs generally made the wars which the Tories paid for, the backbone of our fiscal system in those times being a tax on land. The Whigs involved us in wars with France and Spain; the Tories, in their attempts to meet the bill, sought to place some of the liability on the Thirteen Colonies.

I may be forgiven if I refuse to enter the long-vexed controversy over the stamp duty and the reform of the American customs. But this at least I may say, that Chatham, the greatest of the Whigs, who used such fiery language about these trifling impositions, himself supported a far more tyrannical attitude toward the Colonies when he declared that he would not allow so much as a horseshoe nail to be made in America. And I am glad to see that the modern American historian begins to do justice to the Tory case, and to admit that the smugglers of Boston, like your modern bootleggers, were not quite such idealists as from their pretensions we are led to suppose.

The Whig quarrel with France really ended with the Eden Treaty, which marked the fall of the French industrial system. The Whigs were indifferent or even friendly to the great Revolution caused by that fall; but the Tories rallied to the defense of the social order and found their inspired leader in the younger Pitt. The Continental system of Napoleon forced the mercantile interest of England to renew its old quarrel with France, and Great Britain united under its Tory leadership. All Englishmen came to see that their best hope of safety lay in unity; and the extension of this sound principle brought Ireland into the Union. Thus England found union, strength, and victory under a Tory administration.

But again there was the bill to be

met; and to Manchester the problem seemed simple. All our enemies, commercial and industrial, had been not merely defeated but annihilated. The only problem that remained was overhead costs, in which the chief element was the price of corn. Sir Robert Peel, although he happened to be a Tory, was also a cotton magnate and was the instrument of that great surrender from which we date a new regrouping of British politics.

II

The growth of a great poor industrial population encouraged the rise of the Liberal Party, which voiced the demand of the towns to rule the country and of the 'have nots' to take from the 'haves.' The Tories, representing a dwindling cause, became the party of defense, — of 'Conservatism,' as the nineteenth century called it, — and, their case being thought desperate, they employed an extremely astute advocate.

I cannot conscientiously rank myself among the more fervent admirers of Benjamin Disraeli. It seems to me that in the course of his amazing career he contrived to surrender, with skill and adroitness, one position after another until the very foundations of the Tory Party were completely undermined. There is evidence that the more perspicacious of his colleagues felt more or less acutely this uneasy sense of mistrust. The fourth Earl of Carnarvon, who served both with and under Disraeli, and the great Lord Salisbury, an even more distinguished colleague, exchanged views which have recently been published. Thus, for example (in the year 1877): —

> On the night of Salisbury's return to London he dined alone with me, and he then detailed to me the whole history of his negotiations at Constantinople. . . . He appeared, in talking over with me all that had passed, to have but one feeling — viz., a rooted belief in Disraeli's untrustworthiness, and a dread of the policy which he thought D. intended to pursue.

This is no isolated passage — it is characteristic of the attitude of those great Tory magnates toward this brilliant outsider whom they mistrusted even while they employed. In such circumstances it is not surprising that the Tories never attempted to reëstablish the economic foundations of their cause, but were content to fall back from position to position as expediency seemed to dictate. It was reserved for a Liberal recruit to their ranks to make this great attempt. Joseph Chamberlain's scheme of Tariff Reform might have succeeded in reëstablishing the Tory Party on a national basis, but counsels of timidity prevailed. The Conservatives recoiled in confusion before arguments drawn from their old armory of the *Wealth of Nations*, and Chamberlain's political design — to unite the country interest and the manufacturers, as Bismarck had united them in Germany, by means of a fiscal tariff — was defeated. The Tories fell into disunion; the Liberals returned to power under the banner of Free Trade and remained in office until the Teutonic trumpet at the gate awakened us out of our dreams.

The Liberals were ill equipped to conduct a war which they had helped by their blindness and timidity to precipitate. A succession of failures and blunders brought them to such disrepute that the Tories, if they had been resolutely led, might have claimed and obtained control of the government. The nation expected nothing less; but the Unionist leaders had been rendered meek by long adversity and had a possibly justifiable diffidence in their own abilities. They consented to a subordinate place in a coalition and, when

Mr. Asquith fell, continued to work with unswerving servility under Mr. Lloyd George.

How far they were led away from their principles and traditions by that fatal allegiance would be a doleful computation to make. Mr. Lloyd George, by genius and upbringing, belonged to the school of Radicalism in politics. He was born with and cherished a hatred of everything that the Tories love — the social order, the landed system, and that greater nationalism which includes the whole United Kingdom as one organism for administration and defense. Especially was he opposed to the old faith of Englishmen in a caste of gentlemen traditionally entrusted with the conduct of the government, which, as we have seen from Lecky, has sturdily survived all the assaults of Democracy. Mr. Lloyd George had an itch to disturb, to challenge, to shake up, to pull down, which was unassuaged even by the dreadful crisis of war. Being persuasive, able, and masterful, he led the Conservative side of the Coalition into a series of adventures alien to its nature. The franchise was extended so that property was utterly submerged; the Union with Ireland was surrendered to violence; new Departments of State were created which swelled extravagance and promoted Socialism; and an attempt was made to nationalize the coal mines. Successive surrenders were negotiated with the trade-unions; a fatal system of doles was established, and the cost of administration increased beyond all limits of prudence and economy. When at last the rank-and-file revolt of the Carlton Club put an end to the Coalition, Mr. Lloyd George confessed that he had abused the blind trust of his Tory colleagues. 'They did not like it, and they got to like it less,' he said in a speech at Leeds, October 21, 1922. 'I am not complaining. They stood it very long.'

The Tories were again free, at least in appearance. They easily commanded a majority in the country, and could shape their policy according to their own principles and traditions. The war and the Coalition had been fatal to their Liberal opponents, and the Socialists, active and aggressive as they were, could not hope to command a majority in the House of Commons. They were, then, in seeming, once more masters of their own destiny; but in reality they were still unhappily entangled in the net of the Coalition. Mr. Baldwin himself had been a member of that Government; Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead, two of its principal ministers, had been complacent agents in the Irish surrender. They had committed themselves to a whole line of policy that stultified their principles and fettered their liberties. Mr. Baldwin made a desperate attempt to return to Joseph Chamberlain's programme of fiscal protection and Imperial Preference. His appeal to the country was, if not ill judged, at least ill prepared. It failed. The Liberals, unable to take office themselves, put in the Socialists, who fell ignominiously to a flirtation with the Bolsheviki, and the Conservatives again came into office.

They came into office, but not exactly into power. They had inhibited themselves by certain pledges against their own policy, and in particular they had promised that they would refrain from any general measure of fiscal protection. Thus they had prevented themselves from carrying out the only great measure which could give relief to the industries and agriculture of the country. What they had gained at the polls by their sacrifice of principle it would be difficult to estimate. My own view is that they gained very little, for the Free Traders,

faced by the dilemma of voting for the Socialists or for the Tories, would probably have chosen the latter and swallowed protection in order to avoid confiscation. Be that as it may, it is certain that what they gained in numbers they lost in liberty of action and in the enthusiasm of their workers. No political party can afford, for whatever gain, to cut off its main line of advance. It is fair to add that they maintained the right to apply the Safeguarding of Industries Act, a measure designed by the Coalition to secure protection in small doses.

There is no doubt that the nation expected the Conservative Government to take measures both against the abuses of trade-unionism and against the spread of Bolshevism. Here was a crusade which would have aroused fierce opposition, but would have inspired to enthusiasm all that is true, sound, and manly in the British people. But a spirit of diffidence, a wavering timidity, an inordinate love of compromise, still overshadow the counsels of the Tory Party. In the recent clash over the coal mines, when the Government found itself faced by a Council of Action of the great trade-unions, a surrender was made which timidity may explain but can hardly justify. As I write, the subversive forces are still gathered ominously. Their next assault may either be met or be bought off for a little. There is in these dark forces, overtly and covertly arrayed against the British Government, a power that in the long run will have to be faced and fought. Whether these successive surrenders are the best preliminary for conflict I must leave to the judgment of the event.

III

I have tried to trace in brief summary the course of the Tory Party and to suggest also some of its leading characteristics. If I have failed to make clear what it stands for I may plead, with Pirandello, that human nature is an evasive and elusive compound, of which the leading constant is inconstancy. The Whigs, at one time the exponents of Imperialism and high protection, declined into Liberalism, degenerated into Radicalism, and are now, in their contemptible remains, being kicked aside from the path of Socialism. The Tories began as a country party; they developed into a national party; and the disappearance of the Whigs offered them a reversion of Whig principles which they have been slow to accept and quick to surrender.

It is easier to say what the Tories might be than what they are. Their traditions are rooted deep in British soil; they have by no means got rid of that aristocratic principle in which Englishmen continue to believe; they accept Democracy with a difference and a reservation. The British Empire was made by a ruling race, if not by a ruling caste. To press the principle of Democracy too far would confront us with the prospect of the British nation itself in a minority in an empire chiefly populated by races of other colors, and that is a fate to which no self-respecting Englishman could ever bring himself to submit.

The Tories are left, by the decease of the Whigs and the Liberals, the residuary legatees of many causes not originally their own. They are, for example, the only organized party available for the defense of private enterprise, of industry, and of commerce — in short, of all that the Socialists attack as 'Capitalism.' The defense of property might seem to bind a party to a minority; and yet all decent people — in fact the majority, if the case were put to them — would see that property is their cause also, since

it is their livelihood, and that all who draw wages and find employment are the partners and beneficiaries of Capitalism. The principle of private property, in fact, is nothing less than the principle of civilization, in defense of which we should be able to rally all the well affected, whether rich or poor. How strongly these sentiments are held by the British people is evident from the results of the last General Elections, when, as a result of an appeal to these instincts of possession and good order, the Conservatives were returned by a great majority over both Socialists and Liberals.

Then, the Tories also represent the national spirit. Although they have bowed in the House of the League of Nations, they remain nationalists rather than internationalists: they are not, among other things, prepared to sacrifice either British sovereignty or the British Navy and the British Army on the altar of Geneva. They stand, too, for certain British traditions of social order and good government; they are deeply rooted in the history and sentiments of the country, and for that reason have a far stronger hold than they suspect on the heart of the nation. Their strength lies in their immobility rather than in their ability. They take unkindly to ideas and are generally stolidly unconscious of the causes for which they are supposed to stand and of the enemies who are working against them. If I did not know their character I should despair of their intelligence; but as I know them to be compounded of a very strong and durable Norman–Anglo-Saxon clay I do not by any means despair of the country of which, under an inscrutable Providence, they remain the sole political defense.

If we look a little more closely at its present position we find that the Conservative Party has an imposing appearance of strength. It was returned but a short time ago at the head of the polls, with a great majority over any combination of Socialists and Liberals. The latter are both a waning and a divided force: their two leaders, Lord Oxford and Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, not merely dislike each other on personal grounds, but hold conflicting views on fundamental questions. Mr. Lloyd George has indeed attempted to get his party to espouse the nationalization of the land, obviously a first step to coalition with the Socialists, and has so far succeeded ill in that attempt. The Socialists themselves are strong in the poor and industrial population, but are still far below any prospect of an independent majority and are harassed by the flank attacks of the Communists.

In appearance, then, and in numbers the Conservatives have things all their own way. If they are threatened it is less by the parties opposed to them than by the difficulties with which they are faced. Some of these difficulties, it must be confessed, are of their own making. They did not dare to put their trust either in Conservative men or in Conservative principles, and made Mr. Winston Churchill Chancellor of the Exchequer with an expensive programme of 'social reform,' including a state system of pensions for widows. Such schemes cannot outbid the proposals of the Socialists, and increase the complications of an already overstrained finance. The Socialists have used their power in local government and in the trade-unions to add enormously to that strain. The coal subsidy alone, conceded by the Government to avoid a great strike, has already cost the Exchequer a sum well over twenty millions sterling, to which it may be necessary to add ten times that sum, the cost of the coal lockout and the general strike itself. If the Conservatives had followed in their

own traditions and saved money instead of increasing expenditure, they would, I believe, have gained rather than lost in the matter of popularity. That fickle element is apt to be lost when it is sought, and gained when it is despised.

However that may be, this bout of extravagance has been pulled up sharply by financial necessities, and the Government is now faced by the dilemma of reducing expenditure or increasing taxation. It is faced also by the lowering storm of industrial menace which it should have had the courage to face earlier in the fray. And lastly it has to confront an industrial depression which shows no sign of improving. Our trade balance at the end of 1925 disclosed a deficit of close on four hundred millions sterling of exports under imports. These are fundamentals so serious that they cannot but affect the life of any administration.

The Tories, then, are faced by adversities, partly of their own making, partly at the heavy hand of Destiny. Their great majority is not sufficient help, although it gives them the assurance that the majority of their countrymen, of all classes, are behind them. They will have to summon what lies in them of virtue and courage to meet the struggle that lies before them. In that struggle, as I have pointed out, far more is at stake than an alternative of Government: dark forces gathering behind the Opposition challenge not merely the administration but all order and every accepted idea. We are living in times when the fundamentals are challenged, and all men of good will should unite to defend them. Are you, even in America, so secure that the struggle leaves you unconcerned?

OLD ALLIES IN CHINA

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

I

When the Anglo-Japanese alliance was scrapped at the Washington Conference, Japan was in no happy mood. There will be no harm now in divulging the long-guarded secret that Japan was desirous of continuing the alliance and hoped to the last that it might in some way be preserved. She had, through twenty long years of coöperation with Great Britain, come to rely upon British leadership to such an extent that she felt, almost superstitiously, that the reversal of this traditional relationship might prove a serious setback to her international prestige. In China, especially, Japan had believed British support indispensable in maintaining her position, politically and commercially. Quite naturally she felt as though the keystone fell out of her diplomatic arch when 'perfidious' Albion, lending ear to her clamorous colonies, particularly Australia and Canada, and scared by the nagging of the Foreign Relations Committee of the American Senate, served notice

upon her Eastern ally that she considered the alliance no longer necessary. Japan was perturbed, keenly conscious of the isolation that was to be her lot.

To-day, four years after the Conference, Japan is well satisfied with her new status and has no desire to go back to the British fold. She has found out, perhaps to her own surprise, that she could get along very well without British guidance. The dread 'isolation,' far from hindering her, has given her the free hand necessary to develop initiative and resourcefulness. Particularly in China the abrogation of the alliance has by no means militated against Japan's interests or lowered her prestige. So far from it, her trade and enterprise there have, in the last few years, grown steadily, while those of Great Britain have suffered a decline. All things considered, Japan has reason to congratulate herself upon the new turn of affairs. She is grateful to Mr. Lloyd George and Senator Lodge and their colleagues who wittingly or unwittingly conferred a material benefit upon her by forcing the termination of the British alliance.

In view of this changed Japanese attitude, it is strange that rumor has been in the air in the Far East that a movement is afoot to revive the Anglo-Japanese alliance in one form or another. The extended visit to England of Prince Chichibu, brother of the Prince Regent, has in some quarters been interpreted, or rather misinterpreted, as an indication of the responsive state of Japan's mind. On the British side signs have been unmistakable of a desire to reëstablish understanding with Japan. The British press, especially of the Conservative school, now and then guardedly advocates the reëstablishment of an entente. The Britishers in China who, in the years preceding the Washington Conference, joined hands with Chinese and Americans in an effort to convince Downing Street of the wisdom of getting rid of the Japanese ally are sorry figures to-day. They had fancied that the Anglo-Japanese alliance helped to advance Japanese interests in China at their own expense, and that, once the pact was dissolved, British influence and British trade would again have smooth sailing. Now they are sadly disillusioned. Some of them frankly admit their blunder in casting aside Japan for elusive Chinese friendship and problematical American goodwill. Boycotted by the Chinese, singled out by 'Red' agitators as targets of attack, and uncertain of the real benefit of American friendship, the British in China are weary of chasing the rainbow and are advocating the reorientation of British policy, based upon the realities of the situation. This general sentiment is well expressed in a recent editorial in the *North China Daily News*, the most influential British organ in Shanghai. It says:—

> The late Count Kato is affectionately remembered for the large part he played in the formation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and although that valuable instrument was wantonly thrown away in the unsteady atmosphere which confused British vision of foreign affairs after the war, in an exaggerated sense of the necessity of deferring to the creditor nation's — America's — wishes, and in an altogether mistaken compliance with the prejudices of Canada and Australia, we believe that the spirit of the alliance can and still should be a dominating consideration with both Britain and Japan in the Far East. . . .
>
> It cannot be thought that United States' guidance in the Far East is a safe or consistent one to follow, and there is too much reason to fear that the British Foreign Office is still following it far too unquestioningly.

To such overtures Japan's reply cannot but be a courteous *non possumus*. In the four years since she was divorced by John Bull, she has tasted something of 'blessed singleness,' and to-day she

no longer cherishes a desire to espouse the cause of so fickle a spouse. Friendly to him she will always be, but it will have to be friendship at a distance. Rightly or mistakenly, Japan believes China's hatred of England far more deep-seated and general than China's hospitality toward her. To make the situation still worse for England, the British position in China has been made the butt of Bolshevist assaults. Ever since Soviet Russia entered into diplomatic relations with China, its successive envoys at Peking, with hosts of propagandists, have concentrated their disruptive agitation upon British interests. Yulin, Joffe, Karakhan — what 'Red Ambassador' has not found a tempting sport in the hounding of the British? Between the Chinese dragon and the Russian bear the British lion has felt somewhat uneasy as to his stand in China. For Japan to reënter into alliance with Britain in such a situation would be to take upon her own shoulders a large share of the hostility now directed against England. It may be that the Russian scheme is to disrupt the British Empire, and then turn on Japan. For the present, however, Japan must accept the friendly hand proffered by the Soviet.

II

The rabid anti-British feeling now prevailing in China is well illustrated by the Chinese attitude toward the British proposal to remit the Boxer indemnity. The Chinese educators, meeting at Peking to discuss the matter, have demanded that the remission of the indemnity be made absolutely unconditional. 'Full publicity,' they resolved, 'shall be given the proceedings of the conference between the British indemnity commission and the Chinese representatives, so that the Chinese people may know that the British Government has no real desire to remit the Boxer indemnity, but simply wants to use the money for the promotion of British enterprises in this country.'

One cannot help but sympathize with England's predicament in China. Hongkong, the clearing house for British trade in the Far East, has suffered seriously from repeated strikes and boycotts directed against it. Its prosperity, its existence even, depend upon its ability to sell foreign goods and to buy Chinese commodities through Canton, Swatow, and Amoy. As the Chinese have for more than a year maintained a rigid boycott against Hongkong and against the British merchants at the Chinese ports, the existence of this British colony as a commercial metropolis has been menaced. Hongkong's trade and shipping for 1925 are reported to have decreased fifty per cent as compared with figures for the preceding year. Its population has declined from one million to eight hundred thousand. Sugar refining, Hongkong's only important industry, has come to a standstill. Real-estate values and house rents are tumbling. The colonial Government finds it increasingly difficult to raise adequate revenue. So many British firms and merchants in Hongkong have gone bankrupt that the colonial Administration, as a measure of rescue, has been obliged to borrow $15,000,000 from the home Government—a measure which has proved far too ineffective. Even Sir Montagu Turner, the great financial genius who has for twenty-two years directed the affairs of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, seems at a loss to know what should be done to relieve the strain. In his report for 1925, Sir Montagu says: —

> It is not surprising that the sufferers by this unmerited adversity are inclined to think that the apparently supine conduct

of the British authorities has encouraged the Cantonese strikers to persist in their outrageous conduct. At the same time it must be remembered that Great Britain has not a free and untrammeled hand. It is almost impossible for her to act on her own in the matter of a display of force or by threats, and, unless the combined foreign nations bring pressure to bear on the authorities responsible for civil government in Canton, it would, I believe, be hopeless to attempt single-handed action on the part of Great Britain. But the position is most serious, and it behooves the British Government to lose no opportunity of coming to the help of the British merchants and effecting by some means a very necessary improvement in the condition of affairs in South China. That the Bolshevist influence is at work both in North and South China is undoubted. In the South, especially, money has been freely supplied by the Bolshevists, and this apparently has been found by utilizing the proceeds of Russian goods sold in China.

Meanwhile, Japanese trade in China, recovering from the general post-war depression, has been forging ahead, especially within the last year or so. According to the report of Mr. Kojima, president of the Yokohama Specie Bank, Japan's exports to China during the last six months of 1925 amounted to $134,000,000, an increase of $56,000,000 as compared with the same period of the preceding year. In spite of the labor troubles experienced by some of the Japanese-owned cotton mills at Shanghai from May to July of last year, China's general feeling toward Japan has signally improved. Even in the midst of the strike some of the Chinese labor leaders invited leading Japanese business men in Shanghai to a banquet, and assured them that as far as the Japanese mills were concerned the strike would soon be settled. And, indeed, the strikers soon resumed work in the Japanese factories, while the British mills and British shipping continued to be tied up. The British were piqued, and complained, quite unjustly, that the Japanese were partly to blame for their being left in the lurch.

III

The International Customs Conference at Peking accorded to Japan an opportunity to demonstrate her genuine goodwill for China. At the very beginning of the conference, the Japanese delegation came out squarely for China's tariff autonomy and declared itself in favor of considering with sympathy any proposal that China might bring forth. The true story of Japan's activities and proposals at the Tariff Conference has never been told in the China dispatches to the American press, which seems to assume that America is the only nation capable of dealing justly and fairly with China. Many are inclined to think that because Japan erred once in China she is always bound to err. But the fact is, Japan's tariff proposals have been as liberal as, if not more liberal than, the American proposals — certainly far more sympathetic to China than the British. England, as a matter of fact, came to the parley willy-nilly. When Washington was taking steps with Peking for the calling of the conference, the London *Times*, apparently inspired, asserted that there was little reason why such a meeting should be called while China herself was helpless in the grip of chaos. It lamented that 'the kind of British initiative which the sad progress of events [in China] might from time to time have provoked was sedulously internationalized in the spirit of the Washington decisions, and was in fact paralyzed,' and it militantly declared that 'we are not a feeble folk and we shall not easily acquiesce in any attempt to ruin our prestige or our trade.'

In the course of the parley at Peking the British delegation has been plainly restive lest Japan and America go too far in favor of China. When, on June 10 or thereabout, Japan proposed that the banks of all foreign nations having claims secured on the Boxer indemnity be designated as depositories of customs receipts on equitable terms, the British delegation was reported to have made this a plausible excuse to propose that the conference adjourn *sine die*. Nor was this surprising, since the Japanese plan, if adopted, would put an end to the monopoly of the British banks as custodians of China's customs revenue. Naturally China and the European Powers, except England, were in favor of the Japanese proposal, while America, though endorsing it in principle, was inclined to think it impracticable to discuss it at this conference.

There is no doubt that Japan is making sincere efforts to befriend China. She has long since recognized her blunder in the historic episode of the Twenty-one Demands. Step by step she has retreated from the difficult position in which she had placed herself in the years 1915–1918. She has found out that the only way to make friends with China is to be honestly friendly, and that debauching China with loans is as unwise as bullying her by display of force. Not only has she completely withdrawn from Shantung, but she is devoting the funds secured by the sale of the Shantung railway to China, as well as the fund realized by the remission of the Boxer indemnity, to the advancement of educational and scientific work in China. At the meetings of the League of Nations, especially at the opium conference, Japan has acted in harmony with China. In Manchuria, Japan has to no small extent reversed her former policy, opening its doors to the enterprise of the nationals of all countries. Her attitude toward recurrent civil wars in China has been one of impartial neutrality. Even when her interests in Manchuria were seriously menaced by the civil strife between Chang Tso-lin, war lord of Mukden, and his former lieutenant, Kuo Sung-ling, Japan adhered to the policy of noninterference. All such efforts have not failed to make favorable impression upon the Chinese, for China, however irresponsible and wayward her militarists and politicians may be, is not always unresponsive.

One of the most important signs of the new spirit which has come over the relationship between the two Oriental nations is the visit to Japan of sixty business men representing leading chambers of commerce throughout China — an event without parallel in the annals of either country. For three weeks from May 22, the party visited principal cities in Japan. While in Tokyo they held conferences with leading Japanese statesmen, publicists, financiers, and business men. Evidently the tour was planned with the utmost care. The party was accompanied by a Chinese and a Japanese movie man, whose cameras recorded every detail of the enthusiastic welcome extended to the Chinese visitors wherever they went. The pictures are to be shown throughout China and Japan so that the masses on either side may know that the two countries have entered into new relations of friendliness. Before long, leading Japanese financiers and business men will go to China to return the call. Already a joint committee of Chinese and Japanese business men has been organized for the purpose of dealing with business and labor troubles which may arise between the two countries. The movement is certainly in the right direction. It may prove even more significant than most diplomatic dealings between Tokyo and

Peking, for whatever is promised or done by the shadowy Central Government of China is of little value as long as it is not endorsed by powerful organizations such as the chambers of commerce and various student bodies. In recent years anti-Japanese agitation has been carried on by the encouragement offered by such organizations rather than under governmental instigation.

IV

While the Japanese are encouraged by increasing signs of a friendly China, the Britishers in the Far East are becoming more and more pessimistic as to their future in the Far East. One naturally wonders why the Chinese assume so intensely hostile an attitude toward Great Britain. The answer is not far to seek. The Chinese, to begin with, has never forgiven England for fastening the opium curse upon him. He remembers also that England was the originator of the unequal treaties whose revision he has these many decades struggled in vain to obtain. Now that Tsarist Russia is no more, England, to the Chinese mind, stands out as the greatest aggressor. Japan, after all, is an imitator, instigated and abetted until recently by her British ally. That, at least, is the Chinese reasoning. In reply the British have a good deal to say, but the Chinese have their minds so firmly set that it is futile to explain and reason with them. At a dinner given in honor of the British delegation to the tariff conference on the eve of its departure for Peking, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, defending the opium war and the unequal treaties his country had imposed upon China, had this to say: —

'China could not adjust herself to the new conditions. Seven years of constantly increasing strain of constant friction and complaint, and failure to secure any satisfaction, led, as these events must lead, to war, and the so-called "Opium War" of 1840 followed. But there were much more important things at stake in the Opium War than any question of opium. The boycott of British shipping, confiscation of traders' goods, restrictions of the liberty and imprisonment of British citizens, and, finally, the expulsion of merchants from Canton — these were the questions which led to the war, and which found their solution in the Treaty of Nanking in 1842, the first of those unequal treaties of which China complains to-day. I wish I could persuade some Chinaman of historical knowledge, of statesmanship, and of authority with his own people, to explain that all this system of unequal treaties was not of our choosing. We did not desire it. It was the minimum we could ask of a China that repelled the foreigner, that would not give justice in courts or secure for him the ordinary advantages of civilization and orderly government. It was largely British policy which opened China through that and subsequent treaties to international trade, and it was first and foremost British enterprise which showed the way to other nations, and proved to them how great a market was opened to them and us and the Chinese, to the mutual advantage of all of us.'

These were unfortunate words uttered at an unfortunate time — especially for a man of Mr. Chamberlain's position. Such utterances can merely serve to irritate and anger the Chinese, adding fuel to the anti-British sentiment already aflame. China, momentarily dislocated, yet still proud as Lucifer, does not want to be reminded that her first duty is to put her own house in order.

Although the anti-British feeling is general, it is particularly strong in South China. This is largely due to the

fact that the South was the first to feel the impact of British advance, and has since always felt it more keenly than has the North. But the more immediate reason is that England, and especially the British press in China, has for more than ten years relentlessly pursued Sun Yat-sen and his followers as busybodies and mischief-makers. To this Sun Yat-sen replied with boycott, strike, and general anti-British agitation throughout South China. I recall vividly the bitter indictment that he pronounced against England in the course of our interview at Canton in the fall of 1917. He said that the World War should not end in Germany's crushing defeat, for such an outcome would only strengthen Britain's strangle hold upon China and India. He deplored that Japan hopped into the fracas only to pick England's chestnut out of the fire. Why, he asked, should Japan act like a marionette always dancing to the British string, instead of upholding the common cause of Asiatic peoples? He said he had no more love to lose on Germany than on England, but argued that Asia's interest demanded the existence of a Power capable of counteracting Anglo-Saxon domination. He upbraided the Americans who helped the British in railroading the Government at Peking into declaring war upon Germany. Even the missionaries and mission schools came in for a goodly share of the blame, for he assailed them as anti-Asiatic institutions, often scheming to estrange China from Japan. For more than an hour he poured out his heart in this fashion, and I could not help but recognize his earnestness and sincerity, though some of the things he said were more rhetorical than true.

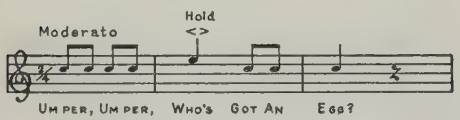
The death of this romantic crusader a year ago has by no means altered the situation. The anti-British tradition bequeathed by him is, and promises to remain, a vital force, especially in the Yangtse Valley and the South, where England has the greatest interest. In order to destroy British domination, Sun Yat-senism did not hesitate to join hands with Bolshevism. Encouraged by this overture, Soviet Russia beguiled itself into believing that South China was a fertile soil for Bolshevism. To please the Chinese even a university perpetuating the name of Sun Yat-sen has been established in Moscow. But the fact is that the Chinese, even the followers of Dr. Sun, do not want Bolshevism — they simply want to use Soviet propaganda to loosen the British hold upon China. When, therefore, the Bolshevist tail attempted to wag the Chinese head at Canton, the tail was promptly cut off. But the combined Chinese-Bolshevist onslaughts have already had a telling effect from which British interests in China will not soon recover.

It is quite possible that the coming decade or two will witness a great drama, likely to bring into a bolder relief the new international alignment which is, to all appearances, taking place in the regions of the Far East. In such a situation, what will be the attitude of the United States, and particularly the relationship between her and Japan? That is a question now being seriously considered by many a thinking mind on the other side of the Pacific.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TAPPERS AND SWINGERS

BACK in the nineties, in the little Atlantic town of my boyhood, there would come in the sunny days of April or early May a swelling musical cry of 'Umper, umper, who's got an egg?'



It was the call of 'egg-picking' time, and its pleasurably lingering defiance meant that some boy had secured a hen's egg and, with it carefully stowed about his person, was strolling through the streets melodiously announcing his willingness to meet all comers in a 'picking' duel. And all boys within sight or hearing clustered eagerly to witness the combat that followed an acceptance of the stroller's cry.

'Picking' was an affair of some elaborateness and with a technique of intently meticulous care. Amid a babble of advice from the gathering audience the principals would suspiciously scrutinize the eggs to be opposed, to make sure that no 'ringer' — that is, some egg other than that of the hen — was being used. Following the inspection would come a verbal, and sometimes protracted, jockeying for position — preferences as to rôle of either 'picker' or 'picked' varying quite superstitiously. And then, with more argument as to rules and minute limits of protection, the thumbs and forefingers of the owner of the egg to be picked would encircle it defensively, so as to expose only its very tip, which was then delicately tap-tap-tapped — how breaths were held bated! — by the picker with the point of his egg until at last one or the other of the fragile shells yielded and so became forfeit to the victorious possessor of the undamaged egg.

The object was not to break the shell completely — that was neither sporting nor good technique, because an egg merely dented could be thriftily carried home for the family larder (they were always fresh) or else used again by the winner for a 'butt pick,' while a broken egg advantaged no one. It was the actual yielding of the shell, however slight, that counted, and the smaller the dent, the greater the skill. Such was 'picking' — it called for the fine, the cameo touch.

It seems strange that so striking a bit of seasonal coloring has found no echo in our literature, but nowhere have I ever seen it mentioned. Definitely a game of early spring, I have always felt it represented some folk survival — possibly an obscure celebration of the resumption of prolific laying, or perhaps some symbolistic aid to the bursting forth of new life. The period of the game began abruptly, lasted two or three weeks, and then ended as suddenly and as mysteriously as it had begun. But while that boy season lasted no thunderous jousting of armored knights or clashing rapier play of strutting courtiers ever drew more breathless, head-clustered interest than did those battles of taps among those boys. There was the hushed fascination of the careful step upon thin ice — the heart-stopping thrill of failure or success that hung upon a quiet thread.

Sharply contrasted was another boyish folk way, the 'burney-can' — a sport of fall, and about which there was no hint of preciousness, nor a single trace of finely drawn effort.

The very freedom of the game was symbolized in its equipment, for the burney-can was simply any receptacle that would hold fire, and was most often merely an old tomato can with a large hole punched in one side, just above the bottom, for a draft, and with a long wire attached to form a looped handle some twenty-four or thirty inches in length.

Thus equipped, the boy would build in the can a fire of chips and small twigs, fan it into a blaze by a censer-like swaying to and fro, and then, as a glowing bed of coals accumulated, would begin the swinging that was the real delight.

With the red-hot embers held in place by mere velocity, the can would move more and more freely through steadily widening arcs, and with more and more speed until finally, at full arm's length, the boy would be whirling it about his head in great flaring circles that varied from horizontal to vertical and all angles between, as skill and daring fancy dictated. And the admired boys, the champions, were those who attained such certainty, such speed and virtuosity, that each at the height of the sport seemed literally enringed with round after round of tempestuous fire.

What a spectacle that was, on those spacious open lots in the windy dusk of fall — that thrilling, swooping, flashing, impromptu play of circling flames that leaped and raged and roared from the can under the furiously fanning drive of the swing!

The burney-can! How little was required for that potent boyish magic! A battered tin, a rusty wire, a glow of odds and ends — that was all. And yet it richly satisfied. There was nothing indrawn about it, nothing withheld; none of the quiet concentration, the bottled-up intentness, of 'picking.' Rather the burney-can was a thing of freely open power, of broad delight, and of rare, soul-expanding beauty — that mad, lashing, dangerous, fiery tumult — to the boyish heart. No stationary bonfire could ever compete with it in pleasure: it held naught static. It was a moving, living symbol of man's mastery over fire, and as such it must surely have echoed some similar folk rite. What an open-hearted joy it held!

Interesting as those games are, both in themselves and in their folk implications, there is an even greater interest in the differences they presented: differences that had typifying values and that demanded — and revealed — qualitative differences in their respective champions. For though, with the omnigerence of youth, all boys played both games, yet not all — nor even the same boys — attained excellence at both. The boy who consistently carried home the greatest number of slightly dented eggs was usually the calmly quiet boy, perhaps the rather lonely stand-offish boy, and never the outspoken, gusty 'leader of the gang.' It was the latter who shone exultantly with the burney-can, that wilder, even cruder, sport of vivid energy.

Those differences were not mere phases of childhood; they persisted and were only accentuated by the years that led to manhood. In fact there is a classification of tappers and swingers that, just as clearly as with those boys, divides all men, both past and present, in every walk and activity of life — in politics, in sport, in art, in religion, in literature, in thought. Theodore Roosevelt, for

instance, would never have been a champion at 'egg-picking.' The tap was not for him.

VERBUM SAP.

I HAVE long wondered what I might do with the scraps of Latin that I picked up in high school and college, and have at last found a use for them.

If one strolls about the world at all, one cannot help remarking the mottoes that adorn the letterheads and shop fronts of our best-known institutions. Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, and many other universities, the various publishing companies, military commands, clubs, fraternities, political subdivisions, all have a tasty motto from some foreign tongue engraved on their shields.

There is no doubt about it, it gives them an air of — well, of *je ne sais quoi* exactly — but at any rate an air. Take the well-known clothier whose motto is *Honore et labore.* If he put that into English, would anyone look twice? Or the equally well-known Boston grocer who stands under the twin ægis of *Puritas et cura.* Is there not something almost noble in the heart that conceals its anxiety in that manner? Or is the motto an hendiadys? In which case — no, no translation could do it justice.

Grocers have a finer sense for Latin than other tradesmen. *Puritas et cura* is pathos, but sometimes there is a roguish twinkle in their eyes, as when another Bostonian cynically advertised *Luxuria cum economia.* Strait-laced Puritans might rightly object to that. *Luxuria* is one of the Seven Deadlies, if I am not mistaken. Coupled with *economia* it becomes a household pastime. But by keeping it in Latin the grocer avoids unpleasant comment. Or does he mean that his specialty is love philtres?

Another satisfier of human needs is a scholastic philosopher. *Non quantitas sed qualitas* is his boast. Boast it is, but how refined a boast! If he were in France, his sign would be *Au petit Saint Thomas,* for no other than the *doctor angelicus* would be able to elucidate the exact meaning of the phrase. And what of the hotel in St. Louis, which calls itself reassuringly *fortis sed non ferox,* I believe? Or of the New Haven department store which frankly admits that it is *nihil nisi differens?* Do its customers ever expect to receive their goods on time? Is it trying to encourage the cash-and-carry system?

Now I propose to set myself up in business as a vendor of Latin mottoes. After all, I have read Sallust, Cæsar, Vergil, Horace, Juvenal, Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus, Terence, and Plautus in school; and, out of school, Petronius, Apuleius (in selections), Sabinus, Calpurnius, Gratius Faliscus, Nemesianus, Valerius Cato, Vestritius Spurinna, Lupercus Servastus, Arborius, Pentadius, and the haughty Eucheria. (The last ten, in fact, can be easily procured in one volume for two francs fifty. They were. And the volume includes a French translation. But *qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare.*) It would indeed be a pity if out of all those early and late Romans I should not be able to gather a few irrelevant pearls to hang about the necks of our tradesmen.

Some trades one would have no difficulty with. You are an undertaker? What more natural than *De mortuis nil nisi bonum?* You are a dentist? For you sublime words which take on a new meaning: *Non dolet.* You are an innkeeper? Persuade your customers that *de gustibus non disputandum* and you will have peace. You are a photographer? For you the words of Father Ricci, *Sint ut sunt aut non sint.*

Though, if you live up to it, your trade is likely to suffer.

I have two mottoes ready for a correspondence school: the first, *Timeo hominem unius libri;* the second, the grim (only my — er — client won't know how grim it is) *Tu Marcellus eris.* The interior decorator will flaunt the sign, *Trahit sua quemque voluptas;* the barber, *Unguibus et rostro;* the banker, *Solve senescentem;* the contractor, *Impavidum ferient ruinæ.* I have not even forgotten the bootlegger, whose coat of arms will bear the words, *Testis unus, testis nullus.*

This, then, is my little plan for looking out for my old age. As none of my customers will know Latin, I shall have a delightful time — like the antiquarian who sold a rich Westerner a portrait of Ben Butler for his gallery of ancestors. This paper is simply a forecast, a sample of my wares. Should you like two more? Here's one for a Ph.D.: *Vixit.* And for a sophomore: *De omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis.*

AUTHOR'S COPIES

THE check-on-publication and the author's copies came the same day. Mechanically I endorsed the check to my account and addressed it to my bank. Then I untied the package and piled the new volumes on the bookcase, dreading to open the book on that inevitable, foolish, and inexcusable typographical error which, like *sortes Vergilianæ*, stares out on the author as a forcible reminder of his fallibility.

The well-boxed and numbered large-paper edition copies stood as a challenge to distribution, after proper inscription. Then came the consideration of names of persons to be honored — the intimate friends with whom I had talked over the problems of composition. The first name was rejected. I had given him a copy of a previous book, and a year later, on extracting the volume from the rack on his library table, I discovered that the leaves were still uncut. After the same thing happened a second time I restrained my curiosity for the sake of undimmed friendships. Now I never open one of my own books in the house of a friend.

It is a quarter-century since my first book was published. In due time it went out of print and the publishers declined to issue a second edition. But the title had got into the 'documentation' of historical writers of the meticulous school, and flattering requests for the book came. By chance I ran across an uncut copy in a bookstore in Seattle — and paid twice the original price, because the storeman knew it was out of print. The other copies were obtained from secondhand shops, whither they had drifted from the libraries of dead and gone recipients. With what offended majesty my own words of inscription came back to me from the dust!

Recently I was visiting a house lately made vacant by the death of an illustrious statesman, who drew books from authors as the sun draws water. The appraiser had just departed. The widow told the tale. 'Here,' said the sagacious appraiser to her, 'here is a book that sells at two dollars. But the author has inscribed it, and that makes it worth double the price!' And he put it in the inventory at four dollars.

The mere thought of inflicting such an injury on the estates of my friends is so appalling that my row of author's copies is still intact.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

It is a pleasure to introduce our readers to **Carl Christian Jensen,** whose autobiography can tell more eloquently than we the true epic of his career. Born in Denmark in 1888, and educated in the school of experience, he soon took to the sea, eventually landing — penniless and eighteen — in New York. Then followed his second education, that of an American citizen. But it is not as the diary of another immigrant that this story takes on its significance, interesting as are the events which crowd the life of this man still on the threshold of his career. Rather the inspiration of the story comes from its spiritual and intellectual value and the bold vigor of his style. ¶A minister of the Kirk, the **Reverend J. M. Witherow** spent the past summer visiting and preaching in Canada and the United States. **William Bennett Munro,** professor of municipal government at Harvard University, is the author of several standard books on government. ¶After a spring visit to these shores, **James Norman Hall** returned to Tahiti, where in June his son, Conrad Lafcadio Hall (note the dual devotion of the name), was born. ¶In the peach orchards and along the blue ridges of Gettysburg, **Elsie Singmaster** (Mrs. Harold Lewars) finds the proper stimulus for her stories. ¶Poet and librarian, **Viola C. White** from the heights of Brooklyn has realized the truth of the philosophy, 'Every landscape is a state of soul.'

* * *

An American, graduated from Harvard, **Gaillard Lapsley** is a Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, where for a generation he has stimulated the understanding of American and English undergraduates. **Alexander McAdie,** Director of the Blue Hill Observatory at Readville, Massachusetts, is well qualified to measure our heavenly ceiling. ¶Replying to our comment on her story, **Margaret Prescott Montague** writes: —

I am glad that you think I succeeded in the venture of 'The Golden Moment,' but was surprised and amused that you should think I was intentionally preaching a temperance sermon on the side. That was entirely outside my thoughts, and I used the drink theme merely as I might have used any other theme that would bring out the story. As a matter of fact, I had very little actively to do with this story, as it very obligingly wrote itself for me, and I had been working on it for three days before I knew how it was going to end. I had in my mind one day the thought that if we could shift our ordinary consciousness just a hair's breadth a whole new world might emerge. From this thought a story began to develop itself, and I laid aside some other work I was doing and gave it the right of way, writing on it, as I say, for several days before I knew where the story would lead or what the end would be; so that I went on from step to step, almost as unconscious of what was to happen next as the heroine was herself. If I have broken the canons of my art by preaching against strong drink, my conscience is wholly clear in the matter, for I did it unintentionally. It is true that I am for prohibition, but I do not attempt to force my views on other people and have never deliberately written anything in favor of it.

For a quarter of a century the **Reverend Samuel McChord Crothers,** minister of the First (Unitarian) Church of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has been sending us his essays. ¶A journalist, **William Preston Beazell** is the assistant managing editor of the *New York World.* To birds and their cousin, the aeroplane, he has devoted great study, and was personally responsible for the first lay survey of the development of air service in this country, for which he received official commendation.

* * *

Associate professor of English at Vanderbilt University, **John Crowe Ransom** is a poet who writes, teaches, and edits a literary journal in the South. ¶The government of great cities has a vital relationship to the whole question of prohibition, and from his office as mayor of Chicago, **William E.**

Dever speaks with wide and impartial observation. ¶Son of a missionary, **Jerome D. Greene,** former Secretary to the Rockefeller Foundation and a prominent New York banker, represents the small but no less important constituency, the individual conscience. ¶During the several years that **Dr. Mary W. Griscom** was working among the medical missions in China, India, and Persia, she made a practice of tasting any dish or drink — once! The material for her paper was gathered from her letters by her friend, Corinne Rockwell Swain. **Chauncey Brewster Tinker,** professor of English at Yale, is a collector of distinction and a superlative Boswellian. ¶One speaks of **Ellis Parker Butler** and *Pigs Is Pigs* in the same breath.

* * *

For a complete understanding of the pageantry described by **An Onlooker,** it may help the reader if we quote from a recent history of Asia: —

> In Persia, Ahmad, the last Shah of the Kajar dynasty, was violently deposed, in November 1925, by his powerful minister, Reza Khan. The deposition was not unmerited, as the ex-Shah had spent much of his time in luxurious living outside his dominions. Since then Reza Khan has followed up his action by proclaiming himself the first ruler of a new dynasty, the Pahlavi, thus seeking the revival of an old and once glorious name.

Ian D. Colvin is the leading editorial writer on the *London Morning Post,* and, we need not add, a Conservative. ¶A Japanese publicist in close touch with affairs, **K. K. Kawakami** divides his time between Orient and Occident.

* * *

Of the multitude of letters that have come in reply to George Martin's article, 'Liberty and Sovereignty,' this would seem to us the most remarkable both for context and for association.

TUNNEL 9
HUGO, OREGON

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just read your July number, which reached me by a very circuitous route. For two years I have given the *Atlantic* to my sister, who is a nurse in Pasadena; she passes it on to my aunt in Long Beach, who sends it to my mother, a home missionary's wife in southwestern Oregon, and she sends it to me, a high-school teacher, a few years out of college, in eastern Oregon.

Eastern Oregon, by the way, is as different from Oregon as Southern California is from California. The buckaroos there still wear chaps and carry guns; but *not* because they see it done in the movies. The nearest movie is fifty miles away, and not much good, at that. As did the Virginian, the buckaroos wear chaps to protect their legs from chafing during a sixteen-hour day in the saddle. They carry a gun as a Middle Western farmer would a pocketknife, as a handy and diversified tool: to kill snakes, shoot sick calves, or end the pain of a crippled horse — or, at times, to protect themselves.

But my object is not to write of the cow country. During the summers I have usually engaged in outdoor work, and this year am a tunnel watchman in the Umpqua Mountains. My hours are 5 P.M. to 5 A.M., during which time I sit and wait for trains, and then follow them through the tunnel on foot to see that the timbering has not caught fire. Trains on the S. P. are not as frequent as those in the East, so I have a great deal of time to sit. And it was last night, by the light of a small fire of old tunnel lagging, that I read the July number.

I think I shall require all my students in history and civics next year to read 'Liberty and Sovereignty.' I am a 'school-teacher,' was raised in the 'rural district of the Middle West,' and am the son of a 'Protestant clergyman'; and, incidentally, believe strongly in temperance, although I have, as yet, formed no actuating opinion on prohibition. In fact, I would seem to be a triple-distilled essence of what Martin claims is leading this country to ruin. Being aware of that as I read, I read with especially great interest, taking my time to it. In fact, I made one or two trips through the tunnel at section headings, and, as I walked the half mile and back through the actual 'heart of the hills,' I tried to assimilate his theories and find where they agreed or disagreed with mine. Then, with refreshed mind, I would read some more, and finally finished with the thought that once again the *Atlantic* had demonstrated that it is *the* magazine.

As to the philosophy of government which Martin expounds, I agree heartily. Although I had never read Hegel and Austin, my classes and I, in discussion, have always arrived at the conclusion that government, the outward evidence of the State, as written words are the evidence of the thought, finds its authority in the will of a middle-sized independent group. In this country it is the several states. There are larger and smaller groups — the nation and the cities — functioning when individuals can be better

served by them, but the one which is really the most dominant one now is the state government. The real State itself is, of course, the people, not the government. It is the thought — and not the words — which is important, and eternally and actually existent, and yet it simply cannot be expressed without words. So some form of government will always be present, but we must not forget that it is 'we, the people,' and not even the Constitution, who are preëminent.

As to Martin's blame of the 'Protestant clergymen' for deliberately overthrowing government as organized, he is right to a very great extent. Yet it seems to me that he did not make the base of his argument so wide that it cannot be overthrown. Summed down, his argument is that the drys are treading on dangerous ground because they are treading on the consciences of others. That is true. Every act of importance which one does is an act which hurts the conscience (spiritual feelings) of someone else.

As to the immediate danger to this country from the overthrow of established government by the drys, that seems to be only one phase of a larger question. Every individual in this nation is obsessed with a great desire to do what he wants to do, and this is the natural result of the philosophy of government that the people are the State. Each person wants to obey only the laws which suit him. The buckaroos drink moonshine, the college boy swipes real property, the business man speeds his car, the preacher, in some instances, has endeavored to do away with trial by jury. All are equally to blame, and, until each is willing to sacrifice a little of himself for the larger good of all, this country cannot progress as it should. It is well to try to prevent the preacher from eliminating juries, if juries are a good thing. It is well to punish the collegian, if property is sacred. It is well to fine the speeder, if children's lives are worth while. Let us do all these things, but let us remember that each is merely part of the whole social problem.

JOHN ANGELL

* * *

For our delectation Mr. A. Edward Newton has forwarded to us this anonymous letter, evidently penned by one who knows her books.

DEAR MR. NEWTON, —

I have just finished reading your article in the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. You say you do not know why Queen Anne is always called in England 'good Queen Anne.' There is a very *good* reason. Queen Anne was a convinced and devout Protestant; her father, King James II, who was a bigoted Roman Catholic, made every effort to influence his daughter Anne to change her religion and become a Roman Catholic. James had a lot of power over poor Princess Anne (as she then was), as she and her husband, George of Denmark, lived in London near King James; while his eldest daughter, Mary, was safely away from his pernicious influence in Holland with her husband, William of Orange. When Anne became Queen Anne of Great Britain, one of her first actions was to cause an inquiry to be made into the conditions of living of the Church of England clergy. She found that many Church of England curates were so poor that they were nearly starving. Queen Anne devoted herself to the task of helping to better the condition of the clergy. She founded the Church Charity Fund, known as 'Queen Anne's Bounty,' which gives extra money to any poor Church of England clergyman whose income is under a certain amount; this fund is still in existence, and many a good clergyman has reason to remember gratefully 'good Queen Anne.' It was the Church of England clergy of her day who gave Anne Stuart this nickname, 'good Queen Anne,' and the populace took it up as a correct description of her, because Queen Anne was known to be really devoted to the National Church. She took more interest in the Church of England than in anything else pertaining to her high position.

* * *

These 'Sermons in Stones' form an appropriate postscript to Langdon Mitchell's paper, 'The New Secession,' in the August *Atlantic*.

CAMDEN, MAINE
July 29, 1926

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC: —

For the amusement of the sanctum, and to divert your editorial minds from the prevailing topic at this season of the year, I am enclosing two inscriptions on tombstones in Charleston which escaped Mr. Mitchell's observation.

The first is: —

THIS STONE IS ERECTED
NOT
THAT CONJUGAL
AFFECTION MIGHT DIFFUSE ITSELF
IN DISCOURSE OF
THE VIRTUOUS DEAD
BUT SIMPLY TO MARK
THE SPOT ON EARTH
WHICH COVERS
CLAUDIA BUTLER TURNBULL
THE WIFE OF
ROBERT J. TURNBULL.

I hope I am not violating the spirit of the Eighteenth Amendment, or offending Senator Borah, by quoting another, to wit: —

In memory of
Andrew Stewart,
aged 55 years.
Died the 5th of January, 1787.
A Jovial Friend and Generous Mind.
To Hospitality His Soul Inclined.

Sincerely yours,
W. J. Curtis

* * *

Not for many months has our hornet's nest of opinion been so shaken as it was by the Returning American who in the August *Atlantic* cast his candid observations on 'Home.' We are glad to reprint some of the offers of praise, help, and criticism which the author has received.

Dear Atlantic, —

As the author of 'Home' in your August number is not a married man and I have so many points in common with him I feel we ought to know each other — before he meets someone else. I too am weary of America and want to live in England. Torquay would suit me very well for the country, with occasional visits to the quiet London hotel near Regent Street he speaks of. I also love Chevrolet cars, if he can't afford Pierce-Arrows; also I can cook and boil tea without scalding it, and will make 'Home' seem like 'Sweet Home' to him when he comes to it. If he is married or spoken for, would he introduce me to his friend who made $100,000 last year? Or, if he is not crotchety and set in his ideas, the one who made $70,000 might do! I am a little suspicious about the last, however — either he made nothing and is just bragging or he made a great deal more and did n't want it known. Six figures are what count in my part of the woods, and that gentleman will need looking up. Perhaps he is married by now and wears false teeth.

You see I'm Irish and not afraid to speak my mind, either in telling the author how I would like to meet him or what I think of things I know ain't so. Maybe if the $70,000 fellow would agree to go to live in the South Seas I could stand him and change my mind. 'Home' there is a simple affair and one would not have to pay $86 duties, returning to America, on imported fig leaves.

Please forward this letter to the author, whose answer is of importance to one who waits.

Your appreciative reader,
Cornelia F.

Another lady, if less circumspect, is quite as sincere.

Dear Atlantic, —

Would the author of 'Home' like to meet a 'loidy,' object matrimony?

I want to live in England
And with the English stand,
A soda on the table
A whiskey in my hand.

Yours truly,
An American Cook

Sandy Cove, N. S.

To the author of *Home!*

Dear Sir: —

Will you pardon the form of this address, and accept the thanks of a teacher for your most pertinent paper? I cannot imagine anything more needed. I mean to read it, on the first day of classes, to the one hundred and fifty youths and maidens whom I try to teach in a Philadelphia high school. And I shall keep on the board for several days your epigram, 'Children love noise, savages do, and some types of the insane.' I earnestly desire that my students shall consider deeply your ideas about materialism, the radio, simplicity, love of beauty, and so forth.

I am finding in this quiet little Canadian village the English tranquillity of which you speak. For eleven dollars a *week*, I have beauty, beauty on every side — and, 'incidentally,' a good cook. And I am blessed by having found here what someone calls 'that divine solitude that purifies and gives rest.'

Gratefully yours,
Irene Eldridge

Dear Atlantic, —

One word — namely, SELFISHNESS — is the answer to 'Returning American.'

In England selfishness is suppressed in the lower classes for the greater comfort of the upper classes; in America every man is as selfish as he *dares* to be.

Elizabeth Burnham (Age 70)

Cleveland, Ohio
August 10, 1926

Dear Atlantic, —

My purpose in writing is to extend condolence to a Returning American, the author of 'Home.' Such a state of mind is rather unfortunate. Like a medical specialist he appears to see everyone through the colored lens of his own prejudice.

To the Westerner, or Middle-Westerner, it is always trying to have someone — who gives evidence of not having made surveys west of 85 degrees longitude — hold up a comparatively small area as the barometer of the United States. To select a few thousand people out of New York's five and three quarters millions, and declare them representative of over one hundred and five millions of people in an area extending over three millions of square miles, is not merely ludicrous, it is misleading.

Because our friend chanced to ride on the train with a nervous engineer; because he and his friends do not wish to listen to the radio when dining, it really is n't necessary to throw all radios into the sea and deprive the invalids, the secluded, the lonely, of their enjoyment — or to stop all trains.

I can go to New York and enjoy in many reputable downtown hotels a clean, airy, quiet room, equipped with a bath, for as much as or less than the Parisian price which he commends as justifiable. We have no reason for thinking that New York hotels originated the idea of getting all the people will stand for. Long years ago, 'in the good old days,' P. T. Barnum accumulated some of this world's goods by commercializing the idea that 'There's a sucker born every minute.' Twenty-eight-dollar-a-day hotels are kept open for the benefit of people who'll pay the price.

To one living quietly undisturbed amid the jar of present-day conditions, with acquaintances and friends who are far from wild or savage, who enjoy the simple, beautiful, good things of life in nature, art, and literature, who go to bed at a reasonable hour, rise early, raise children sanely, and live temperately, so much excitement about all of America going wrong seems unwarranted.

Incidentally, I might even consider making a wager with our returning American to the effect that he can't determine, by their apparel only, the occupation, profession, or address of twenty-five of the first fifty people he meets as he walks down Fifth Avenue this evening.

Yours truly,

M. M. Webster

August 16, 1926

Sir: —

I have read with the greatest interest and sympathy the article in the current *Atlantic Monthly* entitled 'Home,' by a Returning American. The writer has put his finger on a very sore place in our civilization and one wonders when and where and how the mad orgy will end.

It is a matter of regret that the writer of this excellent article should remain anonymous.

Yours sincerely,

Bernard Flexner

* * *

'The Modernist's Quest for God,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* last February, brought in its wake a shoal of letters, many sympathetic, many pensive and doubtful. To all our readers this letter from the anonymous author will be interesting.

Editor of the Atlantic Monthly: —

You have been good enough to forward me numerous and very welcome letters called forth by my article in your February issue entitled 'The Modernist's Quest for God.' May I now trespass on your space to thank my friends, to whom I cannot write personally, for their kindness. It is a heart-warming experience to write an article as essentially controversial as mine and to receive in reply so many letters not one of which breathes the traditional bitterness of theological discussion, or indeed anything but kindness. My first word must, then, be one of thanks.

My second word must be one of explanation. I wrote in the sad belief that there was in Modernism no sure conviction about God, and that for lack of it Fundamentalism on one hand, and atheism, or at least agnosticism, on the other, were made strong. I am not on that account, as some of my friends fear, either a Fundamentalist or an atheist, and never expect to be driven to either point of view.

I wish I could add that out of the riches of their own certitudes my friends had answered my questions. Alas, I cannot. They have on the whole strengthened my feeling that a strong religious faith must have in it some elements of supernatural mysticism, whether this is avowed in words or not. (Certainly such faith is not born out of pragmatic philosophy.) For one who is on psychological grounds rather skeptical of the philosophic value of mysticism this conclusion is not altogether comforting.

Dr. Albion Small, whose recent death we all have reason to deplore, gently chides me for seeking 'the absolute.' Well, the passion for what philosophers call the absolute is, I suspect, deep in most of us, but I don't honestly think that it is the philosophic impossibility of the absolute which led me to the questions I attempted to state in my article.

My heart especially went out to the mother who wondered what I would offer to our children. It is a question which much concerns me, for I too have children of my own. Certainly I cannot positively offer them what she calls 'Christian liberalism,' and therefore I am no longer active in the ministry. I can let them know what the Christian liberal believes and why. And for the rest I can tell them that in a world where there is so much beauty, so much to be known, so many to be loved, life is still worth while. I am not wholly convinced by the uncompromising cosmic pessimism of Bertrand Russell's *Worship of a Free Man*, but I am quite convinced that he leaves us with some reason still to live and work and love.

The Unknown Author

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1926

OUR DISSOLVING ETHICS

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

I

THE scapegoat is one of the most venerable and widespread of human institutions. The victim may be literally a goat, as among the Children of Israel, or a rat or a monkey or other animal. Not infrequently it is a human being. For example, in Nigeria all persons who during the year have committed incendiarism, witchcraft, theft, adultery, or other crimes, chip in about ten dollars each and buy a young girl, who is then dragged to the river and drowned for the sins of the town. The sense of guilt requires some sort of expiation, and this 'cash and carry' system of expiating the sins of an entire community by attributing them to someone else has obvious advantages. It enables one to settle with one's conscience and the social conventions with a minimum of personal inconvenience and mental anguish.

Here in these United States in this post-war period, realizing that all is not right with our world, we have found the scapegoat which permits us to go about our business with a free mind. The name on its collar is 'The Younger Generation.' The absurdity of believing that the older generation is not responsible for shaping the conditions which have surrounded the younger, and that a world of mature men and women is being set topsy-turvy by young persons but recently emancipated from the nursery, seems to occur to no one. The hen which hatches a duckling from the egg which some person has set under her unsuspecting wings may well disclaim responsibility for the thoroughly disreputable habits — from the standpoint of a hen — developed by her hatch, but can the older human generation so easily disclaim its responsibility? They may deny it individually and take refuge in the theory that the individual is powerless to counteract the social forces of his time, but this way of escape is as much open to the berated young as to the berating elders. As a matter of fact, whatever we may say of the individual of either generation, I think the responsibility of the older as a whole to the younger as a whole is — to use a liquid measure — just about in the ratio of dad's quart bottle to son's half-pint flask.

That youth is questioning the validity of our entire system of ethics to an extent that is perturbing to parents and, in a lesser degree, to grandparents may be admitted. But it cannot be so readily argued that the babies born between 1900 and 1910 all received a

hypodermic injection of new original sin. The most distinguishing characteristic of modern thought is its use of the genetic method. We explain the present by the light of the past. We are most of us evolutionists, except when it comes to the supposed iniquity of youth. But in fact is there any break? Is not the present attitude of youth toward ethical questions the direct and inevitable outcome of what has been going on in our mental world for not one but many generations? That it is so seems true to the author, who also feels that the salvation for society lies in at least a questioning attitude on the part of the new generation.

When we speak of the attitude of youth toward ethics we mean by ethics those general ideas and rules that govern the individual in the practical conduct of his or her life. These have always, in the main, had two sanctions to assist in making them pass current without being questioned by most people. One of these sanctions has been religion and the other the public opinion of the particular class or group to which the individual belonged. Backed by these sanctions, ethical ideas and codes of conduct tend to become fixed, but they are in reality never absolutely fixed. The forms may for long remain the same, but in private conduct the individual, while still outwardly conforming, may cease to be governed by them. Like the dollar, they may remain the standard of value, but their own value — that is, their purchasing power in happiness and human good — may come to vary greatly. The form, however, will not be generally questioned so long as the sanctions behind it are not brought seriously into question.

In the youth of the older generation — that is, let us say, in the decade of the 1880's — the sanctions of the established system of ethics, although being undermined, were still standing firm, to all appearance. These were the religious one of a belief in the Bible as the inspired word of God to be taken literally, and the social one of a code of conduct that belonged to the feudal rather than the industrial phase of society. It is true that Darwin had been writing for twenty years, but such a book as Mrs. Ward's *Robert Elsmere* was considered too dangerous for young people to read, and, although the Industrial Revolution had occurred, woman's sphere in the only classes that were supposed to count in those days was still the home. Very few girls went to college, and even for them the intellectual problems set were not particularly disquieting. The individual youth of either sex may not have been religious or consciously interested in the social sanction for ethical ideas, but on the other hand there was nothing in upbringing or education to make them seriously question the accepted code and standards. Theoretically, that the Bible said 'thou shalt not' or that one's group frowned was pretty generally a sufficient guide to conduct. What, in practice, that conduct may have been only the memories of the older generation can reveal.

II

However unquestioningly the average boy or girl of the 1880's may have accepted the traditional views of ethics in relation to the world, many forces of different sorts had long been operative which almost before a new generation should be born were going to blow the old world to bits and create a new one so different as to be almost unrecognizable. That the old ethics and the old sanctions should in all respects have fitted nicely in all the adjustments with that new world is surely too much to expect. And if they did not fit, the only thing to do was to face that fact and try

to work out some new adjustment between ideals of conduct and the new environment. It is that need which the older generation has for the most part refused to recognize but which has been recognized by the younger, in many cases heedlessly, but in many more cases seriously, sanely, bravely.

That there may be need for a revaluation of our ethics is obvious to them. Why should it be to them and not to so many of their elders? For one thing, these youngsters have been fed on a different intellectual fare from that on which their parents were fed. It must not be lost to sight, however, that this fare has been prepared for them by their parents, or at least by their elders. It must also be noted that they are receiving instruction in enormously increased numbers. College is no longer for the exceptional man only, socially or intellectually. Young men of all grades, and, what is more important, young women also, are going to college by the tens of thousands annually. The responsibility for what happens to them there intellectually is squarely up to the older generation. The institutions are provided and run by that generation, the young are in great measure sent by it, and the instruction is wholly provided by it.

Let us consider briefly what a few of the ideas are which are familiar to the younger generation and which to a great extent were not so to the youth of the older one. For one thing, we may cite the comparative study of religion. There are only two methods of intellectual approach to any subject, whether religious or scientific. We may rely upon authority — that is, someone else's judgment — or upon our own. From the time that Protestantism rejected the authority of the Catholic Church and insisted upon the right of personal searching and interpretation of the Scriptures the way was opened for the decline in the prestige of authority. (I may say that I am not a Catholic.) Of course particular sects could establish new creeds and try to set up new authority in the place of old; and because man is not wholly a logical creature, and because most men still believed in the verbal inspiration of the Bible however they chose to interpret it, this served to maintain its authority until almost the present day. With the rise, however, of the higher criticism, and more particularly the study of comparative religion, the religious sanction for ethics received a severe blow. For one young person who bothers to read a textual criticism of any Biblical book, numbers are familiar with and delight in Frazer's *Golden Bough*. Nothing serves more subtly to break down a belief in the theology of Christianity than to find, for example, that the idea of a dying god is common to many religions and many people, that likewise is the idea of an immaculate conception or a virgin birth, and that even the doctrine of transubstantiation and the eating of bread which somehow becomes the body of a god is widespread. The question naturally arises why, if we must reject these doctrines as taught by every religion except Christianity, should we be obliged to accept them as true in that? Religion and theology are very different things. The younger generation is not irreligious. In the truest sense they want a religion, but they do not want as a substitute the theology preached by many clergymen or the mere husk of social service given in so many churches in place of both theology and religion. It is my experience that many boys and girls who cannot be induced to go to church are more genuinely religious than the clergyman who bewails the fact that they will not come to hear him preach. But for them a mere sentence in the Bible

can no longer be appealed to as affording a sufficient sanction for an ethical idea or a code of conduct that has no other apparent reason for being.

In another comparative study, that of anthropology, they also find much to make them question current ethics. By a study of the various tribes and races of the world in different times and places the student finds that they all, indeed, have codes and ethics, but that these all vary and have grown out of specific social or economic needs under particular conditions. The institution of the family, for example, and the relations of the sexes have assumed many forms. The whole question is thrown into the intellectual melting pot as one for discussion, and the sanction tends to become not some religious authority but the good of society and the individual. The older generation was taught that God gave certain commands, regarding sexual and other relations, engraved on a tablet of stone, to a Hebrew some thousands of years ago. It is useless to tell that to a young person to-day and expect it to settle the matter.

If he turns to philosophy he comes in contact with a world, not of fixed ideas, of eternal verities, but a world where all is in a state of flux. It is not that certain 'eternal truths' are being attacked in order to substitute others in their places, but that the lasting validity of truths, any truths, is itself under fire. No teacher, perhaps, has been more popular or exerted greater influence than the late William James, and the pragmatism associated with his name is, in the form of its presentation at least, one of the original American contributions to philosophy. Now the essence of pragmatism is that the truth or validity of an idea depends on whether it works in practice. 'The truest scientific hypothesis,' he says in one of his most popular books, 'is that which, as we say, "works best"; and it can be no otherwise with religious hypotheses.' For the reader to add 'ethical hypotheses' is to take an obvious step. Again he says: 'The true . . . is only the expedient in the way of our thinking, just as the right is only the expedient in the way of our behaving.' It is true that he adds 'expedient in the long run and on the whole,' but if the true and the right can only be tested by their working it is evident that, as the world is made up of individuals, the only experimental tests possible must be made by individuals.

This philosophy is thoroughly consonant with the American temperament and natural outlook on life. We are not mentally a subtle or an abstract people. If a thing does not work, it is of no use. If it does, that is a sufficient answer to any attack, and it is this pragmatic sanction that, consciously or not, many a thoughtful young person of to-day is seeking for the new ethics. In the writings of the most influential living American philosopher, John Dewey, he again finds this sense of fluidity in life and thought. 'The first distinguishing characteristic of thinking is facing the facts,' says Dewey, in words which appeal to one of the finest sides of the young people. Dewey as an ardent evolutionist, and a disbeliever in any fixed forms or species, holds out as the hope for the future — and disagreement with him would seem to plunge us in hopeless pessimism — that human nature is not unchangeable, that there is possibility of unlimited alteration by change in the environment, and that this change may be brought about by taking conscious thought and not awaiting the slow alteration of nature. This again throws open the way for a serious consideration as to whether, if we can change the environment and human nature, — and both *have* been enormously changed, — we can keep unchanged codes of conduct.

Philosophical and scientific ideas are coming to affect the thinking of people, who may never read the books in which they are primarily expressed, with steadily increasing acceleration. It took many generations for the discovery by Copernicus that the earth was not the centre of the universe, but moved round the sun, to affect religious and other ideas. It took something more than a generation for Darwin's theory of evolution to revolutionize all our thinking. Who knows what the influence, not merely in science, but in all social thinking, including ethics, may very soon be of Einstein's theory of relativity? It has already had great influence, in spite of the fact that those of us who are not mathematicians cannot comprehend it. But to be told — to mention only one aspect of his theory — that there is no such thing as a 'correct size' of anything, but that for human knowledge the size of anything depends on the relative speed maintained by the observer and the thing observed, is, literally, appalling. This fact brings to us in startling fashion and in mathematical terms the realization that things are not permanent but relative. The theory of relativity is far more of a solvent for the eternal verities than either the Copernican or the Darwinian theory, and its effect, already being felt, is bound to be profound in realms of thought seemingly remote from physics.

III

In a few words, the young generation has a religion, but it is nebulous. It may to some extent serve, at moments when it is felt, as a source of strength, as an aid to being straight and decent. At many times it is not felt. In any case it issues no commands covering specific conduct. It has no decalogue, and the question of what is decent and straight is left open by it. The youngster's ethics, therefore, have no religious sanction which points out any specific rules of conduct. On the other hand, through his anthropological and sociological studies he comes to realize that there are innumerable ways of living and choices of conduct, all of which have been or are thought right and moral by some people, sometime, somewhere. What constitutes right conduct depends, therefore, apparently on conditions and not on any eternal rules. The prevailing temperament of his nation and its most popular philosophy teach him that the only test of validity is 'workability' — that if an idea has good results it is good, if it has not it is bad. The world has never been a very satisfactorily organized place, and nowadays, what with the results of the war, our socially developed conscience, and all the conditions of present life, it can hardly be said to look like an outstanding success. Those who have lived long have for the most part become either reconciled or hopeless over the situation. But for the young it is different, fortunately. They see the poverty, the social injustice, the frequent emotional maladjustment between the individual and society, and they do not see, and let us hope that they are right, that such things need always be.

The ethics of the older person do not change. He too may have, as he probably has, lost the religious sanction, but as the twig is bent the tree has grown. He was taught so and so and he sticks to it, and anything else seems wrong. Moreover, he has learned that one cannot meet every moral emergency by thinking it out as a unique case. Life is short, emergencies come suddenly, and one must have some general rules to guide. He is accustomed to the old rules, it is his habit to obey them, and he simplifies his life by continuing to do so. The youngster, however, has no

ready-made adjustments and is intensely interested in life, and willing to take time and risks. His entire education has taught him to take a scientific view of life, and to reject mere authority. It is not enough for a parent to point out that something is 'right' or 'wrong.' The youth asks 'Why?' The only satisfactory answer is one that will convince him that a certain line of conduct will or will not conduce to his own good or that of society.

With the education which we give to youth, I do not see how we could expect any other result. The fact is that the younger generation is simply carrying forward where we leave off. The decay in belief in the Christian theology, the loss of religious sanction for ethics, the development of such comparative studies as religion and anthropology, the pragmatic philosophy, the Freudian psychology of inhibitions and complexes, and the various scientific and mechanical discoveries which have transformed the world, have all been the work of the older generation. The youth who are coming forward to-day receive the full force of all this straight in the face and all at once. And the changes are coming faster and faster.

Personally I do not see how we can quarrel with the general ideas that the younger generation has as to its ethical problem — that is, that there is no indubitable religious or other authoritarian sanction for any specific rules of conduct; that different ethical codes have best suited different peoples, times, and conditions; that the best test of any hypothesis is whether it will work; and that in a world in flux there is no reason for positing and insisting upon an eternally fixed code of ethics. We do know that such codes will gradually alter in any case. The question is whether it is possible to use intelligence in altering them or whether we have to trust to the slow process of an unintelligent alteration. If they do gradually get adjusted to new social conditions and structures, then it is reasonable to suppose that such an adjustment should bear some time relation to the rapidity of change in society. With the increasing speeding up both of thought and of scientific discovery, the rate of change in society is also speeding up enormously. Unless we can assist intelligently the process of adjusting ethical ideas and codes to the social change, the amount of injustice and individual maladjustments, emotional, economic, and other, may increase so rapidly as to endanger the social structure itself.

The economic independence of the younger generation of women has already profoundly altered the whole family relation and that of the two sexes. The motor car, whether one likes it or not, has almost equally altered the whole question of the supervision of the two sexes at an earlier stage. Again, whether one likes it or not, the scientific investigations now being carried on in several parts of the world into the question of methods of birth control may have still more profound effects within the lifetime of the coming generation. The changes which have come already since the Industrial Revolution and the harnessing of steam are probably nothing to what we may expect within the next generation if the present rate of discovery and alteration continues. To say that rules of personal conduct established under sanctions which no longer exist for most people, and for conditions which have already been changed almost beyond recognition, must last unaltered forever is simply to refuse to see the facts and to court disaster, individual or social.

Our ethics and their old sanctions are already in dissolution. That has been accomplished by the older, not the younger, generation. What the younger

generation and their children may be called upon to do may be to make the most rapid, far-reaching, and consciously intelligent readjustment of ethical ideas to altered social structure that the race has ever been called upon to make. We of the older generation have played with ideas and let loose forces the power of which we little dreamed of. We have, indeed, sowed the wind, and it will be those of the younger generation who will reap the whirlwind unless they can control it. Individually we may feel guiltless. We may merely have been busy with our intellectual hobbies, our money-getting, our loving and striving, but we surely cannot lay the blame for the intellectual or moral conditions upon the scapegoat of the 'Younger Generation.' To condemn them and regard ourselves complacently is as unjust as it is unwarranted. They have inherited, perhaps, the biggest mess and biggest problem that was ever bequeathed by one generation to another. Never has the road been wilder or the signposts fewer.

I might apply to the present situation the words of Leslie Stephen: 'Each must act as he thinks best; and if he is wrong, so much the worse for him. We stand on a mountain pass in the midst of whirling snow and blinding mist, through which we get glimpses now and then of paths which may be deceptive. If all stand still we shall be frozen to death. If we take the wrong road we shall be dashed to pieces. We do not certainly know whether there is any right road. What must we do? "Be strong and of good courage." Act for the best, hope for the best, and take what comes. If death ends all, we cannot well do better.'

THE BRINK[1]

BY ALICE L. WILLIAMS

Monday Morning
July 13, 1925

Dearest Billy, —

I'm sending you a letter that I started and continued to write while we were marooned on a most perilous place, a narrow ledge in the mountains. We were directed over this pass and given a marked trail by one of the best mountain men in all this region, but it proved to be a death trap.

Dave went over a precipice and we don't know whether he is dead now or has by some miracle escaped. A rescue party, the second that has tried to reach him, is at work now, but we don't know anything definite.

Not one of us did a reckless thing. We did n't invite or seek danger and had no means of knowing we should be trapped so. You were so much in my thoughts, Billy, during those long hours that I want you to have what I was writing you then.

Friday Afternoon
July 10, 1925

Beloved Billy and Dear Little Baby Girl, —

Some day, my dear ones, if I don't return to you, this letter may be found

[1] The letters are of course actual. — Editor

and sent to you. We're in an impossible pass in the mountains — with walls of stone above us that we cannot scale, and snow and ice, hundreds of feet deep, all around us and below us for miles.

Dave has gone. We had been at this spot scarcely a moment when he slipped on the snow and went with the speed of lightning down this terrifying slope into an enormous crevasse in the ice. I don't know how to tell you about it; it's so awful to think of — was so awful to witness. I only remember that suddenly he slipped, that Father risked his own life reaching over the edge to pull him back, failing because it was so sudden and he could catch only the neck of Dave's sweater, while the rest of us stood appalled, vainly, vainly hoping that something might stop him. But it was vain hope, for he fairly bounded across a narrow ledge of stone jutting out from the snow and disappeared. I then remember falling down upon the snow — calling out to Dave — begging him to tell us he was all right. We all did.

The marvel of it was that he answered our calls and said he was n't hurt — that he could get out if he had a stick. We debated whether or not to send him one of ours, but finally did n't, as we were afraid he might lose his balance in trying to reach for it or that it might hit him. We answered him and told him we'd come to him, but after two hours of doing our very best we had to give it up. When we returned we called again, but this time there was no reply. We found that the crevasse opened right up to the mountain wall and extended farther than we could see down into the valley, which made getting down out of the question.

It's right below us and I can see it as I write. It's frightful, Billy, like the yawning, greedy mouth of a legendary monster. And somewhere between its walls is Dave, our friend and comrade. He *can't* be alive, and, just above him, we are helpless to do one thing for him.

Father and I tried. We had n't axes, but we took our sticks, which have strong spikes in the ends, and very slowly and cautiously, with them and our spiked boots, dug steps down to the ledge of rock over which Dave disappeared. It was terrific, the snow was so glazed and crusted over. Mrs. M—— begged us not to go, and as we were about to start I said to Father, 'Is it worth it?' To which he replied, looking me almost sternly in the eye, 'Is Dave worth it?' And so we went. Oh, he's a Spartan, Father is, and I shall hope for years of both our lives to let him know that, tardily perhaps, I do appreciate him. My foot slipped once as I followed him down and but for his quick grasp I should have joined Dave below. I tell you eternity flashed before my eyes in that brief instant. We found a narrow crevasse at the foot of this first ledge that Dave must have slid entirely over, as we could see the path of his body down the snow and into the wider one below. We could go no farther and do no more, so had to return to the rocks above.

We're expecting rescue to-night because the guide who gave us this trail told Mrs. M—— he'd phone the chalet we left and the one we were bound for and if we were at neither he would come out and look us up. We have tried to find a way to get back up the mountain, but everywhere the risk is too great. You see, we let ourselves down by putting all our belts and pack straps together, so it's impossible to return the way we came.

If they reach us to-night I'm coming home. The mountains are cruel and treacherous. I think I can never love them again. Oh, my dear, if only I can have the chance with you again — to live in your life! If I can come back to you, dearest, the small things will never

matter, only the greatness of your love. I want you so and I want our baby girl.

But if this *is* the end, somehow, dearest ones, I know I shall find God and be waiting for you with Him.

Next Morning

DEAR ONES, —

The long, long night is over and the long day begun. There were fires in the valley far below us all night, but very early they disappeared and there's been no sign since. We know nothing of Dave and perhaps it's madness to think this, but we do think that he may miraculously have escaped from the crevasse as he told us he could and, while we were trying to get down to him, have gone on for help. We thought the fires might be his and so signaled all night, burning every scrap of paper we had; and we have called since daybreak.

You see, we are overlooking two small lakes in the foreground, and in the distance is Hidden Lake, which is absolutely wild and uninhabited, there being no chalets nor even a ranger cabin there. Both Father and Mrs. M—— know the region well. It was on the shores of this lake that we saw the fire. When the moon came up a little after two the fire suddenly went out. All these things make us think — or hope — that Dave did get out, went as far as he could while daylight lasted, then built a fire to signal us, which, being a good woodsman, he put out when the moon came up, giving him light enough to go on. We can't understand how his poor body is n't battered to pieces, and yet — *he called to us* in the most natural voice in the world.

It's cold here and we are so weary. We have had nothing to eat for more than twenty-four hours now, but somehow don't feel at all hungry. Our anxiety about Dave and the uncertainty of everything make us forget. We can't sleep, but we doze off now and then, and several times my mind has wandered into pleasant dreams only to come back with a shock when my eyes opened on this never, never varying scene. How beautiful it was when we first looked down upon it from the mountain top and how hateful now! Not one living thing before our eyes. Even the wind, which blows constantly, stirs only the red silk handkerchief tied to one of our sticks for a signal.

You can't imagine — no one ever could — how intolerable it is to sit here with folded hands — waiting. To be so helpless; and all the while to think that Dave may be lying down there — still alive — needing us and not able to call to us.

It's hard to be courageous. I'm *not* courageous, Billy. I'm selfish. Now that the show-down has come I find I want most intensely to live. We've only this one life, and out of all the ages of time past and time to come I greedily want my full share. Now in this moment of crisis I am weak and spineless, for inside I am whining at the possibility of being cheated. I hate writing you these things, but if this letter should be found and sent you I'd rather you knew the thoughts that come.

I think of you two most dear ones every moment. I want you so and I want so to come back and make a sweeter home for you. I want another chance. I've tried to live too independently, tried too hard to be an individual. But if I can come home to you I want to merge my life in yours, to be one with you, and to have our adored baby girl grow up in a happy home.

I know you'd be praying, Boy, if you knew. I've been talking with Father and he's been reading to us out of the Testament he carries. Billy, there *has* to be God. We mortals are too weak in physical and moral and spiritual strength to cope with this.

I'll write you more later.

Beloved Ones, —

It's now evening of our second day in this mountain prison. No relief has come, though we continue to expect it every hour. We can't believe that Ed does not know by this time that we are lost. This afternoon we saw a boat, a tiny speck it looked, on the distant lake. We watched it as it made three trips from the head of the lake to the very spot where we saw the fire. At first we were sure it was bringing us help, but as the hours passed by we gave that up and with it goes the hope that Dave got out alive.

And twice to-day we heard voices on some trail over the mountains at our left. We called and called until we could n't utter another sound, but the wind which brought the voices so clearly to us did n't carry ours back, and we had to hear the laughter die away in the distance. Those happy people did n't need to have us hear them, but we needed so desperately to have them hear us! How hope did flare up when we heard them — only to perish as the hours passed, leaving us more lonely and discouraged than before.

We don't understand why no help comes. If there is none by to-morrow we must take any risks in making every effort to get out.

We set up a sort of housekeeping to-day. The sun worked its way around to our corner for a while this morning and was hot enough for us to shed sweaters and scarfs and make ourselves quite comfortable. Harry had some fishline in his pack that he stretched between two of our sticks for a clothesline, so we changed our clothes throughout and hung them up to dry. The fresh ones from our packs did feel so good! Then we cleared the snow off the ledge that had been so disagreeably damp, and with pieces of rock even paved the part of the snow bank we rested our feet on. But most refreshing of all were the snow baths. You've no idea until you try it how sudsy snow and soap can be!

Father has been splendid. He has told us stories constantly all day and we've sung all the songs we know. And we've prayed, Boy — I did n't think I could. You know it's five years since I last prayed. I thought I was so wise and I reasoned there was no God. So after five years of ignoring Him it did n't seem sporting to cry for help now. I told this to Father. We've been talking since and I know how far off I've been.

It helps me so to write to you. It brings you near and I need you so. I shall keep on writing until it's all over or I come back to you.

It's seven o'clock now and we're lying on the rocks praying for help.

Monday Morning
July 13, 1925

My Dearest Ones, —

Now I can write you all that has happened in the last day and two nights. Four of the five of us who started out so gayly from this very chalet in that other era which was four days ago are back here again. Dave is still missing and we've a day of suspense before us while a second rescue party works to get him. They give us no hope, however.

Oh, but it's been a frightful experience! I know that all my life I shall see the picture of Dave crashing over that cliff, nor will the long, dreary hours of waiting soon be forgotten.

Half an hour after I was writing you on Saturday evening Mrs. M—— and I started to find a way out. Her boy had lost his nerve, — it's hardly to be wondered at, — and could n't be relied on, so Father had to stay with him. The situation there was becoming more perilous every hour, as the snow

was melting away from the mountain wall, opening up a crevasse which made staying there impossible.

We were lying there cold and wet and so tired, as close as possible to keep ourselves warm. Father and I were next each other and I could feel every muscle and fibre in him shaking and trembling from the cold. That settled it for me. I knew that twenty-eight years could stand this exposure and fatigue, but that sixty-three could not, in spite of years of mountain climbing. So Mrs. M—— and I talked it over once more and decided to try again that night while there still was light. Father rather reluctantly consented, as he did n't want us to take such risk alone and yet someone had to stay with the boy.

So we set out, and after three hours of the most desperate climbing we conquered that beast of a mountain. Mrs. M—— would boost me from behind until I could get a foothold and pull her up from above. For a considerable stretch we crawled along a narrow ledge on our hands and knees, digging into the slightest projection with our finger nails. The ledge sloped upward and we were making some progress when suddenly it ended and we found ourselves on a far more perilous place than the rock ledge where we left the others. For the ice wall opposite was higher than our heads above us, entirely cutting us off from the valley and possible help from there. We could not scale the wall; we could not go back down that steep, winding ledge; we could not stay — so we had to go on. For a dizzy space we hitched ourselves along with our backs to the mountain, bracing our feet against the snow opposite, which all along there had melted away from the rock, leaving a space that was bottomless below us. Finally we came to a small waterfall that had worn away steps in the rock, by which we climbed to safety. The chief ranger said afterward, 'The arms of God must surely have been around those two women.' Furthermore he told Father that if we had waited until morning we never could have got out, as a part of the ice wall on which we had to depend had broken off during the night. I do believe in miracles now, my dear, for I have lived one.

I can't tell you the thoughts that flashed through my mind as we stood once more on the mountain top — free! It was Life after Death. The air seemed milder, the wind blew softer, weariness fell away, and strength returned to mind and body. For it was not I who crawled out that narrow way, but some primitive being in me that goaded me on and on, supplying strength I did not possess.

We went at once to a saddle between the mountains — a spot we'd been watching from the ledge — and called down to Father and Harry to let them see that both of us had reached the top. Then, as we were above timber line, we crawled down the mountain side until we found a patch of scrub pine, and there we built a fire.

How I wish I might describe that night to you. Oh, the beauty of it — and the silence of it! Not a sound except the music of dozens of waterfalls emptying into Avalanche Lake far, far below. I know I shall never forget the sight — the mighty glacier lying so calm, so cold, so treacherous way down at our feet, the dignity of the snow caps all about us, and the magnificence of the stars above. Billy, I've known Mrs. M—— only one week, but we have had that night together, which means more than a lifetime of acquaintanceship with most people. We built a fire together and lay in each other's arms while we waited for the moon to come up that we might have light enough to go on. At three o'clock

we were on our way, working slowly down the slippery shale until we dropped on to the glacier below.

You should have seen us crossing the glacier. Mrs. M—— had lost her stick, so I went ahead to sound each step, as crevasses open up very unexpectedly. She followed — holding one end of a pink silk shirt while I held on to the other. It must have been quite a sight! We had to hurry, as we needed to get back to the chalet before the guides and rangers got out on the trails. We picked up the trail we had made just three days before. What thoughts we had! Both Father's and Dave's shoes were peculiarly hobbed, and often we were able to pick out the footprint of one or the other. And evidently a bear had followed our trail, for we traced his tracks all the way across in just the path we had made before.

At six-thirty we reached here, and from then on it's a tale of the utmost kindness. There was such speedy response from the chief ranger, seven miles away, who immediately organized parties for Dave and for those left on the cliff; such thoughtfulness from everyone here at the chalet, from the guests who brought us fresh clothing to the waitresses who dried and oiled our shoes and packed lunches for us to take back to the others.

In a couple of hours the rangers came and we went back with them, so that no time would be lost in finding the place. They were superb! We skimmed across the glacier we had had to cross with such caution, as they knew all the tricky places. And those men climb mountains as easily as they might cross prairies!

I can't tell you the thrill that came through me when again we stood on the mountain top and the leader of the party fired the shots that told our dear ones waiting below that help was at hand. We had listened, at first with such eagerness and then with such despair, for just that signal!

Mrs. M—— and I waited there while the men went down with ropes for Father and Harry. Later they tried to get down into the crevasse where we know Dave must be. But they had n't the right equipment, so marked the spot for the other party. They could only see on a rocky ledge about forty feet down what they thought must be his kodak and a battered tin cup.

When Father joined me once more he breathed into my ear, 'Thank God.' It was a prayer. And he was right.

It's all too fresh for us to unravel now — why it all had to be; why such a man as Dave had to lose his life, as he must have. But out of the jumbled thoughts that confuse my mind these things stand out clearly: that I owe my life from now on to the Power that guided me back to this spot, and that I must somehow carry on for Dave, who was doing such splendid things while he lived.

To return without him is unspeakably sad; to see around us chairs on which he sat, the table round which we all ate that last breakfast together, the step just at my feet on which we sat and talked the evening before. This has hurt Father cruelly. Just how cruelly no one — not even I, who am closest to him in this experience — will ever know. We don't leave each other's side, and though he does n't speak, *I know.* There are no tears in his eyes, but now and then deep from within him there comes a great dry sob, and I know his heart is breaking. Father has known Dave from boyhood, you know, and they have hiked many a trail in the mountains before.

Billy, dear, I'm tired now, so I'll not write any more. It has been an infinite relief to write this all out to you, and you'll never know how thankful I am to post it to you myself.

THE SEA IS CALLING

A SAGA OF TO-DAY

BY CARL CHRISTIAN JENSEN

I

A DECADE before my birth, and a few miles south of the rope spinnery where I scanned the sea for years, Jens Peter Jacobsen wrote: 'She should be naked like a surge, and the wild beauty of the ocean must haunt within her. There must be some of the summer sea's phosphorescence over her skin, some of the black, entangled horror of the seaweed forests in her hair. Yes, in her eyes the thousand colors of water must go and come in gleaming changes; her pale breast must be cool with a sensuous freshness; the billows murmur their cradle song through all her curves, and there is the suction of the Maelstrom in her kiss, and the bursting softness of the surf in her arms' embrace.' He wrote the truth, for the mermaid and the sea are one.

While I turned the wooden wheel, the sea lured me incessantly. At night in the sailor inn the tales of the sailors enticed me. At school the ships in the harbor coaxed me the forenoon long. On Sundays I would borrow a dory from a fisherman and rig it up with mast and lateen sail. And I would skip out of the harbor and cruise along the coast, through the surf and over the sand bars, from dawn to dusk. And the sea bewitched me as a charming woman would a man. I was in love with the sea, mad in my reveries of the sea, reckless in my escapades on the sea. I have often wondered that I never drowned.

Once I went to sea in my dory north of the harbor to sail home a girl who had sprained her ankle during a hike with a group of her school friends. Her name was Marie. A squall came up and drove us seaward. And the squall threw us upon Rocky Dike, where the fishermen went to their grave. Thousands of sea birds were resting upon the huge bowlders that encircled Rocky Dike. In the northern dusk the reef appeared like a funeral wreath thrown down from Heaven.

We kept in shelter behind a bowlder and pulled the dory with us. A gull, flying up from a nest, awoke myriads of birds, which in a moment thickened the air and magnified the roar of wind and breakers. Marie put her hand down in the nest and caressed the downy things that crouched together there. And they opened their beaks and wrestled with her fingers. Then the mother came darting. Above rolled billows of birds, with motions, colors, sounds, like a gale sweeping over the sea. They swung so near that their wings whipped our cheeks. 'I want to go home,' Marie cried. 'I want my mother.' But a surge answered her by carrying a log against the rock, crushing the log in two like a piece of straw.

Her agile body played hide and seek

within my greenish oilskin suit. Wide sea boots sheltered her feet. And she was hooded by a sombre sou'wester. Her lips puckered in wistful reveries. Her eyelashes jutted out in a spray of delicate beauty. She whisked a drop of sea foam from her cheek, assuring herself that it was not a tear. She closed her eyes and snuggled up to me.

And I built her a fire of tarred driftwood. Its yellow tongues paled her face against the tar smoke like alabaster on black velvet. Her pupils grew and dilated with the flaring flames. The live coals warmed my blood, until I gasped with an ecstasy that took my breath away. Darkness shrouded us. The glow of coals threw a crimson blush into Marie's face. An ember flew up, uncertain as a butterfly alighting on a flower. It swayed with the air current and fell upon her hand, which I was holding. The ember threw a searchlight into her sleeve. We were stunned and not able to move a finger. Then a shriek and a jerk — and I sat empty-handed.

Two nights later we rowed safely into the harbor in my dory, while the church bells tolled her death. For she was the wealthy grocer's daughter.

One Sunday I was lying in the dying dune grass of early fall, drying my naked body in the afternoon sun and gazing at the sea. Such fawning homage did I pay the sea before I stirred that the wealthy Baron, the very ruler of the good land beyond the dunes, stole upon me on his thoroughbred and touched his whip lightly to my buttocks. 'Kid!' he said. 'Give my mare a swim. It'll do her good.'

With a single leap I mounted the horse, straddling her girth and neck like a jockey, pressing my face into her mane, and with hissing delight inhaling her odor. I jerked my heels into her flanks, annoyed by her timidity in getting off. She slid down the fallow bluff, wincing at the fungus-covered flotsam of the shore. Fear drove a vapor from her body and made her heart thump through her shoulders and withers. She neighed with cutting dismay, like the siren of a ship in distress.

I lashed her hip with the flat of my palm. In springy curvets she vaulted through the shallow water, prancing through seashells, dipping her feet in shoals of gamboling shrimps and minnows, until the seaweed brushed her thighs and loins. She whinnied like a cooing dove, turned her head in the air, sniffed the breeze into her nostrils, and stopped. I swung a fist into her ribs, until she bounced and rebounded through purple sea verdure, through a sea of depth and motion. Her nose, poking into the peak of the swell, snatched stridulous whiffs of air. And she voiced her fears with a snort.

I clung to her neck. My hand clasped her windpipe; my fingers bored themselves into her jugular vein. I jerked my heels into her flanks. My right hand held the reins. Out into rough water I steered her. Between my own grunts and savage yells I swallowed and spat up the eddies, and in my wild delight forgot the danger. Dusk enveloped us in its gray, mongrel shadow when we began to sink. The horse listed, sank, came up, and sank again. Once more she reached the surface, but her head and neck remained submerged. She rolled over on her side languidly. Luckily we struck a sand bar, where she revived. I jerked her nose to the surface with the reins and cheered her. Then for the first time did I realize how far out we were.

II

I was twelve when I climbed aboard a Swedish schooner that was ready to leave the harbor. I crawled in hiding

under the windlass. But it was dark before the sailors heaved the ship's hawser and hoisted the gangplank aboard. We passed the colored lights in the mouth of the harbor, and the water became rougher. The schooner plunged northward through the sea. And before we were out in Cattegat an hour the waves washed over the deck, soaking my clothes and chilling my skin.

In front of the forecastle lay the chain hole. I stole down the stairs. There, at least, the sea did not wash over me. While I sat freezing on the rusty pile of iron links my teeth chattered in my head, and the roar of the breakers and the creaking of the ship's hull grew loud. The schooner rolled through the sea, tumbling down the steep slopes to find herself the next moment thrown up on another mountain peak. And the lumber cargo shifted to starboard and gave the schooner a pugnacious tilt. The starboard shoulder rammed against the sea doggedly.

When all hands were ordered on deck I crept out of the chain hole and groped my way to the forecastle. How I wished to creep into a bunk and cuddle up beneath a warm blanket! But I actually feared that the sailors might throw me overboard if they found me there. A tin cup fell from a shelf and rolled back and forth on the floor. It frightened me. And I seized a pair of woolen underdrawers and ran to the chain hole. I stuck my feet into them and pulled them over my shoulders, and tied the waistband around my neck. My hands and arms were imprisoned. I lay down, bumping my head against the iron links, and wished that I were home.

I was awakened by a streak of lantern light shining in my face. Two sailors, hidden in oilskin suits, leaned over me. They were frightened, and stared, one behind the other, afraid to advance and ashamed to retreat. Finally they took courage and hauled me out of my hiding place and aft to the captain's cabin under the poop. There they left me, eyeing myself in a mirror. What a sight I made in the sailor's underwear!

The captain entered and gave a jovial grunt that shook his body. He took me over to his ship's chest, where he bent down and pulled out socks and underwear and a blue broadcloth suit. He stripped me of all my clothes and made me put on his own. I disappeared entirely in his pants. He folded them to the knee. The upper end he fastened with safety pins over my shoulders. The coat dragged on the floor.

Outside, the storm raged many days and nights. During the day I sat in the cabin looking at the sea through the porthole. At night I slept on a couch. Once when I awoke, the captain, in his oilskin suit, was bending over me. He patted my cheek and went away, chuckling. Then I felt a lump in my throat.

One glorious sight I remember on this trip. The schooner was bound for Iceland. Winds and tides led her astray, so that every hour she advanced a knot she backslid one half. On the edge of the horizon the evil gleam of an iceberg appeared and vanished. The first day the tiny speck rocked and toppled off, climbed and retreated, and at night died out. But at sunrise the speck appeared again and throughout another day of frosty clearness threw a steel glint toward me, a glint hard and unfriendly, which throughout a third, fourth, fifth, and sixth day prodded my eyes, and each night died a scintillating death, like the sun before a total eclipse. Then, in the pitch of night, the iceberg took a leap, wild and sudden, and turned into a monster with horns that rived the clouds of heaven, and a bilging

body that ploughed the depth a hundred fathoms down.

Two months later the captain put me ashore in Frederikshavn again.

III

The sea was calling. But my parents were against my being a sailor. My father had become a telephone worker, and was erecting poles and stringing a steel wire between the rescue stations along the dunes. He was home but once a month. My mother was still a washerwoman, and remained so until her eighth child was born. How strong and tireless they were, those two toilers! Their energy was my rich heritage. He was a quiet, practical man, sinewy and with an aristocratic face. She was of a more poetic nature, with a sound sense of humor but an unsound temper.

The children are all alive. My older brother was the image of father and I of mother. His twin sister had our grandmother's meekness. My younger brother came to possess mother's imagination and father's practical patience. My younger sister had all of mother's faults and virtues, like myself. The sixth child was a girl with golden curls and blue, dreamy eyes and a delicately chiseled face. She loved to dream the hours away in the front window and listen to an old soldier grinding his street organ. The seventh and the eighth child were boys. They were born after I ran away for good. The younger I saw the other day for the first time — a tall sailor lad of eighteen, on shore leave. He resembles mother, except that he has none of her temper and seems looser knit.

After my return from the Swedish schooner I worked in a tobacco shop, where I stripped leaves, crushed the stalks into snuff, and dipped chewing tobacco in black juices. Once the boss whipped me with ropes of raw chewing tobacco. I had stolen the licorice sticks that should have gone into the pot of dipping juice. And often, when I failed to separate a leaf from its stalk without tearing it, he would slap my fingers with the wooden trowel with which he rolled the chewing tobacco.

The smell of the shop reminded me of sailors and forecastles. One afternoon the shop burned to the ground. The kerosene lamps had just been lighted when one fell to the ground and exploded. In a moment the room was a blazing flame; the dry tobacco leaves and the baskets, burning like paper, blocked our escape to the staircase. The boss ran about among the children with the trowel in his hand, shouting, 'Jump through the windows!' I made a leap through a window and fell on the stone pavement below. For a moment I lay dazed. But something hard hit me in the neck, and the boss's trowel rolled down in front of me. And the whack aroused me before the roof came crashing. I caught the trowel and crawled away. The trowel was all that was saved.

I found a job at an upholsterer's shop, where I stuffed seaweed into mattress covers. I worked among several men, who varnished and shellacked the woodwork of beds and bed springs, or sewed and tacked leather covers on sofas. Often these men were drunk. When they had money, I was on the run after Akvavit. They taught me to make booze by dropping a pinch of salt into the shellac and shaking the solution. The shellac would precipitate in lumps on the bottom while a quantity of clear alcohol floated on top. This they drank. Many an afternoon I shook shellac. And when a wandering journeyman visited the shop I was especially busy. The quicker I got him drunk and asleep in the seaweed, the better for me. For it was harder work

to shake a pot of shellac than to stuff seaweed into mattress covers. And the ocean was in the seaweed.

At fourteen I started to help my father on the west coast of Jutland, where the sea of Skagerrack never ceased to roar. From the northern tip of Skagen, and as far south as the German border, we erected poles and strung steel wires. The dunes were covered with imported cactus that held down the sand, which otherwise would have destroyed the inland soil. The richer dairy farms farther south lay tilting so close to the bluffs that the sea ate its way underneath, foot by foot, and at every storm took a slice off. The peasants were forever moving their barns and huts.

Into granite castles owned by the Danish nobility, over moats and remains of drawbridges, we strung a wire; and into coöperative dairies with tall chimneys and large centrifuges; and into lighthouses with steam engines and dynamos and blinding beacon mirrors; and into the inns of every fishing village, where the market trade and the local bartering took place; and into every bathing resort, where the wealthy *Københavnerinde* idled away her summers; and into the rescue stations high on the dunes, where the lone coast patrol kept vigil day and night. The ancient and the modern we united with a tiny steel wire — my father and I.

With steel spurs on my ankles I climbed the pole and strapped myself to the top, while I fastened the wire tight on the glass insulator. But the sea was calling. Children in the yellow mail coach would wave a handkerchief. The fisher lass on her way to meet her father would wave her hand. The bather swimming in the surf would swing a brown, bejeweled arm. The daughter of a nobleman from one of the castles would smile as she passed by on her horse. And my young eyes were open to these greetings. My heartbeat would quicken. My temples would throb. Yet a sail at sea would stir my heart more. And the toot of a distant steamer, greeting me when I swung my cap, still more. And the entrancing beauty of the sea most of all.

IV

During the mackerel season I hired out in Bette-Fanden's cutter. Late at night we put to sea, Bette-Fanden and I, sailing north under a breeze that blew the sharp sea smell into my nostrils. We passed close under Rocky Dike and shied seaward into deeper water, where we uncoiled the nets and fastened them between a pair of hawsers, dropping these foot by foot into the sea. The one hawser, buoyed up by corks, and the other, drawn down by lead, spread the nets into a long, steep wall.

We waited for hours before we hauled the nets aboard. The silence of night was broken by the splash of mackerel upon the surface, by the cutter, creaking under the weight of fish, and by the distant shoal waters. Bette-Fanden feared the reef and leaped up at the faintest noise. He hauled the hawsers aboard and coiled them up, while I freed the fish that were caught by their gill slits in the meshes of the nets, and dropped them in the bottom of the cutter. The nets were like bundles of silk, dyed in gorgeous tints and hues. The glazed eyes of the mackerel glowed like heaps of pearls. Their scales glittered like diamonds.

During dark nights and during moonlit nights, while we waited to heave the nets aboard, the sea was like a magic crystal that reflected not only those concrete events of my childhood that were verified by reason, but also those obscure and hidden ones that could be recognized only by the

tuning fork of my feelings. There was one sea, but there were nine varieties of tides and winds to change the sea. And each of these I hooked up fantastically with persons of previous years. The sea — or perhaps it was my adolescent yearnings — produced them in vivid illusions: Hedvig, Karla, the wealthy grocer's daughter, the sailor girls on the water front, the deaconess of the Mission Church, my aunts, my sisters, my only woman teacher, and my mother.

The sea was like a dead child when neither tides nor winds stirred. And its foam vanished like tears of girlhood when the breezes blew the surf seaward. When a storm chased the surges into the bowlders' arms, they laughed and wept in their first love. And when the gales raced the tides from the gray clouds beyond, the breakers hoydened over the bowlders, sottishly, like harlots on the ships in the harbor. The ebb tides salvaged the waves from the coast like nuns withdrawing from mundane soil. The tidal waves kedged themselves shoreward like brides eager to settle down. And when the winds and the ebb tides scudded away together, the billows, like giddy flappers, shook their heads at love. A shoreward squall and an ebb tide would ram each other in a tilting match, till, spinsterlike, the sea would preen its own heart and hutch its desires beneath virgin wrinkles. And the storms would tug at the tidal waves, and the womb of the swell would burst, and broods of thirsty ripples would suckle the breast of the sea.

V

At the age of sixteen I began to live on the high sea. In the forecastle of various tramp steamers I lived — in a small room with two portholes on the hull side, eight narrow bunks spiked on to three of the walls, and a shelf on the fourth wall for tin dishes. There was no room for chairs or benches on the floor, or for any clothes on the walls. Whatever I possessed I kept in my bunk. At dawn a sunbeam stole through the porthole; shadows moved on the walls and scattered on the floor; billows were beating against the hull; bells for watches rang like far-off church bells; the steam whistle, greeting another sea tramp, sounded like distant bugle calls. At night I lay awake, gazing down into the magic depth. The edge of the bow was cleaving through the smooth surface, churning the sea foam into sizzling oil. The starry sky twinkled above; pitch darkness ahead.

And the sea was the same as at home, except that there were not nine but ninety-nine varieties of tides and winds to change it. During a storm the steamer would dip its nose deep in the water, growl, and shake off the waves. And when the anger of the elements grew the steamer would dive down through the swell, leaving its propellers whirring high in the air, while the old steel hull rattled from stern to bow. Sometimes the waves would be like sea birds clashing against the steamer, shaking their wings over the intruder; sometimes like a flock of panting pointers, leaping over a hedge; sometimes like a pine forest in a snowstorm. And sometimes the steamer would leap through the breakers like the narrow-gauge train through the sand dunes at home, trailing clouds of white behind.

I toiled within the steep walls of the stokehold. Through the iron grates thirty feet above I caught a glimpse of the blue sky. The coal crawled out of a chute at each side like an army of black snails. The four boilers stood facing me like a wild, four-headed beast, with four red mouths swallowing the food I shoveled into them. The

coal scraped against the walls as it rolled down the chute. The engine pounded behind the boilers and shook the hull. I inhaled the fumes of burnt oil, and furnace odor, coal dust, and smoke, but very little sea air. And I worked like mad down in the stokehold, raking, slicing, cleaning, feeding the hungry demon. My heart throbbed like the engine. The blood pounded in my temples, ready, I thought, to spurt out of my head.

The stokehold is the hottest place on earth. It was too cramped down there to swing a shovel. The four-mouthed monster blew its breath upon my naked body and dried the sweat that left my pores. The steam was dropping. Each pound that the pointer of the steam gauge sank was like red-hot irons thrust through my eyes. The slag fell in glittering masses as I raked it out of the furnaces. It fell on the iron floor and threw a stench into my nostrils, and singed my body, and blinded my eyes.

I liked my comrades at sea sincerely, though their outward appearance was weak and hideous, their thoughts were gross and, on the whole, childish, and their desires were two — whiskey and brothels. Ashore they were looked upon with disgust; yet, society seldom reaches the core of a stoker's nature. Many a diamond is hidden under a layer of dirt. They had developed a fair degree of artistic skill. They made pencil sketches of ships and harbors; they were musical and could play several instruments; they could orate sagas and folklore and many a Bible chapter by heart; they wrote versified love letters to the girls they left behind; they made full-rigged sailing vessels within frail medicine bottles, modeled putty into cyclonic billows, and painted with a delicate touch and patience the white froth and the greenish hue of the sea.

They took a soap bath and washed their clothes after each watch in the stokehold. It was disgraceful to turn in before washing up. And if a stoker suffered with stoker cramps and his fingers were unable to hold the sweat rag, his mate gave him the rub. Yet, despite their abhorrence of stale sweat and coal dust, there existed conditions aboard many times worse than the dirt from the stokehold. And nothing but a miracle quarantined me from the common diseases of the stokers. Daily my comrades doctored on each other with quacks and kerosene, green jelly soap and sea water.

How different they were from the healthy fishermen and the old-time sailors at home! Yet, when first I saw the naked stokers drive forward the steel monster, shoveling food into its greedy mouths while it spat coal dust and ashes and bituminous smoke into their syphilis sores, I wondered whether these wounded, modern heroes were not after all the stronger. Their bloodshot eyes and pain-drawn faces made me love them. Their swarthy bodies, with which they worked so hard to raise the pressure in the boilers, made me honor them. In their sleep they dreamed of the steel beast, roaring for more fuel. Often they had stoker cramp, often they fainted, always they worked till they dropped. Once, when I carried a fallen partner up on deck, I saw the expression I had seen in a painting of the crucified Christ.

Once a half-witted bully got aboard. The 'Stoker Ghost,' we called him. He did not get along with the crew, for besides being lazy he stole our tobacco, and ate the scrapings of our pipes, and chewed up the raw tea in the forecastle. And he stole my porthole bunk. Once he forced me to bleed an artery in his arm.

One day he refused to go on watch — and this is the unpardonable sin among seafaring men. He strolled on deck

long after the bell rang. The Chief came forward. And the Stoker Ghost opened his pocketknife. 'I would n't work for such a kid as you,' he said. The Chief was small and slim, and looked as though he was unable to lift a coal shovel. I saw him jump up like a cat whose tail had been stepped upon, strike his gold-braided cap off his head, and for a moment stand with his eyes focused on the stoker. With the passion of a tiger the little Chief leaped, hitting with the momentum of his body the crown of his own head against the big face of his antagonist — in the manner of a Copenhagen Apache (*en københavnsk Bølle*). The blow was so forceful that the Stoker Ghost dropped.

The Chief circled around him in quick leaps, beating him with a piece of hose on face and arms and legs until his limbs were streaked with blood blisters like tattoo marks on a cannibal. 'Lazy pirate! I'll whip your bloody carcass into jelly!' The Stoker Ghost did not utter a word; not a groan came from his lips. And the Chief kept on lashing him until he was beaten senseless. Then we were ordered to give him a wash and throw him into his bunk. And from that day he was broken. His cheeks grew hollow, his eyes sank into his head, and his muscles dwindled away. He could hardly drag himself down into the stokehold. And he began to eat iron, filing it to powder from an iron bar and gulping it down with water. He ate but little food, and no longer took his stroll on deck between watches. He would lie in my bunk, gazing through the porthole at the flying fish skimming above the water.

One morning after his watch he moaned horribly. In the afternoon he became delirious. His body shook violently, and he tore the hair off his chest and scratched the hullside with his hard finger nails. We stood in the doorway, staring. 'His face is turning black,' one whispered. I took a drink of water to the sick man, spilling most of it on his throat. One dipped a sweat rag in vinegar and bathed his face. One fanned him with a piece of cardboard. One found a stray pair of overalls, rolled them into a pillow, and stuck them under his head. One poured a pinch of snuff into his nostrils. One dropped a Bible into the bunk. And the officers also tried to relieve him. His raucous breathing grated on my ears. I took his watch in the stokehold.

In the morning, as the sun rose over the horizon, he died. We carried him up on deck, washed him, and wrapped him in canvas. And we tied a hunk of coal to his feet, the largest hunk we could find. The Chief stopped the engine. The steamer rocked on the ocean, respectfully, like an old woman in church. Silence reigned supreme. I, being the youngest of the Stoker Ghost's colleagues, and, according to the captain, 'the least polluted,' read the Lord's Prayer. Then we slid his body overboard. A shoal of flying fish flew over his grave. A little foam and a few murmuring bubbles — then the steamer put on full speed again.

VI

Whenever the steamer reached its goal and the engine stood dripping with oil, hot and sweating, a sombre, churchlike silence that made us whisper hovered over the stokehold and engine room. The wind and the sea had suddenly ceased to sing; the propellers had stopped spinning; the thick steel paws of the engine had quit their trampling; and the stuffed hull of the steamer no longer groaned. The struggle of human brawn against coal and fire, steam and iron, and the struggle of these against the sea and against the winds and the tides, had ended. There was a blessed

breathing pause, a Sabbath rest, a truce, in the harbor.

Already before the anchor dropped, or before the steamer was moored, a flush of excitement reigned in the forecastle. We were getting ready for shore leave, shaking roaches out of our holiday suits, sponging off white mould spots, pressing our trousers — not with an iron, but by rolling them into a bundle and sitting on them.

If the steamer stole into harbor at early dawn, the shore leave was postponed until the engine had been groomed, and the bilges under the floor had been drained from waste oils, and the grease had been scraped off the circular staircase, and the five hundred condenser pipes and seven hundred boiler pipes had been cleaned out with long bars and brass brushes, and the cylinders and babbitt bearings and centrifugal regulator, and all the other vital organs, had been examined. We dug salt and soot out of the boilers and grease out of the bilges, and we loafed in the cool, tomblike tunnel where the propeller shaft stretched its sluggish segments from midships to the stern. We killed the day. And a childish impatience put a glow in our eyes.

In the harbor we ate twice as often as at sea — bread and coffee before seven, ham and eggs at eight, soup and steak at noon, bread and coffee at three, ham and eggs at six. Neither tough salt meat nor mouldy hardtacks, as at sea! And at every meal the peddlers were waiting for us on deck — Algerian Arabs, Alexandrian Turks, Brazilian hybrids, tattoo artists, peddlers of lascivious photographs, silk-sellers, venders of fruit, soap, and tobacco, pimps, runners, tramp sailors, sailor missionaries, and an occasional Dane who had settled down on foreign soil and who longed for a chat in his mother tongue.

When finally the engine stood sleek and shining in its stall, there was a wild scramble for the boiler passage to the stokehold, to be first at the faucet, and then to the forecastle for a shave. A sleeve of a coat or a shirt was to be patched, a rubber collar to be scrubbed, a few unruly locks of hair to be cut. A hurried bite of supper, a dash to the Chief for money, and a rush to the dory or gangplank. Late at night my comrades returned, tumbling down the forecastle stairs, crazed by whiskey and women. They would quarrel, they would weep, they would wrestle, they would draw their knives and fight in the pitch-black darkness. A paralyzing fear would possess me as I lay in my bunk listening. In the morning I would find them on the floor in contorted heaps, with a few harmless gashes on their arms.

Once at Gibraltar I rowed ashore alone. How good it was to walk on the ground again! I could have kissed the stones I trod. Darkness set in suddenly. The streets were crowded with Spaniards, young men and smiling girls. Ragged children blocked my way, begging money and offering to show me the city. 'Me show you nice bullfight.' Bullfight! I had seen the butcher at home kill horses, bulls, cows, and hogs, until such sport no longer amused me. And had I wanted to see a fight I should have stayed aboard among my drunken mates. 'Me show you nice singing girls.' I felt indisposed to music. During the last month we had played harmonica, accordion, flute, ocarina, horn, and violin. 'Me show you nice place where sailor was robbed and killed.'

A quiet place was what I longed for. I threw the last child a shilling, and the crowd fought to pull and push me through a street and up a path that was cut in the granite along the slope of the Gibraltar Rock. I sat down and looked out over the harbor. Hundreds of colored lights rocked on the anchored

ships. The Milky Way was like rolling steam from a locomotive. The faithful Polaris twinkled in the clear Mediterranean night. The sky was sapphire-blue and looked as soft as sealskin. The wake of the full moon gleamed upon the water clear across to Morocco. Searchlights from the French warship at Ceuta and from the English fort above me flashed in the night sky. The searchlights looked like swords in the hands of dueling giants, the rays of light crossing the heavens and darting at each other with dazzling speed.

Guitar and mandolin music reached me from the sailor resorts below. A sailor on a ship was singing, 'Goodbye, My Bluebell,' but his voice was drowned by a boy singing a Spanish serenade. How good it was to lie stretched on the solid rock and watch the panorama of the harbor and the Strait of Gibraltar, and to hear the voice of the city!

On a bleak Christmas Eve — my first away from home — I stole into a church in Marseilles near the water front, where a white-haired Protestant minister led me up to the Christmas tree. His daughter served me coffee and cake. And she gave me a smile which warmed my heart. And she gave me a pair of mittens which she herself had knitted — 'to warm my hands at sea.' But a stoker needs no woolen mittens to warm his hands at sea. I put them away in my sailor bag. And ten years later they warmed my hands on the Minnesota University campus — warmed my hands and my heart.

One Sunday morning I wandered through a Sicilian village, up the slopes of a sulphur mountain, where the bluest sky and reddest sun, the greenest water and yellowest fields in all the world thrilled me, and where olive-skinned children with pretty eyes and teeth and soft voices danced around me — the same children who on the previous day, aboard my ship, were dumping baskets of sulphur dust into the hatches.

Once my ship left me sick in Port Antonio, Jamaica, among a hundred Hindu coolies. These slender, rib-boned men and their childwives had caught the 'fever' during their passage from the East Indies. And when at night the wailing of these loin-girdled people grew too loud for my nerves I would wade through my ward, where they lay on the floor, and bribe the Negro nurse at the door and the Negro attendant in the hallway. Then I would steal out of the hospital and drag myself down to the rocky coast in front of the fort, and lie cooling myself in the Caribbean Sea, not so very many miles north of Robinson Crusoe's island. My fingers would cling to a rock that jutted out of the surf, while my burning body tossed and rocked in the soft cradle.

I was drunk with fever and saw visions. The dome of heaven quavered and the stars fell like showers of glowing meteors. My fingers stroked the soft, sensuous blackness around me, and my lips pursed and puckered at the pitch of night. I shuddered at the primitive, almost violent urge of the night to draw me into a night of greater darkness. The murmurs of the surf weighed my young spirit down, like the gloom of death. And I climbed out of the water and up on the rocks to dress.

I wandered inland over the hills, into the banana and coconut groves of the Negro planters. Through a path in the tropical thicket I stumbled, over stumps and roots, while a black network of shadows threatened to ensnare me. Underbrush of cactus tore my hospital shirt. And the sound of the renting fabric magnified a thousand tears of the tissue of my heart, where two opposing feelings, love of life and fear of death, tore at each other. I pressed my cheeks

hungrily against the darkness, and also my pulsating throat. I leaned against the night, stunned by its beauty. I wept and threw my arms around the darkness. Then, drunk with fever and drunk with the desire of life, and almost in a coma, I stumbled back to the hospital and fell into the arms of my Negro nurse.

VII

At the time I left my home for the sea I was a lad of sixteen, with wild eyes, a grotesque nose, protruding brow, and a wilderness of hair covering my ears. My eyes, nose, and brow were out of symmetry with the rest of my face, and this made me look manly yet childish, savage yet civilized, with the highbrow and lowbrow forever struggling for mastery.

When I put foot ashore in my home harbor after two years of sailing, my glorious childhood had ended. I was eighteen, and a man. The mark of the beast was on my brow. But so was the mark of the bard and the sage. Dual desires divided my heart into a sensuous delight for the sights of nature and a reverent awe for applied mechanics. And the two desires were equally strong.

My point of view was purely objective. I had outlook, and no insight. As yet only one world existed for me — the outside one. And I watched that world with an attitude, not hungry for possession, but æsthetic and intellectual. For neither my stomach nor my glands were ravenous in their demands. My eyes, however, were, and in two different directions — toward the beautiful disharmonies of nature and toward the ugly harmonies of modern machinery. Both dazzled me. Both drew me. Both divided my heart.

The old viking spirit drove me over the seas to skim the surface of nature — a warm, romantic rover. The new scientific spirit drew me down into the heart of nature to watch its hidden forces — a cool, realistic adventurer. Both of these, the old and the new, focused my eyes on America, the land of Columbus, Leif Ericsson, Indians, and romance, which I read about at sea; and the land of skyscrapers, bridges, air railroads, and realism, which I had seen on my shore leaves.

I came home to bid my parents and siblings and relatives farewell. A week later I walked into a steamship office in Copenhagen, sailor bag on shoulder and cap in hand, asking for a job across. How well I remember that morning! A hunchbacked clerk chased me into the street, where Prince Kristian came riding alone. The sight of the young, handsome Prince gave me a sudden warmth in my heart. I swung my cap in greeting. He smiled, and saluted, and three times nodded his head. To this day no one has ever saluted me save the present King of Denmark.

During the next fortnight I made a daily visit to the hunchbacked clerk; and each day he chased me into the street. Finally an older clerk, with a skipper face, remarked: 'Why the hell don't you sign him up and get rid of him?' And he did. He wrote with his left hand, I remember. I have before me my old seaman's book, where he wrote my pedigree, and, under 'marks of identification,' 'A tattooing of an American and a Danish flag on right arm' — a red and blue design prodded into my white skin by a Baltimore Jew on my seventeenth birthday.

I boarded the liner the day before its departure, and the next morning, when the emigrants began to swarm on the dock, promenaded on deck in my new sailor uniform. From a passenger boat running between Russia and Copenhagen came a Levantine procession: old patriarchs, bright Jewesses, children

leaping like lambs. Danish peasants and city people began to arrive. Up the gangplank they climbed in homespun clothes: mature men and women, husky boys with down on their chins, and young, flaxen-haired maidens.

Longshoremen were rolling trunks to the steam hoist, whence every minute a load leaped aboard like a giant grasshopper. For hours I hid among the passengers, watching the crowd below that was seeing the liner off.

At noon the Hellig-Olav started on her voyage. The people on the wharf followed along, cheering and waving their hands. The liner put on full speed and was soon in the middle of the sound. In the background I had a last glimpse of Our Lady's Church — Admiral Nelson's best target a century before, when temporary rafts floated out to fight his stately ships. On the starboard Sweden's rocky coast rose out of the water like dark clouds. On the larboard Seeland's fertile fields waved me a last farewell. The sight of a beech forest moistened my eyes. 'Thou grove of Danish beeches' (*Du danske Bøgeskov*) rang softly out over the sound. We passed close under Kronborg Castle at Elsinore, the home of the 'melancholy Dane' and of the Ghost, Holger Danske. That was the last I saw of my old country.

(*In December Mr. Jensen describes his first years in America*)

THIEVES OF TIME

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

When 'honest' Iago, in a transport of virtuous indignation, assures the simple-minded Othello that the stealing of his (Iago's) purse is a trifle, but that the stealing of his reputation is a heavy wrong, he shows some insight into varieties of theft. The plain professional, who used to be called a pickpocket or a footpad, — low, common terms, both of them, — but who is now respectfully alluded to as a bandit, is honest in so far that he makes no pretense to honesty. He is amenable to the law, if the law can lay hold of him; he is liable to a term in jail, if sentimentalists do not secure his premature release. But a man who takes the simplest precautions can safely steal his neighbor's reputation, and a man can steal his neighbor's time without taking any precautions whatever. In this form of filching he has the acquiescence of his conscience and of the world.

Time, we are told, is money. It is not always so transmutable as one could wish; but it is a necessary ingredient in the making up of an income. We use the precious hours to earn our bread, and keep ourselves decently and reputably from the almshouse. No one should be more ready to snatch at these hours, or at the work which is done in them, than to snatch at the money which is their fee. Yet God-fearing persons who would shrink

shamefaced from the one form of pillage justify the other. Time is intangible. It has no standing under the law, and no sanctity in the minds of men.

A year or two before the war I met in Ischl a Prussian artist of some renown. He was agreeable and friendly, and I ventured to ask him for two addresses I wanted in Berlin, prefacing my request with the customary formula, 'Will you do me a favor?' To which he replied in feverish haste: 'With pleasure, if you do not ask me for a sketch.'

This was so unexpected that I gasped. He had the air of a man prepared for desperate resistance. When I recovered my breath I murmured that I wanted nothing more valuable than two addresses which I thought he could give me, and I added: 'Is it possible that people who know you no better than I do are in the habit of asking you for sketches?'

He looked a little abashed — I must acknowledge that; but he also looked more than a little relieved. 'I give you my word,' he said, 'that people who do not know me so well as you do ask me for them all the time. A lady proposed yesterday that I should, by way of pastime, make a drawing of her little daughter. I am afraid to speak to a child in the hotel for fear of being begged to paint it.'

Germans are of tougher fibre than the rest of us. They are not lightly restrained from seeking what they want. But most of the holiday crowd at Ischl were Austrians. Certainly neither Germans nor Austrians would have asked casual acquaintances for the money value of that artist's sketches. But they did not hesitate to ask for the sketches themselves, which represented the artist's time and toil and talent. By the same token, neither English nor Americans would ask an author for the money value of his books; but they ask for the books themselves as if he had published them to give away. I once suggested to the librarian of a perfectly well-to-do club, who had signified his readiness to accept as many volumes as I would send him, that I had hoped my books might be a source of income rather than an additional expenditure. He made no reply, and I am sure this original point of view had never occurred to him before.

II

There are three classes of highly specialized mendicants who prey upon defenseless authors. The first seeks copy; the second, speeches; the third, opinions or personal gossip. For the first class I have the most respect. Its members are running periodicals which the world could do without, and does, in fact, do without so determinedly that they have no money with which to pay contributors. As conveyors of literature these periodicals are negligible; as business propositions they are nowhere. What recommends them to the harassed author is their candor, the robust simplicity of their demands. Their editors say, 'We want something for which we cannot pay. Will you give it to us for nothing?' The author, who has a sense of fellowship with poverty, very often forgoes a portion of his daily bread and sends the copy. If he rebels, it is because he is too heavily or hardily patronized. I was once asked to do a troublesome — and unpaid — piece of work for a local guidebook. The editor, by way of emphasizing my good fortune, informed me he had compiled a list of the places he wished written up, and all I should have to do would be 'to sit at home and weave the story, making it delightful with touches of incident.' He seemed to think this was a rare opportunity for enjoyment. He was apparently unaware

that to sit at home and weave a word-fabric of some sort was the monotonous record of my daily life.

The people who ask me to make addresses to high schools, normal schools, business schools (the infant schools have so far manifested no thirst for my brand of information), art schools, summer schools, and schools for the teaching of things whose very names are unfamiliar to me, are not troubled by diffidence or doubt. The 'warm welcome' they assure me is, in their eyes, an ample compensation for time, trouble, and fatigue. A journey of ninety miles in midwinter or midsummer should be but an additional incentive. The students, they explain, are 'keenly intelligent,' they are doing 'important work,' they are prepared to give me 'appreciative attention.' Men and women of distinction have accepted invitations to speak or read to them. They are particularly anxious to 'entertain' — they call it entertaining — authors and artists. It is all so true, it is all so reasonable, but it is all so oft-repeated. If there were but one school in the country, in the state, in the town. 'If,' as Charles Lamb remarks, 'children were young phœnixes!'

The most frequent and the most imperious demands upon my time come from correspondents who ask questions. There is nothing they do not want to know, and — what is far more amazing — there is nothing they think I cannot and will not tell them. No ignorance on my part is understood, no reticence respected. A young man asks me for advice on the 'fundamentals of novel-writing' — a query which might have staggered Thackeray. An older man asks my confidential views on 'the durable satisfactions of life.' 'What,' he writes, 'have been in your own life the experiences of real value, the things essential and elemental — in other words, the *sine qua non?*'

Is anyone prepared to impart information of this kind to strangers? Is anyone else desirous to read it when imparted? Who can disentangle the experiences of real value from the crowded recollections of a lifetime? And what passionate egotism would prompt their revelation? A lady who is writing a series of articles on children sends me a list of fourteen questions to be answered 'in full.' She wants to know whether or not I told the truth and obeyed my parents when I was a little girl. Did I enjoy the multiplication tables? ('Enjoy' seems a curious word to use in this connection.) How old was I when I began to believe that the world was round, and what convinced me? Was I afraid of the dark? Did I have any impulse to commit suicide when I was not yet sixteen? If I had, why did I not act on it?

Why, indeed! Who knows, or has ever known, the heart of a child? He walks secure in his own kingdom, and it is well for him that no adult crosses the border. Mothers sometimes think they dwell there with him. Fathers know perfectly well they do not. Teachers spy with the friendliest purpose over the walls. Adults of various sorts ask and answer arid questions, groping back into the lost land of childhood, and finding nothing there but the ghosts of the children they once were. Suppose I anwered truly about my budding, blundering lies. The child who uttered them has gone. Suppose I wrote with Lamb's sensitive pen about my nightly tremors. Who knows the child, Charles Lamb? We glimpse him for a moment in 'Witches and Other Night Fears'; but the writer of that paper, in love with a fantastic theme, and overlaying it with delicate conceits, wandered far away from the little

frightened English boy who was the corner stone of the structure.

The editor of a thriving periodical who requests me to answer thirteen questions, all leading up to one supreme and soul-searching question, 'How Much Money Does an American Want?' is to be pardoned, because he thinks (and the thought is a flattering one) that I know something about the subject. I am to begin by telling him how rich or how poor I was in childhood, how much money I aspired to make in youth, and now much in maturity. I am then to say whether or not my friends are saving money (a point on which I am lamentably ignorant), and what type of family I consider happiest. Finally, with a whole-hearted abandonment of reserve, I am to reveal the living American who approaches most closely to my ideal. This question was asked, I am told, at a public luncheon, and a few of the names proposed are offered me as an index of popular opinion. They are not helpful. I do not know how far such men court, or how far they avoid, publicity; but I can imagine nothing more appalling to a man of distinction and humor than to be informed in print that he is the ideal of sundry unknown citizens whom it has not been his purpose in life to edify.

People who have papers to write, and who think these papers would be more interesting if I wrote them, form a class apart. A student whose chosen theme is 'Woman's Field in Journalism' asks my views on a list of American women journalists, on the relative value of their work and the work of women journalists in England, on the relative value of their work and the work of men journalists at home, on the points of resemblance or of difference in the work of men and women journalists the world over, and finally on the usefulness of schools of journalism in American colleges, and the place they should occupy in the curriculum.

It is a large order, and not easily filled by a woman who has never been a journalist, never been a feminist, and never gone to college. But, on the whole, there is less difficulty in proffering opinions when one is entirely ignorant — and consequently unprejudiced — than in speaking with propriety and accuracy about one's daily toil. I cannot conceive anyone paying any attention to my views (presuming I had views) on schools of journalism; but when I am asked to expound to a class of college students my habits of thought, my methods of work, the influences derived from favorite authors, the funded experience of a lifetime largely spent in the secret companionship of books, I have an extraordinary reluctance to comply. It is not only that I lack the time to instruct students whom it is not my business to instruct; but that it is outside the possibilities of my nature to expose my mental processes to their consideration. As for submitting to them examples of what I consider my best work, with my reasons for considering it best, I could as easily vivisect myself for the benefit of a class in anatomy.

Yet even the correspondents who represent themselves as doing 'research work,' whose postage and stationery are paid for by a 'Fund,' and who send me portentous printed forms to be filled up in the interests of education, ask the same intimate and useless questions. They would like to know, not only what I think of other people's essays, but what I think of my own. Even the correspondents who are conducting 'symposiums' find it desirable that I should be 'frank,' which means confidential, in my disclosures. Even the correspondent who is a graphologist, and who merely desires

to read my character in my handwriting, is not content with a few lines of copy. He sends a list of questions which I am expected to answer. Who is my favorite author? Who are my favorite 'movie stars'? What is my favorite medium-priced automobile? Even the correspondents who desire my autograph, to which they are always welcome, are now beginning to intimate that they would like a 'personal letter,' a 'message,' a few words that will be 'fresh and tonic,' a line or two about my 'life and work,' to which they are not welcome at all.

The 'personal touch' fallacy has become an unmitigated nuisance. An artist expresses himself in his pictures, a poet in his poems, a novelist in his novels. These are the things they have to give — or to sell — the world. The rest of themselves belongs to themselves. It is not public property at all. But the public, which is healthily indifferent to the pictures and the poems, — and sometimes to the novels, — wants to know all about the producers. Their favorite cereal or cigarette is a matter of lively interest. Their infant transgressions are regarded as prophetic. Their proneness to colds may afford a clue to the not very mysterious actions of their lives.

Even school children evince this fearful curiosity, and take bold steps to gratify it. They write, and they write very often, to say that they are including my name in a theme on American essayists, and that they cannot find out anything about me. One child artlessly adds, 'I have nothing to go by but your books'; and these she plainly considers alien to the subject. Another, who asks for a signed photograph, says that her teacher has bidden her keep a scrapbook, and that she is taking this means of filling it. A third, — a high-school student, — who also asks for a photograph, and with it some 'interesting information' about myself, explains that her class 'is studying magazines,' a course so comprehensive that it cannot leave much time for anything else. Except 'the whole circle of the sciences,' which a little English girl told Hannah More she was engaged in mastering, I can think of no such diversified field of instruction as the American magazine.

III

It is strange that Alice Brown, when she undertook the defense of the anonymous letter, which has had few defenders, should have ignored its one supreme and shining merit. It cannot be answered. It need not be read unless the recipient so desires; but the burden of replying to it is lifted peremptorily from his shoulders. The anonymous letter writer never wants to know what is my choice for a state flower; or if I have consciously increased my working vocabulary, or if I think Walt Whitman's popularity is on the wane, or whether I consider longhand writing, or typing, or dictating 'best suited to literary production.' The anonymous letter writer is happily indifferent to my experiences with the franchise, and he forbears to ask me if I consider that politics have been purified by the entrance of women into the field — a ticklish question which calls for a more courageous pen than mine to answer. It has even happened that letters full of spirit and understanding, of gayety and good feeling, have been written to me anonymously, and that books which I am well pleased to possess have been sent to me by anonymous donors. These benefactions have a peculiar charm. They have fallen from the skies into my lap, and the heavens ask for no acknowledgment.

Major Beith (Ian Hay), lecturing on authorship, which he has found

pleasant and profitable, ranks among its gains the correspondence of unknown, and presumably admiring, readers. This is in accord with his happy and humorous outlook upon life. He is that *rara avis*, a British soldier and author who does not proclaim himself 'disillusioned,' and the world is naturally grateful for his forbearance. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who did not lack confidence in herself, went so far as to solicit correspondence concerning *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and she got it by the wagonload. Thackeray, who was content to receive letters, though disinclined to answer them, discovered, after the publication of *Lovel the Widower*, that ladies of the ballet, whom he had never supposed to be among his readers, were exceedingly indignant at the slights he had cast upon their profession. They gave him to understand in the plainest of plain language that they were as reputable as their neighbors. They protested against his being invited to preside at the Dramatic Fund dinner because he had seemed insufficiently aware of this fact.

A handful of letters written by strangers to Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin) have been published recently in the *Bookman*. Most of them are of the kind with which we are already familiar. The schoolgirl who has asked for an autograph, and who writes, 'How much nicer and more ladylike it makes you appear to grant such a request!' is true to type. So also is the woman who wishes some information upon 'Sources of Power in the World,' because her college daughter has been given this simple and concise theme for an oration. But the young man who feels moved to write a sequel to *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, who is sure he could make it more interesting than the original, and who asks Mrs. Riggs if she will arrange for its publication, is unique in the long annals of petitioners. 'Could you tell me if *Rebecca* met with a good sale, and what were the royalties paid on it?' demands this amazing youth, this peerless and perfect example of a correspondent.

IV

Compared with the letter writers who make requests, the letter writers who merely express opinions are welcome as summer showers. It happens sometimes that these opinions are in the nature of commendations, and are read by their recipients with purrs of complacency. When they are censorious, they are frequently amusing, and to be amused is no small blessing in a dull world. During the four years of the Great War, when we were unhappy but never dull, men and women were consumed by enthusiasms and animosities to which they seemed impelled to give utterance. Letters were one form of expression, one outlet for emotions. Now we are, if not serene, at least sluggish, and comparatively polite to one another. A young woman who once traveled with me from Constantinople to Cairo denied that the latter city was Oriental. It had been policed by the British into cosmopolitanism. I suggested that the streets still held the color and atmosphere of the East. 'Color and atmosphere, yes,' she retorted, 'but the place is slack. Why, I have n't been spat at once since I came.'

This is the kind of slackness which has settled down upon a peaceful world, wrangling sourly over international debts. The unknown correspondent who once told me frankly that he hated me, and would like to see me riddled with bullets on the firing line, now writes more in sorrow than in anger that he hopes I have seen the error of my ways, and am prepared

to make the *amende honorable* to the Germany I misjudged. The correspondent who once informed me that I was 'congenitally cruel' now encloses in a mildly reproachful letter an advertisement of his own books; and no one can feel very harshly toward a fellow being whom he invites to purchase his poems in an octavo volume for two dollars and a half.

The only spark of the old fire which I have kindled for years followed the publication in the *Atlantic Monthly* of a harmless paper entitled 'To Counsel the Doubtful.' In it I ventured to observe that the scheme devised by an American weekly for settling the affairs of Great Britain and Ireland (which were not our affairs, and which the British and Irish speedily settled for themselves) was in the nature of an impertinence. The unblushing obviousness of such a remark might have saved it from notice; but I have long observed that it is the obvious which can be trusted to strike sparks from the public mind. In this instance a displeased reader in New York and an agitated reader in Cleveland called me to account for my injurious attitude toward Ireland. Both professed to believe that I had sold my pen to Great Britain, a grand and rather flattering sort of accusation. 'You probably needed some of that money borrowed from America with which the British Propaganda is desperately striving to destroy American morale, American nationality, and American sovereignty,' wrote the disgruntled gentleman in New York. 'As a Catholic, I am shocked and scandalized at you,' wrote the perturbed lady in Cleveland. 'You have your reparation to make. God pity you if you have not the moral courage to make it as loudly as you counseled the Doubtful. If you are not too proud of intellect to take *unpaid* advice, I urge you to change your glasses, reread history, make a good confession, and mend your ways.'

Now I cannot but think that this last letter (there are four closely written pages) is rather out of the ordinary. Its author, evidently a member of my own church, evinces a concern for my spiritual welfare which is unusual in these days, when the one thing we do not excite ourselves about is our neighbor's soul. The relation between my soul and a self-appointed commission to hear evidence which could be put to no use when heard is not, at first sight, clear. The relation between my harmless utterances and the comments of my critics seldom is clear. I once said that I thought Americans were unduly sentimental in their attitude toward crime and criminals (I think so still), and a correspondent asked me if I had ever read the Sermon on the Mount. I once said I did not believe that dead men wrote books (the wish being father to the thought), and a correspondent wrote me that humor was not the last word on a scientific question. I once said (bromidically) that denying evil did not seem to do away with it, and a correspondent wrote me from a railway train in Japan (think of it!) that I had 'darkened counsel by zeal without knowledge.'

However, when all is said and done, the pirates of the post are not the men and women who pour broadsides into me. I don't have to fire back, and so am robbed of nothing. It is the deadly questionnaire which, under a hollow pretense of flattery, rakes me fore and aft. I am pleased to note that educators, who are born to be plagued, have protested vigorously against this particular form of plague. They say they are kept so busy answering queries and filling up dotted lines that they have no time to correct their pupils' exercises. The educational questionnaire

aims at gratifying our passion for uniformity by finding out what the majority is doing in matters of no importance, and forcing the minority to do it likewise — a notable triumph over individualism.

The *Educational Review*, which does not often lend itself to fun-making, has recently published a sardonic paper by a New England educator who frees his mind on the subject of the questionnaire. One a day, not counting Sundays, is his average throughout the school term. He admits that when he was young he sometimes hesitated to give decisive answers on matters of which he knew nothing; but that was because he failed to understand the system on which the questionnaire works. All it asks is to be filled up, and filled up, if possible, on the right dotted lines. 'Every answer is not of equal value; but the square root of the product gives a result which cannot be gainsaid.' Once assured on this point, he has ever since answered the easy questionnaires himself, handed over the hard ones to his secretary, and given those that seemed wholly nonsensical to the janitor, who brings to bear upon them the vitality of an intelligence that is unimpaired by erudition.

It is a curious habit of mind which endeavors to extract from the many something which only the very few can give. Suppose the cultural value of Latin is in question. We have authorities to whom we can refer, we have notable examples whom we can consider. Who cares a fig for either! The thing to do is to send questionnaires to some hundreds of Latin teachers, whose answers can be safely predicted; to some scores of psychologists, whose answers are hopelessly confusing; to some dozens of financiers, who do not answer at all; and to a number of high-school seniors, who are asked why they have studied Latin, which, for the life of them, they do not know. So great and recognized a nuisance has the questionnaire become that in the Middle West, where the custom is to correct all grievances by law, it has been actually proposed to prohibit the circulation through the mail of interrogations concerning any phase of school activity.

This is an idle dream. The most statute-governed country in the world (and if not Italy, it must be the United States) is powerless to keep its citizens from legally harassing one another. There will always be people who ask useless questions, there will always be people who give foolish answers, and there will always be people who regard questions and answers with naïve regard. A year or so ago a somewhat original seeker after information asked a long list of chorus girls the familiar query: 'What ten books would you like to have on a desert island?' He discovered from their replies that a number of the young ladies were not personally acquainted with, or personally attached to, ten books; and one girl of spirit wrote impatiently: 'What would anybody want with books on a desert island anyway?' Which goes to show that in spite of standardized education, standardized beliefs, and standardized pretenses, in spite of Babbitts, and Main Streets, and uplifts, and lectures, and moving pictures, and all that makes for sameness, there will still be found in this amazing world someone who thinks for herself.

A SAILOR'S WIFE

BY ISABEL HOPESTILL CARTER

I

A NEW mate was coming on board just as the steward, holding the dinner bell by the clapper, stepped over the sill on to the grating. The newcomer carried tenderly in one hand a square wooden box and under his arm a three-cornered wooden box; he clutched furthermore a dilapidated grip, reenforced by a rope around its middle; a sea bag half full of something and a long wooden chest followed him over the rail. 'He thinks he's a navigator,' sniffed the steward, letting the soup cool while he appraised this young man. 'Huh! With his charts and his clock and his sextant and trash.' The steward was a yellowish lean man with long ringlets.

The new mate cast an expert eye about and started toward the cabin; he *did* have an experienced air.

'Dinner's ready, sir,' said the steward politely.

'So'm I,' responded the young man, vanishing into his room and placing the objects of his solicitude on the berth. A couple of sailors brought in the rest of the dunnage. The steward remembered to ring the bell, loud and long.

There came presently a murmur in the forward cabin. The mate pulled his red tie straight, adjusted his bright blue suit, smoothed his hair, took a deep breath for another new skipper, and advanced, hesitating respectfully within the forward cabin door. A little gray wisp of a woman in a purple dress was just stopping, with her hand on the wooden settee on the starboard side. Behind her followed a man, not tall, with stiff, carefully trimmed white hair and a neat white pointed beard, and a fierce blue eye that stabbed the stranger; however, he shook hands. He turned to the gray little woman.

'M-m-m-m —' he darted a murderous blue gleam at the new officer's serene face — 'M-mister K-k-k-k —'

'He's going to crow,' thought the mate. Should he help him out? He glanced at the old woman and found her watching him anxiously as if there were some clue which he was unlikely to know; he decided against assistance and waited coolly, turning his grayish-blue eyes on the furious skipper, mouthing and grimacing.

'K-k-k-kimball,' said Captain McClellan, rushing off the name rapidly lest it elude him at the 'b.' In relief the old woman smiled at the young man, and his own set face relaxed into a cheerful grin in no wise hinting at the spasmodic giggles wriggling around inside him. They sat down. The soup was cold.

'S-s-s-steward!' burst out the old man like a steam exhaust. 'This s-s-s-soupis s-s-s-stone c-c-c-cold!'

'Yes, sir!' The steward retired suddenly to the back of the pantry and rattled dishes and silver. The old man glared.

'I g-g-g-getanew s-s-s-stewardevery t-t-t-trip!'

The rattling stopped. The mate nodded. 'They ain't much good,' he agreed.

The steward brimmed with venom. 'He gets a new mate, too,' he muttered devastatingly to the mustard pot.

The old woman made a few amiable remarks and the new mate thought she was n't bad as old women went. The skipper told a long and funny tale, stuttering fearfully throughout. Mr. Kimball laughed in the right place, showed no impatience at the coyness of consonants, and seemed not in the least surprised or amused at his superior's affliction; he was utterly calm. Sometimes the old woman almost glowed, and then again a terrible anxiety seized her; soon he was bound to laugh in the wrong place or laugh a little too hard — oh, it was dreadful! But the meal drew to an end without mishap.

'Hada f-f-f-firstofficer f-f-f-fiveyears-ago n-n-n-named K-k-k-kimball,' the captain vouchsafed. 'R-r-r-redhair.'

'Must have been my brother John,' replied Mr. Kimball, inwardly racked at the thought of how John must have behaved under these trying conditions.

'That s-s-s-so! A c-c-c-capableman b-b-b-buta p-p-p-perfect f-f-f-fool!' A memory of old wrongs caused the bright blue eyes to transfix the brother of such a seaman. Stephen Kimball's diaphragm or stomach or some powerful organ within turned a backward somersault and a double twist; he felt the alarmed eyes regarding him from across the table, clenched a big fist, and recovered.

'He's always been like that,' he managed to reply casually.

The fierce blue eyes and the worried faded eyes fell away. The skipper pushed back his chair and rose. They all rose. The skipper gave the mate a matter-of-fact nod and the old woman smiled at him shyly. 'She seems a good old thing,' thought the mate, feeling in his pocket for his pipe.

II

Seven years almost to a day had passed since Stephen Kimball first set foot on the deck of the Joseph M. Parr. To-day he leaned on the rail waiting to see the skipper over the side into the Chinese boat bobbing at the foot of the ladder. At his left the dark red railroad ties were being tossed up endlessly from the hold to the shoulders of naked coolies, who bore them lightly to the rail and cast them over the side to the lighter. Like a machine they worked, howling a wild chant. The mate whistled it softly. Before him the water stretched smooth, streaked with red and green and yellow, shallow, doubtless filthy, warm, silvered in the sun; far away were the mud forts of Taku, low against the pale sky. Lord, it was hot already, and the old man had to make the trip up to Tientsin. There he was now.

The skipper stepped over the forward cabin doorsill and came to the rail. Pausing with his foot on the lowest brass-bound step, he felt in his pocket, excitedly called to the boatman, and hurried back to the cabin. Stephen lounged over to the companionway for a drink of lukewarm boiled water. What tasteless stuff it was! He strolled over to port and stared at the limitlessness of the Yellow Sea. A seamanlike consciousness warning him presently that the old man was at the door again, he stepped quickly across the deck to the gangway for the slight ceremony of departure. Simultaneously both men perceived that there, afar off, making for Taku, was the boatman. Scarlet flamed in the old man's face; his white whiskers bristled; he shook

a furious and threatening arm at the departing one.

'K-k-k-k-k-k-k-k — ' he shouted impotently.

Without a thought the mate broke a seven-years-old rule. He raised his bad-weather voice in a hearty shout, and he too made a gesture of the arm that, with the accompaniment of the bellow, stopped the Chinaman in his tracks. Idling sailors on the fo'c'sle fell to work earnestly; the cook dropped an iron kettle; down below the old woman stuck a needle in her thumb.

'Come back yere!' he roared. 'You devilish fool! You — ' He stopped, aghast. But the boatman, likewise aghast, spun his boat like a top and bent dementedly to the oars. In dead silence Stephen watched him. Seven years he'd just thrown away — seven good years. Slowly, at a chattering sound at his right, he turned his crimsoned face.

'Q-q-q-quiteright, M-m-m-m-mister K-k-k-k-kimball,' sputtered the old fellow, nodding his head quickly and emphatically.

The mate leaned on the rail, gazing at the receding boat. He pulled a yellowed handkerchief from a pocket and mopped his wet and anguished face. Oh, gosh! That was a good chap, that white-whiskered old tartar. His mind sped back over the years of his service under him on the Joseph M. Parr, the seas they had sailed, the storms and the calms, danger and weariness and monotony — he was, yes, he was a prime old fellow. The old woman, too — gosh, she was a hero; she also had shared the years of danger and weariness and monotony. Through them all she had sat opposite him at table, a tiny dignified woman, dressed in gay-colored wool gowns and foreign silks. She was never inquisitive, never silly; always kind and pleasant and quiet and proud — not like some skippers' wives he'd seen! They were good friends. The fact that he never appeared to notice the eccentric speech of 'Stuttering Johnny' had, he thought, created a bond, and an interest in those rugs she hooked with her poor knotted fingers strengthened it. It was a great day when she discovered that he could draw. She called him Stephen. It would have been humiliating to have left in disgrace with the old man.

The mate roused himself and began a tour of the ship, urging a display of more energy in various quarters. He observed a couple of sailors in earnest conference, hastily broken off, with one of the Chinamen, and he suspected they were after some liquor. It was about time; he must keep his eye open. From the main deck he noticed presently that the old woman was up on the poop; he'd go and chin with her in a minute.

Mrs. McClellan walked slowly back and forth, enjoying the windless heat; occasionally when she reached the limit of the awning she spread and bent her fingers in the sunshine, laying them on the warm white rail. Homely old hands with swollen joints — the fingers were almost limber again. Even her knees were flexible. Her shoulder was all right. At the moment she resembled Father William for general suppleness; she felt quite young and happy. If a ship might only stay forever in one place, a baking-hot glorious place, she would not feel like eighty when she was only fifty-seven; this rheumatism had really begun that time about twenty years ago when they were in Bombay during the rainy season. Last winter had been particularly bad, though; there were two months when she could n't, simply could not, hold her rug hook strongly enough to pull the rags through

the burlap. Her shoulder never had hurt her until last winter. She wiggled all her fingers joyously and hoped that Russell would n't get that charter he was promising; he might prefer to send an English ship — indeed, he *should*.

The deck was warm under her feet. She had come up the companionway stairs with the Chinese rug in her arms just like any old woman — any woman of fifty-seven, that is. Captain Bristol's wife, who must be older than she, looked *much* younger, and she behaved, moreover, in a silly, hail-fellow way even with the mates; why, once in Russell's she had actually been flirting quite boisterously with some captains loafing there. It must be mortifying to Captain Bristol. Of course that was three years ago; but the Fortuna had sailed from Boston two weeks before they had arrived there a year ago last spring, and Mr. Bellows had said, laughing, that she was just the same as ever. Poor woman — she was so terrified at sea.

Mrs. McClellan leaned against the rail so that the slanting rays of sun beat on her shoulders, and she put her hands behind her so that they also basked in the warmth. It looked hot — the naked coolies; the water striped in brown and green and light blue; bluish in the distance the low forts of Taku; the gaudy dragon flies still clinging to the rigging. It would be a hot journey to Tientsin for Kit; he would n't be able to get back before evening, surely. Had he remembered to take the letter?

She pushed the barrel chair, which had been in the sun and was lovely and warm, nearer the lazaret hatch and sat down. She wished Stephen would come up so that she could show him the rug, but of course she could not call him. She would just have to wait.

It was strange about responsibility. She seemed always to be feeling responsible for something. Ever since she had married Kit she had burdened herself with the good report of sea captains' wives; before that, even when she was a little girl, she had appreciated her conspicuous place in her father's country parish. She had continually to represent something — some grown-up person's idea of little girls, her irascible husband's dignity, a sea captain's wife's position. Harking back over fifty-seven years, she could recall as a release from the burden of obligation only those Saturday afternoons in summer when, in awful self-control, she accompanied her father down to that point on the Kennebec where he retired to prepare his Sunday sermons. There, in intervals of relaxation, — frequent intervals, it seemed, — he taught her to swim, a younger, shrieking, excited child, far from watchful parishioners who she hoped pictured her sitting quietly beside their pastor or perhaps picking flowers elegantly, instead of kicking madly in the cold water under direct clerical supervision or kicking in a less evangelical way, connected to the Sunday sermon simply by a long bit of old clothesline. In an irresponsible, unparsonlike past had her father splashed and yelled and swum?

What good had it been to her to be so scrupulous? There was the camel she had wanted to ride twenty years ago; what harm would it have been? There were those dances when she was a girl — no, when she was a parson's daughter. There was that ricksha race for skippers' wives; even though she was but twenty-eight then, and weighed only ninety-two pounds, it had n't seemed the thing to do exactly. Then there were the many years when she had so longed to go on deck and get drenched with rain and spray, wind-blown and storm-beaten; but everyone

on board would have thought it strange, and she would have been in the way. Where does responsibility come from? And why does it seize upon some people and not on others? And in any case why should it attack any person before she is sixty and rheumatic?

Well, her dresses were of gay colors.

Ah, there was Stephen. He had slicked his hair and straightened his tie and donned his faded blue dungaree coat; the blue was becoming to his brown face and grayish-blue eyes. His grin was hearty.

'This is a warm day for you,' he congratulated the old woman.

'Is n't it!' she rejoiced. 'I have n't had a twinge for a week!'

'Is that so? You might get the skipper to settle here — be a missionary,' he remarked cheerfully. 'You could teach the Ladies' Aid to make rugs — but I don't see where you'd get the cast-off clothing. Though it seems to have been cast off, all right.' They laughed.

'I have brought up the Chinese rug for you to see,' she said. 'Will you undo it? The tape is in a hard knot. Mr. Goss — it's for him — wrote and asked Kit to get him one. They told Kit in Tientsin that it was sixty or seventy years old and excellent work. It's very pretty.'

Stephen bent to the knotted tape, picking earnestly with his big fingers; the rug was wrapped in a coarse ship's sheet and firmly tied. Mrs. McClellan leaned forward eagerly. The last knot yielded and the mate let the rug and sheet unroll on the spotless deck.

'Oh!' he said at once, softly.

It was thick and soft and velvety. The ground was a deep, deep blue. In the centre there was a medallion of a stiff arrangement of conventional flowers and some geometrical lines in rich dim colors — red and white, with touches of yellow and a blue more intense than the ground. The border repeated the colors in a trailing stiff floral pattern — deep blue, dull red, touches of yellow and white. The little lines on the inside edge of the main border were narrow strips of color, and on the outer edge were again three narrow ribbons of white, deep blue, and red. Each corner of the field contained a scheme of branches, flowers, lines, in the same shades. It was like a painting perfect in design and tint. The mate, leaning against the rail, and Mrs. McClellan, bending forward in her chair, chin in hand, stared at it; it evoked dreams like a leaping fire on the hearth.

'Gee!' said Stephen presently with a sigh. 'It's the prettiest rug I ever saw.'

'Do you know, Stephen, it's made something like a hooked rug. I examined it carefully on the cabin table. All those little bits of wool are pulled through with a loop on the wrong side and with both ends up, but they're twisted around the foundation so they don't pull out easily. I pulled one out with the tweezers. Think how long it must have taken to put in all those tiny threads of wool — why, they are n't a twentieth of the size of my rags.'

'You must have to *learn* to make a pattern like that,' commented Stephen. 'That border repeats and comes out right at the end, and goes around the corners, too, just as neat. And those things in the corners — they are n't just like the middle affair or exactly like the border, either, but you can see they all belong to the same family. The colors help, I suppose. It's a pretty sight.'

'Do you think,' the old woman half-hesitated, 'that we could make a hooked rug something like it? Do you think you could copy it? Is it too hard?'

'Sure I could do it,' he responded. 'It's hard to draw such little whirligigs on burlap, but I guess I could, all right. The bos'n's got a good piece of burlap.'

'I could tear the rags smaller than usual,' meditated the old woman.

'It would take longer.'

'Yes, it would, of course.' There was a pause, each pondering the undertaking. The mate came to a decision.

'I'll get a pencil.' Soon he was back again with a large folded piece of brown paper, a pencil, and a ruler. He flattened the paper on the hatch, smoothing and patting the creases. 'It'll be easier to copy it on paper first,' he remarked. 'And I'll be getting used to the pattern, too.' He measured the paper carefully; it was a large sheet and bent stiffly over the edges of the hatch. He measured the rug and looked up, pleased. 'It will be an easy scale. Just half size.'

'Why don't you — It's alike on both ends, is n't it? Why don't you just copy one end, life-size?'

He started, stared at her, and laughed. 'What a brain!'

'I just thought —' she murmured apologetically, flushing.

'That's it,' he pursued. 'You just thought. That was all.' When the skipper was not about he loved to tease her a little. 'Now *I* —'

He measured and drew, measured and drew, and presently had the outline of half the rug and its borders on the paper. He cut off the extra length of paper and stowed it away in his pocket. Then he gave himself to a careful study of the rug. It was almost alike at both ends, evidently supposed to be alike; but here was a little blue branch that seemed to have no counterpart, and those little white lines there were not in the corresponding corner. Even that medallion in the middle was quite different on the two sides, though he had thought it the same. The more he regarded the medallion the more irritated he grew with it; it seemed *quite* different. And he had cut off the paper. How could it look so symmetrical? Mrs. McClellan saw that he was annoyed.

'What is the matter?' she asked anxiously.

'It's that cussed medallion,' he explained. 'I guess I'll have to do it whole. It's not alike on both sides. You see here — that little white piece that goes under the yellow thing? Well, now, where are they on the other side? They're not there. But there is a kind of dark blue leaf *there* on that side, and now look, it's not *here*. It's all different. And I cut off that paper!' He took the paper from his pocket and unfolded it; hopefully he compared the medallion with the width of the paper. Confound it, the paper was too narrow. 'I'll have to paste two pieces together,' he mourned. 'I have n't any more. I'll get the cook to make me some paste.'

Mrs. McClellan settled back in her chair and eyed the deceitful rug. Perhaps that was why it was so charming — because it was n't so exactly *so*. Still, in *her* rugs — She had always to make little changes in the patterns because of a dearth of rags of the right color, or because she had rubbed out part of the design with her sleeve and later made an error in guessing where the original line had been. But she had supposed a boughten rug would be as perfect as an oilcloth. It gave her a singularly triumphant feeling now to recall the number of rugs that had turned out to have small irregularities. There was that funny one she had sent to Mary Ann in which the last twelve inches of the background were blue and all the rest was black — Kit's wedding suit that the moths got into. Then in the ship rug some of the

water was blue and some was green, and in the end she had had to pull out some blue from one place to put in another and consequently had had to incorporate a great many white-topped waves, so that Kit never failed to say the ship was not the right build for an Arctic explorer among icebergs. They had had some good times about the rugs since Stephen had been mate; at dinner and at supper they discussed the present rug or the next one, Kit stammering frightfully but serenely. Kit had always wanted a rug with the stars on it; on cold clear nights he selected favorite constellations that he clamored to have represented. Stephen, of course, like a good subordinate, agreed respectfully to all the skipper's notions, and she had had to furnish all the opposition. They had finally compromised on the stars by making a star border on that ship rug — all Kit's favorites were there, though when he found they were arranged just anyhow so as to form a good sensible design he scolded two whole voyages without ceasing over the incongruity of placing the Dipper and Orion cheek by jowl and other similar absurdities. Kit loved to talk. He wanted a fruit rug now — a *fruit* rug! Even she could n't wear pink and orange and yellow and scarlet dresses! Kit was a painstaking, docile trimmer, though. She could n't use the scissors much herself. Except for the rheumatism, life had been incomparably easier the last six or seven years.

The mate emerged from the galley holding a cup. Mrs. McClellan watched him as he came. She never grew tired of seeing the sailors cross the deck and come up by the side of the house — the effortlessness, the stride apparently slow but as rhythmic as a dance; a cat had hardly more ease of movement than any old tar in his worn sea clothes.

Stephen cut and pasted his paper and put it to dry on top of the house in the sun; he weighted it down with a belaying pin.

'I'll make the medallion on that piece,' he announced, partly to himself and partly to his companion, 'and the border and corner pieces on this.' He moved the rug about so that, squatting beside the hatch, he could draw and measure without too much getting up and down. He whistled softly. It was an absorbing task. Those straight narrow borders were easy. He took a deep breath and attacked a corner of the field. It was quite intricate, requiring accuracy of eye and hand; carefully he laid on line after line, the exact weaving of stiffly floral forms.

'There!' he said, rising to his feet to stretch his legs. 'There!'

'I think I'll mark the colors,' he mused. 'And then you won't have to keep getting out the rug after you've put it away from the moths.'

'Oh, yes!'

Again he squatted to the work. The other corner was of course a trifle different. Now where to begin on the border? That white thing like a crown, which might be a Chinaman's idea of a thistle. The yellow leafish branch. The blue spray with the red and white things clinging to it. Now that little daisy, just like a real little flower dropped on the rug. The border unrolled steadily under his swift pencil. Those red scrolls in the corner and a kind of reddish flower effect. Now it repeated — almost, anyway. Now around to the left, which was harder, starting once more from the thistle.

'Gee!' he exclaimed, straightening his cramped knees. 'I'll get the crayons. I'll have to take a look around.' He grinned at Mrs. McClellan and strolled off, disappearing from view below the house.

Presently she saw him lighting his pipe and chatting with the second mate; the two went forward together. After a time they returned, and paused to watch the line of naked coolies a moment; they exchanged an occasional word, glanced over the side at the lighters, nodded to each other, and parted. The first mate, on his way to the poop, picked up the pasted paper, dropping the belaying pin into its wonted hole.

'The cook,' he grumbled, picking at the pasted edges, 'made enough paste to paper a house, but it ain't much for sticking. However, I guess it will do. If it comes apart I'll get the carpenter's glue — I'll tell him you need a little.' He looked mischievously at the skipper's wife, so punctilious about making no demands on anyone. 'He's awful mean with his glue. He would n't let *me* have any.' He paced the width of the deck a couple of times, mechanically glancing into the empty binnacle, at the far horizon, at the distant blue forts of Taku, at the cloudless sky, at the expanse of shallow water, at the limp telltale. He rapped the ashes from his pipe over the side, said 'Ho! Hum!' reflectively, and was once more the artist.

The medallion occupied his attention and pencil. There was a kind of white fenceish thing of straight lines with corners singularly difficult to draw, which he had twice to erase, discovering that those corners turned the wrong way; there was a flower in the middle; there were graceful shapes outside the fence, each enough different to be a bother. Eight of them!

Roughly he indicated the colors.

'It's going to take a lot of blue,' he said, glancing up.

'Two shades of blue,' she murmured. 'The background and those sprays of dark blue. I've got enough dark blue. And my old blue wool dress I think is just the right shade for the ground. But I doubt if there is enough of it.' She wrinkled her brow and ran over in her mind the old clothes at her disposal. 'I don't think of another blue thing.'

'Well,' Stephen laughed rather self-consciously, 'I've got an old suit that I bought — lemme see — eight years ago in Melbourne. I know now that it was awful bright, but then I thought I was a fine dresser. It's faded some, but it's good cloth and about this color now. You could have it if you want. I can scrub it with soap and salt water. It ought to make good rags.' Again he laughed awkwardly; she was such a sedate little creature that it seemed impudent to offer her an old suit of clothes even for rug rags.

'A bright blue? Why, I remember it! Did you wear it when you joined the ship? With a red tie? I remember I thought when I first saw you that you would be too gay to get along with us!' Her eyes shone with interest.

'Aw!' he groaned. 'What a fool I must have looked! Sometimes when I think of the colors and the vests and the cuts of suits I used to buy and admire I can't sleep for mortification!' They smiled at each other.

'Well, then. I can always get plenty of white,' she continued, evidently having accepted the bright blue model. 'But *yellow* —'

'We've got an old yellow Q-flag, have n't we, that's all eaten up?'

'Why, yes, I believe we have. We got some new flags the last time we were in New York. And I've got some good red, but only just a little — not much.' She surveyed the rug. 'Not more than enough for the red in the middle; and there's quite a lot of red in the border, and that narrow strip is all red.' The mate leaned placidly against the house, glad that he had no red suits in his

possession. 'But then, I could do the border plain, all in one color.'

'Oh, no! You would n't do that, would you?' It was a distressing thought.

'You see,' she pursued, 'I may not have time to finish it all. I think it's going to be my last rug,' — Stephen gave her a startled look, — 'and I'd like to finish it at sea. Kit told me I could tell you. He thinks this will be our last voyage; he wrote to Mr. Goss yesterday and said he considered turning the ship over to you after this trip. He expects we'll get a general cargo to England or New York, and then, if we hear from Mr. Goss there, we'll go. I'll be sorry to leave you, Stephen.' She was quite embarrassed over this bold declaration.

'It won't be the same without you,' he murmured, casting down his eyes over so much sentiment.

She smiled faintly at him; she would miss him like a son. 'My rheumatism bothers Kit, you know, more than it does me, and he's made up his mind to settle down ashore. But of course it depends on what we hear from Mr. Goss. However, we expect everything to be all right. Kit has sailed for him for over thirty years.' She turned once more to the rug. 'So I should n't be surprised if I just did the border plain, and in that case there will be enough red. I'd better put it away, I think; I should n't want it to fade.'

'Your last trip,' repeated the mate, motionless.

'Yes,' patiently. 'Kit took the letter ashore this morning. You've known for a long time he was going to recommend giving the ship to you? Well, he has. Kit commended you highly. He's very fond of you.' One must not be extravagant in expressions of affection. 'I like to think that his last years at sea have been so free from — from friction and so — so comfortable. We've had so many first officers.' There was almost a dimness in the kind eyes.

A ship at last, dreamed the mate.

'Mr. Goss may have other plans,' he suggested, guarding himself from disappointment. A command of his own!

'Kit has sailed for him for years. We own in this vessel.' A hint of firmness sounded in the old woman's voice. Stephen bent to roll up the thick, soft rug, his strong hands trembling a little. A ship at last!

'I do hope,' she continued tranquilly, 'that we'll have pleasant weather — I'd like to make this rug.'

'Shall I carry it down below?'

'I wish you would.' She envied him the way he moved with the great rug roll, the way he bent his head as he stepped into the companionway, turning his body a little to get the bundle through the door, easy as easy. When had she been able to walk without creaking in her joints?

'The cold and the dampness and the storms and Cape Horn,' she complained softly to herself. 'I can't bear them any more.'

III

The passage was only fair. A spell of cold and rain brought on an attack of rheumatism which delayed the work on the rug; moreover, as the rags were narrower than usual there was more hooking to be done. Old Abby McClellan was more and more charmed as she proceeded. It would surely be a very pretty rug — not perhaps of the rich, soft gorgeousness of the original, but nevertheless a rug of soft colors and beautiful design. Alas! She had finished only the central medallion, two of the corners of the field, and three quarters of the background when they arrived in London.

It would be necessary to take it out of the frame and complete the work at home; it was most disappointing.

Kit went ashore at once to attend to the first dull things; he would bring back the letters. It was a dreary February day, but in her excitement she kept going on deck to scan the small boats and the pushing tugs, watching for the one that would be bringing Kit back to the ship. Stephen, too, behind a mask of imperturbability, was excited; he continually warned himself that old Goss might not — A ship to command — think of it! It had taken a long time. He smoked innumerable pipes.

Not till two o'clock did the old man return. Stephen, meeting him at the rail, read that blazing blue eye like print. So he must go to sea again as mate — he might have known it.

In the cabin the skipper raged.

'S-s-s-sailed forhim th-th-th-thirty-years,' he jerked out, thrusting the letter into his wife's knotted fingers. 'Andhe s-s-s-says he'll s-s-s-sendouta f-f-f-fellow n-n-named M-m-m-mains torelieve m-m-m-meifI w-w-w-wantto r-r-r-retire! N-n-n-notaword a-a-about K-k-kimball. D-d-d-damnhim! H-h-he'sa s-s-s-skunk!' He paced the cabin floor, the very sparks snapping from his bright eyes and his pointed white beard. Mrs. Kit read the letter and laid it on the arm of the chair.

'His wife came from Dresden,' she volunteered, 'and she was a connection of the Mainses there.' How disappointed Stephen would be!

'W-w-w-w-we'll p-p-p-p-packupthis e-e-e-evening!'

'Why, *Kit!*' she reproved him. 'You just telegraph him you have changed your mind. He says we'll probably go to Baltimore light and get a cargo there, and by that time maybe — It'll only be a month or two longer anyway.'

'W-w-w-wantedthistobe y-y-yourlast t-t-t-trip!' The old chap put his hand on her bright-green-wool shoulder. 'S-s-s-scoundrel!' he detonated.

'I won't have Stephen put upon,' said the old woman firmly.

So they went to Baltimore in ballast, bounding about upon a sea that was itself minded to bound about in its most disagreeable style; but after all, crossing even a tempestuous Atlantic is merely a little jaunt that one can see the end of. The rug made progress; the field was all finished and a quarter of the border was worked in solid blue, obliterating the design that Stephen, licking the carpenter's pencil, had drawn on the hubbly burlap through several dogwatches and parts of his watch below.

Spring, they found, had come in Baltimore. But there was no spring in the skipper's heart; in fact there was rather the worst blizzard of a hard winter when he received the communication awaiting him from the managing owner. Mr. Goss merely remarked once more that Captain Mains was holding himself in readiness to relieve him whenever he decided to leave the ship; the ship was chartered to go to San Francisco and the cargo was doubtless ready to go on board.

'*Cape Horn!*' exclaimed Mrs. Kit. 'It will be winter there!'

'It's t-t-t-toomuch! You c-c-c-can't-doit. I-I-I c-c-c-can't a-allowit. You c-c-c-can g-g-gohomeand w-w-w-wait-forme. B-b-b-buyahouse. B-b-b-buya f-farm. B-b-buy —'

The old woman gave him a severe glance.

'We will make another trip,' she said inexorably. 'You telegraph him. Anyway, I want to finish my rug with the border in colors before we go home.'

Cape Horn in the winter time! she thought.

IV

All that solid blue her old fingers had so laboriously hooked into the border the old fingers pulled out. The mate in a spare dogwatch or two bent over the rug frame on the forward cabin table, busily licking the carpenter's pencil and replacing the blurred design. Keen interest was felt in the border; very soon it was manifest that its trailing flowers would make a tremendous difference in the appearance of the whole. Kit admitted that it was a handsome rug, through he averred that he had no winter underwear left to get him around the Horn. He assured the mate at dinner in stuttering excitement that if his wife discovered that his long sea boots were lined with red she'd have the lining out in a minute! He also asserted that he had to keep the ensign under lock and key and hide the key! There was a scarcity of red rags. As they drew farther and farther south and the days grew shorter and darker and colder, the old woman in the evenings measured off her strings of red wool and calculated the inches more of red to be done and the amount per stitch used and the probability of the supply holding out. It was certain that there would not be enough for the narrow edge on the outside.

'I should have bought a little piece in Baltimore,' she told Stephen as she took the air one bitter afternoon, 'but I've never used a new piece in a rug.'

'Maybe it'll hold out,' encouraged the mate, staring up at the telltale streaming red and stiff.

'B-b-b-barometer'sfalling,' remarked the skipper casually, popping out of the companionway and pacing swiftly back and forth a time or two, with a shrewd look above and around.

'Yes, sir,' acknowledged the mate. 'Wind's hauled a couple of points in the last fifteen minutes.'

The skipper nodded and vanished below again. He was sewing a buckle on his sou'wester and mending a long rip in his oilskin coat against the approaching time of need. He hoped Abby would stay on deck till he got that bit of stiff sewing done. He hunched on a stool beside the medicine chest, manipulating a small sail needle, a stretch of thread waxed to a rigidity, and a leather palm. The needle, confound it, never came through in the right place. He lifted his head to the sound of movement and deep voices and creaking; the wind had shifted some more. Hum. . . .

For two weeks old Abby had been waiting to get around the Horn; she had not had her nose on deck for the last week. Two or three times a day she climbed the companionway stairs and peered through the glass there; she saw the bare masts, the few sails blown fat and hard to bursting, the ugly gray sky, the wicked seas. The ship plunged about fearfully. She longed to go on deck, but Kit forbade it; and as everyone was bothered when she went on deck in the least bit of a storm she stayed resignedly below. The sound of swift feet, a sudden shout, a heavy sea followed by even a whisper of disturbance, were all alike alarming to the imagination. For three days they had not had a meal on the table. At suitable times the steward staggered aft with some solid food and a pot of coffee, and each of his beneficiaries chose a doorway, bracing himself therein by knee and elbow and back, and bolted the food from the plates; thereupon was served a mug of coffee, to be taken with a sharp eye on the agile liquid. The rest of the time the old woman sat in the armchair; from that seat she could see the dark, fierce water surging apace by the window in the little room opposite. All the shutters were closed on one side now,

for a sea had broken the glass in two of them. The storm seemed to grow worse.

There came the terrific crash of a sea and an awful sound of splintering wood. She heard, erect, the rush of water and a crack like a shot on deck. That crack — well, something had carried away. She balanced herself along the tipping floor to the foot of the companionway, catching at the table as she passed; and clinging to the handrail of the stairs she listened tensely for Kit's voice. There! He was all right. But the voice she heard was both familiar and strange.

'Call all hands on deck, Mr. Sears, and secure . . .' he was saying.

That was ominous. The skipper's wife in her early seafaring life used to wonder if he realized that he never stuttered or hesitated when the sea roared and the wind screamed and things crashed and cracked and whistled around him; she could never quite ask him. So even Kit thought the weather was bad.

A stream of water ran across her feet. The cabin was a little lighter. Oh, ho, that sea had broken in two of the shutters now. She steadied herself into the big stateroom. A flood of water poured in through the broken windows and some was sluicing about on the chart table. The stinging spray blew in. She fetched some of her rags and solicitously stuffed the inside of the chronometer case with them; she covered the whole case with Kit's short oilskin coat, wedging it down with a couple of heavy books. Every time the ship plunged and rolled, another sea crashed against the house and sent in its quota of icy water. Her feet were soaked. She found some dry stockings and went into the after cabin to put them on. Then she could see that a shutter in the pantry had been broken, and already several inches of water rolled about on the floor. Forsaking the armchair, she seated herself on the red divan, drawing her feet up on it. She listened and listened and listened. An occasional crack told her that the sail that had carried away was still at large. This was n't just bad weather; it was a particular storm of increasing violence.

It was three bells — four bells. The short day was over; it was almost dark. Now and then, after some especially heavy sea had crashed and passed, the companionway door would open an inch and a familiar voice would shout down.

'Abby?'

'All right, Kit!' And the door immediately closed.

The steward entered and lighted the lamps, and they shook their heads pessimistically at one another, as became experienced mariners. The water reached halfway up the steward's knee boots as he stood there. He put coal on the fire; then, pausing for a suitable opportunity, he dashed out. She guessed from his clothes that he was lending a hand on deck. It was lonelier than ever after he had gone.

When the ship rolled and the water rushed pellmell from side to side it came ever nearer and nearer to the red plush. She feared she might presently have to sit on that little corner shelf of woodwork where the back of the divan curved, and her feet would get dreadfully cold in the water. She wished she could go on deck. Reviewing the gales of thirty years, it seemed to her, huddled on the divan, that there had never been one to compare with this, and she doubted if the ship would live through it. It would be better to be drowned in one wild moment out of doors than down here like a rat in a trap. Oh! She was sitting in the water. She climbed stiffly to her feet and sat herself against the triangular shelf of woodwork with

her feet on the wet red plush; it was a ridiculous place to be and she was glad that the steward had gone. When the ship rolled down, down, down on her side she was held there on her shelf easily, though the water rose, rose, and rose around her ankles; but when the ship rolled back in the other direction she had to brace herself against the wall to keep her place. The fat stove kept hissing, hissing. Years she sat there — years.

'Abby?'

'Oh, yes, Kit, all right!' she screamed cheerfully, with her feet in the freezing water and every muscle aching from the long effort of clinging like a bat to the wall. The door closed.

What was that? She heard a shout on deck above the noise of wind and sea. *What* did Kit say? Did he say 'Hold fast'? Almost upon the words followed a terrific shock, a rending and crashing — the end must have come. The ship lay over, over. Water fell in torrents from the place over her head where the skylight had been. It surrounded her. Every drop of water in the cabin leaped upon her, and still the ship lay over. The water tore at her. There was nothing to hold fast to, and this water was getting too deep. Was Kit all right? The water was almost to her chin and still the ship had not righted herself; one more little wave and — The next sea through the skylight washed her from the divan like a chip. Desperately she clutched at anything, at water. Why, she was swimming! Her old arms and legs were going mechanically through motions they had learned when they were short and fat and limber. In that moment of confidence she bethought herself of the companionway stairs; there were two at the top, like Mount Ararat. Perhaps she could get outdoors before the water filled the cabin to the very ceiling — oh, anything to get out of the cabin! With frenzied paddling she turned about; she stroked fiercely, gasping for breath, her gray hair streaming. She reached the door; she was through it, skinning her shin in passing, that old shin kicking undignifiedly about. Something pushed out of the bathroom door and hit her a sharp blow on the arm; it was the corner of her rug frame, bumping around in the bathroom like a raft. More and more desperate strokes she took. The companionway door was snatched suddenly open.

'Abby!' shouted a dreadful voice.

'Kit!' she gasped, reaching out urgently, kicking wearily, wild blue eyes fixed on the brass edge of a welcoming stair.

'Abby!' Her fingers gripped the stair and she looked up into her old husband's face. She smiled exhaustedly.

'Forty-two strokes,' she panted. 'And it's only that little way.'

'That's the girl!' said Kit admiringly. The door closed.

The ship lived on, battered and weary. All night the refugee crouched on the top stair. Now and then she received a hasty bulletin through the door: they had lost the foremast, they had lost the skylights, they had stove in two boats, they had lost this and that; it had been a bad blow, said Kit.

The gale, at last discouraged, abated. In the gray light and comparative peace toward ten o'clock the skipper began to slosh about in the cabin, his oilskin coat wrapped around his shoulders and the water seeping in the tops of his hip boots, seeking something dry for his wife to put on. Nothing was dry. On the top shelf of the slop chest he did find a pair of coarse black trousers that had caught on a nail and so stayed on the shelf. He pondered on these articles, standing in the bathroom holding them above the washing waters.

'Cap'n!' The skipper backed a little and saw his first officer in the forward cabin door holding aloft a red object. 'Sir! It's the bos'n's shirt! It was pinned to a line in the galley. The cook had washed it for him.' The skipper waded over and took it.

'Th-th-th-thanks,' he said. 'J-j-just the t-t-t-ticket.'

Old Abby, balancing on one leg on the top stair and clinging to the handrail, inserted herself in the red shirt and the black trousers, rolled up many inches at the bottom; she had little hope that these horrible garments were concealed by a very damp short oilskin coat and a yellow sou'wester. Blushing, but defiant, she stepped over the high board to the poop deck; a glance assured her that the man at the wheel and the second mate were both suspiciously solemn. Each extended a strong arm to help her as she staggered up against the wind and rain; she reached the lazaret hatch and sat down. The icy wind tore along, the sea roared by the lee rail, and the slanting rain beat down in gusts; the tail end of the gale swooped at her. It was splendid. Why, at the age of sixty — almost — she had swum, kicking and splashing in a highly unsuitable way; she was dressed shockingly for a woman of any age; she sat on deck in the howling blasts of Cape Horn and she could *see* and *hear* and *know* every single thing that went on. It was glorious. Down below, of course, tired sailors pumped and bailed and swabbed, and the weary, dripping carpenter nailed boards everywhere, preparing her prison anew; this once she had escaped.

She was spent and cold, but happy withal.

Old Abby was indeed making her last trip. Mr. Goss surrendered. He wrote, in fact, that Kit might at his own convenience turn over the ship to Kimball, or, if he saw fit, to the cabin boy or the carpenter, observing tartly that Kit had been a stubborn damn fool even when a small boy. In a postscript he added that he knew of a good little house for sale in Bath. Aside from that unjust reflection upon her husband, it was a very welcome letter to a rheumatic seafarer! On another score also she rejoiced — she had finished her rug to the last loop. The outer edge and the red sprays in one corner of the border were made of the faded red wool of the bos'n's shirt. The stout old bos'n never needed any shirt again; he had been lost that squally afternoon off Cape Horn. Three brave men had made that rug, old Abby always thought.

WHEN I REMEMBER

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

When I remember how I keep the door
Shut on my heart, and how I hide away
Sorrows that are my passion night and day
And names that I have loved and love no more,
And stricken things of pride, and vows I swore
Only to break, and how I lie and say
'Peace,' and there is no peace, lest I betray
The long, long anguish of my civil war —

When I remember this and am aware
How you evade me and are secret too,
Then do I know defeat; and I despair
Of that deep union I have sought in you,
Finding our common fortune sunk to this —
The silent brief enchantment of a kiss.

ON FINISHING COLLECTOR

BY CAROLYN WELLS

I

As some wise man has said, 'The price of growth is always to outgrow.' And the price is not exorbitant. For often outgrowth is far more pleasurable than any stage of the growth it pays for.

The growths for which I have paid outgrowth are many indeed, and their number is increasing every day.

As a rule, the man who says, 'I am willing to try anything once,' smiles fatuously, as if getting off a witticism or a slang phrase. But I think that experimental willingness has always been found in a certain type of human nature. It is more than curiosity or interest — it is an avid enjoyment of an adventure into the unknown, and a will to accept good or bad results with equanimity.

When I was a child, I was told that to chew a bit of the green leaf of the calla lily would produce most dire and horrible effects on one's tongue and lips. My trial of this experiment was only delayed by the difficulty of finding a leaf. When I did get it, I found the half had not been told me of the awful torture and agony that follow its mastication! I outgrew that habit immediately!

Similarly, when I heard that if you touched your tongue to any piece of cold iron, out of doors, in winter, it would stick to it, I tried it. It did.

And only last week I saw for the first time the wonderful material known as dry snow. A printed caution on the ice-cream container advised me not to handle the stuff. But I did, and promptly concluded never to handle it again.

It may be that these impulses are hereditary. For I remember my little old grandmother, when she listened, enthralled, to a description of a 'live wire,' and was told how its death-dealing powers were instantaneous, said, with shining eyes and a tentatively poked-out forefinger, 'But I'd like to just touch it and see!'

However, it is this spirit of daring inquiry that has brought about most of our modern progress and is responsible for much growth that has paid for itself by outgrowth.

As a small child the word 'collection' had no other meaning for me than the offering taken up at the Sunday church services. My parents had no flair for 'collecting,' as the term is used to-day, and we children had no encouragement to bring into the house anything that came under the general head of 'clutter.' Until my young brother arrived at the age when collecting birds' eggs is inevitable. Of course the boy could bring in clutter, for ours was a 'my son and the girls' household, so brother's room was soon swarming with branches of trees holding birds' nests and boxes of eggs or eggshells in cotton wool. These things achieved the distinguishing title of a 'c'lection,' and were looked upon with awe and admiration by the girls.

Later the boy collected stamps and then coins, but it was tacitly understood that 'collecting' was a masculine verb.

And then I fell in with an entrancing game of cards called 'Authors.' From these I learned that a man whom I called 'Hug' Miller had written books entitled *The Old Red Sandstone*, *The Testimony of the Rocks*, and suchlike strange wordings. And, soon after, geology came into my school curriculum, and I too was moved to 'collect.' 'Specimens,' mine were grandiloquently dubbed, and I can see now, in memory, my display of mineral products, labeled neatly 'Quartz,' 'Mica,' 'Iron Pyrites,' and such rare gems of geological formation. But they turned out to be clutter, and anyway I soon tired of them.

It was ever my nature to have short, sharp, finished episodes. My life was like beads on a string, and not matched pearls, either. Every pursuit was hounded to its lair and then forgotten. Scrapbooks delighted me, but I must needs hurry to get all the blank pages filled and the book set up on a shelf, there to rest in oblivion.

All my life my chief bane and chief blessing have been my impulse to finish. To sit up till all hours to finish reading a story; to work overtime to finish my stint; to overeat to finish a pie or a pudding. Always the feat of finishing anything begun was my chief end and aim, and my greatest source of satisfaction.

Never did I possess what is known as the sense of moderation. Indefatigable, tireless, desperate effort to achieve, to finish, to lay aside — such was always my pleasure. Not entirely an admirable trait, yet it has stood me in good stead in the battle of life, even though it has, at times, landed me in trouble.

Then came the day when, for the first time, I saw a small book entitled *Grandma's Attic Treasures*. I devoured it in a few moments, and presto! I was a collector! I knew now what collecting meant, and with my usual energy I set to work. I had a grandma, she had an attic, and it was not long before I was the proud possessor of the family treasures.

Of course I was deemed queer, but that adjective was so often applied to me that it had lost all stigma. And mine was the beautiful mahogany sideboard, with its matching bureau, secretary, wardrobe — all with the darting flames in the door panels that I have never seen equaled and that are still among my chief delights. Mine the prismed girandoles, the gilded and flower-painted parlor bellows, the white and gilt china Victoria and Albert on horseback, the silver candlesticks and snuffer tray — all the real old stuff, which had been in the family for generations.

Objections were raised here and there. One superb chair was denied me because on it, in the attic, hung the sidesaddle that an old aunt used when a girl, and that 'never had hung anywhere else'; likewise a chest of drawers, which had always held shirtwaists — and always must.

But I had it at last — the collector's craze; the real thing.

My sense of moderation still being entirely lacking, I set to work in my home town, and, as ransacking was then in its infancy, I accumulated enough old and valuable mahogany to last me the rest of my life, and it is still lasting. Having no 'Collector's Guide' to aid me, I scorned all woods but mahogany; and a round tip-table, off which my great-grandparents dined on their wedding day, was discarded by me because, forsooth, it was of cherry! To complete the tale of my ignorant desecration, I painted it black, with

a shiny lacquered finish, and on that painted a huge spray of wild roses. Then I gave the table away.

About that time I began, not to collect, but to acquire books. I therefore desired great and spacious bookcases. Being told by wiseacres that these were not obtainable among antiques, I merely nodded my young head, and silently determined to 'show 'em!' I did. In a few months I had eight enormous bookcases that reached from floor to ceiling, all of the most beautiful old mahogany, with more or less paned glass doors. One I found, its two parts widely separated, in an old chicken house on an abandoned farm near my home. One I bought at a sale of discarded furniture from the Treasury Department in Washington. Two I succeeded in persuading a Fifth Avenue jeweler to part with, advising him his wares would show off better in modern showcases. One I saw advertised at Tottenville, as the heirloom of a German baron. And one came from the estate of some friends in New England, where it had been in the family since 1758.

By this time I was thoroughly bitten by the collecting microbe, but, though I then lived in a large house in New Jersey, the mahogany I accumulated threatened to crowd out the garnet embossed plush furniture with black and gilt frames that was my mother's pride, so I perforce turned my energies to smaller articles.

II

The attic treasure hunt everywhere was increasing in size and volume, and, naturally enough, old china came next; but, as my microbe had the swift-moving efficiency of a Bandersnatch, I soon had all the willow-pattern pieces and even a millennium plate. However, being balked by the refusal of a cousin to sell me the pink lustre tea set that had been our grandmother's,—and which is still in a barrel in her cellar!—I gave over china and turned to fresh fields.

Souvenir spoons held me for a moment, but when I found I could buy them of most places in a New York shop I just purchased a few dozens, and put them on a top cupboard shelf, where they remain to this day.

With intent to make me save instead of spend, my father presented me with a fascinating cylinder of nickel, which was a receptacle for dimes, and could be emptied only when filled to the amount of five dollars. I collected a few straggling dimes in it, and then, having a present of a few dollars, I went to the bank, exchanged the bills for dimes, and filled my little nickel cylinder, thereby liberating the lot.

Feeling that collecting, so far, had left me strangely cold, I concluded it was because I had tried only hackneyed lines. I decided to branch out, and went in for Japanese crystal balls. But finding them impossible, because the big ones cost many thousand dollars and I did n't care much for the little ones, I tried miniatures — with similar results!

Determined to be original, I instituted a hunt for jade cubes. No, I had never seen any, but they must exist. About that time I made my first trip to Europe, and an obliging gentleman in Bond Street cut for me several jade cubes, and very beautiful they are. But they palled, and nobody knew what they were, anyway.

Silver toys came next. I saw a friend buy what she called a 'museum piece' —a tiny chariot and horses of exquisite silver work. Such toys I gathered, and then, as an auction sale of small silver boxes and toys, collected by a connoisseur, came up, I bought the lot, and that was that.

Cardcases drew my attention. I achieved them in silver, carved ivory, tortoise shell, mother-of-pearl, glass, and other beautiful materials — but *cui bono?* Dolls of all nations accumulated so rapidly that they had to be given away at last.

Regretfully I came to the conclusion that I was not a true collector. I was an achiever, an acquirer, an accumulator, but a born collector — no!

I listened to the talk of my collecting friends. They would tell at length of a search and a final find of some marvelous bit of antique furniture or ornament that they had discovered after months of strenuous hunting. Idiots! Why didn't they go to a reputable antique dealer and buy it at once? I bethought me of that true and beautiful stanza by Gelett Burgess: —

A PRAYER

Not the quarry, but the chase;
Not the laurel, but the race;
Not the hazard, but the play,
Make me, Lord, enjoy alway.

In spirit, there is nothing truer or more beautiful, but it seems to me too big a principle to apply to a tour of New England tea rooms and antique shops to hunt a rising-sun bedquilt. Yet I gathered from their conversation that the fun was in hunting for the bedquilt far more than in getting it, and again I realized that there was something the matter with my collection complex.

Then early American glass came to the fore. Glass is beautiful in and of itself, and it seemed a likely thing to stalk. But my decision to collect it was met by shouts of derision from the knowing ones.

'You're too late,' they cried, exultantly, 'it's all been bought up — that is, all the real stuff. You'll get fooled with fakes!'

As the one thing I really pride myself on is *not* getting fooled by fakes, I determined to show 'em!

It chanced that I spent that summer in New England and in the western part of Pennsylvania. In New England, over almost the entire length and breadth of which I motored, I learned just about all there was to know on the subject of the early glass products of this land of the free and home of the brave. And it was an absorbing and fascinating study. I don't begrudge an hour I spent or a dollar I spent in getting letter-perfect. I polished off by a study of the old glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and then I started on my visit to a friend whose country house is perched atop the Alleghenies. I confided to her my intention of hunting glass in the vicinity, and, interested at once, she put herself, her car, her one-hundred-per-cent efficient chauffeur, and the whole of Somerset County at my disposal.

Blithely we started off, not knowing where to go, but trusting to the kindly aid of Fate and Luck. Nor did they fail us. By some occult power, or some superhuman flair, Mack, the chauffeur, knew from the way the smoke curled out of a chimney, or the way a silo was built, which farmhouses held bits of early American glass.

No chance for faking here. No modern stuff, 'planted' for visiting collectors, in these old and primitive homesteads. The Pennsylvania Dutch have lived in their homes for generations, and their household gods are the wedding presents of their ancestors, or of their neighbors' ancestors, sold out in case of need. For as a rule they are poor, and there is little of value in their houses, except now and then an antique.

Nor could we have done much without Mack. Himself a native, he knew how to talk to the farmers' wives and

daughters. More, he had an ingratiating way with him that allowed him to go right past the women and sidle into their very pantries, from which he emerged with his arms full of dusty glass he had hauled down from top shelves.

'My land!' the owner would cry out. 'I ain't seen them old things for years! Can't be you want to buy *them!*'

And Mack, with a wink at me, would set out on the kitchen table gems of three-section mould pitchers, tumblers, and sugar bowls; amber-colored celery glasses and spoon-holders; covered butter dishes, and, finest of all, covered cracker jars and sweetmeat jars and compotes, most beautiful for to see. Early cut glass, made long before the era of pressed glass. Wonderful plates and goblets, twin sauce dishes, mugs and platters, each of intrinsic beauty as well as historic interest.

The owners were loath to sell, yet greatly did they desire my ready cash. And with Mack's intuitive understanding of just the right brand of argument to use they usually capitulated.

Mack is not the chap's real name. That is short for Machiavelli, and expresses, in part, his type and his methods of procedure.

Sometimes we drew a blank. At one house I said, tentatively, 'I wonder if you've any old pieces of glass you'd be willing to part with?'

'What?' said the lady of the house, looking bewildered.

'Old glass,' I went on. 'You know, old pieces you've discarded — thrown away — old pitchers, plates, bowls — '

'Well,' she said, musingly, 'I did have some, but I threw 'em out last week.'

'Where'd you throw 'em?' asked Mack, confidingly.

'Out back o' the woodshed — mebbe they're there now.'

But Mack was already out there and back, his hands full of small broken bits of glass, easily recognizable as the ten-cent-store variety.

'These are n't old!' I cried, but she said, 'No, not so very. But they was broke, so I pitched 'em out. You want 'em?'

'No,' I told her, and went on to the next house.

Only three days we motored over the mountain, and then, as in a more historic case, the mountain came to us. Before we were downstairs on the fourth day came a summons, and, descending, we found Mack holding at bay a horde of natives, each with arms full of newspaper-wrapped bundles and demanding to know, 'Where is the lady who buys glass?'

This kept up for a week, or until I was forced to deny further admittance to the glass-hawkers. And it was all real, all genuine early American glass. Not Stiegel, save for a few pieces, but products of the other earliest factories, and many bits from England, Ireland, and France.

Nor were the prices abnormally low. The mountain people have small sense of relative value and at once assume fabulous worth if their belongings are coveted. Moreover, in many cases the money was pitifully needed. And another factor in the case was the quick-working jealousy of neighbors.

'Why, you gave Mrs. Remmensdyke twict as much as that for her pitcher, and this is bigger yet!'

No knowledge of moulds or pontil marks was theirs. Only to get more money than another was their end and aim.

Old bottles turned up, too, and we were repeatedly informed that 'General Taylor never surrenders,' and learned that one Booz made the flasks destined to hold the beverage that is now known by his name, and were incidentally cheered by the acquisition of a

lovely blue spirally waved bottle, indisputably Stiegel.

Well, I felt that I had enough to prove to my scoffing friends in the East that early American glass was not yet all bought up, and, on counting, I found I had over six hundred pieces! Crated and barreled, they were sent to New York and — sold at an auction room!

I had proved my point, I had 'collected' early American glass, and, having added to it the Sandwich and other varieties from New England, as well as a fine lot of Stiegel, for which I paid nearly its weight in gold, I sat back in my chair at the auction and listened to the bids, which brought me in rather more than half the sum I had paid out.

But collecting is not an inexpensive pursuit, and I felt the money and time were well expended. For had I not finished collecting early American glass, in something less than two months, and had I not the rest of my life now to devote to other matters? Now I can walk down Madison Avenue and shake my fist at the one-time tempting Millville glass balls and Waterford candlesticks in the windows of the antique shops. No more glass for me. I've had it!

Yet it left a trail in the shape of paperweights.

Millefiori! They had a lure, and I fell for them. Only real ones, of course — only the genuine early specimens. But I found many, and then one day I was at a house on Park Avenue where I found a friend with like tastes, but with even less sense of moderation than my own, for he had three thousand millefiori paperweights! He had every known variety, even the rare butterfly type, in abundance. He had specially constructed cabinets for them, heavily insured, because even the special constructions have a way of breaking down under the incredible weight of the things. They had overflowed the cabinets and were tucked in every drawer and cupboard, under his piles of shirts, in his shoes, and, his wife frowningly confided, under her hats!

That settled me. I never could get three thousand together, and I did n't want them anyway. I had finished with them. Except, that is, the variety known as snowstorms. The kind that contain a ship at sea, or a little man with an umbrella. Then you turn them upside down and back again, and a miniature snowstorm whirls and flutters down.

They are fascinating things, but are now made in France. These modern ones, of course, are not desirable, and for many months I was most pleasantly unable to get any real ones. At last the daughter-in-law of a friend secured one for me, but when she was carrying it home under her arm, along an icy street, it fell to the ground and smashed. Two ordered from England arrived in a thousand pieces each. Some others, guaranteed old, proved to be modern.

But at last I did achieve several real and beautiful ones. One of them shows a nun kneeling before a wayside shrine to the Virgin, and when the snowstorm is set going and descends on the nun's bowed head the Two Orphans have to hide theirs.

So, having these, I'm through with collecting snowstorms.

III

Well, there were other things I flew at, but all brought only the same result — vanity and vexation of spirit. I pondered over the matter, as is my wont when puzzled, and I came to the conclusion that my collected objects were unintellectual.

'Collect books,' I said to myself. 'You're by way of being literary — make a literary collection.'

Then I beamed, for surely I was at last on the right track in my pursuit of happiness. Books it should be, and, as I always like to get advice from a proper authority, I went to see my friend, Miss Belle Green, of the Morgan Library. She gave me the best sort of counsel and information, and also some book dealers' and auction catalogues, which, as they were the first I had ever read, held my attention far, far into the night.

Books, of course, but where to begin?

I soon learned that Kilmarnock Burnses, and *Paradise Losts* with the right title-page, were not for me. But first editions of shining though lesser lights might be attained, and, of course, autographed copies.

Presuming on my more or less true and tried friendship with various writers, I made myself a public nuisance by sending them copies of their books with requests for inscriptions. It was amazing the way they responded, and returned the books delightfully inscribed, without an outward or visible sign of the annoyance the pestering requests must have given them!

And a few times I asked for inscriptions from people I did n't know at all. This I freely admit is a base thing to do. But I was prodded to it by friends who took delight in saying, 'Bet you can't get Kipling to autograph a book for you!' 'Or Joseph Conrad!'

Well, thus dared, I did get autographed copies from the two mentioned and many other great authors, but I have the grace to be thoroughly ashamed of such proceedings and have long since mended that error of my ways. However, I knew personally a sufficient number of authors to make my inscribed books a goodly collection, including a complete set of Oliver Herford's works, with his adorable kittens rollicking over the flyleaf of every volume.

But my indefatigable zeal put this sort of thing over quickly, and I found myself with every inscribed book that I wanted.

First editions and association copies, of course, awaited collectors. I achieved them of Lewis Carroll, Edward Lear, W. S. Gilbert — as well as more serious-minded writers. But they left me cold. Perhaps a First Folio Shakespeare or a Gutenberg Bible might give me a thrill, but nothing less can do it.

I studied carefully the psychology of book collecting and the character of the collectors. First of all I discovered that there is nothing literary about it, and nothing erudite. One need not be a scholar to collect books. Indeed, I've never known a scholar who did collect them. One need not be a great reader, or, in fact, a reader at all. For the value of collectible books bears no relation whatever to the matter of the volume, but merely to its manner. A first edition or a rare copy is the same text as that in a popular issue of the same book, but one is of large money value and the other is not.

Collected books are not read and are not meant to be read. The joy of a collector is showing off his books to other collectors, hoping to make them green with envy, or to noncollectors, to enjoy their perfunctory awe as he explains the value of the volumes. It is the body of the book and not the soul that makes it a collector's item.

This is no disparagement of the procedure — it is only a comment on the rooted conviction most people have that book collecting presupposes literary ability or knowledge, when as a matter of fact it does nothing of the

sort. But I had to collect books to find this out for myself, as I too said in my haste, 'All book collectors are brainy people.'

And so it palled. First editions could be bought by anyone who had the price. The rarest volumes turned up now and then at auctions and were available if one had a purse equal to them.

And, worst of all, other collectors, to a man, refused to appreciate my books, and obstinately preferred to show off or talk about their own. My *Moral Emblems* of Stevenson's was met with 'Yes, I know. But I have a friend who knows a collector who has Kipling's *Echoes!*' And my Allahabad stories of Kipling's brought forth 'Very nice. But I have Stevenson's *John Nicholson*, with the paper cover.'

Of course he did n't — or, if he did, it was in such poor condition as to be practically worthless. But the first duty of a collector is to cry down other persons' books.

However, I stuck to it. I collected books until the whole game was a squeezed orange, a burst bubble. Of course I collected with both hands. The books fairly snowed in, and occasionally I must needs weed out a lot to send to the auction room. And I finished — finished book collecting in all its phases. Now I buy what books I want or need, whether old or new, first editions or last ones, and goodness knows they are numerous enough! But I no longer buy books as a collector.

Collectors loftily declare that they never consider the money value of a book. It hurts them terribly to have the subject referred to. Yet most of the collector's pet stories are about how he found a first Gray's *Elegy* in the sixpenny box of a street stall, or an early Poe in a secondhand dealer's ten-cent trough.

When books began to take up more room than I could conveniently spare for them, I turned me to miniature books. They are fascinating little things to collect. Exquisite bindings and marvelous workmanship — some of them less than an inch in size. Of course I must needs attain the smallest book in the world, among my other tiny books, and did so — Galileo's Letter, less than half an inch either way. But, that achieved, the climax was reached, and I promptly forgot all about miniature books.

Then, by chance, it was said in my hearing that Walt Whitman was a fine author to collect, but that it was now too late to get his most desirable editions, as they had all been avidly bought up by the Whitman collectors. Like a war horse scenting the battle, I inquired further particulars.

'You can't get any Whitman now,' I was told. 'It's too late to begin.' So, of course, I began.

As a poet or as a prose writer, Whitman was far from being one of my favorites. In fact, he seems to me a conceited old egoist, and if that is tautological, it is also true. But if he was a good one to collect, and if it was impossible to collect him now, he was my meat!

So I set to work, in my own way. And my way was the simple process of writing to every book dealer I could learn of, in America and England, and even in Canada and Australia, and asking for quotations.

A very dear friend, and one greatly experienced in collecting, said: —

'My dear Carolyn, you're going about it all wrong! You not only can't get anything in that way, but you'll send the prices of what they may have skyoodling up out of sight! That's no way to collect! You can't sit there at your desk and whistle for books to come to you. You must go out and

browse around, secretly, stealthily, and then you'll chance upon marvelous finds!'

'Yes?' I said, and smiled, and went on in my own way.

Well, my own way answered my purpose so well that inside of a year I was possessed of the largest collection of Whitman in the world. Not only did I have all the editions, and all the variants of every edition, but I had many unique copies, and quantities of manuscript, letters, and all the association items dear to a collector's soul.

Few noncollectors know of all the various editions of Whitman's one book, *Leaves of Grass*, but there are hundreds of them. Then a book of his, called *Letters to His Mother*, was printed in an edition of only five copies. Two of these are in the Library of Congress. But by dint of search and research I achieved the other three.

At last I had every possible edition or special copy of Whitman, except one exceedingly rare item, the first edition, 1855, bound in paper. Only two were known, and these two were beyond any hope of achievement. I really despaired of this, as it seemed absolutely unobtainable, and paper covers are so perishable that there was small chance of finding the thing.

And then I did! I learned of a copy for sale, and I bought it, with the dire result of finding my Whitman collection complete, and therefore of no possible further interest. It stands before me as I write this — an enormous, tall bookcase filled to overflowing with the only complete collection of Whitman known, and yet *cui bono?*

No, I am not a born collector. My price for growth is always to outgrow. An incomplete collection is a thorn in my flesh and a complete collection is a bore.

I sought to divert and amuse my friends by telling them that the only thing I wanted now was one of Whitman's neckties. Kindly souls, with my own indefatigability of pursuit, endeavored to get this for me. They hunted so seriously, and so earnestly, that I've never had the heart to tell them that, even as the happy man had no shirt, so Whitman never wore a necktie!

One ardent Whitman collector has a lock of his hair. But it seems to me messy. And, too, hair is an expensive item to collect. A few years ago a lock of Poe's hair brought many hundreds of dollars at an auction, and nine hairs of Sir Walter Scott brought even more. In this day of bobbed hair one ought to get a lock from the head of a favorite authoress fairly cheaply, but the masculine hair is doubtless as expensive as ever.

I also collected caricatures of Whitman, and they are screamingly funny; but collectors of Whitman, naturally, have no sense of humor, and they deem the caricatures — some the work of famous artists — sacrilegious.

Moreover, though there are five hundred Whitman collectors in the United States, I know only two of them personally, and though those two are appreciative, it is not a large audience.

IV

You see, a collector is an exhibitionist. If you can't show off, your collection is dust and ashes.

I came to realize the words of the Preacher: —

'So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem: also my wisdom remained with me. . . . For this a man is envied of his neighbour. This is also vanity and vexation of spirit. . . . Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof.'

Surely Ecclesiastes understood.

Vanity is the keynote of the collector's soul, and vexation of spirit is its undertone. A collector *may* have gray matter, and he *may* have wisdom, just as he *may* have red hair or blue eyes, but none of these things is either cause or effect of his collecting complex. The basic requirements are acquisitiveness and love of display. Taste and discrimination are not only unnecessary but rather a drawback. You get those from the catalogues and price lists.

The wise collect quality, the foolish collect quantity. I have done both and I know whereof I speak.

I am now collecting collections. It is amazing to think of the various things that have been and are being collected. Indeed, it is almost safe to say there is nothing that has *not* been collected.

One friend of mine collects only picture postcards and crown jewels. He has three hundred and fifty thousand of the former, and a somewhat smaller number of the latter. Another collects knots of wood. He has an enormous lot of these, and is continually sending to Arizona or Timbuctoo for some rare knot. A patriotic gentleman collects flags, and boasts an American flag, with at least twenty-four stars, that he gravely declares was carried during the war of 1776!

Carved fruit pits, carved whale and shark teeth, are collected by others. Many incline to old theatre programmes, playing cards, and old newspapers. Samplers, laces, finger rings, antique weapons, fans, and cameos are among the pursuits of the cultured ones, while Rogers Groups and patchwork bedquilts appeal to sturdier souls.

One dear woman, otherwise sane, is collecting a million used postage stamps, 'to save a Chinese baby.' When I said, 'Why save the Chinese baby?' she was as much at a loss for a reply as she was to know how, when, or where the salvation was to be accomplished.

A well-known collector has a gorgeous collection of bandboxes and bird cages, than which perhaps nothing could be more cumbersome, even though interesting. Bibles are collectible, and I have heard of collections of actresses' slipper heels and poets' suspender buttons, of race horses' shoes and of canes.

These collectors I mention are all bona fide seekers and very much in earnest. They prowl and search with unflagging zeal, and enjoy the chase far more than the quarry, the race far more than the laurel.

This is as it should be; but all things have I seen in the days of my vanity, as Ecclesiastes puts it, and from my observation of others I have come to know that *I* am not a collector. An acquirer, an achiever, a go-getter — but a collector, no.

For those who have the esurient complex, the Bruce's spider obsession, who prefer the doing to the deed, the striving to the accomplishment, collecting is a joy and a happiness. To me, after long experience, it seems the Idiot's Delight.

THE PASSING OF THE PROPHET

BY WALTER SAMUEL SWISHER

I

'WHAT the world needs,' said my friend, 'is a big man — a leader — a prophet. The world suffers for his coming.'

I pondered — or seemed to ponder — his words. Did the world need a prophet? What kind of prophet did it need? What would the world do with him if it had him? What is a prophet, anyway?

In this order my mind asked the questions, obviously because the first was provoked by my friend's contention. But they seemed to require answering in reverse order. For how could I determine to my own satisfaction whether the world needs a prophet until I had settled with some definiteness the last question, 'What is a prophet?'

'It is obvious,' said I to myself, 'that a prophet, with the possible exception of the weather prophet, is no longer a man who predicts the future. Predicting the future is a risky business these days and even weather prophets have been known to go astray. Perhaps a prophet is a man who discloses people to themselves. Possibly his function is to point out the world's needs, lay bare people's shortcomings, then urge that they act upon his advice — set out upon some definite path, follow some definite ideal.'

The answer did not seem very satisfactory or very complete. It was not a good picture of the prophet. When one considered the prophets of Israel — Isaiah, Jeremiah, Amos — one had a vision of tall, stern, bearded figures who harangued people in the market place or at some solemn festival and informed them that some doom was about to fall unless they repented. The dénouement came with sickening regularity — the people failed to repent, and the doom fell. The net result of this kind of prophecy seemed to be to make people uncomfortable. Since the doom needs must fall, why not let the people be happy in the interim? All that this type of prophet ever seemed to gain by his haranguing was the scant satisfaction of a Cassandra, 'I told you so, and now you see it has fallen out as I predicted.' Scant satisfaction in that for anyone. These I might call the 'gloom and doom' prophets.

But over against this type I set another more modern type, the prophet of joy. 'There's a good time coming,' said he. 'Health, wealth, and happiness await you.' This kind of prophecy was highly profitable, for the prophet of joy sent the people off walking on air. He had that valuable asset of the successful prophet — glamour.

'Have you heard the news?' says one passer-by to another. 'There's a good time coming — we are all to be healthy, wealthy, and happy.'

This prophet was a joyous person as he stood in the sunlight, clad in gold and purple. He was good to look upon and people loved to listen to his glowing words. But there was something wrong

with the picture. In the first place, the people had not questioned nor had the prophet informed them by what means these things were to come about. If he had, it was through some miraculous intervention — angels were to descend and put their foes to rout, or a glorified hero was to appear to bring in the millennium. This kind of prophecy would not bear the scrutiny of analytical minds.

The other thing that was wrong with the picture was that there were no shadows, there was no room for the tragedy of life.

'Suppose,' said I to myself, 'some good woman who has lost her only child comes to this prophet of joy and asks for comfort.'

'My good woman,' says he, 'you must not look on the dark side of things. Look on the bright side. See, the sun is shining.' Then he would pluck a flower with the morning dew fresh upon its petals and say, 'Here is a lovely flower; admire its tender hues and the freshness of its fragrance. Yes, to be sure your child is dead, but never mind — look on the bright side.' How angrily the bereft woman would spurn the prophet's well-meant admonitions and kindly reproof, how disconsolately she would move away.

The gloom prophet was stern, uncompromising, forbidding, but the joy prophet was something worse — he was shallow. One would want to step up to him as he harangued of joy and light in the market place and shout in his ear the one word, 'Buncombe!'

Of course, there was a third type of man — the man who faced issues, saw things as they are, told people the simple truth about themselves and the world, encouraged them to formulate and solve their own problems, and let it go at that. But then he was no prophet, — at least in no generally accepted sense, — he was just a plain, ordinary, common-sense, everyday man with insight.

Fancy a conversation like the following. Two roughly dressed men carrying dinner pails meet in the street.

'Bill,' says Jim, 'Frank's a prophet.'

'Frank's a what?' says Bill.

'A prophet. He told me that I am spending too much money, that I neglect my work, and that my pigheadedness is sure to get me into trouble if I don't watch out. He turned me inside out, he did; he showed me up in great shape.'

'Oh, hell!' says Bill.

I fancied that this type might after all be the true prophet. But then there was no glamour, no necromancy about it. A prophet without glamour and necromancy was unthinkable, at least according to any accepted standards. He must come either clad in resplendent robes or eating locusts and wild honey. He must, above all, be picturesque.

Then it occurred to me that that is what people want and what they mean by 'prophet.' He is a picturesque figure who works some necromancy by which people are saved without effort. That is the secret of prophecy — he saves them without effort on their part.

I submit that this is to take a wrong view of life. It is what occurs in legend, myth, and fairy tale. In these tales people get into serious difficulties — largely through their own selfishness and shortsightedness — and a romantic supernatural figure appears who extricates them from their difficulties by speaking the magic word or by the aid of some talisman.

This sounds puerile enough, but the fact is that man is not yet emancipated from belief in the power of the magic word. He still believes, though he dare not own it, in the omnipotence of thought — thought divorced from action. He still believes in djinn, genii,

fairies, and the intervention of angels. He is credulous, no longer with an avowed and explicit, but with a half-conscious implicit, credulity.

'Business is bad,' says he, 'but something will turn up.' He still believes in magic, in miraculous intervention. He is slow to learn the fact that nothing is likely to turn up until human effort turns it up.

II

The kind of prophet for whom my friend was looking is the kind who makes people feel comfortable in the midst of individual and collective adversity. But have they the inherent right to feel comfortable in the midst of adversity? Has n't that always been the trouble with man, that he tends to sit down comfortably in the midst of adversity, to say, 'It is the Lord's doing,' whereas he ought to rouse himself to appropriate action whereby he may climb up out of adversity? It was John Stuart Mill, I believe, who used to speak of the 'accursed wantlessness of the poor.'

It is the attitude of subservience. It is simpler and easier to yield to the pressure of circumstance, to wait for the prophet who will speak the word of deliverance, than it is to think a way out and rouse ourselves to action. The demand for the prophet, the 'big man,' the 'leader,' then, grows out of human inertia. As we grow less subservient we demand this kind of prophet less.

When I had reached this conclusion it occurred to me that what the world needs is not a prophet, — in the sense of a leader, a deliverer, — but what it actually needs is concentrated and collective effort. For such effort to be intelligent, the world needs the interpreter rather than the prophet. Though we may not admit it, the world is in crying need of my third type of man, the man who will disclose to men their inner selves, — their shortcomings, their failures, their potentialities, — the interpreter who will assist them to find the way and urge them to walk therein.

'But,' I said to myself, 'is this man not the truest kind of prophet? Surely the prophet has always been some kind of interpreter, but usually an interpreter of far-off and supermundane things. This prophet will interpret things close at hand.'

There, likewise, was implicit the answer to my third question, 'What would the world do with the prophet if he should appear?'

Well, we do not like interpreters who disclose our own weaknesses. We much prefer prophets who predict a solar eclipse or the end of the world. In such case the rest of the world is bound to share our experience, which makes it bearable. Not so with interpreters of our inner selves. We escape from them as fast as we can. We call them in extreme cases 'fanatics,' or in mild cases 'bores' or 'enthusiasts.' (It is only in New England, I believe, that 'enthusiast' is an opprobrious term.) For the prophet has his one string upon which he harps in and out of season. If he is a man of strong character — and what prophet is not? — he seeks to impose his beliefs upon mankind. There is but one way of escape from your real prophet — crucify him. It is what the world has always done and what it probably will always continue to do — crucify its prophets. It nails them to some kind of cross, which may be another reason why the prophet is passing.

Men do not want truth — they want comfort and complacence. A series of pictures passes through my mind as I contemplate this fact — Martin Luther forcibly siezed by rough men in the

darkness of the Thuringian Forest and hurried off to the Wartburg lest his enemies set upon and destroy him, Galileo kneeling in abnegation before the august College of Cardinals, Copernicus exiled to a small town, Dante banished to the city of Ravenna, the funeral pyre of Shelley on a storm-swept coast, Keats coughing out his life in Rome by the Spanish steps, Roentgen dying in poverty in Berlin. And these were only lesser crucifixions. There was

> Socrates drinking the hemlock,
> And Jesus on the rood.

Moreover, it is rare that the real prophet is recognized while he is still alive. Were Keats and Shelley — prophets of the inner life — recognized as among England's greatest poets while they breathed the breath of life? Who appreciated the significance of the Reformation until long after Luther's bones had turned to dust? What did his own contemporaries think of Charles Darwin? What do many of our foremost scientists think of Einstein?

If the prophet is right, his novel views demand a revaluation of life. This revaluation is neither comfortable nor easy; it is almost sure to mean action of an unaccustomed sort, even a complete reversal of our way of life. It gives men a profound shock to discover that they have hitherto pursued a way of life and thought that is both wrong and futile.

Men are resentful. A new philosophy, if it contains aught that is valid, upsets old things, and more than one man's life work goes for naught. A new scientific hypothesis, once it gains credence, means that the work of a myriad researchers in a myriad laboratories has been so much waste effort. Who that has put the best years of his life into erecting a fine structure of thought will welcome with equanimity the discovery of facts that relegate his work to the scrap heap?

This, of course, is not rational behavior. Rationally, we ought to accept the new with acclamation. But if the new psychology has rendered us one service more than another it is to demonstrate that for the most part men's behavior is to be explained on an unconscious emotional rather than a conscious rational basis. No one readily forgives a wound to his *amour propre.* We are Narcissistic. The first natural feeling aroused when we discover that our life plans are set at naught is a feeling of resentment. But resentment must have an object. There is slight satisfaction in retiring Achilles-like to our tents to nurse our grievances in silence. Most of us love to shout them from the housetops, or at least write the *Times* about it. We want an object for our wrath. The logical object is the man who — however unintentionally — has upset our life work. We are always ready to cry, 'Crucify him!' Disappointment turns to angry resentment, resentment cries out for an object on which to vent itself. It is the primitive in us.

To be sure, our methods are more indirect than formerly. A member of a savage tribe dies. Here, it is believed, is the work of a malign intelligence. Who by thought or word brought the agency into play by which the deed was wrought? Let us discover him and, when discovered, let us put him to death. It is the talion law. But if we fail to discover him, another will do as well. If a sacrifice is made, justice is satisfied. After all, the Jewish institution of the scapegoat was valuable. The goat, full-fed, was turned loose into the wilderness. Justice was satisfied and the goat suffered no harm.

Something of this primitive punitive conception of justice survives in us. Never was the need so great of constant

revaluation of our universe as it is to-day. We live in a world of seething change. The nineteenth century claimed to have solved all the mysteries, the twentieth in its revaluation of its universe knows that it has but skirted their rims.

III

We are at sea in this strange world, this 'space-time world' of Einstein and Whitehead. The old chartings will not suffice — they are meaningless. We look for some pilot to steer us into safe havens. We cast longing eyes upon certain ones who seem to qualify, but we do not like their handling of the ship; we fear that in escaping a known danger — a granite rock — we shall founder on some hidden shoal. That is the sort of leader for whom the world hopes at the present moment — someone to bring order out of chaos. We vex ourselves in vain. He will not appear. The day of scapegoats and vicarious atonements is past.

If we have erred in this twentieth century, no one but ourselves is to blame, and no one but ourselves can extricate the world from its difficulties. There is no panacea. There must be collective, intelligent effort.

The day of great military, political, philosophical — yes, and industrial — leaders is gone. They went out with the passing of the nineteenth century. The science of social psychology has shown us all too clearly where the fault lies — in ourselves. It discloses men's motives in the group life as not overhigh.

This collective effort will be all the more difficult because as we evolve we become more individualized. Glenn Frank, writing in the *New York Times Magazine*, predicts that the next achievement of our American culture will be along artistic and literary lines. He holds that the machine age has reached its apogee and we are ready for a more selective culture. This means increasing individualization. If this be true, we are on the wrong track for supreme collective effort. Without collectivity of thought there can be no leader, for a leader without followers is no leader at all. What or whom does he lead? In my student days a young man of my acquaintance thought that the time was ripe for the establishment of a new church, a church which would do away with dogma and get back to first principles. It was to be simple and fundamental. It was to be called starkly 'The Church of God.' He rented a disused school building. But when he opened it for meetings no one came. He was in the ridiculous position of a shepherd without sheep — a leader without followers.

According to the neovitalistic school, as the organism evolves it becomes more highly individualized. It gains greater mobility, a greater independence of movement. When it comes to integration on the psychological level, the evolutionary trend is toward an ever greater independence of thought and action. As man evolves intellectually it is increasingly difficult for him to raise one of his own number to the level of the prophet.

It is due to their own feelings of inferiority — Janet's *sens d'incomplétude* — that men seek a leader. To seek adventitious aid is to confess failure. As men come to possess themselves, they incline less to seek such aid. As they develop self-reliance, they lean upon individual leaders less or not at all.

The last of the great Jewish leaders of ancient times was Judas Maccabæus. His efforts failed — failed because his followers could not exert collective effort and expected him to deliver them single-handed from their enemies.

Since then there has been no great Jewish leader of his type.

What of Jesus? Humanly speaking, he must have been considered by his disciples to have failed. He was crucified, dead, and buried. Where was now the glorious kingdom that was to be set up in Jerusalem? Where were the legions of ministering and defending angels? Where the splendor? He had died a felon's death. It seemed for some time as though his very gospel were to be lost forever to mankind. The little Christian church at Jerusalem under the leadership of James lived briefly through a lingering death and was snuffed out. Then came Paul. Paul was among the prophets. It was Paul who spread the knowledge of the gospel throughout the Græco-Roman world. Many commentators say that it was not so much the gospel of Jesus that he taught as it was his own metaphysic and philosophy of life. It is certain that under his influence Christianity became something other than what Jesus taught.

What is the prophet, the prophet who is acclaimed? The embodiment of a group idea. William Jennings Bryan was preëminently that — and nothing more. When he sought to be original he failed again and again as prophet. But as Fundamentalism grew in strength and adherents he became increasingly popular. It was not that he made any original contribution — far from that. He was the very epitome of Fundamentalism. It just happened so.

The mass of men are inarticulate. A great organized group demands and requires for its very existence a mouthpiece, a vehicle for the expression of its ideas and ideals. He is spokesman for the people, and should he grow away from them and become his own man his influence is disintegrating. Hence, he is crucified.

It would seem as though we should never have another great prophet — first, because in the light of our common mechanical industrial age it becomes increasingly difficult to cast a glamour; second, because we are becoming more individualized, and the great racial, national, and religious groups dominated by a single idea are breaking up into smaller groups each with its own end and purpose. Time and education have done that for us. Cite Amos and Elijah as we will, there can be no great popular prophet without a large following, and, as we have pointed out, the shepherd can be no shepherd unless he have sheep.

UNFINISHED JOBS

BY A BUSINESS WOMAN

I

ANNIVERSARIES are not always joyful occasions. Sometimes they are desperate ventures, like a leap from the tried and found wanting to the utterly unknown.

Five years ago I celebrated my twenty-fifth anniversary as 'a leading business woman' by just such a leap in the dark. In other words, I gave up my job, though I knew perfectly well that in doing so I was burning my bridges behind me and could never return. A woman of forty-five is old in the business world. If she is in she may sometimes stay in, but very rarely may she go back again, however successful she may have been. There were no congratulations to spur me on, no rallying of friends, no pension even. There were only grim resolution and a prayer to the high gods, after which I sat down to survey the past and take stock of my earthly possessions.

It did not take long. The past held but one experience — the struggle for support. As for earthly possessions, that quarter of a century of hard labor had netted me exactly six shares of company stock (totaling less than three thousand dollars) and seventeen hundred dollars' worth of participation in a heavily mortgaged coöperative apartment — a participation that ensures us a comfortable home as long as we continue to pay our ninety dollars a month of the upkeep. For that ninety dollars, and for the business of daily living, I had exactly nothing at all and must depend upon my sister's salary. Yet resign I must. There was an imperative family need that made my woman's services in the home even more necessary than my head-of-the-family activities outside.

That need was my immediate reason for giving up the job. The other — the long-distance reason — was that financially it was getting me nowhere. I could not possibly have saved one thousand dollars more than I did in all those twenty-five years. Never once had my salary touched the five-thousand-dollar mark, though one paper intimated in glaring headlines that it was fifty thousand at least. During my salad years it was scarcely a salary at all, yet even then I had to meet the requirements of business in the matter of good dress; to pay off the debts for my education and provide — as my sister and I still do — a home for ourselves and our widowed mother. For many years we have sent a monthly check to a family Negro too old to work. We educated a younger sister and then kept her under the care of specialists for years before her death. After that there was another accumulation of debts to be paid before we could even begin to save.

Those few years of saving were the only years of financial peace that we have ever known. It was then that we bought the apartment and the company shares, and had the luxury of a servant for a little while. Even now our mother

refers to those few peaceful years as a traveler might refer to a blessed oasis he had lingered in and never forgotten.

But they did not last long. The end of the war came, and with it the demobilization of women. Only business women realize how long that demobilization has lasted, and understand its real significance. As the manager of one of New York's best employment agencies said not long ago, 'More than half the leading women in Wall Street have now, for one reason or another, been let out. That means that there are men enough to fill the executive positions.' It means something more, something permanent: younger women are in demand, and the supply is constantly increasing.

My sister and I saw clearly enough what was coming. Our salaried years were numbered, so we decided to try that desperate venture of launching out alone. I was to take the first leap and do what free-lance work I could in the time spared from home.

The five years since then have been weathered somehow, but we have ceased to live on the edge of safety — we are merely dangling over it. Soon after my venture my sister saw opportunity and she too started on her own, so that at present there is a six-thousand-dollar debt, plus interest, taxes, and insurance, for the advertising business she and her partner have bought. One by one my shares have been pledged against loans for family necessities, and the shadow of rent day is forever ahead. The larder has never been empty — quite, and clothes of a kind have been bought at end-of-the-season sales. Hospitality, though, has come to an end. Club memberships, so valuable to self-supporting women, have been withdrawn, and contact with old friends and associates is rarely possible now, since we cannot afford the downtown luncheons and dinners at which busy women are accustomed to meet. Hardest of all, our mother is feeling the strain at last and we cannot provide the comforts she needs. She *may* get well without them. She has accomplished everything else through sheer force of will, and has succeeded in making a very real home for us during all these years of our breadwinning preoccupations.

If she weathers the storm the other hardships can be borne cheerfully enough. Perhaps it is true that 'we develop by what we buck up against.' At any rate we have untried abilities within us, new and interesting ventures ahead — if! That is where the great fear lies — *if* we continue our hold on the edge; *if* no accident occurs. For the first time in all my life I begin to be haunted by the fear of accident. What if I am run over coming home? What if I lose my hands, my sight? I am not getting morbid; but I should be a dependent all my life, forty years or more perhaps, so small is the insurance I have been able to carry.

II

Now all this drab bit of financial history would be of no interest whatever if it were my history only. It is, at one point or another, the history of thousands of women thrown into the self-supporting class. Even then it would not be told if it began and ended with them. Unfortunately it does not. The great majority have dependents, and the thousands mount. It is these dependents and their peculiar relationship to the self-supporting woman that make her problem not only one of personal difficulty, but important in its relation to society as a whole.

It is not always easy to define just what a 'dependent' is, though sociologists and tax experts strive hard to be exact. Children, of course (if they are one's own), and wives — a fact that is

usually recognized by a raise in salary when a young man is ready to marry. Mothers too fall under the heading of 'closely related to you and *living in your household.*' Yet it is the dependents not closely related, and those living out of the home, who absorb so much of women's slender earnings and yet cannot win for them the sympathy, the larger salaries, or the head-of-the-family exemptions that help so much.

A striking illustration of this came to my attention a short time ago — the case of a New York professional woman who was earning six thousand a year. While she was putting herself through college her father married again. For a few years all went well. Then he lost his health and his business, and from that time on Miss X had to come to the new family's aid. Fortunately she was succeeding, for very soon her sister was widowed and left with a young baby, and for several years she kept both of them with her. The sister is carrying her own load now, but in the meanwhile a young brother married, without waiting for college or success, and a third family came upon the scene and was soon looking to 'Auntie' for help through its numerous financial crises.

This case is extreme, of course, but it is surprising how many women are carrying burdens for which they are in no way responsible — 'the burdens of the past,' as one of them put it. The income tax collector tells us how many women are heads of families, — over 157,000 in our United States alone, — but even he knows nothing of certain types of dependents that are rarely mentioned. Most women are too loyal to talk of them and of family tragedies. They dress as well as they can, smile gallantly, and tell nothing about the father who is failing in business, the mother in a sanitarium, or the brother who cannot hold up his too heavy load. Such domestic tragedies are no more numerous than they have always been. They are merely more numerous among the gently bred, where the greatest financial pinch is now felt. That is why more and more women are faring forth, not merely, as they would have us believe, to seek independence and the rainbow's end, but because someone they love has fallen by the way and they must take over his unfinished job.

There, I think, is the whole thing in a nutshell — other people's unfinished jobs. It is these jobs, these pathetic and not-to-be-mentioned dependents, that make the salaries of most women so much too small for the demands that are made upon them, especially when those demands are for invalids or the education of children.

For the salaries of women are small. In spite of all the success stories with which the public is regaled, comparatively few, even of the officer class, receive more than five thousand a year. I was one of the many who made even less — who, again and again, took over 'men's work' only to find that by some strange and elusive alchemy it had become 'women's work' and was rated accordingly. Yet, in spite of my low financial status, I was considered a successful woman. Colleges, chambers of commerce, clubs, asked me to talk about my work, while magazines and newspapers 'told how I did it' and syndicated my words of advice. Of the young men who started with me, and who were of the same intellectual and social status, not one is getting less than fifteen or twenty thousand a year at the lowest, not one but is considered in his prime at fifty.

III

The thing that has brought all this so vividly back to me is the visit of my 'twin cousin' to New York. In spite of a few years' difference at the start, we

began our business lives under exactly similar conditions, with the same background and mental equipment and the same kind and amount of education. As soon as I saw that cousin I sensed the atmosphere of — shall I call it affluence, or merely peace of mind? We talked of his business, his travels, his home, and his car. His wife's expensive simplicity added lustre to their apartment in a Fifth Avenue hotel, to the excellent dinner that regaled us, and to the play that we saw later on — from the very best orchestra seats. A quick mental calculation showed me that the evening had cost nearly fifty dollars, a sum that was a mere gesture of hospitality to that business man; to us the equivalent of half a year's income on our savings of twenty-five years.

Of course he had obligations. They all have, these men with whom I have been associated — wives and sometimes other relatives to support, children to care for and educate, fraternal and philanthropic enterprises to finance. The youngster who ran errands for me a few years ago has obligations, but he also has a car and is buying a home of his own. In contrast is the librarian in the next apartment. She is educating her young sister and doing her own sewing and washing at night. Her janitor is earning a larger salary than she, and providing happily for his *own* child. I could cite cases without end, of educated, self-supporting women struggling to finish the job of others on the slenderest of salaries, before their earning years come to an end. As for those salaries, one case will suffice — that of an able teacher entrusted with a class of mentally deficient boys, two of whom left her care to begin earning, at once, wages larger than hers had ever been.

There is another side to this question — one, it seems to me, that gets too little consideration. What does one get in return? Is everything that one earns swallowed up in daily living, or is it investment in the future, with the hope of easier conditions as the years go on? Men — young husbands, let us call them — have a long term of earning years with constantly increasing earning capacity. Hardships and denials they have without doubt in this time of complicated living and high costs. Their wives must choose carefully, even painfully, when there are so many needs in proportion to the earnings, but — the crux of the whole matter lies here — they *can* choose. Even when the earnings are only fair, there is the boon of choice, and it is being able to choose that makes life interesting and really worth while. They have all been able to choose marriage. Most of them, presumably, were free of obligations during their youth and could marry the men they loved. In spite of cares and anxiety while their children are young, they can look forward to the durable satisfactions of useful, well-educated sons and daughters given to the world.

Nearly every business woman I know feels, deep in her heart, the incompleteness of a life without children, yet very few people realize that she really wants the home and the emotional satisfactions so necessary to business men. A few have been able to adopt children, but for the great majority even that is financially impossible. It has been impossible for us. We have been forced to admit it at last and to face the fact that we cannot make our woman's contribution to even one little life, though the thought of the thousands in asylums is — or should be — a constant reproach to us all.

Young men usually marry as soon as they are on their financial legs, so the care of the older people or the sharing of their burdens gradually falls to the daughters. I have no statistics to prove this. It may be a case of 'all

generalizations are false, including this one,' but personal observation and a mass of testimony force me to believe it. A by no means uncommon instance is that of a former coworker, who postponed her marriage for eight years to help her mother support the home and bring up three younger brothers, every one of whom married before she was finally free. She and other 'brain workers' rank among the business and professional women, who are supposed to be more fortunate than women in the industrial groups, but they are all moved by the same family considerations and use their money in the same way. For that reason it may not be out of place to quote the following paragraph from a recent report of the United States Department of Labor, on the share of wage-earning women in family support:—

> Comparing single men and single women, the women contributed more extensively, both actually and relatively. In every age group more daughters than sons contributed all earnings. At the younger ages (less than twenty-eight) there was a greater proportion of women than of men who contributed all earnings.

During my quarter of a century in the business world it has amazed me to find how many women — young girls even — were supporting themselves and their mothers. Usually these girls do not marry, and who can wonder, for where are the young men who can keep their heads above water if they start life with a dependent mother-in-law?

But about the women — my sister, myself, and our hosts of fellow workers who are in a fair way to become dependents ourselves if sickness or accident occurs. The all-important question is, dependent upon whom? Since we have no husbands and no children the burden will fall, if fall it must, upon the children of others, for everyone who drifts into old ladies' homes, hospitals, or rest cures, will be a tax upon the charity, or the public funds, of the coming generation — more 'burdens of the past' for the young to carry.

This mention of old ladies' homes is not 'sob stuff' by any means, but the result of thoughtful consideration, based upon what is already happening. Several of our most valued older friends are already immured. One is a woman who, in a well-known university, gave us the technique and the inspiration for the work that we have done. Her woman's earnings, even with constant extra work, were never more than enough to support herself and her mother and help with the upbringing of an orphaned niece.

Since this question of dependence is a matter of such far-reaching concern, the most progressive self-supporting women are giving it thoughtful consideration. Their salaried years approximate the number of years it takes to prepare the younger children for life or to care for the older people. Given a sufficient number of working years *after that*, they could build up their own reserve fund, but it must be borne in mind that their earning years are limited — are, in fact, becoming more limited all the time. This is not because of ill health or decreased ability, but because able and well-trained young college women can be had in increasingly large numbers. Practically every employment agent for women tells of the consequently decreasing demand for the older women — 'older' women, they say, now meaning those over thirty. After forty or even fifty there is ample time to embark upon independent business ventures *if* a woman has been able to accumulate capital enough. It is needless to say how few have been able to do it.

There is another thing that handicaps the efforts of women — they are so

often breadwinner and 'mother of the family' as well. The home makes a great many demands upon women — demands that retard and even end the career. A well-known New York lawyer told me that in his opinion this was one of the chief causes of the continued prejudice against women in the legal profession; that for his part he would never admit a girl into his group of apprentice lawyers until the demands of home no longer caused women to break their contracts.

One of the most useful women I know may be called upon any day to break her contract. She is a young and able college woman who went into her brother's home, adopted his orphaned children, and brought on an elderly relative to care for them while she earns the money for their education and support. As a father she is a decided success, but she may be called upon in any crisis to be a mother as well. Several crises would seriously interfere with work as important as hers. These children may, when they are older, provide for her future, but it is by no means certain. I have personally known six women — of course that may be coincidence — who have educated brothers or nephews who married young and without the slightest attempt to repay the money spent upon them. The return of the money seems never to be expected. A physician, a woman who is supporting herself and educating two nieces on a four-thousand-dollar salary, put it succinctly when she said, 'I think every one of us should make her contribution to the oncoming generation.'

IV

'Every one of us should make her contribution to the oncoming generation.' That has rung in my ears persistently, — almost like a prophecy, — till I am beginning to wonder if the child pension, or child insurance, is not after all the solution to this problem that is becoming so increasingly difficult for men as well as women.

Let us put the problem in its simplest terms. The father has always been the head of the family, his responsibility its financial support. Until lately he has been able to carry that responsibility alone. Several generations ago, when the family was large and land and rents cheap, it was quite possible for the man of average ability to support a family of ten or more. Not so to-day. The costs of living have risen to such an extent that a man cannot carry more than one fourth of the load that was carried by his grandsires. If the cost of living and the cost of children continue to mount we are threatened with a future in which no one will be able to do more than support himself. Even now the signs are pointing that way. In the so-called working classes, for instance, nearly two million wives have had to come to the rescue, every one of whom, according to the Department of Labor, is contributing her entire earnings to family support. Among the professional groups the strain is so great that not only are unmarried women pulling their own weight and that of others, but wives as well are leaving the home in order to help to support it.

The cost of children is staggering. Not only the cost of getting them safely started in life, but all the costs of health building, education, and training that follow. To reduce, or rather to share, these costs we have been experimenting with such aids as public schools, free clinics, and recently education insurance. Whether we are yet community-minded enough to take the next step and establish the child pension — a joint responsibility of the entire reigning generation for the one to follow — is an open question. As it is, in spite of all the

good half measures already launched, a child is still subject to every change in fortune, every weakness or mistake, that overtakes his parents. The loss of a father's job, an accident, or a mother's unfortunate investment, may cut short his education and handicap his entire future, unless someone not responsible for him volunteers to take on the 'unfinished job.'

Taking on another's unfinished job too often means leaving our own best talents unused or becoming a 'job' in time to others. Finishing up, patching, curing, — spending millions on the fallen-by-the-way and the dependent old, — that is what we are doing all through the civilized world, but never yet have we tried the simple experiment of guaranteeing everyone a fair start in life. This would have to be done, of course, by holding every citizen equally responsible — even though not equally concerned — for the children; in other words, for the nation builders. Is n't that the writing on the wall to-day, the nearest and cheapest solution of the growing problems of support? Would it not do more than anything else to protect the young from the accidents and the violent turns of fortune that jeopardize their future, and at the same time free the overburdened from those unfinished jobs that continue the vicious circle of dependence instead of bringing it to an end?

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

NOTES ON THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

BY HECTOR C. BYWATER

I

Those who seek the truth about any important military event of the World War find themselves confronted by a mass of contradictory evidence. Either side of the case may be presented in detail so circumstantial as to carry conviction — until the other side is read. This applies to almost every major combat that took place, from the outbreak of hostilities to the Armistice, but it is with regard to the campaign afloat that the facts are most elusive. Here the element of national bias comes into play with least restraint, and the reason is clear. Great Britain, as unchallenged sovereign of the seas for a hundred years, is naturally concerned to prove that her ancient genius for maritime warfare remains unimpaired. Nor is she swayed by motives of vanity alone. The nimbus of naval invincibility has been to her an asset of priceless value ever since Trafalgar. To the prestige she enjoyed as the dominant sea Power she owed in very large measure her marvelous development during the nineteenth century. Primacy at sea confers advantages far greater than those which accrue from armed supremacy on land. Germany, from

1871 onward, was the leading military Power of the world, yet she had to wait nearly thirty years for recognition as a world Power, as distinct from a State of merely Continental importance.

'He that commands the sea commands the world itself' is still a truism, as Germany found to her cost. At a period when her army stood unrivaled in strength and efficiency, her political influence did not extend beyond the confines of Central Europe. As late as the mid-nineties, Germans resident in the Far East were complaining to their Government of the low esteem in which the German flag was held by the Asiatic peoples. The same naïve faith in direct action which governed German policy throughout the World War had impelled the Kaiser in 1900 to give to Graf von Waldersee, commanding the allied expedition to Peking, his oft-quoted orders, the purport of which was so to deal with his adversaries that no Chinese should thereafter look at a German without blenching. These were the instructions in which that unfortunate reference to Attila and his Huns occurred. When the first German Navy Bill of 1898 was drafted, the precursor of more ambitious measures of naval expansion which helped to make the World War inevitable, stress was laid on the importance of forming powerful squadrons to show the flag abroad. By 1914 a considerable proportion of Germany's naval strength was to be found in foreign waters, and had not the war ensued the outlying squadrons of the Reich would soon have rivaled in majesty those of Great Britain herself. German battle-cruiser squadrons were to have been assigned to the Mediterranean and the China stations as soon as new ships became available. We see, therefore, that the German navy was designed to be the instrument of an imperialistic policy, which aimed at the acquisition of new colonies, the conquest of foreign markets, and the enhancement of German prestige overseas. In this respect it did not differ fundamentally from the British navy. The latter, it is true, existed to defend an empire which its power had brought into being, while the German navy, on the other hand, had first to create an overseas empire to defend.

It does not come within the scope of this paper to inquire whether the motives which guided Germany's prewar naval policy continue to animate her present rulers. But it is permissible to remark that a very pronounced effort has been and is still being made to defend the reputation of the old *Kaiserliche Flotte*. In countless books and pamphlets the heroic deeds of the navy are recorded for the edification of the rising generation. Barely eight years have elapsed since the High Sea Fleet surrendered for internment at Scapa Flow. Yet to-day there is a strong and growing movement in Germany for the building of a new fleet. In the last six years a sum of nearly $300,000,000 has been devoted to this end. Extraordinary efforts are being made to fan the smouldering fires of naval ambition which the events of October and November 1918 seemed to have extinguished forever.

Thanks to skillful propaganda, the part which the old navy played in bringing about the great collapse has been glossed over. The naval mutiny which precipitated the revolution is ascribed to the machinations of a handful of professional sedition-mongers, and in defiance of notorious fact it is represented that the bulk of the personnel remained staunch. The excesses committed by the mutinous seamen in Berlin and other inland cities are either ignored altogether or lightly dismissed as the work of a few

irresponsible youths. As for the palpable failure of the navy to perform its mission of defending Germany's trade and colonies and keeping the sea routes open, this is attributed to the supineness of the war politicians, among whom the late Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is singled out for special opprobrium.

That this intensive campaign of vindication has not been without effect is shown by the generous response with which the appeal for a new fleet has been met by the German people. Naval appropriations for the current year, amounting to nearly $55,000,000, were voted by the Reichstag in the course of an afternoon's sitting. The Battle of Jutland has always been the trump card in the hands of the navy propagandists, and they have played it with remarkable skill. The annual celebration of what is acclaimed as a great victory assumed this year a nation-wide significance. For the tenth anniversary of Jutland, May 31, patriotic demonstrations were organized in every large town, the newspapers devoted many pages to reminiscences of the great national *Ruhmestag*, and the official naval organ of the Ministry of Defense published a special 'victory number.' The purpose of all this inspired jubilation seems obvious. It is intended to convince the German people that their future still lies on the water, that they possess in even greater measure than their British cousins the qualities which make for maritime ascendency, and that with a powerful fleet once more in being they may look forward to regaining all, and more than all, that was lost through defeat.

Since Jutland has thus become a symbol of high hope and promise, it is not surprising to find the soberest German historians betraying a tendency to magnify the achievements of their navy in that battle. Honesty compels the admission that a similar want of objectivity is perceptible in British versions of the action, the motive for this treatment of the subject being, as we have seen, one of considered policy rather than vainglory. Neutral versions of the Jutland campaign, based on data from both sides, have also been published, and serve as a useful check upon the more detailed if less impartial narratives prepared under official auspices in England and Germany. Thanks to all this literature we are now able to form a reasonably clear conception of the drama as a whole. Yet many of its details remain obscure, and some of these are important.

We have, for example, no definite knowledge of the plan of strategy which the fateful cruise of the High Sea Fleet on May 31, 1916, was to have initiated. The German official history merely states that a raid on enemy shipping in the Skagerrack was intended, with the ulterior purpose of destroying such isolated British forces as might be encountered in those waters. While this statement is probably accurate so far as it goes, there are grounds for suspecting the raid in question to have been only the prelude to a more ambitious undertaking. Since Admiral Scheer had assumed command of the fleet in the previous February, he had persistently urged the expediency of taking more vigorous action at sea. His views carried weight at headquarters, where he was known as a bold and resolute leader, and withal as a consummate tactician. These attributes were certainly revealed in his handling of the fleet at Jutland.

Scheer was at one with his mentor, Admiral von Tirpitz, in dissenting from the view held by the Kaiser's entourage that a pitched battle with

the British Grand Fleet was too hazardous to be accepted. He believed the fighting power of that force to be overrated, and had made up his mind to put the matter to the crucial test. With the Tirpitz school it was an article of faith that the German fleet made up for what it lacked in numerical strength by the unique quality of its material, and above all by its admirable system of tactical training. Previous naval actions of the war were considered to have justified this confidence. Had the Skagerrack adventure gone according to plan, Scheer would certainly not have rested on his laurels. He was determined to carry out the operation which unsuitable weather conditions had caused him to postpone — namely, the bombardment of Sunderland, coupled with the laying of a submarine snare across the track of the British fleet. It is clear from his own testimony that he foresaw the contingency of having to fight the Grand Fleet, and did not shrink from it. With Tirpitz and other senior officers of the navy, he was convinced that Germany's salvation depended on a decisive victory at sea, and his writings leave no doubt that he took over command with the fixed idea of achieving such a victory.

In that case the suppression by German writers of the purpose underlying the Skagerrack cruise becomes intelligible. This cruise led to the Battle of Jutland, and though the engagement may have been inconclusive from the tactical point of view, it was decisive enough in the strategical sense. Only once thereafter did the High Sea Fleet show itself outside the defenses of the Heligoland Bight, and its movements on that occasion (August 18–19, 1916) were anything but indicative of a desire for battle. What, then, is the inference to be drawn from these facts? Surely this: that the Jutland encounter, notwithstanding the fine performance of the German fleet, disillusioned Scheer and his colleagues as to the possibility of ending the war at a blow by disabling the Grand Fleet, which constituted the main prop of the Allied cause.

This conclusion is fortified by a wealth of evidence. The testimony of Captain Persius, a reputable German historian, has never been challenged. 'On the day following the battle,' he writes, 'it was clear to all persons of intelligence that this fight would and must be the only one to take place. Those in authority often and openly admitted this.' Again, there is the acknowledged fact that work on the new battleships then under construction in Germany was discontinued soon after the battle, from which time forward the national shipbuilding resources were devoted almost entirely to the production of submarines. This circumstance, taken in conjunction with the inactivity of the High Sea Fleet after the half-hearted sortie in August, and the subsequent declaration of unrestricted U-boat warfare, points unmistakably to the adoption of a new naval policy in which offensive action by the main fleet had no place. On these grounds British historians have a strong case for claiming the Battle of Jutland as a strategical success of the first importance.

II

As for the battle itself, it is now possible with the aid of diagrams, time-tables, and other data to follow the movements of the contending fleets with some precision. It is not until we approach the incidents of the mighty drama that we find ourselves groping in a fog. Of the two distinct stages into which the action was divided, it is with the first that we are

chiefly concerned. The British Battle Cruiser Fleet, consisting of six battle cruisers and four battleships, under the command of Admiral Beatty, met and engaged Admiral Hipper's First Scouting Group of five battle cruisers. Upon sighting the foe, Beatty proceeded to close as rapidly as possible. His four battleships, being somewhat slower, were several miles astern, and he did not wait for them. Had he done so he would have had a numerical superiority of two to one, and his artillery would have been reënforced by thirty-two 15-inch guns, the heaviest and most accurate naval weapons in existence at that time. As it was, these splendid ships (Queen Elizabeth class) were left far behind, and though eventually they did come into action at extreme range, the distance at first was too great for effective shooting. Beatty's reasons for going into the fight without his battleships have never been disclosed. Probably, however, he feared that if he waited for these ships the Germans would take advantage of the respite to make their escape. His decision to strike while the opportunity occurred is applauded by the majority of naval critics.

Both sides opened fire simultaneously at a range of 16,500 yards. As the two lines were converging at full speed, the distance between them diminished rapidly. The British battle cruisers had been expressly designed for long-range fighting, in accordance with the ideas of Lord Fisher. They had less armor protection than the German ships of their class, but their guns, besides being heavier, had a higher angle of elevation (20 degrees), and could therefore outshoot the lighter German weapons, which had an extreme elevation of 16 degrees. Nor was this all. As the collective speed of the British squadron was at least one knot above that of the German force, it lay in Beatty's power to choose and maintain his own battle range. Had he elected to fight at 19,000 yards, the Germans would have had to endure a cannonade to which they could not reply. True, the number of hits scored at this immense distance must have been small, but the very fact of being subjected to punishment without the possibility of retaliation would have had a depressing effect on the German crews.

Beatty, however, did not choose to fight at extreme range. Relying, apparently, on the superior weight of his gunfire, he closed to within 14,000 yards. This gave the German gunners a chance of which they made the most. They fired with the utmost rapidity and with an accuracy to which Lord Jellicoe has paid full tribute. Fifteen minutes after the first shot had been discharged the Indefatigable, at the tail of the British line, was hit by two successive salvos and blew up with a tremendous explosion. Her destroyer was the Von der Tann, a smaller ship armed only with 11-inch guns. A few minutes earlier Beatty's own flagship, Lion, had narrowly escaped the same fate. A shell detonating in one of her turrets touched off some powder cartridges, the flash from which must have penetrated to the magazines had not the dying turret officer given with his last breath the order to close the communicating doors. Disaster next overtook the Queen Mary, a larger and more powerful vessel than the Indefatigable. She, too, was hit by several full salvos, and blew up with practically all hands. Two of Beatty's six battle cruisers had now been lost, while his opponents had received only superficial damage.

The German sailors who had seen these two great enemy battle cruisers explode, as they put it, 'like powder casks,' while their own ships had

scarcely been touched, may well have deemed themselves invincible. As for the British, if the sudden blotting out of two of their finest ships had disconcerted them they gave no sign of it. While yet a pall of smoke hid the grave of the Queen Mary, and débris was still descending in showers, her consorts raced past the spot with undiminished speed, their guns firing as steadily as before. It was a triumph of morale and discipline, but it should not blind us to the sinister aspect of the tragedy. Why should these great ships, upon whose construction the highest technical skill had been lavished, succumb to punishment far less severe than they had been designed to withstand? This is a question to which the British histories supply no answer. It is, apparently, thought undesirable for national reasons to dwell upon the subject. The destruction of the Indefatigable and the Queen Mary, followed by that of a third and similar ship, the Invincible, in identical circumstance, is merely ascribed to 'lucky hits.'

There is, however, no real reason for shirking an inquiry into the facts. On the contrary, the national interest would benefit by their free ventilation. A modern battleship is valuable national property. It represents a cash investment of anything up to $40,000,000; it is at once the floating home and the fortress of more than a thousand trained officers and men, whose fate is bound up with that of their ship; and upon the efficiency of this great vessel the destiny of the nation may one day depend. That naval warfare had become far more deadly since the introduction of high explosives was realized long before Jutland. But few can have foreseen the appalling destructiveness of this new agency against ships inadequately prepared for its assault. That the Germans had a clearer perception than the British of the material elements of naval attack and defense is revealed by the careful attention they paid to such problems before the war. Where the British spent a pound on practical experiments, the Germans spent ten. No German battleship was laid down until the salient features of her design had been experimentally tried out. When torpedo and mine developments brought into prominence the problem of protecting ships from underwater attack, the Germans did not rest until they had evolved a thoroughly efficient method of defense. Then they proceeded to test it by building, at vast expense, a full-sized target representing part of the underwater section of a battleship. This was attacked under every conceivable circumstance, and the experience so derived was incorporated in new ships. The result was that the subsurface protection of German battleships was definitely superior to that of their British contemporaries.

It was the British custom to design ships with an eye to existing dock accommodation. In other words, new ships were built to fit old docks, in consequence of which their dimensions, and particularly their breadth, had to be circumscribed, so that less room was available for protective devices below the waterline. The Germans, on the other hand, gave their ships the measurements imposed by considerations of safety, and then built new docks to take the new ships. There is no doubt that consciousness of the vulnerability of his ships to torpedo attack influenced Admiral Jellicoe's movements on the day of Jutland. He knew, or feared, that whereas his own dreadnoughts were liable to be disabled by a single torpedo, it would probably take several such blows to cripple one of the enemy's vessels. In the event, however, torpedoes did not cause much damage

at Jutland. The big gun proved infinitely more formidable. Of the six large British ships that were lost, the Indefatigable, Queen Mary, Invincible, and Defense all exploded suddenly, before their waterline armor had been pierced; the Black Prince was set ablaze by a torrent of shell at point-blank range, and blew up in a few minutes; the Warrior was so badly knocked about that she became waterlogged and had to be abandoned, though not until hours after the fight. Clearly, therefore, the defective point in these ships lay somewhere in the vicinity of their magazines, and not in their system of waterline protection.

It is now possible to throw new light on the circumstances attending their destruction. The first instance of a ship exploding occurred quite early in the war, when the British cruiser Good Hope, flagship of Admiral Cradock, blew up during the action off Coronel. Unfortunately there were no survivors to describe what had happened, but the explosion itself was observed from another British vessel present. Its true inwardness does not appear to have been appreciated at the time, either in Britain or in Germany. But an incident that occurred three months later was destined to prove of incalculable benefit to Germany. In the Dogger Bank action of January 24, 1915, the German battle cruiser Seydlitz received a hit which set fire to some cartridges in the after turret. The flames spread to the next turret, both positions were completely burned out, and 150 men perished in the holocaust. But for the presence of mind of an officer, who promptly flooded the after magazines, the ship would certainly have gone up in one tremendous explosion, just as the Queen Mary and other British vessels did at Jutland.

When the Seydlitz returned to port a board of experts was appointed to probe the matter. In the after compartments of the ship, which were converted for the nonce into a well-equipped laboratory, numerous tests were made to determine the best method of protecting the powder charges from ignition in the event of a flash reaching the magazine. The measures ultimately taken remain to this day a German secret, but of their absolute efficacy there can be no question. In the Jutland action at least three German ships received hits precisely similar to those which proved fatal to the British battle cruisers. The Derfflinger, Lützow, and Seydlitz each had two turrets disabled by powder fires, but in every case the powder burned without exploding. In the British ships such fires almost invariably developed into explosions, causing the complete destruction of the vessel concerned. But for that single hit on the Seydlitz eighteen months before, it is not merely possible but extremely probable that the three German ships mentioned would each have disappeared in an eruption of flame and smoke.

III

It was the misfortune of the British that they did not have access to the vital knowledge which their rivals turned to such good account. Not until after Jutland were similar preventive measures adopted for British men-of-war. Special valves were then fitted to the ammunition hoists to prevent flashes from penetrating to the magazines, the powder charges were kept in asbestos bags until they reached the guns, and the routine of fire drill was modified.

But while due allowance must be made for the German advantage in this respect, it does not of itself explain the disparity in the losses suffered by the contending fleets. So pronounced

was the British superiority in weight of gunfire that, had the shooting been equally good on both sides, nothing could have saved the greater part of the High Sea Fleet from annihilation. The Grand Fleet mounted a total of 344 heavy guns. Two hundred of these were of 15-inch and 13.5-inch calibre, firing shells of 1920 and 1250 pounds respectively. The remaining 144 guns were 12-inch, discharging 850-pound shells. The Germans had 244 guns all told, the heaviest being a 12-inch piece that fired a shell less than half the weight of the British 15-inch projectile. Forty per cent of the German guns were of 11-inch calibre only, and half of these again were of an old-fashioned model. In aggregate weight of broadside fire the Grand Fleet's preponderance was at least two to one.

But mere weight is of no avail unless the marksmanship is good. In view of the data now accessible it is impossible to resist the conclusion that German shooting in the first stage of the battle was superior to the British. Whether this superiority was due to better optical instruments, which play an indispensable part in long-range practice, to better guns, powder, and shells, to more advanced principles of training, or to a combination of all these factors, can only be surmised. What we do know is that the German guns registered many more hits than the British, and that almost every hit they made was devastating. Salvo firing was the rule in both fleets, but the methods were different. The British endeavored to enlarge the danger zone by 'spreading' the projectiles of each salvo, so that when four shots were discharged together they fell at a considerable distance from each other. This, of course, increases the chances of hitting, but only by single shells. Now the Germans made a point of 'bunching' their salvos; the dispersion of the projectiles was very small, and if the aim was true all four would land on the target with one tremendous impact. This is what happened when the British battle cruisers were hit.

We owe practically all our knowledge of the gunnery results at Jutland to German historians, this being a phase of the action on which the British versions are decidedly vague. Captain Punt, of the Berlin Admiralty, states that during the battle-cruiser engagement the British received thirty-six hits and the Germans only ten. Moreover, two of the British ships were sunk, while on the German side not a single gun was put out of action. Captain Paschen, who was gunnery officer of the Lützow in the battle, has this to say: 'The British have always maintained that our fire was invariably rapid and accurate in the beginning, but that it soon fell off and became wild, while their own shooting, though slow in finding the range, remained steady and precise throughout. Nevertheless, neither the Lion nor the Princess Royal made a single hit on us between 6.20 and 7.23 P.M., and scored only three hits altogether in ninety minutes. Within the same period both ships, by their own admission, received a total of twelve hits.'

The German shells, in spite of their comparatively light weight, proved infinitely more destructive than the heavier British projectiles. The German type of shell, like every other item of equipment in the German fleet, was the outcome of prolonged research and experiment. A full account of the process has since been published in the German technical press. Steel of an exceptional hardness and toughness formed the body of the shell. It was loaded with a high-explosive aromatic compound, which had first to be 'phlegmatized' to resist the

shock of impact against armor, though without impairing the violence of its disruption when, after penetrating the enemy's armor, the shell was exploded by a delay-action fuse. 'The severity of the problem involved in the production of this type of shell,' writes Commander Kinzel, of the German service, 'may be gauged by the fact that at the date of the Jutland battle the British had not succeeded in solving it. In spite of exhaustive experiments they had been compelled to load their armor-piercing shells almost exclusively with black powder, which although less sensitive was far less efficient than the high-explosive compounds.'

It is notorious that the British shells were defective in penetration and disruptive power. Admiral Jellicoe has written frankly on this subject; nor have his criticisms ever been refuted by Admiralty apologists. The topic, though primarily one of technical interest, has a wider significance. The lesson it teaches is that success in naval warfare, as in other spheres of human activity, depends in large measure on attention to detail. The British navy had the biggest ships and the heaviest guns, but its controllers appear to have lacked the infinite capacity for taking pains which was so marked a feature of the whole German naval organization. 'The want of success at Jutland,' writes Admiral Sir Cecil Lambert, who was a member of the British Admiralty when Jutland was fought, 'was due mainly to the fact that ship for ship, gun for gun, engine for engine, there was a higher standard of efficiency in the German fleet than any which the British could claim. The great asset on which the British admiral could rely was the incomparable personnel of his ships; otherwise it was indeed a melancholy experience to find at the outbreak of war that all the public money which had been expended by Parliament on the assurance that they were getting the best that money and science could provide had produced such meagre results.'

Students of the Jutland campaign still find their researches handicapped on the one hand by departmental reticence and on the other by an element of personal controversy which has even found its way into the official histories. In England we have a 'Beatty school' and a 'Jellicoe school.' The former party, which is most active in presenting its case, represents the engagement as a triumph for the Battle Cruiser Fleet,led by Admiral Beatty. It argues that had Admiral Jellicoe, commanding the main battle fleet, displayed more resolution and given his subordinate closer support, the High Sea Fleet must have been annihilated. Against this it is contended by the partisans of Jellicoe that the fight was rendered indecisive by the faulty leadership and poor gunnery of Beatty's force. The latter, they point out, had already suffered an undeniable reverse before Jellicoe came on the scene, two of its best ships having been sunk and others damaged, without the infliction of any corresponding loss on the enemy.

Such controversial issues need not be pursued here, but it may be of interest to glance at the record of enemy losses appended to Jellicoe's original dispatch, in regard to which there has been much disputation. Among the 'certain losses' claimed were two dreadnoughts, one pre-dreadnought, and one battle cruiser. The British public, dissatisfied with the inconclusive result of the battle, consoled itself for two and a half years with the reflection that the Germans had, in any case, suffered losses far heavier than those they acknowledged. But even this consolation vanished when,

in due course, the High Sea Fleet surrendered for internment, and ships which had long figured in the British list as being at the bottom of the sea were observed to be steaming past with the rest. The only German vessels sunk at Jutland were one battle cruiser, one pre-dreadnought battleship, four light cruisers, and five destroyers — a less imposing list than the official British estimate.

That the table of enemy losses had been compiled in all good faith no one can doubt. In the stress and turmoil of a great sea battle, with hundreds of craft moving at high speed and vision obscured by smoke, spray, and mist, it is almost impossible to establish the fate of individual vessels. The keenest eye may well be deceived. Cruisers may be mistaken for battleships, shell bursts for magazine explosions, and the splash of a salvo for the death throes of a dreadnought. Allowance should be made for such optical illusions, which have been a feature of all naval battles in modern times. But since Admiral Jellicoe has been publicly charged with the responsibility for an apocryphal record of enemy losses, it is worth while to look into this matter. A brief search reveals the interesting fact that a still longer list of 'German losses' was put forward by Admiral Beatty himself. Here is an extract from the dispatch he addressed to the Commander-in-Chief twelve days after the battle: 'A review of all the reports which I have received leads me to form the following estimate of the enemy's losses during the course of the operations described in this report: Sunk, three battle cruisers, two battleships (König or Kaiser class), one Pommern class, two light cruisers, three destroyers.' It would seem, therefore, that the overstatement of German dreadnought losses for which Jellicoe has always been blamed originated in the misleading reports from the Battle Cruiser Fleet, commanded by his subordinate.

The full story of Jutland has yet to be told. Of many incidents, apparently trivial in themselves but full of instruction to those versed in the technique of the subject, the published accounts are vague and conflicting. Doubtless the archives of Whitehall and the Wilhelmstrasse contain very precise intelligence on all these points, and at some future date, when the advancement of naval science has rendered all existing tactical methods obsolete, and when personal reputations have no longer to be considered, the whole truth may be revealed. But it will not be in our time.

RETROSPECT

BY RUTH KATE STOWELL

WHERE are my horses, my jubilant horses,
That distance the uttermost stars in their courses,
That speed past the worlds and strike out star fire
With their pounding hoofs on the purple steeps
Of the midnight sky? A universe leaps
Pebble-like from their tracks as higher and higher
They carry me swift and carry me free
Towards the reddening dawn that was fashioned for me.

Where are my horses, my great-hearted horses,
That sped past the uttermost suns in their courses?
A mist fills the star-strewn paths of the sky.
I see no red dawn. Have I slept? Did I fall?
Why come my swift horses no more at my call?
A vision of fluttering years has passed by.
But what of my horses? Oh, tell me, I pray,
Have riderless dreams galloped this way?

TIGER, TIGER

BY J. M. DEFOSSE

[Many readers of the *Atlantic* will remember the glimpse of M. Defosse which Douglas Burden afforded them, in July 1924, in his paper, 'The Ibex and the Elephant.' Honored by his countrymen as *l'empereur des forêts*, he is one of the two hunting guides in Indo-China, where some twenty years' intimacy with tawny tigers has given him an unrivaled knowledge of their mode of life and an uncanny cunning for compassing their death. 'I had a young American tourist just out of college who stayed only ten days,' writes M. Defosse, 'and as he wanted tigers more than anything else I took him to the east part of the Lagna plains, and there in six days, with one bait, he got three tigers. The first one measured nine feet, eleven inches, between pegs; the second, nine feet, three inches; the third, eight feet, nine inches. The two smaller ones were beautifully colored and marked. In addition to the tigers, he got one wild boar, one peacock, seven hog deer. How is that for a ten-day trip, which, counting three days for traveling there and back, leaves only seven days for real hunting?'

That M. Defosse responds to the throbbing life of the country is very evident. 'The Lagna plains are always the same. The elephants are still roaring for all they are worth every morning; the muddy, deep voices of the crocodiles are still heard as they sport in the river. The hog deer whistle and the peacocks send their liquid call as they spread their beautiful tails on the sand banks. The buffaloes are always grazing on the young grass or wallowing in the pools, and Mr. Tiger lurks in the reeds, seeking whom he may devour. Overhead in the blue hover the kites and the big adjutants, waiting for things to die so that they may live. Fishes splash on the river and in the pools, while hawks fall on them like a flash and fly up with a silvery body writhing in their talons. And all this is not an attempt to make a fine description of something. It is all very real, round me, over me, everywhere within sight or hearing.'

Strange visitors sometimes come to M. Defosse in search of sport; he has even been known to help a lion tamer to catch tigers. 'It would be interesting work if the lion tamer were not such a timid fellow. That man, who is not afraid of entering a cage full of lions, is scared of everything here. He does not dare to stay alone in camp even in the daytime.' Which seems rather Gilbertian.

If any reader is impelled to hunt the tiger in Indo-China, let him take warning and book early, for we learn that 'people are toppling over each other to get first place, and as we are only two guides for the whole country our hands are pretty full.' — The Editors]

I

The tiger of Indo-China is a large, long-limbed, short-haired animal, very much like the Bengal tiger, but lighter-colored. In different parts of the country slight differences in shape, coloring,

and length of hair can be detected — due, I suppose, to climatic conditions and environment.

The weight of a full-grown animal may be anything between 350 and 600 pounds, although exceptionally big beasts will weigh even more. Two tigers of apparently the same size may show a difference in weight of over one hundred pounds, and compared with other animals they are very heavy for their size. I once shot one which four strong men, with poles, could not lift clear of the ground.

A very large tiger will measure three feet ten at the shoulder, with a length of about ten feet and a half from nose to tip of tail. Larger ones have been shot, but any sportsman who kills one with a length of nine feet and a half can boast of having got a fine trophy indeed.

The largest are found in the big plains of tall grass surrounded by thick jungle, where game, water, and cover are plentiful. Their hair is short but fine, and the ground color varies from very light yellow to a reddish brown. The markings also show much diversity. Those living in the swampy jungles near the sea are smaller and thinner; their fur is poor and often mangy or scarred. Since game is scarce, their main food consists of monkeys, wild pigs, and occasionally fish.

Some tigers have broad and well-defined black stripes; others have thin marks close together with some white hairs sprinkled into them. The belly is sometimes pure snow-white, sometimes a dirty-looking sort of whitish gray. I once shot a tiger whose ground color was a bright golden yellow; the belly was pure white and the marking very black and sharp. It was one of the finest skins I ever saw. As a rule the tigress has a finer fur, both in color and length of hair.

With the exception of the more settled places near the larger towns, tigers are distributed all over Indo-China.

In the Lagna plains, owing to the abundance of game, cover, and water, the number of tigers is great. In the dry season, when the grass is short, they are occasionally seen in the daytime roaming about or lying in the cool mud at the edges of the pools. In the higher country, where there are plenty of clearings interspersed with small woods and patches of thick brush, they are also fairly numerous; but in the wide forests of tall timber they are very rare because game is scarce there. On mountains like the Dalat plateau or the Darlac range, there is a good number of tigers; these mountains have many grassy slopes where deer of all kinds are plentiful; and where there is game there is tiger. The thickly wooded mountain ranges contain nothing but monkeys and snakes, and consequently no tigers; in the grassy valleys between the ranges, teeming with wild life, they are certain to be found.

But they are generally shy of man and give him the right of way. That is why one sees so many tracks and so seldom meets the animals. Now and then, to prove the rule by exception, they are very bold and will attack cattle in the daytime, right in front of the herders; they will come in to the villages, notwithstanding fires, dogs, or noise, and try to snatch a pig or a goat. When a tiger loses his natural fear of man to such an extent, he will eventually turn into a man-eater.

A strong, healthy, active tiger will seldom touch cattle where game is plentiful. In the Lagna plains, where tame buffaloes belonging to Mois wander all day long, it is very rare that even a calf is killed. But when a tiger does take to cattle killing, he becomes a nuisance and must be got rid of.

A few years ago a French lumberman came to me complaining that a tiger had killed five of his best buffaloes in a

week, with the result that his work was almost at a standstill. In the forests of Indo-China buffaloes are used to haul timber and they work in teams of five or six pairs. The lumberman asked me to try to get the brute, so I went to his place and found three buffaloes killed outright; two more had been wounded and were dying. I sat all night over one of the kills and the tiger came and fed on it the whole night. But clouds obscured the moon so that I was not able to get a shot, and just before dawn the tiger dragged the remains into a small thick wood. As soon as there was light enough to see my sights, I followed. As I stepped quietly into the wood I caught a glimpse of a huge striped body sneaking away through the bushes, but I could not fire. However, something had to be done, so I went back to the camp and secured a small piece of fresh meat, poisoned it, and put it on the carcass. The next morning that piece of meat was gone, although the carcass remained untouched. With two Mois I followed the spoor for a short time, but lost it on hard ground in thick brush. We beat the bushes for two hours without result. That tiger was never heard of again, nor were the cattle touched after, so I suppose he died in a secluded spot. I do not like using poison, but a man-eater or cattle-killer must be considered as vermin and destroyed by any means, fair or foul.

Unlike the lion, the tiger is usually a very silent animal. The full roar close by in the thick jungle, or in the dark near the camp, is an intimidating sound, and, although a roaring tiger is very seldom dangerous, it is quite likely that the noise will upset the nerves of the novice. When a tiger means business, he comes silently.

Breeding time, between November and January, is about the only time when the tiger's roar is really heard. The young are dropped usually between March and June. I do not know how many are born to a litter, but I have been told five or six. Personally I have never seen more than two or three cubs following a mother, and more often two than three. The cubs are dropped in a clump of thick tall grass or in bamboos, rattans, or rushes, always near some water. They are seldom found, but if one is lucky enough to get them when quite young they are easily reared by hand. Fresh goat's milk is the best food for them, but condensed milk, though far from being as good, has been used with success. As soon as they can eat, finely chopped meat should be given them with a little salt added to it now and then.

A friend of mine, the owner of a small plantation in the Anloc territory, once kept two cubs for three months, and I must tell the story of their capture because it shows such pluck on the part of the Mois who caught them. Two of these men had gone into a swamp to cut rattans when a tigress came out of some thick bushes and charged them with a great show of ferocity, roaring and snarling. She did not push her charge home, however, and as soon as the men fell back she returned to the bushes. The two Mois then crept up slowly to try to discover what was the matter, and she came out just as before, only to retire again to the same bushes. The men ran back to their villages and, having gathered two or three of their fellows, returned to the swamp, armed with crossbows and arrows. As soon as they approached the spot where the tigress lay, out she came, looking nasty; but, seeing herself confronted by five men, she turned back again. As she did so one of the Mois fired an arrow, hitting her just beneath the tail; she faced round immediately and got another arrow in her chest. She then made a real but somewhat blind charge, though more than

half the arrow in her chest was sticking out; as she came on she hit the end of that arrow on a small tree trunk so that it was entirely driven into her chest, reaching the heart. This took all the fight out of her, and turning tail she staggered back into the bushes, pursued by two or three more arrows. After waiting a little the Mois followed her, and once inside the thicket one of them caught sight of something yellowish moving under some rattan palms. He fired an arrow at it and a squeal was heard; at the same time another man saw the tigress lying near by, quite dead. So they walked boldly on and found that what they had seen under the palms was a litter of three cubs lying in a bunch. One of them was dead, transfixed by the arrow. They caught the two others and took the whole lot, dead and alive, to their master, who reared the live cubs on condensed milk diluted with boiled water. He kept them for three months and then sold them to the Duke of Montpensier, but the Duke left them to the care of native servants at the hotel in Saigon and they got diarrhœa and died. The servants were probably careless about boiling the water used to dilute the milk.

II

I have already said that as a rule tigers are shy of man. Some experiences of my own will illustrate my point.

A few years ago I was using as a bait for tigers the carcass of an elephant which I had shot. Early one morning I was creeping past an ant hill toward the blind when a deep growl startled me, and there, on my left, not three yards away, was a big tiger facing me. I brought up my rifle at once, but the animal turned suddenly and with one jump was engulfed in the tall grass.

At another time, while hunting in the Lagna plains, I was coming back to the camp at eleven o'clock in the morning, following a small footpath skirting a large pool. As it was so late in the day, and as the camp was not over three hundred yards away, I did not keep a sharp lookout. In fact I was walking without looking ahead at all, but with my eyes on some waterfowl disporting themselves on the pond. Suddenly an angry snarl startled me, and right before my face rose the huge head and chest of a tiger, so close that I could have struck him with my fist. I jumped back immediately, keeping my face toward the brute and disengaging my gun, which was hanging from my shoulder by the strap. The tiger could have caught me by reaching out with his paws, but he also jumped back and started running away through a fairly open space. I fired then, and an angry growl told me that I had hit, but he went on and disappeared in a bamboo thicket. I came back to the spot in the afternoon with a party of Mois and we took the blood trail, but the tiger, after crossing the patch of bamboos, had got in a flooded jungle, and, the blood giving out, it was soon impossible to track him any farther.

One day some natives came to tell me that one of their bullocks had just been killed. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon, and I went immediately to the spot, not over one mile from my house. There I found that the tiger had killed the bullock in a clearing and then dragged it into a thick wood near by. I followed up with five or six Mois and we discovered the carcass only a few yards inside the thicket. We pulled it back into the open and I remained sitting behind some bushes with one of the natives, having sent the others back, talking loudly as they went. Usually when a kill is dragged back into the open the tiger comes as soon as he thinks that the ground is clear, following the tracks made by the

carcass, and I expected this one to do so. I was facing the direction from which I felt pretty certain he would come. Behind me and on both sides was grass about three feet high, so that with the bushes in front and grass all round I was well hidden when sitting on the ground. I had been in that position for about half an hour when some big black ants coming from a neighboring ant hill started crawling up my leggings. I stood up quietly to brush them off, leaning my rifle against the bush in front, when a deep growl coming from right behind my back made me turn round quickly, and there was the tiger — a big brute he was, too — standing not seven yards away, looking at me. I slowly reached down for my rifle, but with another angry snarl the animal went off at a gallop, and all I could see was his head showing up over the grass now and then as he made for the wood. I risked a shot, but it was hopeless. If I had not happened to get up to shake off the black ants, that tiger would have walked straight on top of me.

III

Man-eating tigers are not common in Indo-China, but they occur now and then. An old tiger, no longer active enough to catch game, will through pressure of hunger turn at last to man and, finding what easy prey a human being is, will keep on hunting him, sometimes with an appalling regularity. A tiger disabled by a severe wound, such as a broken leg, will also turn man-eater. It is said that young tigers deprived of their mother before they are big enough to fare for themselves may turn man-eaters, and that they are the most terrible of all, as they lose their fear of man entirely, while their strength increases all the time.

In 1905, when the railroad between Saigon and Thanthiet was being built, a man-eating tiger effectually stopped work for nearly three weeks at the point where Suôi-Kiêt station now stands. During that time twenty-two men were killed, most of them being carried off and devoured. The brute was very bold and at night would break through the huts where the coolies slept. He attacked also in broad daylight while the men were at work, with the result that nearly all of them ran away, leaving only the French staff on that section of the line. Breaking into a small hut one night, he caught one coolie sleeping, and at the same time unknowingly stepped on another. He carried off the first man, and in the morning the second one was found dead on the floor, with just one claw mark on his neck, where the artery had been cut, probably when the tiger stepped on him to snatch his other victim.

Another time he tried to break into the house of one of the French surveyors. This man was a big fat fellow and not by any means a tiger hunter. His wife, a big fat lady, was with him. For two hours the tiger walked up and down the verandah, sniffing at the doors and trying to break in here and there, while husband and wife, scared to death, kept him off by shouting and lighting all the lamps and candles they could lay their hands on. They also called to the native servants, who were in an outhouse near by, to come and drive the brute away. But the servants did not care for that kind of sport. At last the tiger turned toward the outhouse, which was much more lightly built than the house itself. A dreadful scream was heard and then all was quiet. When morning came two of the three servants were found shivering on the roof; the third was gone. Some blood and his brains spread on the ground showed that his head had been crushed in the tiger's grip. The next day the surveyor went back to Saigon

and applied to his chief to be removed to another spot — a request which was granted.

A few years later another man-eater made his appearance in the vicinity of a large Moi village, Vô Dat, near the Lagna plains. That tiger killed eighteen of the villagers in less than one month. He caught some of them at night, breaking into the houses, but the greater number were seized while on the trails or at work in the fields. A woman was killed while she was walking behind a bullock cart loaded with paddy. She had her baby strapped across her back, Moi fashion, with a blanket loosely tied in front. The tiger jumped on her and she fell, but the blanket got loose and the baby rolled on the ground. The mother was carried off, but the child was found, unhurt, by a party of men who came up a few minutes later. The bullock-cart driver had not seen or heard anything. The baby was brought back to the village and he is a big, strong boy now; he can boast of having had a narrow escape indeed.

This same man-eater was at last wounded by a party of Laotians who were hunting in the Lagna plains near that Moi village. Three of them were looking for deer; only one of them had a gun, an old muzzle-loading flintlock, and he shot a hog deer at the edge of a large pool. The two other men set about cutting up the deer, one of the two squatting and holding it on its back and the other one using the knife. The man with the gun was standing by with his piece unloaded. Suddenly a huge tiger came out of the belt of rushes surrounding the pool and seized the fellow squatting behind the deer; the man with the knife immediately stood up and with great courage planted his weapon between the tiger's shoulders. Either the point of the knife was blunt or the blow was not hard enough, for it did not penetrate very deep. The tiger then hurled himself on the man who had wounded him, who struck again, but the knife glanced off the shoulder blade, making a long, shallow wound, and the poor fellow fell on the ground, where the brute made short work of him. The man with the gun ran away with his still-unloaded weapon, and that is how the story was known.

Fifteen days later I was hunting in that very spot and shot two wild buffaloes near the pool where the two Laotians had been killed. Returning there early next morning with some coolies to skin the dead buffaloes, I saw at a distance a big tiger feeding on one of the carcasses. Leaving the coolies behind, I crept up to within fifty yards and shot him. He was very large and his head was enormous, but he was thin and his wounds were in a very bad state and full of worms. The skin was covered with scars and the hair was falling off in patches. It was useless to try to save that skin, so I took the head and the claws and left the rest for the vultures. From that day to this no Moi has been killed by tigers in that village.

Natives have a great respect for the tiger at all times and will always call him *ông* (sir) when mentioning him. They have many superstitions connected with the animal. For instance, they believe that when asleep the tiger hears all that is said about him; therefore it behooves men not to say nasty things about the striped gentleman, or revenge may overtake the offenders. Luckily when the tiger wakes up he usually yawns and stretches his limbs, and in so doing forgets all he has heard in his sleep. The Mois also believe that a man-eater is not always a real tiger, but an old sorcerer from a hostile tribe who transforms himself to bring destruction upon them. They affirm that such a tiger will come at night outside the houses and, talking like a man, will lure the villagers out and kill them.

IV

There has been much controversy among sportsmen about the way a tiger kills his prey. Very few people have ever seen a tiger actually make his kill, and from an isolated instance it is impossible to infer that the thing is always done the same way. It depends, first, on the kind of animal the tiger has to deal with — whether it is a buffalo, a bullock, a deer, or a small beast such as a dog, a pig, or a goat; secondly, on the kind of ground — whether it is thick jungle, tall timber, thorny shrubs, open grass, hard ground, soft mud, or water; last, but not least, on the tiger himself — whether he is big, heavy, strong, full-grown, old, or young.

The old-time belief that the tiger springs from a distance, landing on top of his prey with a graceful trajectory, must be discarded. The usual method is to stalk an animal as close as possible, using any cover that may be handy, and then, with a final rush, seize it by the throat, or the fore quarters, or more often the hind quarters, and throw it down. The jaws are then fastened in the throat, if they are not already there, until death follows. But this method is not an absolute rule by any means; it differs greatly according to the kind of animal the tiger attacks. A small beast, such as a pig, dog, or goat, is usually seized by the nape of the neck, sometimes by the middle of the back.

I once lost three dogs out of four while hunting deer, and all of them had been bitten through the back. There were no claw marks on any of them, only the deep fang holes; the tiger must have caught them as a cat catches a mouse. In thick scrub the tiger will often seize a bullock or a cow by the hind quarters, grabbing the rump with his forepaws and biting through the spine, while his hind feet on the ground act as braces.

A long-horned animal like the buffalo is never attacked in front, but always from behind, the tiger seizing the rump or biting the hind legs to hamstring the animal. As soon as his victim is down, he always fastens his jaws in the throat.

I was once an eyewitness of a fight between a tiger and a buffalo on the edge of the Lagna plains, where, accompanied by three natives, I was looking for deer. A herd of tame buffaloes, under the care of some native boys, was grazing near a large swamp. Suddenly there was a commotion among the herd and the scattered buffaloes started running toward the plain, where they gathered in a bunch and stopped, looking toward the swamp. We then saw a big buffalo bull coming out of the rushes, followed by a large tiger who was biting his hind legs, for all the world like a dog biting a sheep. Every time the buffalo wheeled round to get at his enemy, the tiger turned with him, always keeping behind and tearing at the legs.

We started running toward the spot, which was about three or four hundred yards from us, but the tiger saw us and left his victim, which by that time had fallen to its knees. The little boy herders were yelling for all they were worth. When we got near the buffalo, we saw that the hamstring had been almost severed, but there were no other marks of any kind on the body. The poor beast tried to get up, but could hardly move. When the owner arrived I asked him to let me shoot it and use it as bait, but he would not hear of it; he thought that he might save his buffalo, but I knew it was hopeless. He and a few other natives dragged the animal to a small pool near by, and left it in the water while a little boy was sent to cut some grass to feed it.

The following night the tiger came

back and walked up and down the mud bank of the pool for a long time, as the tracks showed the next morning, but he did not dare to attack the buffalo in the water. He did the same thing on the second night, and the next day the buffalo died. The third night the tiger dragged the carcass to the bank and devoured part of it. The nearest cover was over three hundred yards away and I went there in the morning, hoping to see the tiger in the daytime and to be able to crawl within reasonable shooting distance while he was feeding. He came back three times, but I was unable to get near enough without being detected. When night came I tried to get him with the headlight, but he was too smart for me. The following day I decided to try a shot at three hundred yards, and I took my 250–3000 Savage rifle, which has a very high velocity and a very flat trajectory. At about nine o'clock the tiger showed up and, coming to the kill, sat down on his haunches like a dog, looking slowly round and facing my way. Lying down, I aimed carefully for the chest and knocked him over.

A man walking is nearly always caught from behind, and instantly killed, the neck being broken or the head crushed with one bite of the powerful jaws. Men lying round a camp fire or in huts may be seized by any part of the body; some, alive and screaming, have been dragged away by a leg or a shoulder. The tiger kills them as soon as he thinks himself at a safe distance.

Tigers are not invariably victors in their attacks on strong animals. Some have been known to be killed by buffaloes or sladangs, and others have been ripped open by wild boars. An old boar is an ugly customer when enraged or fighting for its life.

A tiger always drags his prey under cover if he can do so, and sometimes to a considerable distance from where he killed it. Even a buffalo weighing nearly a ton is pulled through thick, thorny brush, over logs, down and up the banks of deep ravines.

In the case of a heavy kill, such as a cow, a horse, or a buffalo, the tiger pulls it stepping backward. A deer or a calf is pulled alongside the tiger as he walks through the jungle. A small animal, such as a goat, a pig, or a dog, is carried in very much the same manner as a rat is carried by a cat. I have never seen a tiger carrying his victim on his back and I do not see how he could do so without its falling at every step. Many and careful observations of the spoors have never indicated that this manner of carrying prey has been used by the tigers in Indo-China.

V

It has been said, and I think it is a widespread belief, that a tiger always eats his meat when high and not before. But if a tiger happens to stumble on the bait when it is still fresh, he will start on it without waiting five minutes.

A tiger almost invariably starts feeding on the hind quarters of his kill, and very seldom, if ever, touches the entrails. A leopard, on the contrary, tears the belly open and starts on the guts. It is therefore easy to guess what kind of cat the killer is, even when the telltale pad marks are not visible on the ground.

Another of the tiger's traits is his wonderful cleverness at hiding. A tiger's skin made into a carpet seems gaudy enough, and one would think that the bright yellow, black, and white would be very showy. Yet they blend so well in the jungle that a tiger standing motionless in a bush so thin that one could see a squirrel in it is almost impossible to detect. The only thing that betrays him sometimes

is the slow waving of his black-and-white tail.

Once I was tracking a big banting bull, and the spoor was just skirting a bit of jungle about thirty yards wide when I felt a slight touch on my shoulder. The Moi walking behind me had caught sight of a large tiger standing in that jungle not fifteen yards away. I looked in the direction in which he was pointing, but could not see anything; my eyes, scanning every bush, passed two or three times over what I took for a dead rattan palm, to which I did not pay any attention. The Moi was getting excited. 'There! There!' he whispered. 'He is looking at us.' But still I could not make out anything. At last I caught sight of a black-and-white thing moving slowly to and fro. It was the tail of the tiger; then, of course, I saw the outline of the body, and the whole animal was soon clearly defined, and I realized that the dry rattan palm was nothing less than the tiger himself.

The wounds inflicted by tigers are always dangerous. A mere scratch can bring death in a short time. The reason for this is that the tiger is a dirty feeder, eating his kill as long as it lasts, even when it is in the last stage of putrefaction, filling his claws with a poison of the most virulent form. I have seen buffaloes die in twenty-four hours from a very slight wound.

One of the men wounded by the man-eater of Suôi Kiêt had only one bite, in the thigh, and that not very deep. I saw him waiting for the train to go to the hospital. He was joking and laughing with some other coolies and he told me that he did not feel any pain. His wound had been disinfected and bandaged by one of the French surveyors and he could walk easily without help. Yet he died in the afternoon of the next day, a few hours after his arrival in the hospital.

A Frenchman was terribly mauled in the leg and foot by a wounded tiger and it was necessary to cut his leg off at the knee. Two months later all seemed well and he was sent back to France. But on arriving at Marseilles blood poisoning set in and his whole thigh had to be amputated quickly. He lived, but was a helpless cripple for life.

When hunting tigers it is well always to have iodine or some other strong disinfectant handy, and one must not be afraid of enlarging the wound if necessary — when the thing is possible, of course.

VI

To hunt tigers with any hope of success it is essential to know something about the habits of the animals. A raw hand can get deer or wild pigs by just walking through the jungle; he might even stumble on bantings, sladangs, or elephants, although this does not occur often; but he will probably never see a tiger, at least in such a way as to get a shot.

It is by taking advantage of some of the tiger's habits that it is possible to circumvent him, and to do so is not so difficult as one might imagine. For instance, it is a well-known fact that a tiger will come to feed on a dead animal in the jungle if he can find it. Out of that knowledge sprang the method of shooting tigers by putting out dead baits in likely spots. This is a very successful method and almost the only one used in Indo-China. After a likely place has been chosen, the bait, usually an old bullock or a buffalo, is killed and fastened by the neck to a tree trunk with a thick wire, or, better, a steel cable. The bait should always be placed in fairly thick jungle where the trees give good cover overhead. This is to prevent the vultures from seeing and spoiling it. Also plenty of cover all round gives the tiger more confidence,

and he will come more readily in the daytime. A *boma* is then built at a short distance. The boma is a sort of cage about four feet high and large enough for one man to sit in comfortably. It is made of strong poles tied together with rattan. Four posts are driven into the ground and the poles, cut to the proper length, are then placed crossways at a distance of a few inches from each other. Then the whole thing is carefully camouflaged with palms and green branches in such a way that when it is completed it looks just like a dense bush. A small peephole is left in front to watch and shoot through, and a door at the back allows the hunter to crawl inside. The door is then shut and camouflaged as carefully as the rest. In the rainy season a roof can be built overhead. A small path is cut through the jungle, and the dry leaves and dead twigs are carefully brushed off to prevent any noise when one comes to visit the bait. At the end of the path, at about twenty yards from the kill, a blind is built to cover the hunter's approach. Early every morning the bait is visited to see if it has been touched overnight. If by any chance a tiger is found still feeding on it, he is shot from the blind. If, on the other hand, the bait has been touched and the tiger has left, the hunter gets into the boma and stays there to wait for the animal to come back. A tiger nearly always visits the bait several times during the day, unless he suspects that a man is near by. It is useless to stay in the boma as long as the bait has not been touched. But when the smell is strong and carries at a good distance, it will pay sometimes to visit the kill in the evening, just before dark.

Dead elephants make splendid baits when shot in a good tiger country, even when shot in the open. In this case they should not be cut open, or the vultures will spoil them. Some people prefer a platform built on a tree to a boma on the ground. They feel safer there. They are safe, but a boma is much better for the shot and one is not so likely to be detected as on a platform. I have never heard of accidents happening in bomas.

Of course the best shot of all is from the blind as one comes up early in the morning and finds the tiger still feeding on the bait. There is nothing between the hunter and the animal but a flimsy bush, and the knowledge that there may be real danger appeals to a man's sense of sportsmanship. Three things are necessary in hunting tigers: a bait, a rifle, and plenty of patience. A restless, nervous, impatient man had better give it up.

Another of the tiger's habits is to use the trails, footpaths, and cart roads at night. Sitting in a tree alongside such a trail, night after night when the moon is bright, one may get a shot in the end, but it is weary work and the mosquitoes as well as the heavy dew make it unpleasant. Moreover shooting with a rifle by moonlight, almost straight down from a tree, is very unsatisfactory, and more tigers are missed or wounded than killed in that way.

In the Lagna plains, in the middle of the day when the sun is very hot, tigers may be seen lying on the cool mud at the edge of the pools. They even lie down in the water, with only their heads showing. By going slowly from one pool to another one can sometimes get a shot.

Sometimes live baits are used, as in some parts of India. A bullock, a cow, or a buffalo is tied up near a trail where tigers are known to pass at night, and a boma or a platform is built at a short distance. But this kind of sport is very disappointing in Indo-China, and one has to wait for a long time before a kill is made.

A certain number of tigers are shot at night by men using a headlight, a kind of searchlight, usually an acetylene lamp like a bicycle lantern, with a lens throwing a bright beam in front. This is fixed on a hat and worn on the head. It is used chiefly for hunting deer; the animals' eyes reflect the light and shine like glowworms. All there is to do is to put a bullet between those two bright spots. Now and then a tiger may be shot that way, but not often. In twenty years I have killed only eight tigers while hunting with the searchlight, and except in two or three cases I did not even know I was firing at tigers until I saw the animals dead on the ground. It is hardly possible to tell the difference between sambhur eyes and tiger eyes at night. A remark in passing. It is commonly believed that the eyes of a tiger shine naturally in the dark. This is not so. No mammal has phosphorescent eyes. There must be some light reflected by the animal's retina and this light must be behind the observer. When sitting by a camp fire one can occasionally see eyes shining in the dark if one is looking out in the direction away from the fire. It may be a tiger, but it may just as well be a dog or a civet cat or even one of the camp animals, — horse, mule, or bullock, — and one should be careful about shooting if one is not absolutely sure to what kind of animal those eyes belong. On a moonlit night animals' eyes may shine faintly if the moon is behind the observer. The animals with the brightest eyes are the civet cats, mongooses, weasels, and others of the marten family.

When scouting for tiger signs one should not fail to look for 'marked trees' — that is, for trees slashed with claw marks. These marks are visible up to a height of from six to eight feet, thus giving an idea of the size of the tiger. The number and the different degrees of freshness of the marks show whether or not that particular spot is much or little frequented. Fallen trees may also be used by tigers to 'sharpen' their claws. I know a log near the Lagna River which the Mois call the 'scratching log.' It is entirely covered with claw marks; there is not the smallest space on it without a scratch.

Driving tigers with elephants is not practised in Indo-China. Tame elephants are very little used here and it would be impossible to collect a sufficient number of them to organize big drives like the tiger hunts of India.

A question often asked is, 'What sort of rifle is best for tigers?' My answer is, 'Any modern high-power rifle.' If you are a good shot and your nerves are steady, a small bore or a medium-sized bore is the best, as such a weapon is light, short, easily and quickly manageable. If you are an indifferent shot and subject to 'buck ague,' use a heavy bore such as a .450 and trust to luck. Whatever the size of your gun, always remember that accuracy is the main thing and that the weapon which knocks down any animal, hit anywhere, has not yet been invented. From the boma, where you have plenty of time, and where the range is always short, take the head shot — between the eyes if the tiger is facing you; at the base of the ear if he is sideways. When it is not possible to take the head shot, or at long range, aim for the middle of the neck or the centre of the shoulder. Do not shoot behind the shoulder, for it is then five to one that you will hit too far back, your bullet passing through the stomach. Such a wound will enrage the tiger, and if he does not charge at once it will be very dangerous to follow him up in the thick cover where he always takes refuge. The vital parts are between the shoulders,

and that is where the bullet must go. It should be remembered that even a shot through the heart seldom stops an animal on the spot. Tigers have been known to run over one hundred yards with their hearts torn to pieces. The same thing is true with deer, wild boars, and other animals. I remember the case of a young officer who was killed by a tiger he had shot through the heart, the brute dying across his body. Take the head shot whenever you can do so, and never fire at a tiger until you are quite sure of the part of him you are shooting at. When a tiger falls instantly after the shot, or, when following up, you see him lying apparently dead, never rush blindly toward him. Walk slowly, with your rifle ready, and do not hesitate to put in another bullet if you see the slightest movement. It may save your life.

MORE LIGHT!—AND POWER TOO

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

With increasing intensity, and particularly during the last two years, there has been a marked tendency toward the growth of great electric light and power systems all over the United States. The number of new small independent plants seems to be keeping pace with the growth of the country; but the overpowering impulse of efficiency and economy is putting an ever-increasing number of the important central power stations, first into closely coördinated tributary systems of their own, and secondly into widespread interconnection one with another. Plainly visible and also down out of sight, a boiling, seething corporate rearrangement is taking place. A quarter, in fact, of the aggregate capitalization of the electric light and power industry was affected one way or the other by this movement during 1925. One reorganization alone involved $200,000,000, three over $125,000,000, and twenty-one were in excess of $25,000,000 of capitalization. So far has the movement progressed at this writing that five of the largest holding companies control 43 per cent of the national central station output.

I

The advantages of holding-company organization have been persistently and elaborately set before the public for a decade. They are substantial and convincing up to a certain point. Mere recapitulation must suffice, particularly to indicate that practically each merit has its attendant defect, by virtue of the abiding motive of self-interest. The distinction between sheer operating functions and those appertaining to finance, as well as the difference between engineering, technical, and business activities, must be continually kept in mind. Types shade into one another. But, by and large, the following are the obviously serviceable attributes: —

Holding companies afford a wide distribution of business risk, although the extraordinary inherent stability of

earning power, said to be independent of prosperity or depression, somewhat minimizes the relative importance of this advantage. Secondly, more skillful administration, both on the business and on the technical side, at low cost, through coöperative effort; perhaps best illustrated by the first-class organization of the Electric Bond and Share Company. On the business side, the purchase of supplies at wholesale. Large-scale centralized financing, by volume rather than piecemeal, through this high-powered vehicle of finance — sometimes, as it appears, a bit over-engined. Economies in power production through provision of large central stations, with interconnection for minimizing investment to meet peak load or emergency. Concentrated and more effective public relationships, dealing with regulatory bodies and consumers, publicity flying squadrons, or more competent legal staffs.

Unquestionably, also, as in the formation of the Engineers Public Service Company, there is greater defensive power for resisting the stock-purchasing onslaught of competitors. As the companies stand back to back, perhaps in closed-up, trust formation, like the New England Power Association, there is safety in numbers against attack. And finally it is alleged that subsidiary properties can be rearranged more readily: buying and selling corporations — passing them, that is to say, from hand to hand. A mere statement of these advantages will suffice to call to mind the shadow cast by each. The dean of the industry, Mr. Samuel Insull, defines the holding corporation's task thus: 'to strengthen and guide the local companies.' Guidance raises the question of direction, too — merely another way of stating that every virtue has its attendant vice. And of course one may also register the query in general as to how far many of these advantages are peculiar to the holding corporation, not being attainable through downright merger in single corporate units.

Having viewed the face of the coin, reverse it and give thought to certain defects of the holding corporation, glaringly in evidence at the moment. Herewith are two typical public-utility hierarchies, large and small, illustrative of modernist extension practice in the field of public utilities.

1. Financial interests, Hulswit & Company, Managers, control
2. United Light & Power Company (Md.), owning all stock of
3. United Light & Railways Company (Del.), owning 95 per cent of common stock of
4. Continental Gas & Electric Corporation (Del.), owning majority common and preferred stock of
5. Kansas City Power Securities Corporation (Ill.), owning all (under trust agreement) of
6. Kansas City Power & Light Company (Mo.), owning all common stock of
7. Kansas City Light & Power Company and Edison Electric Light & Power Company (Mo.?)

This group comprises eighteen gas, light, and power companies, and central heating, artificial ice, cold storage, street and interurban railway, and subsidiary merchandising companies, serving a population of 1,725,000 people.

1. North American Light & Power Company (Me.), owning all preferred and common stock of
2. North American Light & Power Corporation (Del.), owning all the common stock of
3. Illinois Traction Company (Me.), owning, directly and indirectly, all common stock of
4. Illinois Power & Light Corporation (Ill.), owning all stock of
5. Kansas Public Service Company (Me.), owning all capital stock of
6. Kansas Power & Light Company (Kas.), controlling
7. Union Power Company (Kas.?), owning stock of the small operating companies about Topeka, Kansas

This is a small company, serving only 300 municipalities, with 285,000 people, for gas and electric light, together with 800 miles of electric railway. There are no gaps in ownership of total capitalization from top to bottom.

In the days before corporate jazz, the Rock Island Railway set-up of 1900, which imposed two holding companies upon the operating property, was regarded as downright scandalous. But that was almost a generation ago. Here we have six piled one on top of another, and the practice is so common as to arouse no gossip whatsoever. It will be noted, furthermore, that these heaped-up concerns are not loosely held by ownership of a bare majority of stock. That feature is a phase of concentration of control. This one, characterized by heaped-up corporations bound together by ownership of all the stock, is distinctively an American development. Nor can the phenomenon be fairly laid upon the doorstep of the industry itself. It is an outcome of our federal form of government, and of the conditions under which these companies, pursuing their 'tramp and bauble existence,' — to borrow a phrase from the Supreme Court of Kansas, — are spawned. The keynote is found in the variety of states, indicated in the exhibit, which have a hand in their forth-putting. Thus, as Abraham Lincoln once said, in enumerating the assets of a client of doubtful standing, 'Last of all, there is in one corner [of the office] a large rat hole which will bear looking into.' Nonuniformity of state corporation laws, however, is no rat hole. It is as deep as a well and as wide as a church door, and, as experience shows, ''t is enough.'

Is n't it queer how these corporate hierarchies seem to peter out after attainment of a seventh-degree unfolding? What magic is there in that figure seven? We have it in the seven-day week, the ecstasy of the seventh heaven, the healing powers of the seventh son of a seventh son, and the reputed rejuvenation of our bodies every seven years. These even suggest, for the moment, poor mortal man with his existence of threescore years and ten. In the Northeastern Power Company family circle — nor yet by reason of strength, either — is the only case thus far discoverable of an extension of a corporate holding genealogy to fourscore, exceeding the set limit of seven. And thus far this strength gives evidence of being but labor and sorrow. One is inclined to sympathize heartily with Mark Twain on a certain occasion — 'not a bit superstitious myself, but I always did hate to sleep thirteen in a bed.'

II

Utility managements are less to blame for this overextended situation than are the people of the United States. Corporations are oftentimes compelled by the diversity of state laws to resort to these artificial arrangements — albeit perhaps not without a modicum of quiet satisfaction that our conflicts of laws are so baldly permissive of profitable indirection. Thus many states require that public utilities be conducted by domestic corporations; else they may be denied the enjoyment of such rights as that of eminent domain. Hence the domestic operating concern has to be controlled by a holding corporation chartered elsewhere, in order to couple up these local privileges with others which may alone be attainable by going abroad. A case of Jack Sprat and his wife — 'and so, betwixt them both, they licked the platter clean!' The Minneapolis General Electric would forfeit its charter were it to transfer its properties to a foreign corporation. The only thing to do is to keep it alive and hold its stock from elsewhere, catch as catch can. Minnesota also lays a double liability upon stockholders in public utilities. Marketability for Northern States Power

stock would be impaired thereby; hence one markets customer stock of a holding corporation, elsewhere chartered without this double liability. Indiana may require a vote of 75 per cent of the stockholders of an Indianapolis public utility in order to validate a mortgage. Utilities Power and Light can perhaps corral only 71.4 per cent of the stock. Off we go to Virginia for a charter, creating an intermediary corporation, which proceeds, not to mortgage the property, but to mortgage its holdings of stock in the corporation which does hold the property.

Shall we call it whipping the devil round the stump, or is it a case of the House that Jack built, and all that? Still further to build up a record; some domestic corporations have to be kept alive because of bond issues outstanding, perhaps with sinking funds. No accounts save minute books are kept, but they go on like brooks — almost forever. Maine permits resort to steamroller tactics in winding up corporations, allowing condemnation proceedings to compel recalcitrant minorities to fall into line. Under certain conditions a Maine charter might be convenient for a holding company, that it might the more freely traffic in subsidiaries. The New Jersey Board of Utilities, partly as a result of our nonvoting stock campaign in 1926, has recently condemned a voting trust for control of an interstate bus line. Query: Why not, as they do on local buses in Rhode Island, back down a bit over the Massachusetts line, in order to get a good fresh start on a local run to another point in Rhode Island, because, forsooth, a cargo of interstateness is thereby taken on? The similarity of names, where these corporations are driven by pairs, Twenty Mule Team Borax fashion, is still further confusing. Northern States Power Co. of Minn. has another of Wis. close alongside; the Kansas City Power and Light Co. of Mo. is yoked with a corresponding Kansas City Light and Power Co. of Kas. — titles twisted tail-end-to, or perhaps one a Co. and the other a Corp. It is the Middle West Securities Co. one day, and then, presto! it is the Middle West Utilities Co. Only Alice, with adequate legal counsel in Wonderland, could do justice to such a situation. It all seems so witless and tortuous, this conflict of state legislation, over taxes, no-par stock, and every other conceivable issue; and to it there is no end. Rather, we are irresistibly trending to one of two goals: either greater unanimity of state legislation or supersession of state incorporation for interstate business by direct assumption of Federal authority.

The awkward and even deceitful nature of these involved corporate relationships is fully recognized by responsible managements. Several first-class attempts, in fact, are now under way, aiming at a simplification of such overextension. The outstanding instance, perhaps, is that of Standard Gas and Electric. This attempt at simplification through substitution of direct ownership from a single holding company of the various operating concerns is an outcome of the recent acquisition of the involved public utilities of San Francisco and Pittsburgh. General Gas and Electric has also recently directed its attention toward the acquisition of practically all the securities of a number of subsidiaries, to the end that the top corporation may own the common stock of its operating concerns directly, driving them all abreast, so to speak, without resort to these intermediary holding concerns. And as part of its attempt to unify its financial set-up, Associated Gas and Electric is engaged in a similar praiseworthy endeavor, whatever one may think of the new plan just as a bit of finance.

Holding-company organization is highly provocative of unwarranted concentration of power, well defined by Lyon as 'controlling not the ownership of the operating concern, but controlling the control of the operating concern.' First, holding corporation A may control the operating company by ownership of 51 per cent of its capital stock. If, thereupon, corporation B controls corporation A by ownership of a like bare majority of its common shares, the investment necessary to swing the entire enterprise is again practically cut in halves. And so on ad infinitum. This use of the holding corporation differs essentially from the one previously described, wherein the hierarchy is tied together by ownership of practically all of the shares of the subsidiaries all down the line. There is nothing new about the device; but the unprecedented elaboration of it permits the power-magnification process to be run into the ground clear down to bed rock. And then on top of this the differentiation of securities comes into play to accentuate the process. If, as in most utility companies, senior reliance is on either bonds or preferred shares, the bonds never vote and the preferred shares quite often cannot. And a still further development in the last few years — that of the nonvoting classes of stocks — may carry the business well toward infinity. Take the United Light and Railways Company, with three kinds of nonvoting stocks in 1923, an authorized total of $37,500,000. On top of this is a funded debt of $26,000,000. The voting control is vested in $12,500,000 of common stock.

It is probably true in most cases that the controlling common stock of the banking or management firm standing at the head of the utility hierarchies already instanced practically represents no actual investment in first instance. The following table shows the small proportion of capital stock to total system capital obligations for a number of groups.

Fiscal Year 1925

	Per cent parent company capital stock to total system capital obligations	Per cent of gross operating revenue to book value of property
Columbia Gas & Electric	56	22
American Telephone & Telegraph	47	29
Detroit Edison	52	25
Standard Gas & Electric	11.8	14.4
Public Service Co., N. J.	25	22
National Public Service	14	20
General Gas & Electric	21	20
Cities Service Co.	34	24.8
American Water Works & Electric	12	16

If one were to cut down some of these percentages still further — National Public Service, for instance — by resort to the nonvoting-stock device, an almost unbelievably exaggerated inverted pyramid of control would be disclosed. On top of all this, you may add, if you please, that this infinitesimal fraction of controlling shares at the top may be trusteed as a still further measure of protection against loss of control.

III

A further serious defect of overdeveloped holding-company organization is the temptation afforded to prestidigitation, double-shuffling, hornswoggling, and skullduggery. Sound and defensible management shades off almost imperceptibly under stress of self-interest, given such concentration of control as has just been described, into all sorts of nefarious dealings. Practically all of this lies within the domain of financial activity. It takes its strength from domination through common-stock control of banking houses which may or may not have a sufficient actual investment to hold

them to a steady course. Public-utility systems, large and small, are now commonly affiliated with a single banking house. It is rather the thing to do, giving prestige to even the lesser bankers to establish themselves in such positions of responsibility. The open market for competitive financing is, of course, thereby closed, and perhaps in this pioneering stage necessarily so. Even the enjoyment for the nonce of the cash resources of the system might, in a pinch, under nonchalant or irresponsible chaperonage, be right convenient. Such things do happen. Most of this banking service, it goes without saying, is above criticism. Yet a sufficient number of lapses have already occurred to reveal the possibilities of wrongdoing. Probably the most illuminating instance is afforded by the Slaymaker Case, in which $1,136,000 was recovered by shareholders of the Columbus Railway, Power, and Light Company in 1923 from the banking house which had assumed charge of construction work, internal and external financing, management, and allied services. An indication that this is not an issue local to the United States is found in the recent report of the Committee of the British Board of Trade on Amendment of the Companies Acts, in which a glaring defect in the statutes is detected — that there is 'nothing to prevent a holding company from using the dividends received from profit-making subsidiaries in order to pay a dividend on its own shares without taking into account loss suffered by other subsidiaries. . . . The effect of this may be that the holding company is paying a dividend at a time when the group as a whole is in debit on the year's working.'

Equally serious, especially in this domain of public utilities, is the disposition of some of these holding companies to adventure far afield in search of profit, even though it carry them well beyond the natural province of utility operations. This is fortunately rare, but it is also sufficiently in evidence to call for reprobation. The Southern Ice and Utilities Company, serving a population of 960,000, may naturally enough slip over from ice into ice cream and creameries; or it may dabble in plain cream, light and heavy. It is less easy to discover the sound basis for an investment of American Water Works and Electric Company in some 26,000 acres of fruit lands in the Sacramento Valley. The transition from artificial to natural gas, and then again from natural gas into petroleum development and refining, is perhaps inevitable. But when the Standard Gas and Electric Company owns a majority of the common stock and some of the preferred shares, and guarantees 'as to principal, interest, and sinking fund' $8,300,000 worth of bonds of the Shaffer Oil Company, 'a complete unit in the oil industry, embracing petroleum production, transportation, refining, distribution, and marketing,' it becomes a matter of substantial interest, not only to the 110,000 ordinary and customer stockholders, but to a general public scattered over some seventeen states of the Union as well. Yet the Standard Company in its annual report does not give even a résumé of the affairs of this oil concern. Although the statements of all the other subsidiaries are given in full, it merely recites that the oil earnings have increased some 90 per cent during the year. It strikes one as decidedly casual, to say the least. One queries what would be the effect of its inclusion in a consolidated balance sheet, if there were one.

Then there is Cities Service Company. This premier public-utility holding company first dipped into the oil business in 1915. By 1920 from this

source flowed 81 per cent of its consolidated gross earnings — less than one fifth of them from public utilities proper. Apparently oil saved the day in that year of trial. Thereafter the oil business dried up relatively; then again it took on new life after 1923; the proportion of consolidated gross earnings thereafter rose until in 1925 it amounted to about 38 per cent of the total for the system, contributing something like the same proportion, apparently, to net income. In this second instance the whole story is set forth frankly in the published reports, so far as gross earnings are concerned; together with plans for further development of 'large acreage in Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, and Montana.' One stands face to face with a dilemma under such circumstances, which can best be baldly stated in terms of logic. Such a company either is a public utility or is not. If it is, it has no possible right to be engaging on any such scale in one of the most speculative businesses in the United States. If it is not, it has no right to be posing as a public utility, adding 41,000 new stockholders to its list in 1925, most of them customers, to bring the aggregate up to 235,000, one of the very largest for any corporation in the world.

And, oh, the annual reports of these full-flowered interstate supercorporations! Any impression that supermen competent to handle them from the standpoint of intelligibility have thus far been evolved will vanish on slight acquaintance. Try it for yourself — not for the state-limited and state-regulated companies, of course, but for the top holding ones. Many of them pursue a straight course in this regard. Some have recently made encouraging progress — United Gas and Improvement, and Columbia Gas and Electric, for example. But for the bulk of them, the maze at Hampton Court, Einstein's theory of relativity, current political platforms on Prohibition, are not in it with them for convolution. Try — even with those holding companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange — to reconcile their statements for exchange consumption with those which are rendered to their public shareholders. Even with the best of intentions the current kaleidoscopic transmogrifications are utterly thwarting to any attempt at comparisons from year to year. Attempting to deal with them reminds one of Lincoln's characterization of office-seekers: 'Paton, did you ever try to shovel fleas?' Reappraisals at cost of reproduction, perhaps on an ever new price footing, still more completely knock the ground from under any such attempt at an historical analysis. Cities Service denies to its 235,000 shareholders in 1925 any information about the earnings of its subsidiaries, confining its consolidated statement of earnings to seven lines of type. Its outline of earnings year by year would be informative, except for the utter absence there and throughout the report of any references to retirement or renewals. They simply do not occur in the document. Some corporations blandly allocate to themselves all earnings of their subsidiaries, figuring results in percentage earned on capital stock, quite irrespective of the minor detail as to whether these earnings have been distributed as dividends or not. Most of these companies afford a consolidated income account and balance sheet, but Northeastern Power, while its securities have been issued in large volume, gives no earnings whatsoever, even in the prospectus — presumably because there were none. Some companies trifle a bit with the shareholders' patience, as it seems, in respect to the lag between close of the fiscal year and distribution of the statements. And a whole group of companies, in varying

proportions combined of investment trusteeship and operating management, — American Super-Power Corporation and Electric Bond and Share, for example, — while vouchsafing a list of their investments, afford no indication whatsoever of the number of shares or of the cost thereof as carried on their books.

Inadequacy and 'limitless obfuscation' — that's what a lot of these perpetrations are.

The last serious indictment against the overdeveloped holding corporation in the public-utility field has to do with rate regulation. Under the terrific involution of accounts it may become practically impossible to allocate costs and to determine earnings as related to the investment. The holding company is exposed to the temptation to exploit its subsidiaries, taking its own profit by undue enhancement of the operating expenses of the local concerns. Alpha Company, the operating concern, apparently runs at a loss, while Omega Company, which holds its stock, pays dividends nevertheless. Such things may be accomplished by overloading management expenses. 'Too many crossed wires' was the newspaper headline applied to the Massachusetts Public Utilities decision in 1916, when something like $240,000 out of its total expenditures of $318,000 was paid by the North Adams Gas Light Company to the Light, Heat, and Power Corporation of West Virginia for current supplies, construction, and management. How easy for the interstate holding company to dilute earnings in order that they may become digestible in the public view; and how difficult in a massive hierarchy of such holding companies to trace anything like costs in relation to investment back to some solid bench mark. How difficult to pass upon the reasonableness of contracts for use of property or sale of power. This too has recently been brought to the attention of the Massachusetts legislature. Proceedings degenerate under such circumstances into a mere muzz of words.

IV

Public-utility finance under these merger transformations is going through a process of change little comprehended by the general public, to whom appeal must of course be made for the necessary funds attendant upon its growth. The new capital issues by such companies in 1925 alone reached the stupendous total of $1,500,000,000, upward of one third of the total new corporate financing of the country. Of bonds alone, $892,000,000 at par were placed on the market during the twelvemonth. It is peculiarly essential that these changes be clearly understood, because a substantial and ever-increasing part of this new capital is being drawn from the little people, particularly by the sale of customer securities. First one must keep in mind clearly the distinction between the financing of the basic or operating concerns and the issue of securities by the top holding companies. As for the former, the unusual preponderance of funded indebtedness is noteworthy. Among railroads such indebtedness, although it far exceeds that among industrial corporations, finds its equilibrium at about a fifty-fifty figure. For the public utilities the normal minimum of funded indebtedness is about 60 per cent of the total capitalization, with the balance more or less evenly divided between preferred and common shares. The public regulatory commissions are in part responsible for this relatively high proportion of senior issues among the operating companies, assuming perhaps that essential industries, characterized by a fairly stable rate of return

independent of cyclical fluctuations, can well support so heavy a burden of fixed charges.

The major reliance of the new holding corporations, on the other hand, is upon the issuance of preferred shares; and it is particularly in reference to these, since they are most widely dispensed in connection with customer-ownership campaigns, that the true situation should be made clear. Such preferred shares ought properly to stand first in their rightful claim to whatever income from investments the holding corporations may be entitled to. If preceded by bonds of the holding company, they ought to be widely distributed only in cases of exceptional soundness of the subsidiary concerns. Such securities are in considerable measure the result of the discovery a dozen years ago of the device of customer ownership for public utilities. These companies, eager to raise funds up to the full measure of the equity in their properties, have since been enabled to dispose of such shares, too often to represent the entire margin between feasible bond issues and the full value of the property. Such financing, through offerings of preferred shares to the general public in small allotments, is made directly, without the intermediation of banking houses. That has the advantage, of course, of eliminating commissions; but it is open to the marked disadvantage that the long-time experience and natural conservatism of the banking fraternity are denied to the consumer. Such preferred shares of holding companies are not comparable as to security with similar shares, either of operating companies or of railroads, for that matter. That, of course, is why they yield so much higher rates of return.

A particular menace lies in the appeal, often under guise of a plea for simplification of an involved corporate structure, for the little holder of bonds of a local operating enterprise to give them up in return for shares of the newly created finance corporation. This danger is contemplated in the preamble to a resolution of the Board of Governors of the Investment Bankers Association of America, May 14, 1925, as follows: 'It is obvious that, from the standpoint of sound investment, it is inappropriate for many investors to exchange mortgage bonds of operating public-utility properties for the preferred and other stocks of public-utility holding companies.' For obviously by such exchange the uninitiated investor may have shifted his position from that of a preferred to that of a junior claimant upon earnings. The record of preferred issues of operating companies is on the whole excellent. By and large, however, noncumulative preferred shares in any enterprise are not inaptly described by a leading lawyer as 'waifs of the stock market.' They fall between two stools — neither a partner sharing in the increment of future growth nor a true creditor with a prior lien upon earnings and assets. They are exposed to the danger of vanishing returns soon to be set forth in another connection, as well as to the possibility, unless duly safeguarded, of the intrusion of new securities with claims upon earnings prior to their own. Nevertheless, within reasonable limits they have proven themselves a present help in time of trouble — that is to say, a handy means for satisfying the gluttonous appetite of this lusty, growing industry for capital. The upshot of this warning, then, is not that their use should be prohibited; but that their possible precariousness should be safeguarded by some substantial measure of public supervision. This the separate states are incompetent to give.

The matter lies entirely beyond the scope of their jurisdiction.

The new holding corporations, topping off these recent consolidations, depend, of course, for their income upon dividends paid by the operating companies. They have little if any real property which can be mortgaged by bond issues directly. What they do, therefore, besides selling preferred shares of stock, is to mortgage the income from their investments in shares of these subsidiaries through the sale of collateral trust bonds, secured by deposit with a trustee of these selfsame shares. Obviously the proportion of bonds, if any, must be less than with their subsidiaries. That is the reason why they depend so much more largely upon raising funds by disposal of their preferred shares, or it may be in part of common shares; although these common shares which spell control are customarily quite closely held. Concerning even the bonds of these top companies, then, few people understand that they are not true bonds in the sense of being mortgages upon property. They are not permissible for investments of savings banks, for example, in a conservative state like Massachusetts, which limits such investments to mortgages upon operating companies with direct liens upon property. Nor is it true — except, as we children used to say, 'over the left' — that the bonds of these holding companies constitute the 'only funded debt of the company,' if perchance there is an odd hundred million or so of bonds of the subsidiary companies which have a prior claim upon the same income. The legend in capital letters on the prospectus of the Northeastern Power Corporation in 1926, 'No Funded Debt,' fails obviously of a statement of the true fact, since every bond outstanding on the subsidiary corporations stands ahead of the holding-company issues. The prime test, therefore, of financial stability for these holding corporations, particularly for the preferred shares which come after bond issues, is that such mortgages should not be issued to excess. And yet in some instances the proportion of bonded indebtedness rises as high or higher for such holding companies than it customarily does for operating concerns. It should be said that the present tax policy of the Federal Government puts a premium upon such financing by holding companies, as well as all others, inasmuch as the deduction of interest upon such borrowings before computation of the tax upon net earnings is permissible.

V

These public-utility holding companies thus financed are, as we have already seen, highly provocative of pyramiding of control. In much the same fashion they lend themselves also to magnification of returns in finance. Pyramiding in this second sense consists of 'making a little capital go a long way.' It is otherwise defined as 'the custom of trading on a thin equity, control resting in the hands of the common stockholders, while the funds are supplied by the sale of preferred stock and bonds.' By this simple expedient, then, the attenuation of the equity in the property brings about an abnormally accentuated rate of return upon a relatively small part of the total investment. This contingency of magnified earning power operates something like the nozzle on a hose pipe — in speeding up the flow, so to speak. But the financial danger in such a setup, customarily created on the crest of a wave of prosperity, arises from the little appreciated but simple mathematical proposition that declines are accentuated as truly as are increases

in revenue. In other words, a minor drop in the income of the operating concern is at once translated into a major one for the holding company.

By way of concrete illustration, assume that a holding corporation owns all the stock of a subsidiary operating company, and that the subsidiary has no preferential securities, bonds or stocks, with a claim to earnings prior to the dividends of the top corporation. A fluctuation of 10 per cent up or down in the earnings of the subsidiary will, in precisely the same degree, affect the income, through dividends, of the holding corporation. But now assume that the subsidiary has already mortgaged 50 per cent of its income, for payment either of interest on bonds or of cumulative dividends upon preferred shares. Then, with a 10-per-cent fluctuation in earnings of the operating company, the entire change is focused upon only 50 per cent of the capitalization — that is to say, the junior stocks of the subsidiary. In other words, a shrinkage of one tenth in the income of the subsidiary all falls upon its junior dividends, reducing them by one fifth instead of one tenth. And just in proportion as the fixed charges of the subsidiary increase, so in geometric ratio with a drop in income will the income available for dividends to the top company fall. If the prior claim on the subsidiary for bond interest or preferred dividends consumes 80 per cent of its total earnings, a drop of 10 per cent in net will cut the dividends payable to the holding corporation in halves; if the prior claims are 90 per cent, this minor change in operating income will wipe out the income of the top company entirely. And so it goes. In other words, a small normal variation in the rate of return of the operating subsidiary may effect a very large and abnormal change in the rate of return from the junior securities of the holding company. And each corporation piled upon another in series, provided each of them has a certain amount of fixed charges, magnifies its sensitiveness still further. The explanation of resort to this dangerous device is, of course, that fluctuations upward are magnified for the holding corporation in time of prosperity, just as they may move conversely in time of depression. This characteristic of holding-company finance, thus somewhat tediously stated, may readily enough become a root of much evil. It is said from the outset to have been a veritable bogeyman in the estimation of the farsighted founder of the General Electric Company, Mr. Charles A. Coffin.

The application of this principle of sensitive or of vanishing returns, to coin a phrase, for holding corporations is intended to be demonstrated by the table on page 678. It purports to show the relative stability of the financial set-up of a number of different holding companies in face of possibly fluctuating conditions of business from year to year.

Judged by this exhibit alone, these companies range in financial stability from top to bottom. Thus, for example, one of them, Columbia Gas and Electric, even precedes the almost impregnable American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in that it would require a reduction in operating income of 79 per cent to wipe out earnings applicable to dividends for the parent company, and actually 88 per cent reduction in earnings to cut the ground from under interest on its funded indebtedness. Detroit Gas and Electric, notably conservative and efficient in its management, even exceeds American Telephone in this latter regard. At the opposite extreme stands the American Water Works and Electric Company, in which so slight a reduction

in operating income as 12 per cent makes dividends of the parent company impossible, 17 per cent cutting off even its interest on holding-company bonds. The knife, of course, cuts both ways; and in the present time of prosperity one may figure earnings for the last fiscal year in excess of 20 per cent on par of the common shares of the top company. Yet one cannot resist dubiety as to whether such a public utility engaged in indispensable service for 3,500,000 people, in fourteen states, is on entirely safe ground with so narrow a financial margin. It should be distinctly noted, however, that of course this particular test is but part of the story. One must dig much deeper in order to judge whether even such slight fluctuations as these in each particular case are apt to occur. A company like General Gas and Electric, or Public Service of New Jersey, operating in a dense industrial district, with many first-class stations, may more than counterbalance any defect in its set-up by the inherent strength of the several units of which it is constituted. On the other hand, National Public Service Company, by reason of its high proportion of fixed charges (about 70 per cent), made up as it is of less dense traffic, may appear unduly strong in such an array of its rivals. Or, again, one has to consider the proportion of what may be called outside or unrelated income. Both Standard Gas and Electric and Cities Service, as has already been shown, are deeply involved in oil development — something which comports ill, when pushed to such an extreme, with the operation of a public utility. Thus it appears that this showing is by no means conclusive. But there can be little doubt that it is indicative of a dangerous tendency in certain quarters, which should be promptly taken in hand.

Answering this criticism, it is averred that these electrical utilities are inherently immune from the ill of fluctuating earnings which harasses other lines of business, and consequently that they may safely trade upon a much thinner equity. This is probably in part true. Yet their apparent stability is somewhat beclouded by the practice of loading retirement and renewal upon the good years,

FISCAL YEAR 1925

	Per cent reduction in operating income (after taxes and depreciation, but before interest) necessary to wipe out all earnings of parent company, applicable to dividends	Per cent reduction necessary to wipe out all earnings of parent company, applicable to dividends and interest	Per cent of depreciation for year to plant value, end of year
Columbia Gas & Electric	79	88	1.13
American Telephone & Telegraph	76	89	4.6
Detroit Gas & Electric	64	94	3.4
Standard Gas & Electric	56	60	.93
Public Service, N. J.	36	54	1.8
National Public Service	30.5	42.4	1.05
	(1926 — 26.8 to June 30)	(1926—38)	
General Gas & Electric	26.4	26	1.4
Cities Service Co.	19	26	no data
American Water Works & Electric	12	17	1.4
Middle West Utilities Co.	(no consolidated statements — not calculable)		

lessening the burden in the lean ones, thereby smoothing out the curve from year to year. It must be remembered, moreover, that since becoming really full-blown they have not been called upon to weather a really protracted period of frost. Sharp stabs we have had, but no long lingering chills since 1893. The drouth west of the Rockies in 1924, as affecting Pacific Gas and Electric, affords a good local example. Perhaps they may never recur. Who knows? Moreover, one is tempted perhaps to take a chance, so deep-seated has become what Lyon aptly calls 'the growing habit.' The worst that most of them have had to endure has been a lessened rate of growth, but always there is growth. Yet an examination of the ratio of net earnings before interest to the average plant, for two typical large utilities, each covering a wide territory (nine states altogether), indicates that earnings for one of them dropped in 1920 by about 50 per cent, as compared with 1918, and for the other dropped in 1921 by 33 per cent, as compared with 1919, only to rebound in 1922 by more than 40 per cent. The company which, disregarding compensation by deferred depreciation and facing the issue manfully, did not experience a real jolt in 1920 is the exception, not the rule. It is important to notice also that these utilities are handicapped on either a rising or a falling industrial cycle through their inability to shade prices to meet competition or to advance prices as an offset for heavy operating costs. They cannot change price policies, forestalling the future, without official administrative approval. The Steel Corporation, in its trade policy adhering to the principle of fixed prices, is yet free in a pinch to deal with extreme situations. This the public utilities may not do; and they must face the future, with whatever chance or change may come, without recourse to this advantage.

A widespread criticism of the unwarranted complexity of the financial set-up of these top companies is not without foundation. An exaggerated instance is afforded by the Associated Gas and Electric Company. This concern is not unimportant, serving, as it does, a population of 1,750,000 in 18 states, the Philippine Islands, and so forth. Its capital structure, however, was recently characterized by *Barron's Weekly*, assuredly a competent critic, as 'a financial nightmare.' 'If bond salesmen, like lawyers, had to pass a test of their competence to practise the profession, the problem of the complexities of the capitalization of this company would be too much for all but the most expert. As of December 31, 1925, there were four classes of preferred stock, Class "A" stock, Class "B" stock, and common stock outstanding. In addition there were outstanding interest-bearing option warrants with the choice of conversion into several other securities. Several million dollars of convertible debenture certificates were also outstanding, which carried the unusual feature of conversion at the option of the company. Besides this miscellany of securities, there were of course large amounts of bonds, preferred stocks, and minorities common stocks of subsidiaries in the hands of the public.' It deserves to be added that plans are under way to straighten out this tangle. It would not be difficult, however, to match it with a number of others. Cities Service Company, with its B and double B preference shares, is another case in point. Such intricacy is always apt in any corporation to result from the gradual accumulation of financial operations through many years. Railroads, for instance, periodically go through a financial housecleaning in order to clear

up such an accumulation of odds and ends. But the unusual circumstance is that among the public utilities some of the most complicated structures have been thus deliberately set up from the start. The best among them, however, are evidently working with more or less success toward plainer living and higher thinking in this regard.

VI

No comment upon public-utility finance could omit consideration of the age-old charge of stock-watering — that is to say, of the overissue of securities in proportion to the actual investment. Public interest in this matter usually arises from the misconception that overcapitalization creates in and of itself a higher scale of charges for service. This notion is now completely exploded. It is peculiarly vulnerable as respects these top holding companies, which of course have nothing whatsoever to do with the determination of rates. They simply live off the earnings of subsidiary companies, each of which in turn has its schedule prescribed nowadays under more or less strict state regulation. Under these circumstances there is no possibility of any interrelation between overcapitalization of the holding concern and the rate level for the subsidiary operating company. The industry itself never wearies of demonstrating this point. The experience of three generations demonstrates that the public has a rightful interest in this matter. But the foundation of that interest is in the fact that an overissue of securities in proportion to the investment tends to dilute credit, to the end that there is an impairment of service rendered. In accordance with this principle, these top holding companies are tied in, then, with the public interest by virtue of the fact that they serve primarily as guide and financial next friend for their subsidiary hosts. If the financial company is weak, the operating concern is bereft of the advantage of this comfort and support. It is in this sense, then, that an examination of this charge is warranted in the public interest.

The best way to demonstrate the customary technique of the issue of junior securities for no valid consideration is by a concrete case. At Conowingo, Maryland, on the Susquehanna River, a first-class hydroelectric enterprise was projected recently. As it lies in both Maryland and Pennsylvania, the matter came under the jurisdiction of the Federal Power Commission at Washington; and, inasmuch as no administrative control over finance was exercised by Pennsylvania, this Federal administrative body assumed fiscal jurisdiction. The enterprise was to cost $52,220,000. The financial set-up first proposed included the sale of bonds to yield $35,410,000 and of preferred stocks to yield $16,810,000, thus aggregating the entire estimated first cost of the enterprise, $52,220,000. With the project thus wholly paid for, in addition thereto a large number of no-par common shares were to be issued: Class A common shares, which were to 'sweeten' the distribution of the first preferred stock, and Class B common shares, carrying sole voting power, which would involve no investment whatsoever. All these common shares, therefore, represented that which in the popular view is held to be an overissue of securities. No valid consideration whatsoever was to be given for them. This set-up — entirely in good form, judged by customary standards — was disallowed by the Commission, however, and an order strictly conformable to the most advanced criteria of public regulation took its place. In this order the bond issue remained as before, to pay for the bulk

of the installation. But the amount of the preferred shares was cut down, and it was then required that a par value of $25 per share should be paid in for the common issues to make up the balance of the total cost. The net result was, of course, the same; total receipts from sale of bonds, preferred shares, and common stock all together were to produce the estimated sum of the investment. Should it exceed this figure, additional common shares might be issued at a fixed par price, producing dollar for dollar what they purported to be worth.

Another prime cause of excessive issue of securities in relation to value at the present time is the frantic bidding for independent properties either for competitive and strategic purposes or for the immediate profit to be made by turning them over to some incipient combination. Just to be specific, evidence of such exorbitant prices paid has come to me personally concerning such widely separated places as Pensacola, Florida; Columbia, South Carolina; Derby, Connecticut; Keene, New Hampshire — Vermont, Minnesota, Michigan, and all over. Shares which little more than a year ago sold below par have been picked up for four times that figure. A well-known company with a par capitalization of $1,600,000 refused flatly an offer of $5,000,000 for the property. The recent Pennsylvania Giant Power Board reports a rise of 300 per cent in common stocks of electric holding companies in the five years to 1925. Promoters have not hesitated to overpass the normal limit of a price equal to ten times the net earnings in their zeal for a quick turnover, not troubling to examine too closely into the situation. The promotion of the Northeastern Power Company, above mentioned, is also apparently an instance of such excessive prices paid. Several, in fact, of the good-sized holding companies seem to have been constructed upon such a flimsy footing from the outset. Old-timers in the industry, with a background of long experience, do not hesitate to condemn such practice privately, holding as they do that such excess is bound to bring about a reaction.

The almost irresistible impulse to pad income accounts is one of the evils of permitting capitalization of these interstate public enterprises to go on without let or hindrance. The purpose, of course, is to lay a foundation for further public sale of securities. Customarily, since the common shares represent no value, it makes little difference how many there are. Every effort, therefore, is directed toward making a strong showing of earnings, in order to warrant as large an issue as possible of new preferred stocks or bonds. Promotions and new issues of securities, of course, always take place on the crest of the wave of prosperity, whenever feasible under stimulus of speculative furor. In consequence there is too often an overweening temptation to bank upon future prospects through inadequate provision for depreciation, retirement, and renewals; or to puff up the income account by crediting profits on intercompany transactions within the system; or to reappraise assets on a rising scale of general prices — all such procedure to lead up to a full capitalization of the earning power thus sometimes speciously demonstrated. It is this combination of overissue of securities regardless of plant value, supported primarily by the utmost demonstrable earning power, coupled with the high proportion of this new capitalization consisting of bonds, which tends sometimes to produce a condition of extreme topheaviness or of instability in the case of the weaker concerns. Rarely does it happen that a company like Columbia Gas and Electric, as in 1924,

not only currently reduces the par value of its capital stock outstanding, but reënforces itself at the same time by peculiarly heavy reserves for retirement and renewals; or that one like the General Gas and Electric Company pays off all its funded indebtedness, clears up its current obligations, and accumulates a large reserve of unpledged securities in the treasury. Rather is the disposition all the other way, particularly among the companies which make it a practice to pay all or a part of their dividends in stock instead of in money.

An urgent disposition toward overstatement of earnings may even bring about the payment of dividends not warranted by the actual income. A prime service of most of the management corporations within the great systems is to market securities for their operating concerns; and assuredly, by reason of both volume and prestige, they can do this to better advantage than can the small or isolated companies acting alone. But a nice question is raised as to whether profits which flow from such financing by the management companies — either controlling or, it may be, owned by the top holding company, but in either event component parts of the one system — are really distributable profits of the system or not. Middle West Utilities Company (144,000 shareholders) for 1925 reports net income for the year of $5,842,000. Of this sum $3,265,000 is 'net profit from sale of securities to subsidiary companies and others.' This leaves a balance of only $2,577,000 of income actually derived from operation of subsidiary public utilities. Assuming that these companies contributed all that they conservatively ought to turn in, their earnings produced only about one half the sum paid out in top company dividends. The other half was the result of a banking or investment business. The disconcerting thing is that that is what most of these holding concerns, in greater or less degree, actually are, although few people fully realize it. The same year witnessed an increase of the authorized capital stock from 900,000 shares to 1,750,000. Of this doubled capitalization, a considerable number of shares became at once available for marketing. Will the profit on the sale of these for the next year be necessary in order to keep up the payment of its three classes of dividends?

Not merely are such profits not certain to be recurrent, but question also arises as to whether they are properly system earnings at all. If not, either one of two things must happen. Rates must go up or dividends will go down; unless, perchance, a steady stream of such additional securities can continually be marketed at a profit to the top company to produce the ever necessary total. Or, if you please, turn to Standard Gas and Electric for 1925. The income statement for the top company — no consolidated statement is available, eliminating duplications — again includes the item of 'net profit on securities sold, $1,266,000.' This is practically equal to the amount carried to surplus for the year, after dividends on the common capital stock. Query once more: Is such an item sufficiently certain to recur year after year to warrant such a policy? And, even if it is, is it certain that all of it is clearly income? Baron Munchausen once performed a bootstrap feat, I think it was, of somewhat the same cast. In his case it seems to have worked successfully. But, as I remember it, he tried it only once.

VII

The Standard Gas and Electric Company is unique in adhering to the businesslike practice of reporting earn-

ings only upon the basis of dividends actually received — a practice unfortunately not too common among some of its compeers. For 1925 this income was publicly reported to amount to 4.23 per cent upon the common stock. Then the annual report goes on: 'For comparison with similar public-utility companies reporting consolidated earnings, which would include the collectible income, as recited above, and the Company's interest in the undistributed surplus earnings (after deduction for depreciation and depletion) for the year 1925 of the operated public-utility companies and Shaffer Oil and Refining Company, there was earned $6 a share on the 765,635 shares of common stock outstanding on December 31, 1925.' Yet examination of the annual statement of the oil company — not published along with the annual accounts of the other subsidiaries in Standard's report — shows that no dividends have ever been paid on its common stock; that there are arrears of cumulative dividends on the preferred stock amounting to 19¼ per cent; although evidence is not lacking of substantial undistributed income. Does it not savor a bit of window dressing for the holding company to include any part of the net earnings of the oil company, to create an impression of enhanced earning power, without a more complete disclosure of the amount of these profits? The 110,000 stockholders of the company have a right to the information.

Whether or not there is to be a progressive overcapitalization of this great business depends in part upon the adequacy of its policy as a whole respecting depreciation and renewal. In paying the present rates of dividend, is it keeping the properties whole? Or is it in part 'living off its own hump'?

Acute controversy prevails throughout the industry concerning this matter. The dean of the business, veteran president of its strongest company financially, Detroit Edison, is in command of a valiant corporal's guard in this matter. He holds that in point of fact the whole policy of the industry is at fault. His view is that there is a definite life for each item of property in service; and that there should be set aside as a reserve, charged currently against income, although not entitled to returns upon it, an amount sufficient at the expiration of that ascertainable life to re-create the property without the issuance of any new securities whatsoever.

In opposition to this view, following a far pleasanter path so far as immediate showing of income is concerned, is the theory that for the most part, if plants by liberal maintenance expenditures be kept in prime condition for service, age is of no moment in a property sense, so long as an undiminished ability to serve persists. The practical difference between the two policies is demonstrated by the third column of figures on page 678. Detroit Edison, true to the sound conviction of Alexander Dow, its president, is the only electric utility in the lot which measures up handsomely alongside the American Telephone Company in this regard. The difference for all the others is symptomatic of conditions far and near throughout the industry.

The unanswerable refutation, of course, of this whole line of corporate conduct is that the mere advance in technique, particularly in the electrical industry, will certainly bring it about sometime that these old plants must be junked, and that entirely new ones must be created to take their place. Truly conservative managers would by this time have created funds available to take care of this matter without the necessity of new capital issues. Fair-

weather artists — in pursuance of the prevailing fashion — will trust to luck to be able to re-create the plant and equipment through a forth-putting of new stocks and bonds, again trusting to luck that the greater efficiency of the new plant will take care of interest and dividends on both the old capitalization and the new one combined.

This whole debate, which is of far-reaching public importance, at bottom turns upon which generation, past, present, or future, is to bear the brunt of this consumption of a capital fund. The easy-going policy which provides that the retirement of old plants shall be paid for by the people to be served by the new ones has been aptly transliterated thus by the President of the Detroit Edison Company: —

> They [the public] are to pay for the upkeep of the living critter which is serving them and also (for some time at least) for the dead horse. . . . Also I am afraid that there will be a succession of dead horses to pay for, and that some new horses may not go any easier on the feed box than did the old ones. . . . One would think that the gas company, upon shutting down an old plant, forthwith arranged to drown or otherwise summarily dispose of the population which had been served by it — or maybe they died of sorrow of seeing their gas plant, that ancient and holy thing, fade like a dream. . . . That sort of thing sounds too much like the song that these modern youngsters sing to us old folks to explain their purchase of a new automobile before they have paid the last installments on the old one. The new machine is going to run so much cheaper as to allow them to pay the deficit out of the savings in gasoline and rubber. They sing that song to me, those children, and I smile at them, and remember that I was young myself before the days of automobiles. But I don't encourage them. Sometimes they do get away with it. Mostly they don't.
>
> When I find myself managing other people's large investments, I prefer not to take the chance of being able to earn the price of a dead horse out of future economies.

Were the wholesome reasoning thus picturesquely stated to be applied to the overwhelming majority of the public utilities of the United States, except the American Telephone Company, it would make a profound difference. As a concrete illustration, one notes the peremptory call-down to the Boston Edison Company in 1922 as to the inadequacy of its depreciation reserves, on the ground that this policy resulted in an overly high investment as compared with output. This followed from the fact that such retirement and renewal reserves, if created, would not of course lie idle, but would ordinarily be invested in the plant. Without them the company is bound to be continually in the market borrowing money or issuing stock to obtain capital which otherwise should have been saved out of current income. And that fact, of course, uncovers the nigger in the woodpile, the real reason for the indisposition of the industry as a whole to pursue a more conservative path.[1]

VIII

The impotence of state administrative agencies in face of the growth of these great combinations is indubitable. The chairman of the Massachusetts Public Service Commission recently admitted before the state legislature the inability of his Board to pass upon the details of long-time contracts for interstate transmission of power, due to the fact that one party had been chartered in another state. The chairman of the up-state New York Utilities Commission, in connection with the

[1] At this point we omit criticism of reproduction cost as the basis for valuation in view of possible reversals of price movements through future years. — THE EDITORS

recent creation of the Northeastern Power Company, likewise reported the impotence of his commission to deal with the terms of sale of the New York properties because the purchaser was chartered, as I recall it, in Delaware. Cases before the Supreme Court recently touch upon this issue. A company produces or buys natural gas in Kansas and pipes it to connections in Missouri, there to dispose of it to utilities engaged in local distribution. The Supreme Court held that neither state had power to regulate the rate. Apparently Congress has but to stretch forth the Federal arm in order to provide a suitable agency for this purpose. Matters of finance and accounting seem likely to play a larger part than those of rates in controversies of this sort. Over these the Federal Power Commission at the present time may take jurisdiction in those cases only where no competent state regulation obtains. But, even then, authority is specifically limited to electrical service generated by water power. It would be a relatively simple matter to enlarge the scope of this administrative body, by conferring plenary jurisdiction over all interstate matters, whether or not there were an existing state agency, and by authorizing it to deal with electric service however generated, by steam as well as by water power.

A concluding word about customer ownership as it has developed within the last decade. Its proportions are indeed prodigious. There are now approximately 1,307,000 customers of public utilities who are shareholders in their respective companies; and it is reported that the sale of securities direct to such customers amounted to $296,000,000 in 1925 — that is to say, about one quarter of the total new financing done by central station companies. Not a few of us from the outset regarded this movement not only as of doubtful value but as embodying elements of grave danger, certainly unless the movement were kept well in hand. At first it appeared as if the prime impetus came from the desire to create a more favorable public environment, to the end, for instance, that these great companies should to a lesser degree be operated in what might be called an enemy country. Unquestionably this phase of the matter under the sane and conservative management of the American Telephone Company has contributed substantially to a public understanding of the main problems confronting concerns of its particular class. Succeeding this argument, successful propaganda — and it too contains an element of truth — ran to the effect that beneficial results would flow from local coöperation and initiative. Housewives, either in the densely populated cities or out in the open, passing the time of day in neighborhood gossip, would perhaps keep a watchful eye upon Tony in the trenches or the lineman up aloft. Perhaps they would even report cases of inefficiency or malingering. But now the real reason has gradually thrust its head above water. It is this: that by this device of customer ownership an almost inexhaustible reservoir of new capital may be tapped; together with the further advantages that this capital may be drawn upon, not indirectly through payment of commissions to bankers, but by direct sales campaigns, through billboards and through the friendly offices (for a commission) of the meter man and the bill collector, as well as of the technical employees.

The menace of a development reaching such proportions as it has within little more than a decade arises from a number of circumstances. The first is that the creation of a great body of customer investors, while it may operate to bring about a more coöperative spirit

among the people at large in matters of franchise rate regulation and the like, may conceivably work the other way in case of mismanagement or dereliction. The seriousness of such an occurrence is fully understood by great corporations like American Telephone, which treats the matter from the high standpoint of a trustee upon whom the direst penalties are bound to be visited in case of recreance. But in the electric-light industry, the appetite for new capital and the freedom from banking connections and chaperonage have opened the door on occasion to practices falling far below the level of trusteeship. Dewing, in his *Financial Management of Corporations*, concludes that the sale prices for such securities run on an average ten points above the market quotations. I personally know of an instance in New England, specifically cited by Dewing also, where farmers were paying seven or eight dollars a share more for such securities than the price which prevailed over the counter not far away. Such things, of course, are the exception. But the greatest danger of all is the chance that some one of these great companies may go on the rocks, a fearsome thing to contemplate under such circumstances.

The president of Electric Bond and Share, an ardent advocate of customer ownership, somewhat enthusiastically describes his clientage in the Lehigh Valley anthracite coal fields as follows:

> The list of stockholders looks like the immigration roster at Ellis Island. There are all the Z's and Y's and W's imaginable, Czechoslovaks, Jugoslovaks, Poles, Greeks, Italians, Finns, Huns, and in fact practically every known nationality. We advertise in the newspapers and through circulars printed in practically all of these languages. Our socialist friends in that section are in our list of stockholders. We have something like 70,000 customers and we feel that for a long time to come we can add to our list from 500 to 1000 of these customers per month. They are averaging about three shares each. One of our Czechoslovak employees was the other day heard explaining the advantages of this stock something like this: 'These are the finest shares in the world — they are not like stocks in mines, patent medicines, or flying machines, which sometimes you see but generally you don't. But with this stock push the button, and if the light shines you know your money is safe.'

Some of us have known what a run was like on an East Side bank in New York. The malcontents would perhaps number a few thousands. What would happen to one of these companies, with shareholders numbered into the hundred thousands? Both the proportions and the character of this customer-ownership movement make it clear that questions of public responsibility are involved which call for the same measure of supervision as those which for long we have been accustomed to extend to our savings banks. If for no other reason, the question of submission of these great interstate holding companies to some sort of Federal supervision and control would obtrude itself upon the public mind.

As to recommendations, several specific proposals for dealing with concrete issues are engaging. Disfranchisement of the stock of operating companies deposited as collateral for superposed issues of holding companies might perhaps act as a deterrent to undue corporate involvements; or the requirement by law that all public utilities engaged in interstate commerce should make their annual reports along standardized lines, and particularly that they append thereto a certified copy of their Federal Income Tax returns. But such proposals either require uniform state legislation, which is beyond the range of possibility, or else drive us into the arms of the

Federal Government. And in any event such proposals call for precise data, in order that the legislation shall be practicable; and particularly that it shall not, in the endeavor to restrain the ill-intentioned few, operate to discourage the legitimate initiative of the many. About a hundred such things we need information. The light at present falls upon many of them in slanting shafts, due to the natural self-interest of those who now command the situation. The surest source of disinterested illumination would be a comprehensive examination into the whole subject of public utilities, preferably under the authority of the Federal Power Commission or some other special board temporarily created for the purpose. Consequently a wise policy at this juncture would seem to be to refrain — ostentatiously, as it were — from advocacy of any particular programme; but to urge instead that the President recommend to the Congress that provision be made for such an exhaustive inquiry, to be so prosecuted as to command the confidence of the entire country. The result would be a substantial contribution to the body of our information on a subject of profound importance at this time to some millions of the people of the United States.

A searching inquiry by real experts, stripped of all political bias and affording a field day for all comers; an open contest in which the truth, regardless of self-interest, shall prevail — this is the downright need of the moment. And if the objection be advanced that the whole truth might cast a blight upon development here and there, the answer is ready at hand. It was Abraham Lincoln who was wont to emphasize 'the proneness of prosperity to breed tyrants.' Something like this seemed recently to be taking place in the domain of corporate management. Fortunately it was possible effectively to nip it in the bud without an iota of disarrangement. Prosperity, not real but specious, may indeed be unduly protracted by artificial means; but in the end the truth is bound to prevail. Nor can the truth work harm to those whose custom it is to work in daylight. It is the wrongdoer alone, delving in darkness and diligent in deviousness, who fears the strong tonic of publicity. And so we close with those prefatory words from Abraham Lincoln's 'House Divided' speech — second in importance only to the Gettysburg Address: 'If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it.'

OUR SOLEMN FARCE

REËNTER THE TARIFF

BY BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG

I

THE defeat of the McNary-Haugen Farm Relief Bill has again brought the tariff to the fore as a political issue. The protective tariff now affords wheat and corn farmers little or no protection. The farmers believe that this bill, if enacted, would have made the present tariff on farm products effective, and its defeat by Republican protectionist leaders has embittered the farmer against them and against the tariff policy that they represent. The significant feature of the present movement to reopen the tariff question is that it is particularly active in Iowa, Washington, Oregon, and other Western states which have been bulwarks of the Republican Party.

The McNary-Haugen Bill, although nominally designed to assist all farmers, including the cotton grower, was introduced primarily for the benefit of the producers of wheat, corn, and livestock. It provided that the Federal Government should supply a fund and the necessary machinery for buying up the excess wheat, corn, hogs, and cattle produced in the United States over the amount required for domestic consumption, and should sell this surplus for whatever it would bring in foreign markets. The Government's expenses and losses were to be recouped by a tax to be paid by the farmer. The restriction of the domestic supply to the domestic demand would, it was assumed, raise the price in the United States of the principal domestic farm products to an amount equal to their price in the world market plus the protective tariff on them.

For example, the protective tariff on wheat is 42 cents a bushel. If the tariff were fully effective the price of wheat in the American market would be 42 cents a bushel higher than in foreign markets — that is, the American consumer would pay a tariff bonus of 42 cents a bushel to the American farmer. But the tariff is at present almost completely noneffective because the annual wheat crop in the United States is from 10 per cent to 20 per cent in excess of the normal domestic consumption. This surplus, hanging over the domestic market, forces down the price of the entire wheat crop in the United States to approximately the level of the foreign price of wheat. Many a farmer who could make a comfortable living if he were able to sell his wheat at the present foreign price of $1.40 per bushel plus the tariff of 42 cents is hardly able to 'break even' at the present price of $1.40. The McNary-Haugen Bill, by removing the 10 per cent to 20 per cent domestic surplus, would, it was hoped, make the tariff on wheat effective and raise the price of wheat consumed in America to the price in

the foreign markets plus 42 cents a bushel.

It has been asserted that the farmer should by private means restrict production to the domestic demand, and thus secure from the American consumer the increase in price which the protective tariff is intended to afford him. This, however, is impossible in the case of the grain and livestock farmer. Producers of such crops as Burley tobacco and raisins and of other crops that can be profitably grown only in certain limited areas have formed successful coöperative associations, and through these have controlled production and increased the price level of their products; but no one has yet devised machinery for coöperative restriction of the production of wheat, corn, and livestock. It would obviously be futile for any individual farmer to leave, say, a fifth of his wheat crop uncut with a view to reducing production and increasing the level of domestic prices.

The underlying objection to the McNary-Haugen Bill is that the assistance which it would render to the farmer must come out of the pockets of the rest of the country. Its plan is to rob Peter to pay Paul. As Secretary Mellon said in attacking the bill, 'It is, of course, apparent at once that the effect of the bill will be to increase the cost of living to every consumer of the five basic agricultural commodities in this country.' Moreover, there is no indication that this burdening of one group for the benefit of another would result in a net benefit to the country as a whole. Quite the contrary. By artificially diverting to the production of farm products land and labor which could, and otherwise would, be more economically devoted to the production of other commodities, the subsidizing of farm products would be injurious to the country as a whole.

These objections to the bill are thoroughly familiar. They are, in substance, the same as those which for years have been urged by the free trader against the protective tariff. The feature peculiar to the present situation, which has stung the farmer to revolt, is that Secretary Mellon and other Republican leaders who have been the foremost opponents of the bill are among the principal beneficiaries and most solemn defenders of the present effective protective tariff on manufactured goods.

The farmer is naturally asking why, if it is bad policy for the country to subsidize the farmers by making the tariff on wheat, corn, and livestock effective, it is not equally bad policy for the country to continue to subsidize the manufacturer of wool or aluminum by maintaining the present effective tariff on these articles. If the so-called 'practical' considerations advanced by the protectionists in favor of the protective tariff in general are unpersuasive as applied to an effective protective tariff on cereals and livestock, why are they not equally unpersuasive as applied to manufactured products? He is coming to the conclusion that the Democrats, who joined forces with the Administration in defeating the bill, were probably on the right track in maintaining that the sound way for the farmer to obtain relief is not by forcing Congress to saddle the country with additional tariff burdens for his special benefit, but by having existing tariff burdens removed.

II

The principal arguments on which protectionists rely to support the protective tariff are: (1) the 'infant industry' argument — a protective tariff is needed to foster desirable new industries which, once having been given the

opportunity through protection firmly to establish themselves, will thereafter be able to carry on without tariff protection; (2) the 'American wage' argument — the protective tariff is necessary to maintain the high wages and resulting high standard of living of the American workman; and (3) the 'national defense' argument — certain American industries which would be vital to the United States in time of war cannot be maintained in this country without tariff protection.

The infant industry argument was originally advanced during the early years of the Republic, at a time when there was practically no industrial manufacturing carried on in this country. There was, of course, much handwork, such as spinning, cabinet-making, weaving, and cobbling, but machine-made products were almost all imported from Europe. It was urged that if manufactories, conspicuously of iron and coarse cotton cloth, could once be firmly established in the United States, the proximity of the American manufacturer to supplies of cheap raw material and the saving in cost of transportation of the finished products to the American market would make it possible for the American manufacturer to sell his product to the American consumer at a lower price than the latter had previously paid for the European product. But until skilled mechanics could be trained or induced to settle here, and economical methods of manufacture could be worked out from experience, production in America would be more expensive than in Europe. During this initial period the American manufacturer would not be able to meet the price of his European competitor except at a loss.

Since at that time the supply of liquid capital in the United States, even for enterprises promising large immediate returns, was small as compared with the demand, this prospect of initial loss hampered, it was thought, the rapid development of manufacture in the United States. Therefore, to stimulate the investment of capital in American manufacture by protecting new American industries, Alexander Hamilton and others urged, ultimately with success, that a tariff on imports of cotton cloth, iron products, and various other commodities be imposed for the purpose of fostering infant American industries. The tariff, by raising the price of the European product in the American market, was to make it possible for the new American manufacturer to obtain from the American consumer sufficiently high prices for his products to yield him an immediate profit. The justification for thus burdening the American consumer in favor of the American manufacturer was that protection would be given only until the industry had had a reasonable opportunity to establish itself, and that, once firmly entrenched, the American manufacturer, without protection, could and would undersell the European producer in the American market. The eventual saving to the American consumer would more than compensate him for the additional cost borne by him during the period of protection. The temporary nature of the duty was invariably stressed. Hamilton, for example, in his famous protectionist *Report on Manufactures*, declared, 'The continuance of bounties' (in which Hamilton rightly included protective tariffs) 'on manufactures long established must almost always be of questionable policy, because a presumption would arise in every case that there were natural and inherent impediments to success.'

The American infant industry argument, however sound originally, is to-day obsolete. Most of the protected

American industries have been in existence so long that Hamilton's statute of limitation has run against them — if by this time they cannot stand on their feet unaided, there is a strong presumption that the industry is unsuited to the United States. Moreover, even in the case of new industries, the basis for the infant industry argument has ceased to exist. This country to-day so abounds in capital that investments are sought by American business men in Russia, Germany, South America, China, and wherever else profits, immediate or future, are in prospect. If an industry in the United States gives reasonable promise of eventual success, ample capital is readily at hand for its development.

In considering the second, the high wage, argument of the protectionist, it should be borne in mind that wages were much higher in the United States than in Europe long before the United States adopted a protective tariff. One of the arguments against protection in the early days was based on this fact. Would the American farm hand or sailor leave farm or ship to work for a lower wage in an American factory? Obviously not. How, then, it was asked, could the American manufacturer, forced to pay the high American wage, hope to compete in price, after the temporary period of protection, with the products of cheap European labor? The protectionists replied that, since American farm products and American ships, despite the higher wages paid to the American workman, successfully competed with those of Europe, there was no good reason why American factories, once they were firmly established, should not also be able to compete successfully with those of Europe.

The modern protectionist disregards this historical fact. According to him, protection has *created* the high American wage; remove protection, and the American wage, together with the high standard of living of the American workman, must fall. Putting the matter in a concrete way, he points out that the American manufacturer pays his workmen fifty cents an hour for the same work for which the German manufacturer pays his workmen only thirty cents an hour. This being the case, it is obvious, says the protectionist, that if the protective tariff is repealed one of two things must happen: either the German manufacturer will undersell his American competitor even in the American market, or the American employer must cut the wages of his employees.

In claiming that the American manufacturer needs tariff protection to make it possible for him to continue the high American wage, the protectionist not only forgets that the higher wage scale in the United States existed before protection, but disregards the fact that in foreign markets, in which the American manufacturer and farmer is unprotected, American farmers and many American manufacturers successfully compete, despite the higher wages paid their employees, with European and Asiatic competitors. The American cotton planter pays his men five times as much as the wage paid to the Chinese coolie or Egyptian fellah, and yet American cotton dominates the markets of the world. The American automobile manufacturer pays a far higher wage than the German, and yet the Dodge and Cadillac outsell the Opel and Benz wherever automobiles are used. The protectionist makes no attempt to trace the alleged connection between protection and high wages. He fails to explain why the wage scales of Germany and France, which have long had exceedingly high protective tariffs, are below that of England, which

has long had free trade. He fails to explain how it comes about that the protective tariff makes it possible for the American workman to pull himself up by his own bootstraps, and why, if the tariff is the real basis of the high American wage, the workmen of the high-tariff countries of Continental Europe have been unable to achieve the same high standard of wages by adopting the same simple expedient. Since no explanation is given, presumably none exists.

The argument has been advanced that the tariffs of France and Germany do not bring high wages in their train because the artificial hothouse treatment is effective only where the tariff wall encloses a sufficiently large territory — a continent. Again no reasons are given why a matter of area should involve so vital a difference in result; or why Germany, which has almost the same diversification of industry as the United States, should respond so sluggishly to the treatment alleged to be so tonic in the case of the United States.

Unbiased students of the wage question hold that the high wage scale in America results from the greater productivity of the American workman; that so long, and only so long, as this is maintained will the American wage scale exceed that of Europe; and that the protective tariff, by artificially diverting labor into fields less productive than those in which it would naturally be employed, tends, on the whole, to lower, not to raise, the American wage scale. This explanation is intrinsically reasonable, and, unlike the protectionist theory of the American high wage, is consistent with the fact that the high American wage antedated the protective tariff and with the fact that the countries of Continental Europe, despite their high tariffs, have not succeeded in producing a high scale of wages.

The position that the high wage scale in America is based on the greater productiveness of the American workman does not imply that the American workman is more industrious than the European workman. It simply means that our ampler and better-developed natural resources, the more widespread use of labor-saving devices, the higher efficiency of industrial management, and perhaps the greater alertness of the American workman, enable him to accomplish more.

Let me illustrate. In Europe as many as five laborers are frequently found working on a fifty-acre farm, producing, say, 1000 bushels of wheat per year. The machinery used is so crude and the cultivation so intensive that the laborers are fully employed on this small acreage. With somewhat less intensive cultivation these laborers could probably maintain a one-hundred-acre farm, with a yield of 1600 bushels. By substituting modern agricultural machinery for scythes, rakes, and ploughs pulled by hand, they could cultivate five hundred acres yielding 8000 bushels per year. In the United States an ample acreage of good farm land and the employment of efficient agricultural implements and machinery would permit of the full utilization of the productive capacity of these laborers. Although it could not fairly be claimed that the fruitfulness of their labor would be increased from 1000 to 8000 bushels, — the labor that went into the manufacture of American farm implements and machinery must of course be taken into account, — nevertheless, after making all necessary allowances, the productivity of these same laborers in the United States would be very greatly increased.

A similar and in some industries as great a difference between European and American productivity is found in manufacturing. Unrivaled developed

resources of iron, copper, coal, oil, and timber, combined with a use of labor-saving machinery not approached in European factories, have made it possible for the American workman to achieve a measure of production far outstripping that of the European workman. The recently issued report of the British Coal Commission shows, for example, that in 1924, a normal year and the latest as to which figures are available, the production of coal in the United States was 734 tons per man, as compared with 246 tons per man in Great Britain, 167 tons in France, and 234 tons in Germany.

If the laborer were a serf or apprentice the greater fruitfulness of his labor might redound solely to the benefit of the employer. But in the United States, where, except in a few backward communities, the laborer is free to change employment and employer as he pleases, wages are governed by productivity, and in general the workman's wages roughly reflect the success of his labor.

The third argument of the protectionists, that a protective tariff is necessary to preserve certain industries vital to this country in time of war, has unquestionable force. Well-equipped chemical and dye plants might, for example, be a more valuable war asset to the nation than many brigades of infantry. But it does not follow that the present all-inclusive protective tariff is sound. To maintain the present tariff in order to protect dependent war industries is using a truck for a job requiring only a wheelbarrow.

A large majority of industries in the United States can be successfully carried on without tariff protection. Of those which would be crippled or destroyed by free trade, many would either have no vital military importance or, upon the outbreak of war, could and would be reëstablished in time to replenish stocks of imported goods on hand when the emergency arose. The remaining industries — those which would be seriously crippled by the removal of a protective tariff and whose maintenance is really essential for war purposes — should be treated as an industrial arm of our military establishment, and, as such, should be given adequate protection. But in return for this tariff subsidy the Government should insist that these protected industries preserve their plants in readiness for war purposes. An analogy is found in the so-called Jones Act of 1920, under the provisions of which Congress, in effect, gave the American shipowner a subsidy of one dollar for every two dollars of capital which he would invest in the construction of new ships in American shipyards, but only upon condition that the ships be constructed and equipped along lines laid down by the Navy Department to make them readily convertible for war use.

III

The farmer, having failed to obtain effective protection for his major farm products, and painfully aware that protection for others adds materially to his business and living expenses, from the fences around his fields to the hat on his head, is asking what, if anything, the protective tariff gives him in return. Finding that the protectionist arguments, long accepted on faith, lose their plausibility when closely scrutinized, the farmer has begun to demand that the tariff shall go. In his impulse to rid himself of the tariff it is to be hoped that he will not lose sight of the fact that ill-timed tariff repeal would lead to serious disorganization of American industry, farming included. In any radical modification of the tariff this must be guarded

against. The repealing act should be framed so as not to take effect until after a considerable period of time.

Even the most ardent free trader, if familiar with business conditions, must concede that free trade is less important to agricultural prosperity than stability and confidence. The worst move the farmer could make would be to force Congress to repeal the tariff at one session and then permit Congress to reimpose it at the next. A cooling period would also be valuable in that it would give American manufacturers and growers who were convinced that they could not profitably continue without tariff protection an opportunity to liquidate at a minimum of loss or transfer to a branch of manufacture or agriculture not dependent upon the tariff. American industry, as shown in the successful change from a peace to a war footing and back to a peace footing, in the period from 1916 to 1920, is amazingly resilient. With reasonable time for readjustment, and with assurance that the new policy would be adhered to, there is basis for confidence that the change from protection to free trade would not adversely affect American industrial prosperity even temporarily.

Delay, furthermore, would permit adequate consideration of other questions which the repeal of the protective tariff would reopen. For example, the sugar planters of Hawaii, despite hampering Federal labor legislation which takes no account of the peculiar conditions prevailing in Hawaii, are at present, owing to tariff protection, reasonably prosperous. If tariff protection were withdrawn, justice would require that the Federal Government resurvey the Hawaiian labor situation. Considerable time will also be needed to work out a well-matured plan of tariff for revenue, to replace the present protective tariff.

The political effect of an about-face by the Northern farmer on the tariff is unpredictable. The swing, for the moment, seems to be toward a strengthening of the Farm Bloc, nominally Republican but really Independent. If, however, the progressive wing of the Democratic Party should dominate the next National Democratic Convention, the logical swing of the Western farm group would be to Democracy. A Democratic Party uniting the old South and the new West on a platform of tariff for revenue only would revitalize American politics by transforming a mere party label, covering factions as wide apart as the poles in principles and character, into a homogeneous and vigorous party.

ORIENTAL BATTLEPIECES

BY ELEANOR LATTIMORE

I. THIRD-CLASS TRAVEL

Traveling third class in China is an uncomfortable process, and in war time it is little short of an ordeal. Then inducements must be great indeed that lure one into a train.

I was lured once last winter to attempt a trip to Nanking, and fortune favored me. I had spent the night in the station master's office in Tientsin. He had told me that the train up from Nanking would probably be in sometime during the night and that as soon as it arrived it would start back again; and as the station was full of rowdy soldiers he had hospitably offered to let me wait in his office, had swept pens, ink, and papers from a long desk in the corner so that I could roll up in my fur coat and attempt to sleep, and promised to wake me when the train arrived.

All night the office was bedlam — messages pouring in from military officials demanding a private train to go here or so many troop trains to be sent there, officers themselves in clanking swords coming in to curse the station master because a certain troop train was not ready on the track or to complain insolently that a private car had not been properly arranged, until I marveled that any attempt at all was made to continue ordinary passenger service.

About five in the morning the Nanking express pulled in, having taken nearly five days to make what was ordinarily a thirty-five-hour trip. The station master sent a clerk with me to the train, from which bleary, weary, and disheveled passengers were pouring, rejoicing to have at last arrived. Hurrying the length of the train, we found one third-class compartment car, a relic of the Blue Express. The clerk helped me into an empty compartment and admonished me not on any account to leave my seat or I should lose it. Whereupon I rolled up in my steamer rug and went to sleep.

When I awoke the train was jolting along and the compartment was full. There were several women, two with babies, and an old gentleman who had removed his long silk coat and was carefully folding it, leaving him feeling more comfortable and at home in his gray padded trousers and short black jacket. As I fell asleep again he was taking a noisy drink of tea from the spout of a teapot.

We jogged along all that day, stopping interminably at stations to wait for troop trains to pass and getting farther and farther behind schedule. Late in the afternoon I was just dropping off to sleep again when we stopped at a station and I heard a great bustle in the aisle. The compartment next to ours was being cleared out for some new passengers. A guard looked at my ticket. He looked at the tickets of the others in the compartment, and three of the women who were not going all the way to Nanking were put out with their babies and their bundles into a crowded car behind.

We stayed an hour at that station for much switching about of cars and engines. The new passengers seemed

to have been shaken down into their places, and no one had come into our compartment. But I did n't breathe freely until the bell rang for the train to start. Then curiosity got the better of me and I went out into the aisle to see what important people had caused all the commotion. I had just come out of the door when a fat, pompous little man in civilian clothes emerged from the next compartment. He smiled and bowed and, fumbling inside his silk jacket, produced a large calling card, with Chinese printing on one side and English on the other.

'My name Wu. I brigadier general,' he said ostentatiously, pointing to the name and title on the card. 'I go to Nanking. You also go. We go very quick. Other cars not go.'

And sure enough, we were pulling out of the station and leaving all the other cars of our train sitting on a siding. I never knew how long it took them to reach Nanking, but our one car, attached in foolish solitary grandeur to the engine and carrying the retinue of the important little brigadier general who for some reason needed to get to Nanking in disguise, forged ahead. We no longer stopped at stations; troop trains waited on sidings for us to pass. Heat mysteriously appeared in the once cold pipes; I no longer needed my coat, and the old man in our compartment shed another jacket. We had room to lie down for a good night's sleep. And, the involuntary beneficiaries of the power of the military, we arrived in Nanking an hour ahead of time instead of three days late.

Inducements to travel proved great again this spring, and I set out to journey from Peking to Kweihwa, on the border of Mongolia, during this year's war against the Kuominchun. Even to set out was more difficult than I had anticipated. For several weeks the other lines out of Peking, to Hankow and to Tientsin, and even the little railway into the Western Hills, had run no passenger trains, but trains on the line north from Kalgan had continued to be more or less regular.

I finally found a friend who had a friend who knew the station master, and the station master promised to tell his friend to tell my friend to tell me when a train would leave. The next midnight word came that a train had come down from Kalgan and would probably start back about nine in the morning. I packed, collected a Mongol girl whom I had promised to take as far as Kalgan, and reached the station at eight. There was the train, nearly full already. After I had deposited girl and baggage in the least crowded car and stood in line for half an hour to buy the tickets, I was dismayed to find that the train was going only to Kalgan, about a third as far as I wanted to go. I trusted to luck, however, that there would be another train on from Kalgan, and bought the tickets.

When I returned to the train I found our car jammed full. A large family of Mongols had just crowded through the door, plunked their bedding rolls on the floor, and sat on them in such a position that the door could be neither opened nor closed, that the conductor could not even enter, much less walk, that the man who made the tea could not budge to deliver it, that the boy who sold cigarettes and pink sugar candy could not find space to stand to call his wares. There they sat, dressed in dirty gay red and yellow and purple and orange clothes, the women with gorgeous headdresses and rings and bracelets of heavy silver and coral and decked in extra bits of finery they had purchased on their visit to Peking, the men with gilt and yellow caps and sashes hung with pipes and tobacco pouches and pipe cleaners, knives, chopsticks, flints, and tinder boxes.

The conductor, the guard, the tea man, and the candy boy all tried to move them into another car, but there they sat like potatoes, affecting neither to listen nor to understand. The louder and angrier grew the voices of the conductor and the guard and the tea man and the candy boy, the more dumb and placid grew the expressions on the faces of the Mongols, until finally the attendants were driven to the use of force, and one by one they shoved them out of the car on to the platform and dumped their luggage after them.

The Mongol girl with me regarded all this with a placid smile. She was not dressed in Mongol clothes, but wore a homely modern Chinese cotton coat and felt herself superior to her barbaric countrywomen. Besides, her father was a prince in his tribe, and although when she had left Mongolia she had had no nose at all, she had been to the foreign hospital in Peking and plastic surgery had presented her with a new one. It was rather sketchy and amateurish, and it had only one nostril; still it was a nose. When it was healing she had been given a complicated gauze bandage which tied around her head with tapes. The nose was quite healed now, but she liked the bandage. When she looked in the mirror it made her laugh; and no one else had anything like it at all. It was getting a little dirty, but still she continued to wear it. It gave her a feeling of distinction. She could speak very little Chinese, and of course no English, though one of the internes at the hospital had taught her to say 'Top hole' when the nurse asked her how she was in the morning, and she used this on every occasion.

All that afternoon the journey was delightful, and it did n't seem to matter how late we got to Kalgan. It did n't even matter that Mongols never wash, for a warm spring breeze blew through the open windows to keep the air fresh and sometimes even fragrant with spring blossoms. The unusually slow pace of the train and the long stops were pleasant as we rolled along through blossoming orchards and between long lines of vividly new green willow trees, and up beyond Nankow we had glimpses of the Great Wall climbing up over the ridges of the bare hills which loomed high above us. And, for contrast, beyond it were gentle slopes of orchards and a little brook and the glow of the sunset on them all.

The trip from Peking to Kalgan usually takes about six hours, but it was already dark and we were only halfway there, and the passengers were philosophically disposing themselves for the night. New Nose stretched out on the part of the bench where we had both been sitting, with the bundle which composed her luggage as a pillow under her head. I climbed up into the wide baggage rack, put one suitcase under my head and the other at my feet so that they could n't be stolen without waking me, and tried to go to sleep.

At four in the morning we finally arrived at Kalgan. My instructions had been to drop New Nose at the station, but she was terrified at arriving in the night and assured me that she did not know where to go. On inquiring I found that a train would probably leave for Kweihwa at seven that morning. I knew that there was a small hotel at Kalgan kept by Americans and I determined to try to find it, in order to leave New Nose with someone who would see that she found the friends who were to take her the next lap of her journey, and to rest and wash and get something to eat in preparation for the next lap of mine.

I explained to ricksha coolies that I wished to go to the foreign hotel. They appeared to understand perfectly. After pulling us for twenty minutes through narrow deserted streets lined

with mud-walled houses weird in the light of the waning moon, they stopped before a great black gate. I had my doubts about its being the right gate because there was no name on it, but we knocked and finally aroused the gateman, who looked at us through a crack and disappeared. After several minutes the gate swung open and out tumbled a tousled sleepy Russian, who spit a torrent of explosive language at us and slammed the gate again. He was a foreigner and he may have kept a hotel, but it was n't the hotel we wanted. The ricksha men had another bright idea in vain, and then another, but after knocking on several wrong doors and waking irate gatemen they finally managed to land us at the right place. By this time it was six o'clock and light, so all I could do was to leave New Nose in the care of the gateman, wash hastily, and return to the station, where I found my train already full to overflowing.

I blew up my air cushion and prepared to make the best of a bad seat, my fellow passengers watching my every move with frank curiosity. After they had all become quite accustomed to what I looked like they began to talk to me. 'China is bad, but America is very good,' said an old workman, and I knew that the answer to that was, 'Oh, no indeed; America is bad, but China is very good.' 'Ai, she is polite,' they all nodded, and continued the conversation. 'Is America warmer or colder than China?' 'America is better than England. Americans are more polite to China. England is bad.' 'Yes. I heard,' said one of the soldiers, 'that Americans also do not like the English and that you had a revolution to free yourselves from their oppression.' He spoke as if this had been a recent occurrence which somehow supplied a bond between us.

Doubtless inspired by the trend of the conversation, the two students across the aisle, who had evidently had a mission school somewhere in their past, began to sing softly, —

'Jesus loves me, this I know,
(We will overcome the English!)
For the Bible tells me so;
(We will overcome the French!)
Little ones to him belong,
(We will overcome the Americans!)
We are weak, but he is strong.
(We will overcome all the foreigners!)'

By dark we were only halfway to Kweihwa and my seat had become so unbearably hard that I could scarcely face the prospect of a night on it. There was no room to stretch out, and the baggage racks in this car were far too narrow to sleep on. At about eight o'clock we stopped at a station and I went out to investigate the other cars in the hope of finding somewhere enough room to sleep. Each car I came to was as crowded as the next, but there was a half-empty baggage car the bare floor of which looked so inviting that I made bold to beg the guard to let me occupy a corner of it for the night. After several minutes' parley he consented, hurried me in, and sent for my luggage. Delighted at the prospect of a good night, I immediately rolled up in my rug and went to sleep.

Alas, I had not slept long when I was awakened and gradually became aware of men standing over me and talking about me, and of a terrific clatter and chatter all about. I was terrified until I remembered where I was and realized that the men were only discussing whether or not to awaken me in order to ask me to move. I rose immediately and saw that the car had filled with soldiers who, when they had found it empty, had immediately appropriated it. I knew then that there would be no sleep that night, so I climbed on top of some sacks and made myself as comfortable as possible.

The soldiers were of course all curiosity at seeing a foreign woman, and immediately began discussing whether I was American or Russian. 'There are four kinds of foreigners,' proclaimed a soldier sitting on a high packing box and eager to exhibit his superior knowledge. 'There are Americans, Japanese, English, and Russians. Japan is the largest foreign country, but I knew a man once who went to Russia. He traveled for days on a train and was so cold he nearly froze to death. This woman is probably an American. At any rate she is a Christian. All foreigners are Christians. A Christian is one who neither drinks nor smokes.' Whereupon they all fell to discussing whether or not all foreigners were Christians, as several of them had seen foreigners smoking. It might be that some Christians smoked. Still, General Feng did not allow his soldiers to smoke because he was a Christian. The discussion was getting over their heads. And it seemed that some of them did smoke in spite of rules to the contrary, as cigarettes were pulled from pockets and passed from hand to hand. And then they started to sing, first a Chinese tune, then 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' and a Chinese tune again.

The soldiers sang and chattered all night long and I stood for hours at the door of the car watching the moonlight on the high hills. Finally, at five, we arrived at Kweihwa, and I spied the servant who had come to meet me peering up and down the train with a lantern in his hand. He had been at the station all night and still clung to his lantern, though it was light by now.

I may add that I expected to return to Peking in a week, everyone having assured me that the troop movements would be over in a few days. But no one can prognosticate about Chinese wars. In a few days the trains stopped altogether. I have been in Kweihwa for two months. And sometimes I wonder if I would n't rather spend my life here than travel back in a third-class train in war time.

II. WHERE THE CARAVANS START

The China that we are living in now seems as far a cry from the storied China of emperors and poets and the pursuit of ancient learning as does the America of Western frontier towns in the days Zane Grey writes of from the America of Emerson or Thoreau. For we are on China's frontier, on the edge of the desert, in a land of horses and camels and the barter of sheep and wool and furs.

It is from this 'Blue City,' as the Mongols call it, that the camel caravans have, since the beginning of history, started on their long trek across the desert to Chinese Turkestan and the west, carrying out tea and silk and sundry trade goods and returning with wool and skins and fur. It is one of the oldest trade routes in the world, continuing much the same to-day as it was two thousand years ago, and on the wealth of its cargo depends largely the prosperity of all this northwest country.

Kweihwa, as the Chinese call the city, was for centuries a part of Mongolia and was not counted as Chinese until the advent of the Manchus in the sixteenth century. At that time the Manchus built a new city a mile or so away from the old Kweihwa, and, in spite of its now being three hundred years old, it is still called the 'New City,' and its four walls look as strong as if they had been built three or thirty instead of three hundred years ago. With the fall of the Manchu dynasty, however, the glory of the New City has departed. Of the wall of the old city only one crumbling gate remains, but the city itself is far the more

picturesque of the two, as it is the lively centre of the caravan trade and contains all the inns, shops, markets, and amusements incident to it.

When I first came to Kweihwa I marveled most at the camels. The streets were full of camels. The country all about was strung with camels, long caravans coming down from passes in the hills or smaller groups of three or four being led about the countryside for exercise or water. And in the town, through the half-open massive wooden doors cut into high brick walls which in Peking would reveal a flowery courtyard or a vine-clad moon gate, one here sees the wide bare clay-floored courts of camel inns with shaggy camels lying or standing about and sometimes an old-fashioned camel cart.

One of our first excursions was to the camel market, which was held every morning in an open space before a crumbling Lama temple. There were hundreds of the gorgeous great beasts, still shaggy in their winter coats and forming an unforgettable picture against the red walls and wide curly-roofed gate of the old temple, for the shape of a camel, with the great sweeping lines of its huge body and the supercilious tilt of its proud and placid head, makes it a most impressive animal.

The owners of the camels, or their representatives who had brought them there for sale, were quite as interesting as the beasts — a merry collection of rascals, shrewd and unscrupulous, and picturesque in their baggy padded clothes. The buying and selling, like all other business transactions in Kweihwa, were done through brokers — a most useful scheme, since slandering the owner's wares, accusing him of swindling, or imputing niggardly qualities to the purchaser can be accomplished with far more freedom and abandon through a middleman. Moreover much 'face' is saved all around if, instead of both parties humiliating themselves by having to alter their original offers, the owner's broker can say to the purchaser's broker, 'The owner has magnanimously consented to let you have them at so much less than his original price,' and the purchaser's broker can say, 'I have with difficulty persuaded my customer to increase his offer to so much.'

The 'so much' is never uttered, but is communicated by a mysterious system of wrist pressings, the bargainers' clasped hands being entirely hidden under their long sleeves from the view of prying onlookers. By this means they ensure that business transactions carried on in a public market may be kept a private matter, and all about we saw lively bargaining going on beneath long sleeves. A good camel can be had now for the equivalent of fifty or sixty American dollars. One of the simplest ways by which one can tell a healthy camel is by the condition of his humps. If a camel is in good condition his humps are firm and upright, but if he is ill or underfed his humps flop limply to one side. The camels here are all the two-humped Bactrians of the type common in North China and Central Asia, and are larger and slower-going than their relatives, the dromedaries.

Most of the caravans from Kweihwa go straight across the Gobi Desert for 1500 miles to Barkul or Kuchengtze in eastern Chinese Turkestan. Fast camels can make the trip in seventy days, but the large caravans of heavily loaded freight camels sometimes take as long as five or six months, the custom being to make one round trip a year. An average caravan consists of 120 camels, each animal carrying about 280 catties or 375 pounds.

We often saw them going to or from the pass in a long line, tied nose to nose in groups of twenty, each group led by a bow-legged camel man, always

shuffling along with his eyes on the ground, a habit acquired from long years of stolidly walking for endless dreary miles across the desert, accommodating his pace to the slow gait of the camels. And camel freight is the slowest freight in the world, as the animals travel only about two and a half miles an hour.

The last camel on each string wears a bell about two feet long, and the deep clang of these bells can usually be heard for an hour before the caravan comes into sight. The caravan is headed by black shaggy dogs that protect its encampments, and at the tail end rides the caravan *bashi* or leader, mounted high on a camel and armed with a heavy old blunderbuss.

Crossing the Gobi, the caravans usually camp during the day and travel at night, as the camels, which depend on the often scant desert grazing for their food, will not eat at night. They set out about five in the afternoon, travel all night, and pitch camp at daybreak. There are only three or four days during all of this long trip when it is not possible to find fresh water, though often it is necessary to dig deep into the sand for it.

My husband was making arrangements to join one of these caravans as a passenger, and this entailed long and circuitous discussions with representatives of camel transport firms. After long and tricky bargaining he finally came to an agreement. He was to be supplied with seven camels, one for himself to ride, one for Moses, his Chinese servant, and five to carry his luggage. They were to arrive in Kuchengtze within eighty days, and if they took longer a fine was to be paid of half a tael for every day they were late. His fuel and water were to be supplied and two pounds of flour apiece for himself and Moses. All other food for the journey he must carry himself, as there was no chance to obtain anything along the way, save for an occasional opportunity to shoot antelope or to buy a sheep from the Mongols.

Outfitting my husband for his journey proved an interesting task. We prepared large sacks of toasted bread like rusks and bought fat wicker flasks of vinegar and soya-bean sauce, dried onions, and canned goods from Peking. We went one day to the warehouse of a firm that sends many expeditions across the desert, and I have seldom seen so romantic a collection of junk as they have there for the outfitting of their caravans. We purchased a tripod and rough cooking utensils, felts to sleep on, and, best of all, a picturesque octagonal tent made of blue cotton bound in red, with a great scrolly design appliquéd on in white.

During these days of preparation we absorbed considerable information about the immense trade being carried on from Kweihwa, both with Outer Mongolia and with Chinese Turkestan. About twenty thousand camels leave Kweihwa for these two districts every year, seventy per cent of which go to Chinese Turkestan. They go out laden with brick and black tea from Hunan and Hupeh, pongee from Shantung, Hangchow silk, tobacco, paper, sugar, matches, and sundry articles. These goods are usually bartered for wool, fur, and skins, so that no money changes hands. The hide and wool dealers in Kweihwa sometimes stake the agents with the goods for barter in order to have an option on the wool that they bring back. This is risky business for the dealers, as there is no security for such stakes and unscrupulous agents are often known to disappear permanently from Kweihwa. Most business is done through verbal understandings, and a written contract is rarely seen.

The camels returning from Outer Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan are laden with the skins, fur, or wool of foxes, hares, bears, squirrels, goats, sheep, marmots, and camels. Dog skins and deer horns are brought from Mongolia, yak tails and rhinoceros horns are imported from Chinese Turkestan, as well as smaller quantities of medicines, raisins, apricots, melons, gold, quartz, and jade.

Until ten years ago caravans frequently suffered from the raids of bandits, but in 1916 the enterprising organization of Suiyuan merchants raised a protective corps of four hundred men, supported by taxes on incoming goods, and since then travelers have been well guarded.

All that I have written so far has been of the Kweihwa that we found when we arrived three months ago — a lively and prosperous trading centre, with goods pouring in from the west by camel transport and being sent on southward on the Peking–Suiyuan Railway. But to-day it is as a dead city, for its trading has completely stopped. No more goods are coming in from Mongolia or Turkestan, no more goods are being sent south on the railway, and what was caught here in transit is piled idle in the warehouses.

Our first indication of this sudden change came on the day of my husband's departure for Chinese Turkestan. There had been many delays; one counts on delays in China. But at last the morning arrived when we heard the clang of camel bells and looked out of the window to see our very own camels filing into the courtyard, seven great gorgeous creatures. With them was a merry pigtailed camel man named Li, who marshaled the dunnage in a miraculously effective manner, slinging ropes about in a way to prove his statement that he had been assisting camels back and forth to Turkestan continuously for a vast number of years. And before we knew it they were loaded and filing out of our courtyard, accompanied by the noble Moses, carrying the teakettle.

I had expected to leave for Peking that same afternoon and had sent a servant to arrange for a cart to take me and my luggage to the station. To my dismay he returned with the news that there would be no train to Peking that day and probably none for several days. No one knew exactly why, except that it was on account of the civil war which has been dragging on for months between the various war lords of the republic for the control of the Peking government, and that it was probably the retreat of Feng Yu-hsiang's soldiers from Peking that had blocked the railway.

I had been inconvenienced on other occasions in the past by Chinese wars stopping trains for several days at a time, and now I tried not to chafe at the delay. But I was rather dolefully unpacking when to my utter amazement my husband appeared at the door. At the entrance to the first pass into the hills his camels had been commandeered by soldiers and brought back to the yamen, where he learned that on that very morning an order had been issued by the military governor for the commandeering of three thousand camels to transport military supplies and that all the camels for miles around the countryside were being collected by the soldiers and police. All my husband's pleas that he was a foreigner and that surely seven camels could make little difference to them when they were looking for so many proved of no avail, as most of the spring caravans had already left for the west and it would be a difficult task for them to collect three thousand very soon. Even Mongol-owned camels were being requisitioned — a drastic

measure, since the Chinese are usually most careful not to offend the Mongols who contribute so largely to the prosperity of trade in Kweihwa.

This was two months ago, but the camels are not yet released and the trains are not yet running.

III. MARTIAL LAW

For three months we have been living among the soldiers of the Kuominchun on their last line of defense in China's Northwest.

Most Chinese wars do not last long. The armies fight for a few months in the spring or fall, and nothing so effectively stops them as cold winter weather or a very hot summer. The fact that this present war has continued for nine months through a cold winter and into the beginning of a hot summer means that it is something new to be reckoned with. For more than a year the Peking government has been in the hands of a temporary compromise cabinet, while its fate has hung — as it has since the beginning of the republic, for that matter — on the manœuvres of the war lords who have been fighting for its control.

The present war, roughly speaking, is a combination of the chief tuchuns of China to eliminate Feng Yu-hsiang from their military chessboard. He originally came to power by betraying Wu Pei-fu, who was fighting against Chang Tso-lin. Then the ruling powers in China, hoping to get rid of him, induced him to take over the administration of the Northwest. Here, however, he built up his power until he was able to appear in national politics again by marching on Peking. His increasing power and his association with the New China and the Student Movement have appeared so serious a threat to the makeshift system of tuchuns or military governors by which all North China has been ruled since the death of Yuan Shih-kai that old enemies like Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin have united in an attempt to crush him, accusing him of betraying China to the Soviets.

When this combined movement began, Feng Yu-hsiang was in occupation of Peking and continually threatened to extend his control down to the seacoast at Tientsin. The attack of the allies, however, forced him to withdraw behind the hills which at Nankow, thirty miles from Peking, shut off the northwest province from the North China plain. This was in April, and since then the war has developed into an effort to dislodge him by attacking him from Shansi through Tatung, which is at the centre of the Peking–Suiyuan Railway, his only line of communication through the length of his territory, from Paotow on the Yellow River to Suiyuan, Kalgan, and Nankow.

Here in Kweihwa, only a few hours west on the railway from Tatung, around which the fighting has centred for the last two months, it has been almost impossible to keep in touch with the developments of the war, as all communications with the outside world have been cut off and so effective a censorship is enforced by the Kuominchun that little news leaks through. A few mails have struggled in, sent overland by cart by a long and roundabout route through Shansi, but the stray foreign newspapers that they have contained have been so many weeks old that as news they have lost all value. Chinese newspapers from the South have been rigidly kept out. Local newspapers are obviously retained, and everyone knows that the occasional official proclamations on the progress of the war are almost sure to be untrue.

Even without news, however, we

are continuously conscious of the nearness of the war and of living under rigid martial law. The country swarms with soldiers. We continually hear them counting or singing as they march past on the road.

A Chinese soldier is an unmilitary-looking object. His baggy gray trousers are unshapely, the sleeves of his gray cotton jacket are usually shrunk half to his elbows, and his insignia are merely a ragged armband inevitably pinned on with a large safety pin. The spring style in Kuominchun headgear consists of a wrinkled and drooping cotton hat, which gives the wearer the appearance of a down-at-the-heels and very overgrown boy scout. Many of the soldiers, those trained for hand-to-hand fighting, do not carry rifles, but are armed with Mauser pistols and huge swords, which they wear slung across their backs. These swords are known locally as 'cheese-cutters' and look as if they were made of tinfoil and came from a theatrical costumer's, though in reality they are rather bloody weapons and evidently meant to hack with, as they are too wide and blunt to stab. To Westerners perhaps the most unmilitary in effect of all the Chinese soldiers are the buglers. At any hour of the day, but particularly at dawn and dusk, we hear them struggling pathetically to produce the Western bugle calls, always off the tune.

Chinese people are always afraid of soldiers. Moses, our Chinese servant, appeared one morning with a tale of a soldier who took from a food vendor some of the white cornstarch jelly the Chinese are fond of eating in the summer time, ate it, and then refused to pay him. The vendor naturally set up a hue and cry, which attracted the attention of a passing officer who saw that a soldier was involved in a fracas and came up to see what the trouble was. The vendor accused the soldier of having eaten the jelly and not paid for it, and the soldier insisted that he had eaten nothing. The officer cross-questioned them both and the trembling vendor still vowed that the jelly had been eaten, and the bystanders affirmed that he was telling the truth. 'On your life?' asked the officer. 'On my life,' insisted the vendor. 'Well, we'll see,' said the officer, and ordered his bodyguard to rip open the stomach of the soldier with a 'cheese-cutter.' Then they looked carefully at the poor fellow's gory insides, but could find nothing that looked like the white jelly, so in punishment for the false accusation the officer caused the execution of the food vendor, his wife, his mother, and his four children.

There are, however, comparatively few such stories about the soldiers of the Kuominchun, and they seem never to be reported from the place that one is in, but always from another place.

In contrast with other Chinese armies the discipline and esprit de corps of the Kuominchun seem a remarkable phenomenon and one which is largely due to the genius for organization and the understanding of human psychology possessed by Feng Yu-hsiang. He has often been called a hypocrite by both Chinese and foreigners. There are many missionaries who support and believe in him implicitly, because he calls himself a Christian, because he has Bible classes and evangelists in his camps, and because his soldiers sing hymns and are not allowed to smoke or drink. Yet unprejudiced observers know that his policies and tactics are no more Christian than those of other war lords, and that his betrayal of Wu Pei-fu, by which he originally rose to power, was generally considered exceptionally underhanded.

His attitude toward opium affords an example of the way in which

missionaries and others are sometimes deceived as to his Christian principles. I have heard supposedly intelligent men praise the Christian general for his influence against the iniquitous opium traffic because he does not allow his soldiers to smoke it. And yet the Northwest, which he completely controls, is partly financed by revenue from opium. Here in Kweihwa the use, sale, and transport of opium are quite open. Opium pipes and lamps are sold everywhere on the streets and there are public inns where an opium smoke may be had for a few coppers. And this year, with the extra need of money, poppy growing has been not only licensed but encouraged.

But in spite of opium the Northwest is exceptionally well governed, and, whether he is a Christian or not, Feng Yu-hsiang is an exceedingly clever man. For certain it is that opium smoking does not make strong soldiers, nor do cigarettes or strong drink, while just as surely hymn singing does help in the building up of a loyal army. He has been intelligent enough to see the psychological value of the Christian 'line,' and he has used it to instill into the simple minds of his soldiers the Christian virtues of temperance and loyalty and patriotism, of contentment and submission and a hope for the hereafter, which have made them into a strong and powerful force. He pays them little and often that little is heavily in arrears, but since they are not allowed to smoke and drink there is little for which they need money, and to prevent them from pining for those forbidden pleasures he keeps them busy and happy with games and athletics and tree planting and hymn singing and thoughts about their souls. All this interest in their morals and their souls naturally inspires a loyalty which has gone a long way toward keeping up the morale of the men through retreats and defeats and exceedingly trying circumstances.

Whether Feng Yu-hsiang believes in Christianity or not, he has used it as an effective tool. And his other clever stroke has been the opportune championing of the cause of the 'New China.' When he was stranded high and dry, without political affiliations or a strong army or strategical territory, he had the astuteness to champion a growing movement when it needed a strong champion, and it has given him a backing which he could not otherwise have acquired. This connection, and his dependence on the supply of arms and ammunition from Russia, which also champions the New China, have naturally brought upon him the accusation of being Bolshevist. And the fact that he took up first with the Christians and then with the New China has earned him the reputation of being somewhat of a faddist or a crank. But it would seem that there is method in his madness and that he is shrewd enough to be a crank only when it pays him.

The Kuominchun has also earned for itself the reputation of being anti-foreign. It would probably be truer to say that, being of the New China, its leaders are sensitive in regard to their dignity. If this dignity is recognized we have found them always friendly. It is true that our freedom has been hampered and that, together with the Chinese, we have felt the severity of their martial law. Other parties have continually made exceptions of foreigners, granting them special privileges and being afraid of restricting or displeasing them, and under such parties we might have fared better. Yet in spite of our own personal discomfort we cannot help having respect for a party that has the courage to rule firmly and without kowtowing to us because we happen to be foreigners.

ISLAM AND CHRISTIANITY

BY R. C. HUTCHISON

I

In the history of Christianity no repulse has been more certain, more continuously effective, or more thoroughly disheartening than that which has been suffered at the hands of Islam. The faith of Christianity has been sublime. It still is. We believe now that the dawn is breaking. But, despite this sustained faith, valiant missionaries of the Cross have battered their lives against the walls of Islam and those walls have remained adamant. To the children of Mohammed, Christianity has not yet proved its superiority. It has not won their hearts — hearts that are just as human, just as receptive, and fully as eager for truth as other hearts.

This repulse of Christianity is more amazing in light of the fact that no ethnic religion has been so long or so continuously in contact with Christianity as has Islam. Both were cradled in the same part of the world; both accept fully the Scriptures of the Old Testament; both are theistic; both accept the historical Christ, and accept Him at least as a messenger and prophet of God. Yet the sheer fact is that Christianity, though undaunted, is repulsed and thus far seems helpless before the granite walls of Islam.

But there is a phenomenon that is even more amazing and more alarming — namely, Christian indifference to the implications of this repulse. The basic theory of evangelical Christianity lies in a risen, potent, and invincible Christ who is God indeed, and whose Spirit is willing and able to win the heart of any man of any faith. The uncompromising programme of Christianity as enunciated by the Founder himself involves the evangelization of every nation and every tongue. This basic theory of Christianity cannot possibly be reconciled to continuous repulse or final defeat. The spectacle of an irresistible force being effectively repulsed for thirteen centuries is one so utterly incongruous that Christians should be startled into heart-searching thoughtfulness. It gives occasion for some daring reconsiderations, and demands an answer before we go on with our traditional work of Moslem evangelization.

Nor is it enough to study the peculiar elements of strength in Islam, such as its overpowering conception of God, its rigid law of apostasy, or its carnal gratifications. These things are conquerable by an all-powerful Christ. The question comes nearer home and must be faced more courageously. Either Christ has failed or we have failed Christ! Accepting the first alternative, we surrender our faith. Accepting the second, we must turn to a searching self-examination.

As we begin a self-examination, it would be comforting if we could find that Christianity's fault had been in the method of its approach to Mohammedanism. But every tried and true

means of evangelization has been used in Moslem lands. Personal testimony, powerful preaching, self-sacrificing social service, and the persuasive influence of true and consecrated lives have all been outstanding in the history of missions to the Moslems. Every type of splendid Christian representative is found in the galaxy of heroes who have given their lives to this cause. There have been and are great hospitals with a tremendous outreach of humanitarian service. There are schools and colleges inculcating truth upon the minds of Islam's finest youth. There are other types of institution representing all that is most winning in our Christian religion. None of those measures which have been found successful in other places have been untried. Neither effort, expenditure, nor life itself has been spared in the sustained effort to establish the Christian Church. The seed has indeed been sown, there have been earnest laborers, the fields have seemed white, but there has been little harvest. No, there is something deeper, something more fundamental than method in the defeat of Christianity.

II

If any religion is to commend itself to the people of another faith, it must have distinctive elements of eternal value which their own religion does not contain. Every religious questioning, whether it be phrased by the learned or by the simple, resolves itself finally to this issue: 'What does the proposed faith have that is not contained in my own professed religion?'

Christianity does have such an element — one that is not contained in any other religion, one that is unique and tremendously satisfying to the human heart. That element is love — love as the interpretation of the universe, love such as men had never seen or comprehended, love such as no Buddha or Mohammed ever revealed, love that is found only in the heart of God and revealed through the life and teachings of Christ. Not only is that powerful and yearning love the distinguishing element of Christianity, but it is supposed to be the distinguishing characteristic of those who are Christians. 'By this,' the Master said, 'shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.'

Right here has Christianity failed. It has not succeeded in revealing to the Moslem world that it has this sublime and unique element of value — namely, the love of Christ. Every other argument and inducement has been brought, but without the fullness of this love the case has been incomplete and no victory has been won. Christianity has presented, for instance, a legalistic plan of salvation, skillfully phrased in heavy theological terms. But Islam has a plan of salvation. Christianity presents prophets. Islam has prophets. Christianity presents a moral code. Islam has a moral code. Christianity presents Christ. Islam accepts Christ, in its own way. But Christianity withholds that supremely convincing proof of an unprecedented love which shall be the greatest force in the world and which shall identify believers as the disciples of God.

As the Mussulman, for instance, looks back over the history of Christian contact with his peoples, he does not see a unique or amazing love in the attitude and actions of Christianity. That history is a black and sordid page of cruel struggle. In some struggles one side was more nearly right; in some the other side had a greater portion of truth. He recognizes this; but the essential fact which does not

miss his observation is that, in it all, Christians have been no better fundamentally than Moslems. In the last analysis, each side has attempted to accomplish its purposes by murder, pillage, and war.

In his mind the Crusades stand out more clearly than anything else. Successive hordes of soldiers pouring out of the north, armed to the teeth, bent on war and destruction, attempting by the iron hand of force to win the sepulchre of the Prince of Peace — this was Christianity. In that tragic debauchery of religion run amuck, the Moslem sees none of that tender love of Christ which made Him reject the compulsion of the sword, restrain forces at His command, and submit unbitterly to the horrors of torture and death.

If, in the mind of the Mussulman, the Crusades could be separated and distinguished from true Christianity, much would be gained. But they are not separated in the mind of the Christian! The Church has not renounced them. Still she vindicates them and champions them. Still they are taught with emotional sublimation in her schools and preached from her pulpits! If Christianity itself recognizes no incompatibility between the ruthlessness of the Crusades and the tenderness of the Christ, how can a Moslem be expected to make the distinction?

If Crusades and past struggles could be forgotten by the Moslem world, there would be no forgetting the war that has just closed. Thinking Moslems are not so shallow as to blame that disaster on Christianity; but they see clearly that during the World War Christianity stood for nothing better than Islam, for the Christian Church throughout the carnage put the stamp of divine approval on every campaign of every army.

France, England, and America did their desperate work in the name of Christ. Officers and armies of the Central Powers marched over Belgium and into France with the benedictions of the Church of Christ. On all sides and in all lands, preacher and priest urged on the mighty machines of death, with only an occasional and quickly subdued voice of protest. The essential fact which Islam cannot miss is that Christianity did not disapprove of the war, but instead took the stand that, in the accomplishment of the right, in the performance of the will of God, *force must be used, if necessary.*

Strange to say, this is precisely the belief of Islam. Islam holds that, when the will of God cannot be accomplished in another way, force should be used. It being the will of God that Armenians should become Mohammedans, they were almost invariably given the opportunity to do so. Argument and threats failing to accomplish the divine will, force was resorted to, and men, women, and children were destroyed. This is the theoretical basis for all Islamic wars, just as it is for all Christian wars. Islam and Christianity stand together, both resorting to the force of war to accomplish what they conceive to be the will of God. And as long as they stand on the same level, committing the same acts of war in the name of the same God, neither will be able to convince the other that he has something superior in his religious faith.

But if the principle of love that is embodied in the teachings of Christ were believed and practised by Christians, the Moslem world would rub its eyes in amazement, and would seek the spiritual source of such sublime faith. Christ believed and taught and based His entire career on a conviction

that love without the aid of arms, or armies, or blockades, or poison gas — that love alone could conquer. He seemed to believe that love was actually more powerful, more effective, and ultimately more surely victorious than any physical force.

Christianity has never dared to believe what Christ did, much less to practise it. But until Christianity does believe the teachings of its Christ, and dares to practise them, it will not win Islam. This would not mean the elimination of war; but it would mean the refusal of the Church of Christ to sanction, bless, and abet war, because of a sane conviction that there is a greater force by which every objective of the Kingdom of God can be accomplished — because of a conviction that the power of love can accomplish all things more certainly, more thoroughly, and more quickly than any other force.

III

It might be argued that the love spoken of by Christ was to be exercised within the close communion of the Church itself and not in the relationships of nations. Certainly this much, if no more, was implied by the words and teachings of the Christ. The words quoted above would indicate His expectation that among His followers would be a love so utterly unique that those of other faiths would recognize in it the unanswerable proof of a divine power. Were it possible to see such a love diffusing itself into all the relationships of the Christian communion, Islam would open its heart and mind to Christ, and seek that which it knows it does not have.

Like most students, I was troubled in my college days by the division of the Christian Church and by the bitterness of sectarian strife. I remember asking a missionary how Islam looked on such unloving divisions and whether or not our lack of unity interfered with Moslem acceptance of the Gospel. He replied that this did not interfere with his evangelistic work, 'because they have precisely similar divisions and therefore understand ours perfectly.' His answer was intended as an extenuation of Christianity, and it took me several years to realize that it was no extenuation — it was a damning indictment. Instead of being better, Christianity was on the same level with Islam. They could understand our divisions because theirs were precisely similar. Looking into our religion, they found a reproduction of their divisions, their strife, their sectarianism, and they *understood.*

A winning Christianity must not be understood in such a way. It must have elements that are unique, amazing, and incomprehensible. The love evidenced among its members within the warmth of its own communion should be without a parallel, something before which the Mohammedan would stand with an uncomprehending amazement. Even there, within our ecclesiastical walls, within our ministry, within our own membership, we have an opportunity to demonstrate a love for one another that will win the Moslem world.

But we are not doing it. As long as there can be Catholic and Protestant, as long as there can be Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist, as long as there can be Roman, Greek, Armenian, and Nestorian churches, we can scarcely convince Islam that we have a love more sublime than theirs. They are not anxious to give up their sectarianism for our sectarianism, their strife for our strife, their frenzied theological debates for our frenzied theological debates.

There is one first mile which Christianity must go on its way to the conquest of the world. That first mile is the conquest of itself. The slight creedal differences on which our belligerent brethren base their denominational thunderings will never be accepted as adequate by a rational world or by an awakened Islam. This is particularly true in view of the fact that our own Book gives little ground for division. Paul, writing to the Ephesians, anticipates a unity of the followers of Christ, for which a unity of faith and creed is not the basis but the goal! Speaking of the work of the Church, he says, 'For the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering, unto the building up of the body of Christ: *till* we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God.' Then, at that future time, we shall have unity of the faith; now, and until that time, we must have unity of the Church in a love such as no other religion reveals.

This must come before Islam can be wooed from its prophet or won from its faith. Until that love is evidenced among the groups and sects of Christianity, until it becomes an outstanding feature of Christian ecclesiastical life, until it welds Christianity into an utterly amazing unity, it seems to me that we can never successfully present the Gospel of Christ to the world of Islam.

When the love of Christ and its inescapable implications are presented to a class of Persian Moslem boys, they are amazed and delighted. Never before have they suspected the deeper meaning, the power, or the strange uniqueness of that love. But the joy of discovery is darkened by an inevitable question: 'Why is that love not demonstrated between Christian nations, or within the Christian Church?' We tell them, of course, that in so far as Christians fail to demonstrate that unique love they are not Christians. We suggest to them that the day may come when some of the Persians or Arabs or Indians will become true followers of the Christ and demonstrate to the world the meaning and power of His love. But are we not idealistic fools to think that these boys of Islam might catch the beauty of that love and surrender themselves to its power when Christianity after nineteen centuries clings to bloody arms and tears itself with internal strife?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TO BUY A FAT PIG

'And don't go to market,' advised the matrons of my acquaintance, 'for, though you won't believe it, marketing is extravagant: you'll buy everything.'

But I disregarded their advice, 'for,' said I, 'I've visited markets right around the world, and surely I cannot miss this one at my back door.' So with a basket on my arm I sallied forth to visit the market of this my city. Gray under gray skies, it was a far cry from the blazing bazaars of the East. A flock of doves wheeling suddenly to alight among horses' hoofs brought before my eyes the doves falling like snow in the Chourie Bazaar; and how they would settle about a man standing tall and thin, holding at arm's length above his head a shallow basket, from which grain poured in a fine stream for the wind to winnow. The glistening black of his body was broken by a white cotton loin cloth; at his feet the white grain mounted in heaps; behind him rose the pink stucco façades of Jaipur. I could feel the sharp chaff blowing in my eyes, smell again the dust, the spice, the steaming animals of the bazaar.

But Boston doves were a trifle shabby, and this cobbled square, bounded by the stalls of garden grocers, dominated by the dignified market hall of red brick, was pale after the kaleidoscopic bazaar. 'Horses and apples are not camels and spice,' I reflected sadly, 'yet Boston pigeons should make a nice pie.' And I got down to business.

Around the square I found the outsiders — the foreigners, the not-quite-arrived men, friendly and a little fresh. The Dagos, with their quick, wide smiles, flattered me and bartered with me, and the broccoli man especially. He had drawn up his truck in the square, and sat dangling his long legs out the back, puffing his cigarette. On the ground below him were heaped crates of green broccoli frosted gray as the top of a rye field in summer.

'Will you sell me some?' I inquired.

'Sure, I sell you crateful,' he answered gayly.

'No, only a bagful.'

He shook his head. 'Wholesale man only can sell by the crate.'

'Aw, don't be so stiff,' came a bantering voice from the next truck.

He flashed his smile, swung himself down, and proceeded to fill the largest paper bag in my basket, selecting a few stalks from several crates. 'No charge,' said he as I drew out my purse.

'Why not?'

'Oh, next fella he come along, buya da crate, he never miss deesa few stalks.'

The broccoli business was done on this amicable basis throughout the summer. One hot day when my basket seemed impossibly heavy he flicked away his cigarette and, telling me to wait a minute, disappeared. He returned presently at the wheel of an ancient limousine. 'Have business to do up on your hill. Get in — I drive you home.' As we forged through the traffic he talked gayly of the truck farm, of years when the bean market soars, and of the large family which on Sundays fills his rackety limousine. When winter came the broccoli man departed, but he will return with the spring.

In the fall the stalls around the square were laden with green and

purple grapes, smelling deliciously in the hot sun. I asked a vendor what he could do with such a quantity of grapes.

'Maka da wine,' he answered, and smacked his lips. 'Your man, he no maka da wine? Da's too bad. Some day I come up, maka da wine for you myself.'

The outsiders are fun, but when they make good and take up their stations within the stately doors of the market hall they don with their white coats and straw hats a more dignified demeanor. Mr. Simpson, my butcher, is an old oak in the community of established insiders. Having grown up in the market, he knows three generations of his customers. He took a paternal interest in the young stranger, and made up on other customers the slight discounts he gave me since I was 'just starting in.' I could not undertake a dinner party without consulting Mr. Simpson as to the 'most suitable joint.' I knew when he raised his hat and rubbed the gray stubble on his round pink head that my problems would be adequately solved. I remember my misfortunes before I put myself under his care. Those pigs' feet, for instance.

It was during my first week of marketing, and I was at a loss to discover something new and tempting for luncheon. I had contemplated French chops for several days, so that although I had not served them I thought, 'No, not chops again!' Then my eye fell on a large white bowl filled with cracked ice setting forth in pleasing pattern an array of little pigs' feet 'split for broiling.' I had never tasted them. Just the thing! The butcher came forward, smiling his encouragement, and to my question, 'Would they be nice for luncheon?' gave the dubious answer that if you liked them they were delicious. But his smile convinced me that anyone with taste liked pigs' feet. I purchased two dainty little feet and carried them home.

On the butcher's advice I broiled them, covering them with butter, and watched with delight as they puffed and browned. My husband had never eaten pigs' feet either. We set to work with mouths watering, yet the crispy skin proved impervious to the sharpest knife. I relinquished my illusions about brown and crispy skin, but knew they would be fine inside. Patiently we removed the hide, only to find a skeleton coated with a substance that trailed from the fork like a spider's gluey thread. We pried in vain between the bones for a morsel of that tender meat I knew existed somewhere. Then I remembered that the merchant had only said 'delicious if you like them.'

Though Mr. Simpson would never have advised me to buy pigs' feet, yet he would not criticize a rival's wares. It was the little egg man who averted the catastrophe of bear. I was dealing with Mr. Simpson when the great carcass swathed in burlap was brought to the butcher across the aisle.

'What's that?' I asked.

'Bear,' replied Mr. Simpson laconically.

'Is it good?'

Mr. Simpson appeared not to have heard my second question, but the egg man was young and rash. He laughed loudly. 'Come over here and I'll tell you about bear.

'Bear,' he said, 'must be bought carefully. Now get a nice steak right out of here,' — he slapped the heavy carcass, — 'take it home, plank it with plenty of vegetables, and when it's done to a turn — chuck it out the window and eat the plank.'

A roar of laughter went up on all sides. The merchant stood beside his bear, his hands spread helplessly as the line of prospective customers walked on. This was a breach of etiquette, but

the egg man was fresh from outside.

The poultry man, Old Royal, has a withered face like one of his own turkeys. He wags his sparse, pointed beard and tells how he has never set foot in an automobile and never will. I found him one day engaged in filling a barrel with uncommonly ugly carcasses varying in color from red to purple, with outstretched necks and big stiff feet. His manner of handling them suggested that they were not of the choicest. Yanking them out of one barrel, he tossed them half across the stall into the wide mouth of a second barrel. His expression was not pleasing, and from time to time he would inspect a bird with questioning nose.

'What are those?' I asked.

'Roosters.'

'What do you do with them?'

'Sell 'em to the Old Ladies' Home. Tough on the old ladies,' he added dryly.

Many were the glimpses I caught of the lives of my fellow customers — from the Irish iceman, who cooks his stew on Sunday and eats it through the week, to Mrs. Russell, whose six-course dinners are Mr. Simpson's boast. Even the babies are not forgotten: 'If they cry,' says Old Royal, 'give 'em a drumstick and push 'em under the stove.'

'To market, to market, to buy a fat pig' — and I came trustingly home with pigs' feet! Thereafter steak was my staple for three months, and not until then did I discover that chops were priced not at fifty cents apiece but by the pound. I learned the season of ducks and broilers, and with what sauce to disguise a pigeon as a squab. Beef tongue, venison (alas, the day!), a sugar-cured ham, and on one occasion tripe, came and went with relish. Roast beef for two must be eaten first hot, then cold, then hashed, then 'brothed.' I learned to look on meat when it was red and choose the tender from the coarse. With Mr. Simpson and Old Royal to instruct and the egg man to tease me, I grew letter-perfect, until the day came when I received my degree. For the first time my husband accompanied me, groaning beneath the baskets. And at the sight of him the egg man exclaimed, 'Here's a man that'll die rich. Your wife can skin the back off a nickel!'

HALF A STORY

If I knew the story behind the old man's story, that would be more worth telling. However, his tale is strange enough.

The place is the only spot on Huckleberry Hill where you can pick berries without charge. It lies in the valley west of the Hill, which is five miles long and owned almost entirely by hard-headed and hard-pressed farmers who rightly think permission to pick worth a modest fee. Moreover, the old man, who is caretaker there, keeps a weak but well-meaning eye on your car and lunch basket — an advantage at the height of the season, when pickers come from far and near.

To reach that part of Huckleberry Hill, which is one of the many lap-children of the Helderberg Mountains, take the state road almost to the crest, turn sharp left through a barnyard, and drive across a table-land dotted with hayfields and pine groves, both thin. The Hill lies to the left, across one of the myriad internal valleys of the oldest range geologically, in the United States. For sixty miles from our house, in this direction, there are no railroads and few improved roads; the whole district preserves a rustic remoteness that belies its position on the map.

After a mile or more of the plateau, the rough dirt road dips and winds west across the valley. The bed of Gold

Creek — name reminiscent of a dream that did not pan out — is of flat limestone, deeply cross-cracked. In summer Gold Creek is hardly more than a channel with occasional pools; but it leaps into life after each rain, and in spring and autumn runs torrents. Near the narrow, shaky bridge, the stream is dammed, perhaps for trout, perhaps to furnish water for the house that rises, half hidden by lofty lilac bushes, on the knoll just beyond.

Decay greets you at the weed-choked entrance. There is a broad but sagging porch; the front windows are out, and through them you glimpse strips of paper hanging from damp walls. A blind man could sense the place from the odors of rotting boards and lush, untended vegetation. But signs of life appear when you round the corner — a chair beside the rear door, and a path running from it to leaning, unpainted barns. If the old man is not sitting by the door, he will presently emerge, stare for a moment quizzically, and then totter forward, smiling. He is glad to see you, glad to see everyone who comes. He has lived there seventeen years, alone for fourteen of them.

After lunch I sat on his doorstep while he repeated, in a high, tremulous voice, his oft-told tale.

'It's this way, neighbor,' he began. 'I could charge 'em for picking, but not so many would come. Anyhow, the money would n't make any difference to the folks that own this place. They're rich. And I might get robbed. No; I never keep no money around. Don't need it. They send my wages to a bank in town, and the same bank pays the taxes and my store bills.'

'A wise plan,' I agreed. 'And who are they?'

'That's what pickers are always asking me, and I always answer, "The folks that own the place." Maybe you could find out if you had to know — from the bank or the land records down at the county seat. But the name does n't matter. Sometimes I forget it for months myself, in winter. I've forgot a good many things; I'm past eighty, and winters I mostly sleep. But I ain't seen hide nor hair of either of 'em for seventeen year come October.

'They boarded at Simpsons' that summer. You can get a nice squint at Dunbar Hollow from Simpsons'. I say Simpsons', but the Simpsons have all been out of there ten years or more. There was just the two of 'em — my folks, that is — and they used to wander around here together, like they been married only a spell. Come the first of August, they bought this place and started fixing it up as if money was water. She was a pleasant, soft-speaking little thing, youngish and feared of animals, like she'd never been out of the city before. Yes, sir, they came from New York City. He was big and medium old — first man I ever see in short pants. Now half the fellers that come here to pick wears 'em.'

The old man cackled thinly, stroking his white beard with uncertain fingers.

'They put on a new porch, built the dam that holds back that pond, and tore things up considerable inside the house. My old woman was sick, and I needed money, so I was always the first man here in the morning and the last away at night. The boss and I got on together; I was a worker and he was a driver. Man alive, but he kept after us! Bound and set, he was, to be settled snug by winter. Then all-sudden he says to me, one frosty October morning, "Cap, move your wife down here and take charge. Shape things up for winter and stand by the place. We'll be back in April." I drove 'em out that afternoon, the three of us in my old buggy. She sat on his lap and cried some, but he did n't pet her like he used to. Just sat there stony-faced. Up

yonder where the road turns, she looked over her shoulder and said, hushed-like, "Good-bye, happy valley, good-bye!"

'There was an automobile waiting for them at the pike, the first I ever see. That's the last I set eyes on them. Here I been ever since, barring trips down to the store. Buried my old woman from here. I ain't no hand to be away, because there's no telling when they might come back.'

'They write, of course.'

He shook his head. 'He did, some, at first. Stric'ly business. Told me to keep things in shape and patch up as best I could and wait for orders. But late years I ain't had no orders; and while I've done some patching along, I don't deny the place has got ahead of me. Our store don't carry no paint nor glass, and these seven year my eyes ain't been good enough to let me pound a nail real straight.'

'And she? Does n't she ever write?'

'No, sir; not once. And that's queer, because she'd set out some plants all roundabout the yard, and my old woman used to write her once in a while that the flowers were doing well. Writing ain't in my line; but my old woman could read and write and cipher. The young Missis, though, never wrote back. Maybe she's dead; maybe he's dead. My wages was n't much at the start, and I've never been raised. But I've never been docked, neither. So now — hee, hee, hee! —you're talking to what is the best-paid eighty-three-year-old in the township. All I have to do is to set here and wait. But I do what I can. I keep a light burning in that window every night, so's it can be seen from the turn of the road up yonder. I've kind of given up hope; but maybe they'll be back sometime — or some of their young 'uns.'

'Perhaps,' I said, 'they are so rich that this place does n't mean anything to them. Perhaps it is just one small item on a big budget, and so slides through without question year after year. You and this place may even be endowed as part of a trust fund held for minor heirs who will be along some day to find out what it is all about.'

'I'm afeared I don't understand all that, neighbor; but let's hope it's all for the best. Figger it out any way you like. I know it's queer, but queer or not, that's the truth. They ain't been back for seventeen year. They better hurry; I can't promise to look after their things many more years.'

'What then?' I asked.

'Well, the neighbors 'll miss the light in the back window. Then they'll come over and do for me. But what's to become of the place then, I don't know. That worries me some. Suppose the bank notifies 'em that I'm gone and the place vacant, won't someone have to come then? Mebbe it's because they know everything's safe with me here that they stay away so long.'

'You've been faithful; but I doubt if that is the reason for their absence. Something happened to change their plans before they left, and then something happened after they left to change them again. Now my idea is that they were n't married. Probably they intended to be but they were n't. Then there was a baby, and the mother died. And this place either belongs to that child, or else it is being held by the father until the child grows up to take it over. You see — '

The old man rose stiffly.

'Stranger,' he said, 'we've talked long enough. You're welcome to their berries, but no one can talk agin her on this ground. She was as good and kind a little thing as ever you see, and I won't have no gossip set going agin her.'

With feeble, fumbling steps he went indoors, leaving me standing, ashamed, in the path his feet had trod for seventeen years.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

After an early career on Wall Street, **James Truslow Adams** returned to his first love of undergraduate days, the study and writing of history. His three-volume history of New England, *The Founding of New England, Revolutionary New England* (awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best history of 1921), and *New England in the Republic*, won immediate recognition and amply justified his decision. ¶In the summer of 1925 **Alice L. Williams** was climbing in one of our national parks with a party of five, including her father and a lifelong friend of his. While crossing a famous divide at the direction of one of the best guides in the park, the friend lost his life and the others were caught on a narrow ledge of rock from which it was practically impossible to escape. During the two days they waited for help Mrs. Williams wrote the letters to her husband which, with the omission of a few of the most personal sentiments, we have faithfully printed. Because the tragic experience was in no way due to park authorities or to park policy, it was thought unnecessary to mention its identity. ¶Born in Denmark in 1888 and grown in the school of experience, **Carl Christian Jensen** realized the ambition of every boy when he ran off to sea at the age of sixteen. This adventure is the second chapter in Mr. Jensen's epic career. The account of his youth in a Danish port appeared in the *Atlantic* for October.

* * *

Authors, avers **Agnes Repplier,** are as easy prey as an eighteenth-century stagecoach. ¶For eight generations **Isabel Hopestill Carter's** family have dwelt on the Maine coast, where in Yankee fashion they have ploughed the sea for their profit. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie's** presence in Belgium at an international conference on Africa brings back happy recollections of her 'Black Sheep,' those vivid tales from West Africa which she wrote when a missionary and which we published in 1915–16.

Carolyn Wells, who designs more detective stories than Sherlock Holmes could solve, devoted her spare time to collecting until she had neither time, room, nor money to spare for anything else. ¶Minister of the Wellesley Hills Unitarian Church, **Walter Samuel Swisher** prefaced his essay with a letter from which we quote: —

> I believe that one trouble with the world today is that it has too much sought the prophet. A Jewish friend says that the Jews had 'to become their own Messiah,' that is, put forth intelligent collective effort, ere they emerged from the wilderness. Personally I should loathe the rôle of prophet.

The author of 'Unfinished Jobs' was one of the first women to pioneer in Wall Street. A quarter of a century later she helped to organize the nation's business and professional women and also served, after the war, on practically all of New York City's unemployment committees. ¶From official and private source **Hector C. Bywater,** the British naval critic, has gleaned fresh data on the most discussible battle of modern history. ¶It is a pleasant editorial privilege to welcome new contributors, such as **Ruth Kate Stowell,** to the *Atlantic*. ¶A famous hunter and guide, **J. M. Defosse** is known by every tiger in Indo-China. By birth a Frenchman, he joined a colonial regiment and served for many years in the Orient. When the jungle called he quit the army and settled down at Gia Huynh, a grassy clearing in the very heart of the wilds, to devote himself to big game, his guns, and his family. ¶Training his searchlight on the field of corporate finance, revealing names and figures that are startling, **Professor William Z. Ripley** has exposed certain sources of mystification and danger long shielded from the public. As a preface to his present paper, Professor Ripley wrote: —

> Within a decade of 1924, electrically driven horsepower in manufactures rose from less than 9,000,000,000 to over 22,000,000,000. These are staggering figures, but they are exceeded in

measure of development by the increase in the people's ownership of utilities. By 1918 the number of shareholders, increasing under the stimulus of campaigns for consumer ownership as well as by the natural attraction of well-advertised securities, was about double the number of stockholders in railroads. By 1925 there were 3,160,000 stockholders, three times as many as there are investors in railroad securities, and the end is not yet.

The relation between this vast enterprise and politics is already ominous: the disclosures in Illinois should make citizens generally uneasy. Let us remember the tortuous record of the railroads and see to it that history does not repeat itself.

* * *

Bernhard Knollenberg is a practising lawyer of New York City. **Eleanor Lattimore** was to accompany her husband on a hazardous journey over the ancient caravan routes to Chinese Turkestan. They joined forces at Kweihwa and there on the eve of departure their camels were commandeered, the railway cut, and themselves interned by the 'armies' she has described. **Doctor R. C. Hutchison** is the director of religious education at the American College of Teheran. He reminds us that Christian work among the Moslems is the special study for all Protestant churches during the coming year.

* * *

The magnitude of the discussion of Professor Ripley's thesis automatically excludes it from the narrow confines of this corner of the *Atlantic*. For sheer volume we can recall no other editorial correspondence of like dimensions, and the argument on either side cannot be stated in the modest compass of this Column. Bishop Fiske's very definite pronouncement on divorce has also loosed the floodgates of disputation. Perhaps we can put our finger on the divisive line between opposing camps by observing that frequent divorce is reprobated or tolerated according to the degree in which the writer feels that marriage is a civil contract where the happiness of the individual is involved or a sacrament, with its infinite religious implications. At times in the world's history it has been considered as the one, at times as the other. To-day the debate is in the balance.

JACKSONPORT, WIS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May I add to Bishop Fiske's article in September, on 'Marriage — Temporary or Permanent?' the following quotation from a sermon by John Henry Newman, preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, ninety-one years ago: —

'I cannot fancy any state of life more favorable for the exercise of high Christian principle, and the matured and refined Christian spirit (that is, where the parties really seek to do their duty), than that of persons who differ in tastes and general character being obliged by circumstances to live together, and mutually to accommodate to each other their respective wishes and pursuits. And this is one among the many providential benefits (to those who will receive them) arising out of the Holy Estate of Matrimony; which not only calls out the tenderest and gentlest feelings of our nature, but, where persons do their duty, must be in various ways more or less a state of self-denial.'

(REVEREND) JOHN E. HODSON

CONNEAUT, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It is unfortunate that there should be a conflict of opinion between Christians who unite in abhorrence of the prevalent evils of divorce; but it does not help morals or justice to pass unquestioned the misleading statements of Bishop Fiske in the September *Atlantic*, that the 'law of Christ is plain,' and that to accept Christ's 'law' as a moral ideal, subject to inevitable practical qualifications, is to deny that His teaching has divine authority.

As a matter of fact, from the time of their first utterance, all authorities, including the Apostles and Bishop Fiske, have been forced to treat Jesus' sayings in regard to divorce as an ideal standard, impossible of perfect embodiment in law, either civil or ecclesiastical.

According to Matthew and Luke the words of Jesus were originally applied only to the arbitrary power of a Jewish husband to divorce his wife without consideration for any claims she might have for herself or in her children. Mark, having the Roman practice in mind, amends Jesus' saying to apply also in the case of a wife divorcing a husband, which, as an application, is logical enough, but not the 'law' as Jesus taught it.

In Mark and Luke the 'law' of Jesus does not suggest any exception. In Matthew adultery on the part of the wife is sufficient ground for an exception, but not on the part of the husband. It is only fair to Jesus to add that modern critical scholarship acquits Him of having perpetrated such a crude moral blunder. Only from the point of view that a wife is personal property

does adultery acquire a peculiar preëminence over other offenses equally destructive of ideal marriage.

The Episcopal Church officially accepts the right of remarriage of the innocent party to a divorce upon the ground of adultery, but permits its priests to deny that right upon their individual responsibility, a distressing example of the consequences of attempting to reduce the Gospel to ecclesiastical law.

As reported by Matthew and Luke, Jesus forbids remarriage of the innocent woman who has been divorced. Mark omits reference to the innocent party and substitutes the case in which, under the Roman law, the woman herself obtains a divorce.

The Apostle Paul makes a distinction in regard to separation and remarriage as between married believers and those who are married to unbelievers.

The Roman Church permits divorce and remarriage when one of the parties is unbaptized, and also for special reasons in other cases.

Finally, Bishop Fiske admits that there is doubt whether the teaching of Jesus does or does not allow remarriage of the innocent party in the case of divorce for adultery, a doubt which raises a question fatal to the authority of Jesus' teaching regarded as 'law': namely, whether there are not, in fact, many other honest doubts as to its literal interpretation.

There are not a few Christian ministers who accept the divine authority of Jesus' teaching, and who will not condone manifest fraud or scandal, yet do not feel called upon to act as censors of other people's consciences, or to accept eccesiastical legalism; who, in view of the fact that there never has been, nor can be, agreement as to the legal application of Jesus' teaching, consider it their duty to give the benefit of honest doubt to those who come to them in good faith with the legal right of remarriage.

Nevertheless, let it not be understood that Jesus' ideal of marriage, as an individual moral ideal, is either dubious or impotent. Millions accept it implicitly and obey it loyally. It has raised civilization out of unspeakable bestiality. The new paganism has, indeed, attacked the Christian ideal of marriage with some success, but so much the more surely will our paganism sting itself to death.

J. H. Rankin
Minister, First Congregational Church

* * *

Liberty or death.

San Rafael, Cal.

Dear Atlantic, —

When reading the article entitled 'Animals and Death,' by Sir W. Beach Thomas, in the September issue, I was reminded of a further illustration in regard to the deliberate self-sacrifice of animals. Most fur bearers inhabiting fresh-water streams and lakes will invariably drown themselves rather than submit to capture in a steel trap. One of the first rules of the trap line (I believe it to be a required law in some states) provides that the trap shall be placed near a sufficient depth so that the victim may perish under water rather than die a slow and tortured death.

In many cases it is imperative if the fur catcher wishes to hold his victim. A muskrat if caught by one foot can nearly always twist about, break the bone of the leg, and swim away with a visible excuse for his late return. But if the water within the length of the chain be deep enough to submerge his body completely the rat will deliberately choose drowning, of his own volition, within a very short time of capture.

Hardly can it be said that they die through fear. Rather a grim resolution to perish rather than to submit to imprisonment. Who could be a greater martyr to liberty?

Very truly yours,
Boyd H. Dunbar

* * *

With the clearest convictions this reader urges the negation of science at the command of faith.

Dear Atlantic, —

The title of Dr. Parrish's article, 'From Authority to Experience,' in the September *Atlantic*, suggests a rather startling reversal of the logical course of Christian religious development, which has always begun with experience and ended in authority because of the experience. The experience was conversion. The authority was the consensus of opinion of those who had had the experience.

Conversion is unfortunately a word of some vulgar connotation in modern life, but its Scriptural authority is undoubted. The development proposed by Dr. Parrish would seem to substitute for the experience of conversion a certain sophistication in the affairs of the secular world, arising, he says, from the consideration of 'the origin of ideas, of inventions, of discoveries, the growth of civilization,' and so forth. But the Christian religion is bound by its founders to the antecedent experience of conversion: *Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*

It is conversion with its demand for faith in lieu of knowledge that seems unreasonable to the disciples of knowledge. 'The one thing,' says Dr. Parrish, 'that is perfectly clear is that in

any conflict between arbitrary dogma, whether Biblical or ecclesiastical, and the established facts of science, men will invariably and justly give the preference to the latter. It is only peasants and the undeveloped mind of childhood that can any longer be imposed upon.' But Christian believers are bound by the Gospel to hold and by experience to know that spiritual facts and scientific facts belong to different categories; to realize that the wisdom of God, which Saint Paul declared was to Jewish scribe a stumblingblock and to Greek Epicurean foolishness, is to the modern man of science nonsense — or *terra incognita,* according to his humility of mind. It goes without saying that unconverted souls will, for lack of the experience, give the preference to the established facts of science, but this is quite without significance to converted souls who have had the experience. Christ's mission was to peasants and to little children, as well as to scientists, whom they greatly outnumber. Shepherds knelt first in the Presence of Incarnate God. The wise men came later.

Everyone will agree with Dr. Parrish that peasants and children should not be imposed upon. But does the Church impose upon them when she teaches them the Bible, in view of Dr. Parrish's express recognition of 'the moral and spiritual values enshrined there'? If, under such teaching, peasants and children grasp a somewhat materialistic or carnal understanding of spiritual terminology or theological formulas, as compared with the wisdom of the wise, it still remains to be proven that they are any further from the essential truth than are the wise. According to Jesus, they are nearer. The story of Mary will convey to the peasant mind, according to its standards, the same truth that the formula of the Nicene Creed conveyed to the learned men at Nicæa: *Jesus, God of God, Very God of very God;* and it would seem that there is not much use in claiming that the story of Mary imposes on peasants and children unless one is prepared to assert that the formula of Nicæa imposes on the wise. The one is no more improbable or impossible than the other. If one goes, *pari passu* both should go.

We wish to be fair. If Dr. Parrish means only that the expression of the truths of faith in the Scriptures is not scientific and not to be taught as science, we shall agree. There would be nothing new in the claim. Cardinal Cajetan made it in the sixteenth century in his treatise on the Book of Genesis, which he taught was a treatise of metaphysical truth of the cosmic struggle of good and evil, and not a geological or astronomical treatise. The Cardinal died in orthodoxy and the Pope declared him to have been the Lamp of the Church. Peasants and children, wise men too, have learned the story of sin from Genesis as they would not have learned it from zoölogy or through sophistication in the material world. Yet, Dr. Parrish says: 'It has long been realized by the theologians themselves that such doctrines as rest upon the Biblical account of creation and the fall of man, though still preached at Dayton and to the hill billies of the remote mountain districts, are regarded by the educated as mere poetical folk lore.' Many of us are thus eliminated from the ranks of the educated, but how can Dr. Parrish regard the Old Testament as *mere* poetical folk lore when in this same article he says it enshrines moral and spiritual values?

Preachers often preach unwisely at Dayton and elsewhere, but so long as they preach from a record enshrining moral and spiritual values the Church may feel reasonably safe. The 'hill billies of the remote mountain districts' may have a way of getting at the truth through the Scriptural expression just as the hill billies of Judæa got at the truth when Jesus preached of Jonah and the whale.

If we are to have a religion, the great truth of Catholic doctrine must be recognized: that the wise can and must, in the humility that is born of faith, accept that Scriptural expression of truth and that terminology of religion that peasants, children, and hill billies — as well as the wise — can understand.

It was Pasteur who in the splendor of his scientific achievements recorded his acceptance of Catholic dogma and affirmed that the faith of a Breton peasant was the ideal faith of the converted soul.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL

* * *

The austerity and dignity of the English press are so often cited to point criticism of our own that we venture to print a few haphazard cuttings sent us by a friend in London. In spite of climate, clothes, and culture, the Briton still has temperament.

PERSONAL

TO MY DEAR HUSBAND. — It all rests with you. A little less literature, a little more love, and who knows what the effect might be?

LADY wishes ADVICE as to best and quickest method of TRAINING her FIGURE in view of the threatened return of small-waisted fashions next year. — E.L.P., 6647, 'Morning Post.'

AUTHOR, about to publish BOOK of great interest and benefit to all, desires to SELL HALF-SHARE. Enormous financial possibilities. — Write Box 74238, Samson Clark and Co., Ltd., 57, Mortimer-st.

HAUNTINGS. — INFORMATION (gratis) earnestly desired by 'Ghost Circle' re Haunted Houses near London. — H. 5920, 'Morning Post.'

Don't give up the ship!

September 21, 1926

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Several letters and articles have appeared during the last few months from persons suffering from incurable diseases. This from me you may use or not as you wish. It is written as a warning to any who may be slipping down as I slipped about a year ago.

Those who have physical diseases are fortunate compared with those who have abnormal mental states. I had an enviable professional position and thought I loved my work. But I allowed myself to think I was overworked and at last to think that I could not work or think because I was tired and sleepless. Now I know that I only worked in wrong, strained ways, and that many people work hard who sleep little. I followed advice to take a rest, took endless nerve tonics, went to sanitariums, had treatments, and the more I had of all this medical and therapeutic care the more incapable I got of doing or deciding anything. Essentially what I did was to *give in.* If I had known what I was doing, I think I could have kept up. It was the first giving in that was the fatal mistake. Maude Royden's article is true, that courage and honesty have to be at the foundation of character. But another virtue is even more fundamental — industry. When that goes, courage, faith, and honesty do not tarry long behind.

Now I can eat, sleep, talk if anyone will listen, walk about aimlessly, drive myself with the greatest difficulty to the simplest tasks, fret because my money has been thrown away after the things which are unseen and eternal had departed. I cherish the hope, or wish, or delusion, that I'll be better to-morrow, but I know of no reason why I should be unless I follow the advice that eminent physicians and friends and relatives all give me to help myself. I say to myself that I am going to do so, and so far every day is worse than the last. Only intelligence is left to me. Industry and character seem gone. I say 'seem' because I hate to write 'are.'

If I could change this hellish state for any physical disability known, with courage I would: smallpox, cancer, paralysis, tuberculosis, or all of them together.

I have prayed day and night, thinking that God would help and save. The praying is done amiss, or there would be a result. Those who pray with faith, and work too, get help. All the maledictions of the Bible appear to belong to me, none of the promises. But at first I tried to lean on the promises, as I did in my former life, before I came to have my place in hell. Whatever else hell may be, it is a state of mind.

To those who think of giving in to nerves or weariness, I say don't do it. Live or die, but don't quit. That is the worst dishonor and, if one has intelligence enough to know it, the lowest hell.

This is a genuine statement, but for obvious reasons I do not sign my name. I have never written an unsigned letter in my life before, and never until this came upon me had anything to hide that I was conscious of. Now I want to keep back from everyone, not to see friends who want to come to see me, not to go on the street, just to stay in the house and talk about my needs to two faithful ones who love me and who listen for a time and then tell me to try to help myself.

I envy the woman who wrote that she has cancer but keeps at her work. I envy everyone who can keep at work in spite of difficulties — any work, even dishwashing, scrubbing, digging, anything. And how high and marvelous those appear who direct and plan and think out things, as I used to do! It seems so strange to me that I can still read and write, when everything of value is gone from life.

At first I thought I must be going insane, but I am not. It is only *giving in,* an insidious self-indulgence that crept on and on and on.

* * *

We have ever noted that there are a great many more claimants in the world than there are claims. But should one know of a vacant title, here is a chance for an amicable arrangement.

Editor, the *Atlantic Monthly*

DEAR SIR: —

I have heard that there are great fortunes in England awaiting distribution among heirs that are scattered about over the world. Would you kindly advise me to whom to write to get some accurate information about this.

MRS. H. R. ROBERTS
951 ODD FELLOW STREET
GAINESVILLE, FLA.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

BY ERNEST C. AULD

THERE is fascination in entering a city, to delve into its formation, its early and later growth, and to view it with an open mind.

In 1800 the city fathers, with lanterns met in a Borough of the Town of Stratford, and incorporated the city of Bridgeport, now the capital of Fairfield County, of the State of Connecticut.

Today, this city is manufacturing five thousand separate and distinct commodities, and is known as the city of diversified industries. The writer stood in front of the new five story building of the D. M. Read Company, and counted more people entering the store in twenty minutes, than the five hundred and seventy-two people who lived in Bridgeport in 1810.

Interested, the writer entered and learned that this store started in a small way in 1857, and has always shown increase until today it is really an institution. People said so — More than two hundred citizens said to go to the D. M. Read Company, corner of Broad and John Streets, when asked where was the leading department store. Every answer was the same.

You say whence comes this situation, and you learn that the principle under which this concern operates is that the buyer is always right. — That goods sold must be satisfactory in the home. That what you see in this new five story building is really the growth of faith, integrity, service. Goods purchased are returnable. You can buy these goods no matter where you live, and you can return them if they are not right. This is a department store showing a range of goods from the moderate in price to the exquisite in creation; not only to its shopping area of two hundred and twenty-five thousand people, but practically is a State Store — does a business of many millions annually.

The forty-three departments show nearly every thing for the home, for women and youth, and Mens Furnishing Goods, as well. There are more than five hundred on the pay roll. Every one has been selected carefully. Every one realizes the importance of service. — In turn you find the management serves its working personnel. You find rest rooms, nurses care, restaurant, yearly vacation time. The air is renewed every six minutes, spelling comfort for buyer and seller.

Another angle that makes this a community center is the interest the store takes in the youth of the city. Children are always welcome, and indeed there are days set apart for their enjoyment. Everything is done to interest them. The management wants the children. They believe it has caused the growth of the store. Youth knows what it wants and insists. Once a year the High School girls keep store for a day, and this shows them the dignity of service.

The Book Shop is one of the show places of Bridgeport. You can browse in the old fashioned way among the authors of the world.

The last service rendered by the workers of the D. M. Read Company is one which interests all in Bridgeport. David F. Read, at his death willed that sixty-five per cent of his stock holdings in the Corporation should be devoted in perpetuity to various charities, in which the Bridgeport Hospital participates largely. Many other asso-

ciations and church organizations receive a part as well.

Bridgeport has always been noted for its broad minded liberal views, for its open democracy among men. Here is a view that shows how far reaching this conditions goes. The writer is quoting from a booklet. "First we ask all employees to go through a short physical examination, so that you will be certain to measure up to the standards of health with all your fellow workers. In six months you are entitled to an insurance policy on your life for $500.00. This will increase yearly, until the sum is $1000.00. You can join the Savings Club, and you will be paid at the end of the year, in addition to the interest the bank allows, ten per cent more. Your savings are placed in the bank in your name. The company pays the insurance, pays the added ten per cent interest because it wants its employees to remain with the work." It is not charity, just good business, and every one is told the true status of the matter.

This is the initial operation of the Raybestos Company of Bridgeport, manufacturers of brake lining for automotives, and by far the largest consumers of long fibre asbestos in the world. This Bridgeport concern operates in Bridgeport and Stratford, Connecticut, in North Charleston, South Carolina, Peterboro, Ontario, and in London. Silver Edge Raybestos brake linings are to be found on automobiles and trucks in every clime, and at every hour dependably.

The writer asked those in authority what they sell, and the answer was service, safety, an effort to prolong life, and make the automobile a more dependable institution. The day the writer went through the Bridgeport plant interviewing, he was shown ready for shipment to one Motor Manufacturer one hundred and seventy-five miles of Silver Edge Raybestos Brake lining, and every inch of every yard of every mile was guaranteed for a year.

Silver Edge Raybestos Brake lining is really woven rock asbestos, reinforced with brass wire. The Raybestos Company has found Canadian Asbestos to be the finest spinning fibre. It takes fifty tons of rock to obtain one ton of Asbestos fibre suitable for spinning. Two hundred pounds of rock relines one pair of brakes. The material is crushed, dried and fibreized by machinery which delivers the rock in a silky form, ready for spinning.

The spinning operation is much the same as that used in cotton. The yarn is spun around brass wire, then woven into tape. It is sent to a treating department where it is impregnated with a heat and a wear resisting compound, passed through intensely heated ovens, and directed under pressure between heated rolls, which deliver it in uniform width and thickness. Inspection is the order of the day.

Inspection is carried on continually. Raybestos brake lining came into operation in 1905, and its history is one of service to the automotive world.

These asbestos weavers have a standard of quality in mind, and you see it in shop and office observance, in civic pride and duty — and the result is service.

Officers and men work together. They plan together. It is not unfair to say it is one industrial family. Every one has an opportunity to make and get what he earns, to solve every problem with the managers and every man knows that he can always go into the president's office and that what he says will be taken into consideration. There are no plant sicknesses. Every precaution is taken to safe-guard the machinery. Labor turnover is at a minimum. Dependability is an asset. Reliability is of first consideration. These are just actual ideas gathered from a day's interview. The company sets its standard on reliability. The adults employed here are home owners to the extent of about thirty per cent, although the average for Bridgeport is but twenty four per cent.

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THE MAN BEHIND THE 'TIMES'

THE PORTRAIT OF A PUBLISHER

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

I

'THE sole trouble virtue demands,' said Hume, 'is that of just calculation and the steady preference of the greater happiness.' 'Success,' says Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, the managing owner of the *New York Times*, 'is simply won by the practice of the ordinary virtues.' Clearly the famous utilitarian and the eminent publisher agree. But while Hume's naïveté is complex and artful, Mr. Ochs's is palpably ingenuous. He just naturally believes what Hume was forced to conclude from sheer skepticism. And between skepticism and animal faith the advantage is all with faith.

Being *ex animo* certain, Mr. Ochs does not hesitate to share the secret of his simple success. 'I really can see no excuse,' he insists, 'for any healthy young man, born of self-respecting parents, not to succeed in the fullest sense of the term. It took no genius to build the *Times;* just hard work, common sense, self-reliance, and honesty.' After faithfully exercising these 'ordinary virtues,' Mr. Ochs was able to celebrate, last August 18, the thirtieth anniversary of his ownership of the *New York Times* by making on his editorial page some highly satisfactory observations. 'When [the *Times*] passed into the ownership and control of the present management [its] daily circulation . . . had dropped to 9000. The regular employees numbered 300, and the annual gross income was $500,000. At the present time the *New York Times* has an average daily circulation of 370,000 and 625,000 on Sunday; has over 3000 regular employees, and has an annual gross income of about $25,000,000.' Such phenomenal success has so absolutely convinced Mr. Ochs that the exercise of the 'ordinary virtues' is the best policy that he is willing to bet on them. He would gladly organize a Company to Assure Success.

'My Company to Assure Success would ask of its policyholders nothing out of the ordinary, no special brilliance, no abnormal talents, no inordinate industry even. In passing upon applicants for success it would, however, inquire rather carefully into a youth's antecedents and parents, for the first thing is to be well born.

Satisfied on this point, the Company would investigate the youth's record to date, and if he was found to have done moderately well at school, if he had established a reasonably good reputation in character, and if he possessed good health, — good health is essential, — then he would be eligible.

'In issuing this policy, about all the rules and conditions would be: "You must strive faithfully to live up to the precepts taught you as a child by your mother. You must be industrious, temperate, and honest. You must give diligent attention to your business, lead a clean, honorable life, and deserve as well as try to succeed.'"

Mr. Ochs's friends smile indulgently. His critics smile cynically. Both miss the point. It is not his naïveté, but the obsession of his naïveté, which matters — an obsession which is completely hidden even from himself by a rare personal charm. It is his absolute faith in the 'ordinary virtues' which conquered for him the world of his choice. And though Mr. Ochs is 'no genius,' he touches genius in the psychological unawareness with which his virtues function, in the unconscious virtuosity with which he orchestrates them. There is something organic, rather than moral, about Mr. Ochs's decencies.

His virtues fall into the rhythm of his age. He is keenly aware of its instruments and never dubious of its fundamentals. His high courage never challenges the established order, though it is often extremely daring in its uses. His high sense of honor merely bespeaks his rights and duties as a freeman in established opinion. His uncanny shrewdness is never ulterior, for his mental processes function as though they were dipped in a utilitarian solution whose chemistry he does not know. Mr. Ochs is not merely an honest, but a congenital conformist. He is the living norm of the median culture of American life. In turn his times have rewarded him with the highest protective coloration. It is this protection which enabled him to build our only national newspaper.

Mr. Ochs can 'go to bed' with his paper and rest calmly between its lines in the unconscious certainty that his personality will color every word in each of the eight columns of the thirty to forty pages of the daily *Times*. In the *Mid-Week Pictorial*, in the *Annalist*, in *Current History*, Mr. Ochs stops for a moment to review synoptically the fugitive news of the day. And on Sunday he dresses up in two-hundred-odd pages of the most perfect typography, in exquisite rotogravure, in the beautiful half-tones of the Magazine Section and Book Review, in dignified special features. The Sunday *Times* is really Mr. Ochs's temple, in which he does homage to the American environment which blessed his 'ordinary virtues' so prodigally. Mr. Ochs's career reaffirms the Aristotelian dictum that man is an institutional case — in proportion to his success. The *Times* reflects our complex institutional culture in faithful perfection. No wonder the best journalistic craftsmen have drifted to Mr. Ochs as their publisher. Louis Wiley is by all odds the most competent American newspaper manager. Carr V. Van Anda and Frederick T. Birchall are beyond the shadow of a doubt the greatest American news gatherers. Rollo Ogden is a distinguished newspaper editor. The heads of the various departments are among the leading national experts. It is around the simple magnet of Mr. Ochs's sensibility to the world as it is that these men have built the most highly technical compass to follow the phenomenology of its news.

II

Obviously Mr. Ochs's conscious reasons for his success, though absolutely sincere, do not explain. The only way to analyze his intrinsic processes, which alone are significant, is by reading critically the *Times*. It is only by looking behind its news and advertising and editorial policy, in their trinitarian balance, that we can discover the real Mr. Ochs.

The main reason for Mr. Ochs's success as a newsman is in fact very simple. He caught the idea of mass production at just the right time in the New York newspaper field. In this respect the success of the *Times* is the success of Ivory Soap, which is ninety-nine and a fraction of a per cent pure, and whose fractional impurity cannot be humanly helped. The *Times* is as much of a *news*paper as its management can humanly make it. It has no leg shows, side shows, or circuses. It employs no middle-aged, run-down newspaper men to grind out advice to the lovelorn. It peddles no funny sheets, Krazy Kats, Nize Babies, or humor by Andy Gump, Mutt and Jeff, and F. P. A. Mr. Ochs held to the conviction that the job of a newspaper is to print *news* even in the early days of his management of the *Times*, when it seemed that such a high-minded policy in the midst of the yellow war between Hearst and Pulitzer, complicated by the younger Bennett's brilliant manufacture of news, was heading him straight for bankruptcy. And as one reads the *Times* at the breakfast table, with the certainty that without it one would miss literally most of the news, one cannot help but appreciate that Mr. Ochs's simple courage is a national asset.

To-day Mr. Ochs proudly justifies his original judgment. 'When I first came to New York,' he told me, 'I had hopes that there might be at least 30,000 intelligent, serious, high-grade people who would appreciate this kind of newspaper. But of course I never dared to hope for all this'—and his large blue eyes slowly swept his magnificent office, and their gaze trailed out of the window and rested in wistful gratefulness on the imperial city which his humble decency conquered.

Mr. Ochs is both right and wrong. His strength lies in just this happy mixture of rightness and wrongness, in the oversimplification of his reasons for his motives, an inadequacy which saves these motives from the inhibitions of self-analysis. Mr. Ochs found not merely 30,000 but an average week-day and Sunday circulation of over 400,000. He never found 30,000 readers of the type he had in mind. An astute observer on the *Times* staff 'guessed' that 'probably no more than 10,000 people are capable of keeping up with the excellence of the *Times*.' The other 390,000 buy it because of the ineradicable characteristic of 'respectability' to appear more intelligent than it is. It is the intelligent minority, from the most reactionary to the most radical, which finds it necessary to read all about the Dawes Plan, the Chinese Consortium; which has to wade through the full speeches of high-placed politicians; which wants to know how Article X in the League Covenant and Article XXVII in the Mexican Constitution are working out. The rest buy the *Times* because the best have to read it. 'The *Times* is the sort of newspaper,' Mr. Ochs once innocently said, 'which no one needs to be ashamed to be seen reading.' This, rather than its excellence, is its main selling asset.

If one reads the Hall-Mills murder case in the Hearst press one is frankly interested in murder. But if one reads almost twice as much about it in the *Times*, — where one could if one wished

also read the latest news of the World Court or the Williamstown Institute, — then one has a sociological interest in crime. If one reads in the gutter tabloids all the details of the mob hysteria at Sheik Valentino's death, one is just another member of the mob. But if one reads about it in the *Times*, then one is a student of the hysteria. It is in the *Times* that we can all worship the Idols of the Cave without being caught in our idolatry.

Yet in the long run the 'respectable' majority is bound to fall way behind the intelligent minority. This gap the *Times* bridges by its very encyclopædism, which covers all special interests, and appeals to each reader both professionally and avocationally. The financier, the industrialist, the big and the lesser business man, the student of social politics, the professional man, can all follow in the *Times* the news of their own worlds, the news of each other's world, and their own fancy in the news of the world in general. The *Times* has a composite reader. And 'all the news that's fit to print' is simply the news which appeals to the best composite reader, who thereby is naturally raised into an 'intelligent, serious, high-grade' fellow.

It is because Mr. Ochs in his own person represents the median of our national culture that he is by all odds the best judge on his staff as to what news is 'fit to print.' And he is peculiarly gifted in presenting the social panorama by the very fact that his own fabulous news sense is entirely unhampered by an interpretative censor. He reads reams of details on Stalin's victory over Zinovieff; on General Pilsudski's senseless revolution in Poland; on the British general strike; on the reaction in Italy and Spain; on the political assassinations in Greece and Turkey; on the troubles of the Catholic Church in Mexico and its triumph in Chicago; on politics in Washington, London, and Paris; on the doings of big business and labor. But the inner drift of this panorama fortunately escapes him, which accounts for his success in *impersonal* journalism. The great value of the *Times* lies in the fact that it is the best commercial photographer of the world's happenings.

The very volume and expense of this policy require a high expertness in the gathering of news, a delicate efficiency in management, in presentation, in the whole complex business administration of the modern newspaper. In the technique of newspaper building and owning Mr. Ochs has no rival. In this technique, in fact, he is not merely instinctively shrewd, but philosophical, articulate, and expert. His occasional talks on the industrial arts of newspaper management, especially on advertising policy, are pearls of wisdom compared to the usually fatuous professionalism of the 'high-power' executive and the pseudoscientific lingo of the university business schools. The *Times* of course has to pay the price of encyclopædism by being often dreadfully overwritten, with long paragraphs connected by motley conjunctions. And its tendency toward anonymity, and the somewhat Philistine flavor of its respectability, do not help its style. But its mechanical composition is flawless. Its craftsmanship has been especially perfected since 1914. The World War and the consequent world unrest, our own rapid transition from debtor nation to world empire, the generally accelerated kaleidoscope of latter-day social events, constantly require a technical vigilance which gives infinite scope to Mr. Ochs's training and talents as an administrative journalist. The *Times* has risen to its present position as the world's greatest newspaper organization in the

period of the world's greatest unrest. And naturally this has only served to strengthen Mr. Ochs's belief that this is a pretty nice world after all.

No newspaper is freer from outside control. Mr. Ochs is inordinately proud, as he has every right to be, that the *Times* has no Ivory Towers, no Sacred Cows. The high-placed in any field are to him not Sacred Cows but high-bred Holsteins, provided they live up to their breeding. Hence his resentment flares up the more sternly when they indicate a meretricious desire for preferential grazing ground in his columns.

There is no doubt that the *Times* is given to the Idols of Authority. But in the nature of the case the views and deeds of those in authority *are* news, — very important news, — always were, and always will be. What Messrs. Coolidge and Baldwin and Trotsky think of politics; what Messrs. Green and Weisbord think of the Passaic strike; what Messrs. Hoover and Gary think of business; or even what Mr. Tunney thinks of the uppercut, or Miss Ederle thinks of the Australian crawl, *is* important. The radical paper is a failure as a *news*paper because it is iconoclastic. The function of the radical press is not so much to print news as to propagate social conditions in which its prejudices will become news. The only successful Socialist newspapers in this country, the *Jewish Daily Forward* and the *Milwaukee Leader*, are successful because Socialism is in authority on the East Side of New York and in Milwaukee, and they have news to report.

Mr. Ochs's respect for authority is natural, free, and independent. In fact the *Times* respects authority far less in the field of social and economic politics than in the intellectual professions, where none but ideological radicals could possibly accuse it of ulterior motives. It finds it often necessary to disagree with powerful politicians and the leaders in vested life. But the bigwigs in science, education, letters, and arts it respects indiscriminately. When the evolutionary controversy was at its height the *Times* did not invite Professor Morgan of Columbia or Professor Carlson of the University of Chicago or an expert of equally high standing to clarify the issue. It permitted itself to be used by notorious publicity seekers in high academic positions, whose views on evolution are more or less of a joke among professional scientists. And because of its very exhaustiveness the *Times* printed more nonsense on this subject than any other paper in the country.

III

The advertising policy of the *Times* is both sensitively honorable and technically extremely high. It exercises both an alert and a relevant censorship. Once or twice a week the *Times* shrewdly advertises 'its regret for the necessity of the omission of eight (or six or seven) columns of advertising' on account of the pressure of news, never failing to explain how the individual advertiser may avoid such annoyance in future.

In the early history of Mr. Ochs's ownership a very large advertiser asked for certain considerations which then were not considered peculiarly offensive. A correspondence ensued. Mr. Ochs finally wrote: 'You must excuse me from discussing with you the policy of the *New York Times*. . . . The *Times*, as long as it is under its present management, will endeavor to get along without your business.' Later on, the *Times* lost an advertiser whose business was worth over $1,000,000 because of a misunderstanding in which Mr. Ochs preferred to grant the

benefit of the doubt to his own sense of freedom. The honor roll of such instances is the best testimony to the meticulousness of his independence. His independence of the advertiser is really due largely to his fine sense of workmanship, which is merely the other side of his shield of honor. The advertiser who is cheap enough to want to influence a newspaper's policy will sooner or later deface its advertising space; and in the long run this kind of independence secured for the *Times* the 'quality' market, which forces the individual advertiser to conform to its standards in spite of its touch of insouciance.

Mr. Ochs won the high-quality market of advertising in very much the same way in which he won the high-grade reader. Just as the news policy of the *Times* appeals to the rank and file of its readers through their imitativeness of the intelligent minority, so the advertising in the *Times* is framed to appeal to the great middle class through an upper minority of taste.

IV

Mr. Ochs is convinced that his is the freest editorial page in the world. 'I never in my life asked any man to write one word in which he did not believe.' And there are certainly few papers, if any, in which a more fastidious regard is paid to the writer's conscience. But it is an old ethical truism that respect for personality in itself is one of the strongest of influences. Mr. Munsey, who was in the habit of tearing up editorials of which he disapproved in the face of their writers, had to write the editorials nearest his heart with his own pen. At any rate to write, day in and day out, editorials for the *Times* without due regard for Mr. Ochs's opinions is inconceivable, for the sufficient reason that Mr. Ochs *is* the *Times*. There is no newspaper which, in the long run, would keep on buying articles wholesale which it would reject retail — as special articles. And on the *Times* this is especially true, for Mr. Ochs knows what he wants by just being himself.

Yet every personality fights shy as much as possible of the influence of another even in agreement, which probably accounts for the unusually large number of noncontroversial or even idyllic topics on the editorial page of the *Times*. Whatever differences of personality, if not in fundamental opinion, there may be between Mr. Ochs and his editorial writers are at least in part amiably sublimated in polite reflections. A recent, quite typical, *Times* editorial page has five editorials out of eight on the following subjects: A Fine Officer Gone; English and American Litterers; The Discoverer of Oxygen; The Arts in the West; A Great Maltese Writer. The other three editorials were of the usual liberal-conservative 'broadcloth' variety. They were undoubtedly written by men who did not object to them. And they certainly expressed Mr. Ochs's views to a nicety.

What is far more interesting is the psychological mechanism of Mr. Ochs's influence, not on the peripheral, but on the central opinions of the editorial writer. The *Times* staff member who writes its editorials on Russia, one of the most delicately ironic of American essayists, is a liberal with an early Socialist background. Were he an editor on a liberal paper, it is quite likely that his indictment of Communism would be of the conventional semisympathetic 'objective' variety. On the *Times*, where his liberalism is under a steady tug to the Right, Bolshevism has resuscitated his earlier Socialist feelings in all their anti-Communist bitterness. And so one can

read once or twice a week in a *Times* editorial that curious Social-Democratic argument according to which the Russian experiment is the exact opposite of Socialism and is betraying it by its rapid drift toward capitalism. All kinds of economic statistics and Russian government edicts are cited to prove this strange illusion. Mr. Ochs, whose common sense tells him that the trouble with Bolshevism, in the light of American democracy, lies not in its Socialist failure, but, *exceptis excipiendis*, in its Socialist success, is of course very much pleased to learn that even radicals have no use for it, and he is even more pleased to learn that Russia is gradually returning to the capitalist economy. Furthermore, his sense of news scents Russian recognition in the comparatively near future, and he appreciates editorials which both indict Bolshevism and yet analyze changes in Russia which will render her worthy of our recognition. Mr. Ochs is pleased. The writer enjoys his militant opinion. And the *Times* editorial public is pleased for Mr. Ochs's reasons. His feelings and public opinion are usually in tune.

Mr. Ochs's very sensibility to public opinion shields him from the public view. Nothing delights him more than his own low visibility in his paper, which sees everything. It is this paradox which gives his modesty a curiously elated and childlike joy. His modesty is proud of his handiwork. This ambivalence of pride and simplicity is one of his greatest charms. Mr. Ochs is indeed one of those fortunate mortals whose virtues never cheat him of the pleasures of their corresponding vices. With excellent taste he realizes that to be behind the *Times* gives him a great deal more self-feeling than he would get were he in front of it. A born newsman, he knows instinctively that there is no publicity which compares with genuine modesty — if one is powerful. The editors and managers of the *Times*, being important people, take their legitimate place in the public view. Mr. Wiley is socially prominent. Dr. Finley seems to serve on every board. Messrs. Ogden and Van Anda are nationally known journalists. And for whom do they work? For Mr. Ochs.

V

The adjustment between Mr. Ochs and his environment is so perfect that it is a beautifully simple matter to trace the morphology of this adaptation. Mr. Ochs is an abnormally normal heir of his background, and a perfectly well behaved child of the age. It is this adjustment which gave him that marvelous power of prestidigitation with his 'ordinary virtues' which makes the *Times* look like a miracle of 'genius' while in fact it is merely the reward of a long training in these virtues.

Adolph S. Ochs was born on March 12, 1858, in Cincinnati. He was born strategically, not merely of 'self-respecting,' but of just the right combination of parents for his subsequent career. His father, Julius Ochs, came to this country from Bavaria in 1846, one of the very first refugee immigrants of the revolutionary movement which broke out two years later. When the Civil War was declared Julius Ochs joined the Union Army. His revolutionary youth in Germany and the Civil War completely exhausted whatever pugnacity there may have been in his gentle nature. In 1865, when little Adolph was seven, Julius Ochs moved his family to Knoxville, Tennessee, then a city of less than ten thousand. There he settled down to a life of good citizenship, and the citizens of Knoxville rewarded him with the justiceship of the peace. In 1872 he experienced a

slight liberal resurgence and served as a delegate to the Liberal Convention in Cincinnati which nominated Greeley for President. But after that he lived in complete peace. He accepted the universe of the small-town Southern community. He joined the Royal Arch Masons, the American Legion of Honor, the B'nai B'rith, the Royal Arcanum, the Schiller Lodge, and one or two other orders which in those days had a libertarian complexion so sadly lacking in their present-day tawdry counterparts. He served as a lay reform rabbi of the small Jewish community, and as the religious teacher of its youth.

One of our most noted contemporary sociologists lived as a boy just around the corner from the Ochs home. 'As I look back,' he told me, 'I appreciate that Julius Ochs was probably one of the most cultivated men in the whole Reconstruction South. His wide reading, his whimsical knowledge, above all his exquisite kindness in the smallest things, still linger with me.' 'My father,' says Mr. Ochs, 'was a very lovable and a most versatile man, but he was not built for success.' Mr. Ochs could not have possibly issued a 'success policy' to his father. His were not the ordinary but the ineffable virtues.

It is from the atmosphere of his father that the son inherited his own deep respect for personality, his abiding kindliness. The wages on the *Times* are the highest. Discharges for reasons of economy and except for real cause are unknown. The *Times* really succeeds remarkably well for such a large institution in being a 'happy family.' Its welfare department, its old age and sickness pensions, have nothing about them of that meretricious counter-reformation with which so many employers are meeting social unrest. Mr. Ochs's annual Christmas campaign for the Hundred Neediest Cases, whatever its economic wisdom, is so free of all 'scientific' social work that it is very much like the delicate charity of Julius Ochs. And it is no doubt in the same spirit that the *Times* always keeps on its pay roll one or two broken-down newspaper men who have seen better days.

But the qualities which assured his success Mr. Ochs undoubtedly got from his mother. It is not platitude but a profound personal experience which makes Mr. Ochs advise the young man about to take out a 'success policy': 'You must strive faithfully to live up to the precepts taught you as a child by your mother.' Bertha Levy Ochs was an active, dominant, extraordinarily effective personality, and it was she who built the common virtues into young Adolph with a master hand.

At the age of fifteen, in the revolutionary year of '48, she made a daring revolutionary gesture one evening in Heidelberg. The next morning she caught the sailing vessel for America. She joined an uncle in New Orleans and grew up in the traditions of the conservative South, which proved very congenial to her essentially conservative nature. During the Civil War her ardent sympathies were with the Confederacy. While her husband was stationed as a captain in the Union Army in Cincinnati, she would wheel across the bridge to Covington a baby carriage packed with quinine destined for the Confederate Army, while little Adolph sat in blissful and round-eyed innocence on top of this contraband, as unaware of social conflict then as he has remained ever since. 'Yes,' Mr. Ochs reminisces with affectionate disapproval, 'Mother gave Father a lot of trouble in those days.' And, indeed, for a Southern belle and a mother in Israel to defy her husband and an entire army was no mean assertion in early militant feminism.

Bertha Ochs began the task of training little Adolph in her own habits of thrift, industry, honesty, and responsibility when he was a mere child. Under her combination of ethical and vocational guidance he became a prodigy in the common virtues and their application. At the age of eleven he began delivering newspapers for the *Knoxville Chronicle* at four o'clock every morning. At the age of fifteen he rose to printer's devil. Two years later he became a practical printer on the *Louisville Courier Journal*. Then he returned to Knoxville as a compositor on the *Daily Tribune*. There he rose in rapid succession to assistant foreman in the composing room, to star reporter, and finally to the position of business manager. At the age of nineteen he became the manager of the *Chattanooga Daily Dispatch*. In 1878 the *Dispatch* failed and Mr. Ochs became the receiver. He liquidated its debts and a few months later, at the age of twenty, he consolidated it with the *Chattanooga Times*, of which he gained control with two hundred and fifty borrowed dollars. He still owns the *Chattanooga Times*.

During these nine formative years from eleven to twenty, which constituted a perfect apprenticeship for Mr. Ochs's subsequent career, his mother constantly extended her personality through him. Gradually young Adolph took over one family responsibility after another under her guidance. Julius Ochs became the nominal treasurer of the *Chattanooga Times*. But most of the father's life was spent in teaching, in charity, in living up to his own conceptions of good citizenship. It was Adolph who sent two younger brothers through college, forgoing such an education himself, and this left in him an indelible wistfulness for formal education and no doubt accounts for the *Times's* vast admiration of professors.

This intimate tutelage over his brothers goes back as far as 1872, when Adolph was fourteen, George eleven, and Milton eight. Though Adolph was going to school and getting up at four in the morning to deliver his newspapers, he found that his evenings were being wasted. And so he organized a company with George and Milton to sell refreshments at Staub's Opera House. And here is the contract, in its original spelling, written on the stationery of Julius Ochs, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public, and 'witnessed' by the tiny tot sisters.

STATE OF TEN — KNOXVILLE TENN
KNOX CY

This day of Nov. 1/72,
We Adolph, George and Milton Ochs,
do hereby agree to become partners,
In selling refreshment at Staub Opera house,
in the city of Knoxville Tenn, for
the term of one year ending Nov 1/73
under the firm name of Ochs Bros,
It is agreed that the sum invested
by Julius Ochs be paid to the said
Julius Ochs from the sale of the goods,
It is also hereby agreed, that Adolph Ochs
give his attention to the finicial matters
and to the selling and buying goods,
And that George and Milton Ochs, tend
to the selling of goods through the
Opera House, and it is also hereby agreed
That each shall have an equal share
in the Buisness and that the Profits be divided

witnessed by — *Signed by*
Bertha Ochs (s) — (Adolph S. Ochs (s)
Nannie Ochs (s) — (George W. Ochs (s)
(Milton Ochs (s)

This partnership has held good for fifty-four years. George and Milton are still working for Adolph. George W. Ochs Oakes is now the editor of *Current History*. Milton B. Ochs is the managing editor of the *Chattanooga Times*.

VI

The story of the *New York Times* under Mr. Ochs is very simply told. In the spring of 1896 he came to New York in response to a wire from a

friend who was unofficially authorized to offer him the management of the *New York Mercury*, which somewhat resembled the present-day *Morning Telegraph*. Mr. Ochs was but mildly interested. And while he hesitated Henry Alloway, the Wall Street reporter of the *New York Times*, informed him that the *Times* could be purchased, as it was in extreme financial difficulties. Mr. Ochs became interested, and after a few weeks of negotiation he acquired the newspaper by a contract that gave him the controlling interest when he had for three consecutive years earned its expenses. The series of financial transactions which he manœuvred for the control of the reorganized company was so skillful that all he ever had to invest for his majority interest was $75,000.

On August 18, 1896, he took charge. The old staff was kept on. Mr. Ochs religiously lived up to his ideas of news. In two years he was nearly 'broke.' His friends advised him to raise the price of the paper from three cents to five. Then he took a desperate chance, which was a stroke of genius. He cut the price to one cent. Circulation went up, advertising came in. In 1900 the *Times* evenly turned the corner of the century. In 1901–02 it made $153,000.

Luck helped. The younger Bennett threw away his chances on the *Herald*. He was too erratic to follow his marvelous nose for news — news which he created when nothing spectacular happened. Greeley was primarily interested in Fourier and Owen. Godkin tried valiantly to live up to the political ideals of Cobden and Bright. Dana was busy with style and wit. Later on, Munsey began his career of murdering newspapers. The *Press*, the morning *Sun*, and finally the *Herald*, were killed. And the *Times* prospered. To-day its profits are around $4,000,000 a year, of which almost ninety-seven per cent are ploughed back into the business. It is the world's richest newspaper; and, I think, also its best — as a *news*paper.

In 1918 the *Times* was awarded the first Pulitzer Gold Medal in Journalism. Mr. Ochs is a member of the Executive Committee of the Associated Press. His power over public information is incalculable. He is a Commander of the Legion of Honor, an honorary Master of Yale, a Doctor of Laws of Columbia, and a Doctor of Letters of New York and Chattanooga Universities. But he himself is essentially the same simple boy who fifty-seven years ago ran a newspaper route in Knoxville. All this success was implicit in his mother's encouragement of the 'ordinary virtues.' To doubt this success is to doubt her. And to it he clings with childlike simplicity. In his ingenuousness are all the resources of his personality.

VII

Mr. Ochs is honest enough to suit the most sensitive honorableness. He could not sincerely manage the *Times* differently. The tower of the *Times* leans backward in meticulous propriety. By his own works Mr. Ochs has proven to himself the social value of impersonal journalism. But deep in him there is a balked censor which hesitatingly points to Garrison, Greeley, Bowles, Godkin, Villard, to the 'crusaders' of personal journalism. Mr. Ochs represses this censor; for he finely perceives that there is something very precious in the 'follies' of these crusaders, while his 'common sense' indicts these follies as querulous and absurd. Hence his extraordinary touchiness to all but conservative criticism. Hence the subtle defensive and protesting note about his success. 'I would trust these crusaders with my last will and testament, but with an idea I would not trust them around the corner,' he told

me. Their ideas disturb his childlike fixation in the ordinary virtues.

The critic of the *Times* interprets this protest as a sense of guilt. It is the reverse. It betokens not a guilty but a baffled conscience, which is a very delicate conscience. Mr. Ochs cannot bear to have his simple recipe of life doubted, because that is all he believes in. And when he defends his deep-felt conviction that the *Times* is merely the logical reward of simple integrity a childlike hurt steals into his luminous eyes which is irresistibly human.

Possibly it would have been better if the spirit of Julius Ochs had now and then interfered with the success of the *Times*.

'LIFE IS ALL A VARIORUM'

A SAGA OF TO-DAY

BY CARL CHRISTIAN JENSEN

I

I WAS a man, and stronger than most men. Yet my second childhood began the day I entered my new country. I had to learn life over in a brand-new world. And I could not talk. My first desire was for chocolate drops, and I pointed my finger at them. My second was for fishing tackle, and I pointed my finger at a wrapping cord and heaved up an imaginary fish. I used baby talk. 'Price?' I asked. And, later in the day, 'Vatsprice?' Saleswomen answered with motherly grimaces.

I never quite got over my second childhood. I doubt that any immigrant ever does — with his hasty, often harsh attuning to the new world. My first birth was distant and dim and unreal, for I was almost three years old when I awoke, and most of the shock had disappeared. The old world and I grew up together. We just grew in blissful ignorance of one another's growing pains. And my first childhood stole upon me softly.

Not so my second childhood. I was born full-grown, so to speak, and, therefore, was aware of my new birth. I regressed to the greed of infancy. My curiosity was that of a child. My manners lacked the poise of adulthood. My angers, fears, and joys were fleeting and childish, and divided the new world into absolute categories — into good and evil. The new world cut into my clay and chronicled something which was not there before — another code of thoughts and feelings.

The moment I put foot ashore I dropped my sailor bag from my shoulder, awe-struck at my own puniness. For Battery Park lay like a deep valley under the towering cliffs and mountain crags of Broadway. A glance up at the columns of the Custom House and at the skyscrapers impressed me as no other world wonder could. The

dome of heaven sighed over the crags and coulees like a huge seashell, and snow covered the majestic peaks of these man-made mountains.

The Atlantic blew its breath into the mouth of the harbor, straight through the Battery into the gorge of the Broadway Canyon. The snow blew its beauty over the wharves and warehouses, and over the ferries. On a moored barge a woman was pulling down a line of frozen washing. Knee-deep she shivered in the snow, her arms goose-fleshed, her hands red, and the baby clothes stiff as rawhide. Floating barges bulged with coal and steel rails, brick and ashes. A scow laden with dead horses, and another laden with scobs and foundry slag, floated by. Tugboats, with their smoke tails kinked and twisted by the wind, nosed their prows into the bulging hull of a 'sea hog,' rooting at the freighter like pigs taking suckle. Churning propellers hacked and prows of steamers clove through ice floes and snow broth.

And far above, the skyscrapers rose like cathedrals of alabaster, gleaming in the sun — Manhattan, the city of my second childhood.

II

I found shelter in Mill's Hotel — a slender skyscraper on Bleecker Street, where I occupied a cell with a shelf to sleep on and a rope strung up for clothes. There I rested myself the first night, already quite detached from the past, and stunned with a crazy feeling that I was somebody else.

At early dawn I was out on the street again to gaze at the buildings, one of which was large enough to house the people of my home town, and at Brooklyn Bridge, which was thrice as broad as the King's Highway running through Denmark, and at the trains above my head and under my feet that were ten times speedier than the narrow-gauge train of the dunes.

Frantic streams of sweatshop workers climbed the subway stairs, leaped out of street cars, poured forth from ferries, rushed down from elevated stations. Children carried box wood home from wholesale stores and market places. Bent old men carted bulky sacks of rags to their junk shops. Sailor tramps told doleful stories of shipwrecks in which they had lost their belongings, from the gold they had dug in Alaska to their mother's Bible. Years later I found one of the same tramps on the same spot, telling the same tale. But only the first time did I urge him to accept a loan.

On West Street tangled teams and trucks and peddlers' carts blocked the horse cars that clanged their bells with yowling petulance, while teamsters cursed, peddlers sang, ferries tooted. On one side of the street rows on rows of immigrant liners lay moored. On the other side old tilting rooming houses were crowded with dark-eyed children, and with women with Mona Lisa faces, and with men lamenting in strange tongues.

Labor bureaus shipped away immigrants to mines and mills and factories. The labor market was flooded. Weeping with gratitude they went. Every day brought fresh hordes ashore. For every man who found work a hundred others stepped ashore from the Ellis Island ferry.

I descended into a subway excavation, far beneath the traffic, where laborers ran in continuous gallop, balancing their wheelbarrows on narrow planks, and throwing mud and granite into steam shovels. When a man stumbled or rested to regain his breath, his foreman's curses reverberated against the walls. My ambition was to build a subway. But foremen drove me away from their gangs of

toilers, watchmen threatened me with arrest, explosives threatened my life.

My next ambition — and one that is not yet dead — was to drive an elevated train. But where could I find the owner? I rode to the end of the lines and stepped off at every station to find the owner. I pestered passengers, ticket-takers, conductors, and the men that repaired the tracks. But never did I find the owner.

Along thirty miles of water front I wandered in search of work, — around Manhattan Island, on the Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Staten Island wharves, — waiting through rain and sleet and snow with gangs of longshoremen to reach the boss before he finished picking the men he wanted. It took strength, when a steamer arrived, to break the brawny barriers and stem the tides of human muscles. Strong men crushed each other to the ground in their passion for work.

Thirty hours these longshoremen worked without a rest, while thousands of envious idlers watched from ashore. Their eyes were wild with lust for work. Tobacco juice mingled with sweat from their brows and froze into icicles on their horned moustaches. Cargoes of wheat and fruit, coal and brick, boxes, bales, and barrels, these tireless toilers carried, while their gang boss, yelling like a demon, drove them in a continual trot.

Accidents they ignored in their great urge for work. The paw of a hoisting boom struck a toiler to instant death; a cable swept a row of men off the deck, down on the drifting ice floes; a scaffold gave way under a dozen men, who tumbled down with their barrels in a bleeding heap.

III

On my arrival I was in possession of a twenty-dollar gold piece, five silver dollars, a pocket Bible, and a good watch. My sailor bag was full of working clothes. A six-shooter and a Spanish pistol, which I had bought in Buenos Aires the previous year, and a linen shirt which I had worn at the age of one, lay hidden on top among a dozen handkerchiefs. The next day sailor tramps borrowed my gold piece. And when the rest of my money was spent I took refuge in the open, cuddling up in a pile of straw that kept the cement from freezing on the foundation of a new skyscraper. There my sailor bag was stolen the first night. My baby shirt I saved, finding it in my pocket the next morning. I had mistaken it for a handkerchief.

One evening, as I cuddled up in the straw pile, an old Norseman — of the Amundsen type — lay down beside me. He swore at the aftertaste of the free-lunch bologna on which the saloons kept us alive. 'I may as well join the navy again, instead of starving to death,' he grumbled. At the mention of the navy my heart began to pound. 'Could a fellow who can't speak English join the navy?' I asked. I knew but a few curses and vulgar phrases that I had learned at sea. 'Anybody can,' he answered. 'The officer asks if you speak English, and you answer back that you can't, but you understand everything.'

I lay awake most of the night, repeating the answer, 'I speak not much English, but I understand (yoonderstand) everything.' At dawn I was walking back and forth in front of a sign upon which was printed the picture of a handsome sailor and beneath, in bold type, 'Young Men Wanted for the United States Navy.' Several hours I waited before the office opened. A sailor was sweeping the room. A stern-looking officer in uniform was sitting at a desk. He eyed me while I was busy whispering the answer to myself, my heart tugging fiercely.

'How old are you?' he asked. I knew at once that something was wrong. 'I — I speak not much English, but I understand everything.' The officer repeated the question in a louder tone: 'How old are you?' And I repeated my answer, also in a louder tone: 'I speak not much English, but I understand everything.' Then a flush of impatience darkened his face. He waved me out of the office, while the sailor grinned.

When a watchman drove me away from the straw pile, I took refuge in a Bowery hotel, where I was packed on the floor with other vagrants like herrings in a barrel. These were dime and nickel lodgings, and we lay sleeping, not only on floors and benches, but also in the halls and on the stairs, from roof to sidewalk. My watch I pawned for fifty cents. Many a night I was grateful to sleep on the stairs among drunken Bowery bums. We lay or sat intermingled in a solid mass that formed a large, sluggish organism with limbs stretching into every nook, whose breath was strong, and whose coughs and grunts, moans and snoring, were the weirdest music that ever touched my ear.

At dawn we disentangled ourselves from one another's grip. And weaklings, who during the night succumbed, were shipped to the morgue and to the potter's field — two places I followed friends to that first winter.

The Bowery hotels welcomed me, whether I had my nickel or no. They saved me from freezing to death. Why should I not be grateful? Yet they were like slave ships with cargoes of slaves sealed up under the hatches.

And there were other wonders on the Bowery: the daily bread line with its soup, the Bowery Mission with its midnight teas, and the saloon free-lunch counters — traps with cheese, where many a hungry rat was fed.

In the Bowery saloons the air was so strong from smoke and alcohol that I groped my way along the walls like a blind man, colliding against human beings who had hardly enough life left to stagger out and beg for another dime. I found mad orators, pouring forth their feelings to moping men. I met boys of many nationalities, engaged in petty stealing, boasting of their last police adventure. I saw the vile pander of the brothels and the effeminate pervert of the parks — two male types that made me shiver. And here I found the harlot in the last ditch — a stranded wreck of a woman.

I joined the bread line on the Bowery, which wound around the block, and diminished, when the soup was served, like a roll of wire chopped off into nails. Shabby were the men, gloomy their spirits. Like homeless dogs they were, skulking around for bones in back alleys, snapping and snarling if I stepped on their toes or squeezed them out of line.

At the Bowery Mission the pastor and his wife fed a strange family. I became a frequent visitor there, and among ex-convicts, drunkards, dope fiends, and not infrequently demented youths, testified in baby English about a benevolent Providence. We bragged about our sins, especially on Saturday nights, when wealthy American women went slumming. Here the blackest sinner was the hero.

The one person who gave me the heartiest welcome to the shores of my new country was a woman bartender, in a saloon near South Ferry. God bless her memory. The ferry and tugboat crews who frequented the place informed me that in her youth she had been queen among the sailors in the Red Hook district across the river. Although she was vulgar and seldom sober, she took a maternal liking to me from the moment I sauntered into the

saloon, boiling me eggs and a pot of coffee, sending me to a Turkish barber shop in the neighborhood to get my clothes fumigated and my body steamed. She tugged me to bed in a hall room above the saloon and poured a bowl of burning 'medicine' into my throat. And for six weeks, while she was bartender and free-lunch cook, she nursed me back to health. Spring found me strong and full of hope, ready to tackle a job.

IV

I worked on a tugboat and lived ashore at night. On Hamilton Avenue in the Red Hook district I lived. There women greeted me from hallways and gay sailor saloons, and from the curtained windows above. One night a man dragged me inside a brothel. A wrinkled, greedy-looking creature — the procuress — sat in a corner of the reception parlor, puling at her rheumatism. There were five young immigrant girls with her. They were all Scandinavians, tall and stolid, clumsy and mechanical in their charms. The youngest one had an eye unhealed from a stab by a sailor's knife — a jellied film of an eye. I shuddered at the sight and forced my way out. But the procuress limped after me. She had a virgin hidden away in the attic, she told me — one fresh from Norway. I rushed away from the evil woman.

I was lonesome and drifted into sailor resorts on Columbia Street. Many 'joints' there were filled with girls, children almost, shockingly brave, stooping to all the tricks of seduction. I feared the bewitching creatures and was in a panic when I saw one coming toward my table. Young Jewesses and daughters of Italian immigrants sat down uninvited on my lap and wound their arms around my neck. They looked as innocent as my sisters in the old country. I patted their hands and fled.

I lived with a shipmate above a saloon across the way from the police station. Thérèse was young and slender, like Queen Esther, whom I remembered from a forty-pound illustrated Bible that I had bought from a book agent. She was my mate's sweetheart — a bird of passage. And often she entered our room in the dark of night as calmly as though she were taking her bath, bargaining and gesturing. Me she hit a hard blow with her fist. 'Dumbbell!' she whispered, with furious scorn.

I found a sailor mission in the Red Hook district, organized by a strong Norwegian preacher who kept his countrymen active in the useful work of saving sailors' souls. His followers were a healthy group of immigrants and not like the wrecks on the Bowery. On Saturday night the preacher held open-air meetings among harlots and drunken sailors. I was attracted by the preacher's magnetic face and by his megaphone voice. This earliest social centre — the Bethelship Mission — established me ashore. I should probably have drifted to sea had I not found it. The men who attended the sailor mission were strong dock laborers, and the women were robust servant girls.

I grew earnest about religion, as young men do when they are lonesome. Physically I was very strong — and, for æsthetic rather than ethical reasons, continent, as well. America fascinated my flesh. Every fresh stimulus took hold. My urge for self-destruction was as strong as my urge for self-preservation. Yet my senses were too sharp for 'trenchant living.' My comrades lived ten times more thoroughly than did I, and therefore died before they grew up to tell.

It was not 'salvation' that I wanted so much as to know God personally. It was Jehovah, not Jesus, that I

desired. I was not fleeing away. The new world and I were growing accustomed to one another. And, though I compromised daily, I was able to hold my own without losing my dignity. I was, therefore, not trying an escape, and sought, rather, a youthful adventure into a still newer world. But Jehovah ignored me. I did not come anywhere near that spiritual Kingdom which the sailors bragged about. Jehovah was out there, somewhere. And He simply ignored me.

I tried prayers — verbal and written — and kept a sharp lookout. In my pocket Bible I wrote versified incantations from Genesis to the book of Revelation, until the book was worn out. I still treasure its remains.

I tried 'good works.' Many a sailor tramp paid for my failure as a saint. I wandered up and down Hamilton Avenue, picking them up and dragging them to the mission. And if the tramp was too dirty for presentation I led him down into a cellar and washed his face.

I tried fanaticism and became a nuisance to the sailor preacher. Then I drifted over to other missions that abounded in the Red Hook district, to the Holy Rollers, Full-Gospel People, Tongue-Speakers — queer groups of sturdy Scandinavian immigrants who, unlike myself, were fleeing away from the new world.

During the meeting they fell in heaps on the floor, shrieking out prayers hysterically and rocking their bodies like Negroes in a Southern Gospel camp. And they were hard-working men and women — longshoremen, dock carpenters, and servant girls. They spoke with 'tongues,' uttering frightful sounds and noises. They 'interpreted' these 'tongues' with holy awe. They 'prophesied' about wars and shipwrecks to a startled sailor audience. They 'healed' their sick by touch. One — an old Swedish janitor — claimed that he had raised a child from death.

But Jehovah paid not the slightest attention to me, no matter how wild my efforts. I made it a coöperative task for these endowed Scandinavians to give me a lift. In vain they put their hands on my head, and shouted imploringly, and poured 'three-in-one' oil down my neck. Finally they consoled me by quoting Saint Paul: 'Are all apostles? are all prophets? are all teachers? are all workers of miracles? Have all the gifts of healing? do all speak with tongues? do all interpret?' In the gray hours of morning I left them for my tugboat in the harbor.

V

I hoarded words like a coin-collector, and the language of my second childhood grew. Every day I found new words; for all the things and acts that I beheld in the new world had a name, and every name had many modifiers. I talked to myself as I had done in the rope spinnery during my first childhood — playing with my collection during all my leisure hours. I remember distinctly the day when four words which had grown familiar to my ear attached themselves to things that had grown familiar to my eye. 'Was the boss *satisfied?*' 'This is a *rush* job.' 'The whistle blew *long ago.*' 'I'll *O. K.* your time slip.' I was less of a child and more grown-up when these four words became part of my own living flesh. We had become partners, the new world and I, for we owned something in common.

My childish responses to the new world uttered themselves in my emotions. A bartender, giving me a plate of corned beef and cabbage, filled my heart with a rare joy. A park cop, poking my ribs with his club, made me angry enough to kill. A watchman,

pointing his gun at me, gave me a fear that, literally, tasted salty. (Lot's wife must have had even a greater fear.) The new world, with its new words and new feelings, grew into a corporation — like the Trinity, almost. First in rank came the new world; second, the new words — which were only symbols and were a kind of 'substituting vicar'; third, the new feelings — which were like a 'spirit' that revealed and appraised its two triumviral peers, a sort of guardian ghost that told me the difference between good and evil. For the new world was neither all good nor all evil. I worshiped it with the faith of a child — that is, selfishly.

In Brooklyn I joined a public night school, where immigrants gathered to learn the language of their new country. The teacher was a young American woman of wit and refinement. She handled her forty husky pupils well. There was in the class an old, half-blind Italian doctor, who never learned to say 'I' instead of 'me.' There was also an English teamster, with black teeth and clothes that smelled of horses, who was learning a more limber handwriting. And there were many Swedes, who after the day's work at the water front were tired and sleepy, and always lost the page in their primers when they were called on to read. A German would leap up like a Jack-in-the-box to show them the page and paragraph.

We read the very same fairy tales which in my childhood had bored me. Danish fairy tales, strange to say, had always made me sick at my stomach — especially 'The Ugly Duckling.' Perhaps I had been too sensuous for such kind of symbolism, though the parables of Jesus always affected me pleasantly. But in the night school here I found the charm of Andersen. The words melted in my mouth like liquored candy. And when the teacher read a phrase I beheld a familiar Danish landscape — in colors — inside my eyelids.

We were proud of our teacher and we were all in love with her — even the charming old doctor, whose office boy often came into the classroom between bells, rushing him off to a sick bed. The teacher accepted my offer to escort her home after the late school hours. And when the Britisher heard this he grinned equivocally. 'I s'pose ye're goin' to marry 'er next, for to 'ave a wife to support ye?' How wisely the other immigrants smiled! They would gossip, though not maliciously, and they would lower their voices when I entered the classroom. Once I overheard the Britisher say: 'Sure, 'e is a sailorman, 'e is. And 'e 'as a gurrel in h'ivery 'arbor.'

One night she invited me to a Sunday dinner at her home. She wanted me to meet her husband. Her husband! Was she married? Surely she was married. She even had a little boy, whom her husband took care of while she taught night school. She laughed teasingly. She supposed that I was 'through' escorting her home? Certainly not, I told her. It would be an even greater pleasure. Why a greater pleasure? — not quite so teasingly. I grew confused and jabbered a platitude about 'burning love' versus 'unending friendship.'

This visit was my début into an American home. She came to the door herself and with girlish gayety pushed me into the parlor, where her husband was crawling on the floor, playing with the baby. 'Here is my prodigy, hubby.' She whistled a charming falsetto and ran into the kitchen. My teacher's husband was talkative, but I understood little of what he was saying. Later he laid the baby on my lap — what finer sign of hospitality could he have expressed? — while he helped his wife in the kitchen. I side-glanced awkwardly at the little fellow — a new American too. So this was my teacher's

own flesh and blood! The baby eyed me, then welcomed me vigorously by taking hold of my hair.

At school the Britisher sat writing and panting and grinning. When I told him that the teacher was a married woman he opened his eyes wide and gasped: 'Look out, my friend! 'Er man'll kill ye yet.' And the other immigrants tittered and poked each other in the ribs.

VI

When the tugboat on which I worked was sold to a San Francisco firm, I was offered a chance to stoke her around Cape Horn, a great temptation to which I almost yielded. I found work in a parochial hospital, orphanage, and old people's home. And my duties were various, such as carrying patients from the wards to the private morgue, pushing old people around the yard in a wheel chair, and keeping an eye on scores of orphans, who during their class recess flocked around me like a brood of chickens. They would close in on me, these motherless ones, in the woodshed, while I chopped wood for the laundry, and risk a scratch from the chips, begging for another sailor story. They would follow me down to the furnace, where I helped the red-haired engineer hoist ashes, and to the stables, where I gave the consumptive ambulance driver a hand, and to the laundry, where I turned the mangle for an Irish laundress. And they would enter my room, which I shared with an old saint, the chapel organist, to take a peek into my forty-pound Bible.

Often when the little ones in the middle of their play caught sight of me they came trotting across the grounds. From day to day our friendship grew. The Father in charge looked on gravely from his office window. And the young internes and nurses flocked to the ward windows, while the good nuns, much disturbed, came mincing to gather up their charges. The Father sent me down into the cellars, which were like dark, enormous dungeons of a monastery, to sweep up thirty years of dust, while the orphans called in vain. Then one day I was discharged — 'for the good of the service.'

Between Manhattan and Blackwell's Island a bridge leaps across the East River and continues high above the massive jail buildings to Long Island City. On this bridge I balanced myself on a narrow plank, painting the underneath parts of the structure, and smearing barrels of red lead on rivets and steel beams. The other daubers were young and tough, and always half drunk. I worked too fast to suit them. And I was singled out because I received a quarter more a day than they. The gang boss, who had hired me especially for this job, shook his head and whispered: 'Look out for trouble, you sailor. Don't get them sore. They're a tough bunch, and they'll push anybody off — accidentally, you know.'

I was not brave with such a gang of boys over my head. And I did not know how to handle them. If I offered to chip in for a can of beer, they called me a 'damned scab,' a word that I was unable to find in my pocket dictionary. And if I ignored them my snobbishness irritated them. I had been in ships where one man was the target of the whole crew, yet no one had ever threatened his life. I knew that peace at any price was the cheapest. Either I must leave the job and run ashore like a presaging ship rat, or I must take my chances among the drunken desperadoes. I decided to quit.

But the same afternoon a foot struck my face a blow from above. The fight lasted but a minute. The boy was not quite quick enough to draw his foot away. I caught hold, and he came

tumbling down upon the plank that swung in the ropes. I held on to his neck with one arm while I clung to the plank with the other, determined, if I fell, to have him follow. Others above battered my face. But I shielded it behind my opponent's head, yelling for help, as a man with death in his throat, until the gang boss intervened and saved our lives. 'I told you so,' he said, as he paid me off.

A week later I met the Britisher of the night school, driving a coal wagon. 'Good God!' he exclaimed. 'I thought ye was dead. I thought 'er man 'ad killed ye. But did n't 'e give ye an awful boxing, though?'

One morning a group of men crowded the sidewalk outside a factory, focusing their eyes on the closed gate with dog-like patience. An employment clerk appeared and picked out three men at random. And I was one of the fortunates. He handed each a pass for night work. At dusk I approached the factory among large crowds. A whistle sounded, and men and women began to run as though they feared to be left out of Heaven. When I arrived the gate was shut. And the watchman — a jovial fellow, this one, with a badge on his chest and a club in his hand — advised me to return at midnight.

I sat down outside the factory gate and waited until he opened it again. He led me into an oozing, overheated building of ovens, benches, and small slicing machines. Men were making cylindrical phonograph records, dipping gold moulds into black wax that boiled in tanks over blue gas flames, and slicing the frail castings at the edge before the wax hardened. Women worked in the storerooms.

I worked on a crew of four — the dipper, slicer, inspector, and mould-carrier. And we earned a quarter each for one hundred perfect records, and paid a fine of a quarter each when a gold mould was scratched by accident and had to be recast. That was fair enough, I thought. I was the mould-carrier, and during a ten-hour shift walked a distance of nineteen miles between the dipper and inspector. The blue gas flames and the smoke from the wax ovens were like a million smoky candles. Half-naked men slid along the waxy floors like haunted ghosts. Vivid as the picture was, it resembled Hell — that Hell I later grew acquainted with through Dante and Milton.

The gold moulds — embossed on the inner edge by inverted titles — were protected by thick, water-cooled layers of copper. 'Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,' was the mould at our oven. I read the title many times and peered through the wax smoke at the toilers leaning over their ovens, flitting back and forth between the benches and ovens, and slicing off the edge of the records like black bologna. I chuckled at the irony. Yet, often the lights and shades held me breathless.

In the bins 'Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht' piled up, until close on to Christmas — as I had anticipated — the crew was laid off. I spent my first Christmas Eve in the new world wandering through wealthy residential districts, looking in at the family gatherings, and hearing phonographs in the homes sing out the sombre melody, 'Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht.' My eyes blinked. I *was* a child.

VII

I was learning a trade. Eagerly I harried another unknown territory in the new world. It was always an outward voyage — a flight away from myself. And although I failed to find the Holy Grail until after I returned to myself, years later, these quests of a strong, impetuous, lonesome child-man made life more than worth living. I was

learning a trade. Is there anything more salubrious for the body than to have its ten fingers do its thinking?

Voltage and amperage were the mystery of the age. What else, therefore, should I choose than the trade of an electrician? I was a humble helper, cleaning motors in hundreds of sweatshops of lower Manhattan, hauling new motors from the repair shop, and carrying burned-out armatures back to Prince Street. Even after I had learned the rudimentary tricks of this semimystical trade — such as the methodical waste of time and material on repair jobs, and the short cuts of contract jobs — new wonders continued to thrill me.

I beheld the interior of Manhattan — flour lofts with sparkling, high-tensioned ozonators that bleached white flour still whiter; power stations with dynamos that blew the breath of life into the new world; factories with steam hammers that shook the ground as they flattened ingots into bars, and yet were sensitive enough to cork a bottle.

I knew the cellars and roofs, the shops and offices — the machinery and vital organs of a great city. I all but drowned in a roof tank while I was wiring a pump switch, losing my balance, and keeping afloat in nine feet of water. Once I got drenched to the waist in a grocery cellar by falling into a pickle barrel. In a roomy refrigerator I was once locked up the night long. Out of a flooded cellar on the East Side I helped drag a dead fireman during a fire. Once when an Italian butcher was too generous with his wine I fell off my ladder and was caught, dangling on a hook between two butchered steers.

And not only the shops and stores and factories did my wondering child eyes behold. Coney Island's Loop-the-Loop I kept 'gorgeously bedizened.' Chandeliers I hung in spacious halls to illumine the mural decorations there. An intricate signal system I helped to install in a skyscraper hotel. A millionaire's estate at Long Branch I connected with private telephones. The arches of a Gothic church I strung with conduit. My hand controlled the stage lights of a Harlem club, amused by naked dancing girls.

But the part of Manhattan that I learned to know best was after all the sweatshop district. Between Canal Street and Greenwich Village I worked in several hundred shops: glove shops with rows on rows of sewing machines, and purring shuttles gliding out of and into thread loops, and the mad dance of glinting needles around a thousand tiny leather fingers; lace shops with looms growling appallingly, gears and pinions gnawing one another's teeth, spindles and spools whirring, and shrieks from a jungle of belts; trouser shops with forty layers of cloth cut by a pair of creeping scissors, and long, clattering needle races along the inseams; handbag shops with dies, punches, and curved knives, bronze, silver, and gold hinges, and a cargo of warty alligator skins; feather shops with cellars of vats and blowers, airy drying lofts, and downy assortment rooms — all the shops crowded with bright-eyed immigrant girls.

And there were the rag shops on Hudson and Water Streets, where old, hawklike witches squatted on the floor and examined the rags and ripped them apart — piece by piece — and with clairvoyant gazes read a story in each. The rags of Manhattan went into the right baskets — silk and wool, cotton and linen, plush, serge, and broadcloth rags.

There were also shops with old, old men, stitching fur caps by day and sleeping on their sewing tables at night — red-eyed, undernourished dreamers, some of whom seldom, if ever, ventured

down into the street, except on the Sabbath day.

And I found an artistic hat shop, owned and managed by a bearded Talmudic scholar. There was no rush in this shop; young girls had time to steal a glance at me and I at them, the air was cooled by exhaust fans, and there was a cozy, tranquil atmosphere, as though I had entered a temple. Etchings and epigrams decorated the walls. The boss was like a peaceful prophet, pouring forth wisdom and holiness. Even the motors, unlike the whizzing overworked ones in other shops, hummed harmoniously, and pulled the belts with ease.

One day I came upon a man bent over a sewing machine in a dingy sweatshop, a pale, thinly bearded Jew with the melancholy glow of his race burning in his eye. He had suffered his share in this life, having been driven from Moscow into the Siberian ice, during his student days, from whence he had made his escape to America. At noon we lunched together at a sidewalk counter, devouring — and relishing — a glass of synthetic lemonade and a nickel's worth of doughnuts. I treated to ice-cream cones, though this extravagance was more severe on my resources than if, during my sailor days, I had treated a crew. My apprentice wage of a dollar a day barely covered the four essentials of Manhattan — carfare, clothes, housing, food.

My new friend was in a hurry to return. He was tutoring a youngster in mathematics, he told me. I held him back. Mathematics! The only language that made natural forces obey its command! The bridge between earth and the stars! The essence of voltage and amperage! He was preparing a youth for entrance examination to Cooper Union on the Bowery. 'If I took lessons, could I also enter Cooper Union?' I asked eagerly. 'One dollar I'll pay you every week.' He looked me over from head to foot — especially my head. 'Yes,' he said. 'I'll teach you.'

That spring and summer I studied algebra and geometry with exuberant joy and tenacity. My books were always with me. In the morning on the trains from Brooklyn I studied mathematics. And when I walked along Broadway from City Hall to the shop on Prince Street I solved quadratic equations, often colliding with people on the crowded sidewalk. When I hauled a motor to a sweatshop and the wagon got stuck in a tie-up, I would ponder over circles and triangles. When my foreman forbade me to hurry a repair job, and often kept me loafing for days at a time in the cellars of Manhattan, my book was under a plumber's candle, ready at a moment's notice to be tossed into my tool bag. Even when I rode on top of an office elevator the day long, repairing the bell-wire cable between stops, my book lay hidden in my tool bag. And the diagrams I drew in my notebook were not of the broken-down bell system, but were geometric demonstrations.

Short circuits blew my screwdriver into molten drippings, my pliers into clouds of smoke, and my wrench into meteoric dust. Invisible currents swept through my tissue, some gripping me with ecstatic thrills, some taking hold as a surge seizes a ship, and some hitting me a hammer blow that stunned my senses. But I mastered my trade and my mathematics.

What a glorious second childhood!

(The January number will contain Mr. Jensen's account of his American marriage)

THIS BOOK-COLLECTING GAME

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

First, let me say that our English cousins would not understand this title. 'Game' to them means something quite different from what it does to us — to them it suggests something tricky. A London policeman, seeing two or three rather disreputable-looking characters acting suspiciously on a street corner, will approach them with 'What's your little game?' He may say 'gaime'; in any event, he will tell them to 'move h'on' or 'be h'off.' We, on the other hand, say that a man on leaving college is going into the electrical game, meaning thereby that he has adopted the electrical business as his profession, and that he intends to play it with what skill he has.

I have been playing this book-collecting game for forty years; it is, indeed, the only game I thoroughly enjoy. I remember perfectly how it happened that I began to play it. For a boy, I was a sturdy reader: at school — before I ran away therefrom and never went back — I read Napoleon, having, as a small boy, consumed the 'Rollo' books, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, *Sandford and Merton*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Great Expectations*. But Napoleon as portrayed by Abbott enthralled me, and finally I came to have some twenty or thirty volumes about him — quite a lot for a lad. Then one day I awoke from my trance and saw Napoleon — as I still believe him to be — a monster in human form; whereupon I trudged off to Leary's, that famous secondhand bookshop in Philadelphia, and sold the lot, and was ready to begin what I was pleased to think was my intellectual life over again.

Then, just at the proper moment, I fell under the sway of a man old enough to be my father, who, without consciously intending to do so, undertook to direct my reading and suggested that I form a library. 'It will be a great delight to you when you are older,' he said. 'Fine,' I replied, 'but where shall I begin?' 'At the beginning,' he said. 'With Homer, Pope's translation: the *Iliad;* afterward read the *Odyssey*, which you'll like better.' I bought the books and have them still: two volumes, Bohn's edition, in faded green cloth; they are the corner stones of my library. Subsequently, at my mentor's suggestion, I read *The Cloister and the Hearth* and *The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini*. These led me to Motley and Prescott; by that time I was twenty, and had read Boswell's *Johnson*, had been in London, and my education — such as it was — was complete. Certainly this education might have been better, but then it might have been worse.

In between what I may have thought was my 'heavy reading,' I read Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, and Charles Reade. Then the problems of life began to press rather firmly upon my shoulders, but I managed to get some reading done; and someone was good enough to tell me when I bought

a book always to get, if possible, a first edition. And when I inquired why, I was told that if I ever wanted to sell my books I might get my money back if I had first editions; whereas, if I had not, I should be pretty sure not to.

Years passed: I bought what books I could; finally got married, bought a home, had children, and came to feel the need of some sort of place in the country for the summer months. It seemed, at the moment, more important to have a place in the country than to have a few hundred first editions, and as it was perfectly clear to me that I could not have both, I decided to part with some of my books. After some discussion and correspondence, carried on through a third party, I decided to sell at auction in New York, and — to save money — to make and print the catalogue myself. And I still have a copy of the slender pamphlet in which were bound up my hopes and fears. There were in all two hundred and forty-six items. I had made my notes as interesting as I could, and on the afternoon of Monday, May 18, 1896, with my catalogue in my pocket and my heart in my mouth, I climbed up the shabby stairs that led to Bangs and Company's in lower Fifth Avenue, where the sale was to take place. One or two people nodded to me as I entered the room, but no one knew that the books were mine. On the other hand, I knew to a penny what each item cost, and to keep up appearances I bought one or two books that were going for less than they were worth; but I had to be careful, for the sale must net me twenty-five hundred dollars. And it did. As I remember, I ultimately got a check for something like twenty-seven hundred dollars; with which amount I built the cottage in the country in which I still live — with such more substantial additions as I have been able to make as I got a lead on the sheriff.

It was several years before my affairs permitted me to think seriously of again collecting books; meantime I had the mistakes to make that a city man always makes when finally, for good and all, he transfers himself to the country. How we raised every animal that could be raised — in adversity — and grew everything that refused to grow, until with increase of fortune we discovered that only the very rich could afford to milk their own cow and grow their own vegetables — of what interest is this to any man? Books are my theme.

II

A permanent bent had been given to my life and interests by my first visit to London. Its individuality was greater forty years ago than to-day: something — maybe it is democracy — is tending to make most of us colorless and uninteresting. In an effort to recreate myself in a less commonplace world, I became a reader of biography. Of soldiers and soldiering I had had enough; for politicians, playing their crooked and sordid games, I had — and still have — a feeling of abhorrence. The lives of actors and actresses always promise to be interesting but seldom are. My great regret is that, as a young man, I was never led to read Shakespeare, almost to the exclusion of everything else. But he once seemed too remote for me; and this feeling led me to neglect the seventeenth century; in the eighteenth I found the leisure which was lacking in my own. I became, ex officio, a member of the Johnson circle. I exchanged — happy exchange — my perplexities for those of Oliver Goldsmith: what shall be the name of the new play? — which was to deal a body blow to the artificial

comedies of Congreve, the plots of which no man can follow without a compass. How will it be received? Under what circumstances and difficulties was *The Rivals* produced? And *The School for Scandal?* I had never seen *The Critic*, but I could read it; I owned a copy, for I had discovered — and it was the only discovery I ever made — that any book worth reading was worth owning. Almost unconsciously I began to buy books again: once more I was a book-collector.

I have followed the course of many book-collectors. If he be a rich man he begins by buying subscription books in binding, and if he continues to play the game he will come to hate them. If he be young, he will begin with some modern author, Dickens, or Stevenson, or Kipling, perhaps with Bret Harte; but it makes little difference where one begins, if one keeps on: sooner or later he will wish to own the masterpieces of literature in first editions, and will buy them if he can. The longing I had for a first *Vicar of Wakefield* is not to be expressed. And a professed lover of Boswell should have a first edition of his great biography, uncut and in boards, especially as a fine copy was then to be had for fifty dollars. A good resolution is never to be satisfied with a poor copy of a book at any price; a superlatively fine copy of a great book is always cheap.

I have referred to book-collecting as a game: it is, and a pleasant one, calling for all the skill you may acquire and as much money as you can afford to spend. If you play it with the 'rigour' that Sarah Battle enjoined when playing whist with Charles Lamb, it will take more money than you can afford — then it will prove positively exciting. I shall assume in this paper that if, and when, you stop collecting, should you decide to dispose of your collection, you will have no objection to getting your money back. To do this, you must not ride your hobby too far off the beaten track. Let me explain what I mean.

Let us assume that you have decided to make a collection of Kipling — the greatest English author now living, with the exception of Thomas Hardy. You may begin where you will, as your purse and opportunity afford. You may decide to buy a copy of *Schoolboy Lyrics* — his first book, if book it may be called — a tiny pamphlet, in brown paper covers, of which fifty copies were printed by his father; it is now worth fifteen hundred dollars. Or you may start with that excellent story, *Captains Courageous*, the manuscript of which has recently passed into the Pierpont Morgan Library, and of which three first editions are known: namely, the S. S. McClure edition, of which only five copies were published to secure the copyright, the edition published in New York in 1897 by the Century Company, and the edition published that same year in London; either of these last you can get for five dollars. It would, of course, be nice to have the edition of which only five copies were printed, rather than either the first American or the first English edition; but in any case a good beginning has been made, for these, any of them, are *books*. An article in a magazine is a different matter: it is practically impossible and almost useless to follow an author through the magazines. And, unless it is your purpose to present your collection of an author to some library or institution, stop with the important books and the important waifs and strays — if this contradictory phrase may be allowed. Otherwise, one's time and money are spent in an exhaustive search for an item hardly worth having when found. Long before the possibilities of Kipling are

exhausted, I should turn my attention to some other author of equal distinction of the same period: in the case we are imagining, it would be Thomas Hardy.

Why, do you say? For this reason. Let us suppose an auction sale at which three or four hundred items of one subject are to be disposed of. Kipling does not fit into everyone's collection; not everyone — not even the booksellers, who are certain to be present — knows as much about the subject as a man who has for years specialized upon it, and it may happen that a unique item which may have cost you a lot of money will be knocked down for a song. Another reason: there is such a thing as 'sales fatigue.' It is difficult for the auctioneer to keep his customers' interest from flagging at a long sale in which there is no variety: variety is the spice of life, and nowhere is it more necessary than in the auction room.

It will be seen that I am at the moment writing from the point of view of the seller; from the buyer's point of view, these long and wearisome sales afford excellent opportunities for strengthening one's collection. And here let it be said that if the average man seeks to make a representative collection of a fairly voluminous author one subject will serve to occupy him for several years: occasionally it will occupy a lifetime. I have in mind the collection of *The Dance of Death*, the most remarkable of its kind ever formed, which was assembled by Miss Susan Minns of Boston. It was sold several years ago by the American Art Association in New York, and in the introduction to the excellent sales catalogue Miss Minns tells how she put the collection together, piece by piece, over many years. In dispersing it she sportily said: 'I have had the pleasure of collecting: let others have the same.' I applaud the sentiment, but the collection should have been kept together as a monument to the lady's unrivaled knowledge and industry. A bore once asked Oliver Herford what he would like most to see; after a pause he replied: 'I should like to see you throw a raw egg into an electric fan.' Now, were the question put to me, I should say I should like to see the ordinarily well-informed man, not knowing of Miss Minns's hobby, start telling her something about *The Dance of Death.*

III

To return to Thomas Hardy. His first book was *Desperate Remedies*, published anonymously, by Tinsley Brothers, in three volumes: in those days all novels were published in three volumes, and it was usual for the circulating libraries to buy a certain number of every novel when it came out, few people caring to venture thirty shillings — the established price — upon a work of fiction, especially if the author were unknown. Hence it is that almost all copies of an author's first book (I am speaking of novels) are known as 'ex-library' copies, meaning that a library label has been pasted upon the binding, leaving a stain if removed, and accounting for other damage. From this it will be seen how difficult it is to come across a fine copy in cloth. Bound copies make, of course, a fine appearance on one's shelves, but fastidious collectors have declared for original cloth, or boards with the paper labels, as the case may be, and are prepared to back their fancy to a pretty steep figure. Even as I write there comes to my table a catalogue from Walter M. Hill of Chicago, whose catalogues, by the way, always deserve careful reading. Note how lovingly he describes this item: —

AUSTEN (Jane). *Sense and Sensibility;* a novel. In three volumes. By a Lady. London. Printed for the author and published by T. Egerton, 1811. First Edition. $900.00

In the original blue boards and with the paper labels, and in perfect state. No foreign element has entered into the physical condition of the copy. A most unusual book in the most desirable and rare state of perfection.

I need it to complete my set. The temptation to buy it is almost irresistible, but one can't have everything.

Of Jane Austen, Mr. R. W. Chapman, the Secretary of the Oxford University Press, one night, not long ago, told me an interesting story. A friend of his, dining with Lord Rosebery, was asked by the noble lord what was the second-best novel in the language. 'We are agreed, I take it, that *Tom Jones* stands first.' 'We are,' replied the guest, 'and I should say that the second-best was *Emma.*' 'You are right,' said Lord Rosebery. The noble lord spoke positively; I am not quite so sure myself, but then I am not a noble lord.

We were speaking of the difficulty of getting first editions in their original cloth or boards. The moment a book is rebound it must be viewed with suspicion. Half titles are frequently lacking, or, if present, may have been taken from second or later editions. Or it may be that some ignorant bookseller has taken upon himself to add a half title to a book which in its first state had none. Too much is quite as bad as too little: anything more or less than the book in the condition its author gave it to the world is not now favorably regarded. If you ask me 'Why?' let me say that what an expert binder can do to a book would make your eyes pop out of your head. A title-page, or any other page, can be reproduced so that even experts have been deceived. And it has always been so. A century ago, in London, a man named Harris supplied complicated title-pages with such skill as resulted in their being shown, for years, as original in the British Museum before detection. The 'recasing' of books, which sometimes extends to 'resewing,' the use of new end papers, and such sophistications, are pitfalls which should be avoided; I infinitely prefer to have the leaves of a book not overclean rather than 'washed,' because the process of washing involves the use of chemicals, some of which may remain in the paper, ultimately making it brittle.

And, obviously, rebinding a book, unless it is done carefully, usually means the reduction of margins — and size is a matter of the utmost consideration in buying a book. Binders, all of them, deserve to be hung by the feet until they are dead for the offenses their ancestors in the trade have committed. The nonchalance with which a binder put a book under a knife and removed a substantial fraction of its margins is now recognized as a crime. Every important library contains numbers of rare volumes which, had they been allowed to remain in their original condition, tied up with a bit of string if the leaves were loose, would to-day be priceless; as it is, they may indeed be so, but how much more valuable would they be had they not been subjected to the process of cropping!

Blessings upon the head of Daniel Charles Solander, a botanist of distinction, who after extensive travels became a 'Keeper' in the British Museum. He invented the leather case which bears his name. It is a box in the exact shape of a book, in which some precious volume may be kept, and which, when placed upon one's shelves, has the appearance of a

book. Such cases are usually made of morocco, sometimes covering asbestos boards, which render them practically fireproof. I almost never have a book bound: the moment one does so, some question arises which could perhaps have been settled if the book had not been tampered with. Many collectors, in binding their books or in having slip cases made for them, — a slip case being a simpler form of case, — have their novels bound in one color, their poetry in another, and so on. This adds variety and beauty to one's books and makes it easier to recognize some particular volume when sought. After Solander's death in 1782, it was sought to honor him in some way, and a small island somewhere in the Pacific was named after him; but a 'Solander case' is more frequently referred to than the island, I am quite certain of it.

I have not animadverted upon the collection of books in sets. Let me explain what I mean. Certain sets one must have; no gentleman's library is complete without them: sets of Dickens, and Scott, or Parkman, or Motley, and hundreds of others. These are backbone books — one must have them; but their possession confers upon their owner no more distinction than a pair of pants. There are, however, other books which give perpetual delight; these vary with the wealth and learning of the collector. In my own case a fine copy of Benjamin Franklin's *Cato Major* in original binding, the first classic translated and published in America (in Philadelphia in 1744), would do it; whereas Mr. Henry E. Huntington would have to produce the original manuscript of Franklin's *Autobiography* — and he could do it, too.

IV

The only 'set' of first editions I ever bought, complete, in binding, is my set of Trollope. I bought it years ago before the renaissance of this great Victorian had set in. I am glad to have it, — many of the books are practically unobtainable in their original condition, — but it gives me no feeling of pride. When, not long ago, Michael Sadleir, an ardent English Trollopean, wrote to ask me a question as to the original binding of one of Trollope's early books, I was obliged to confess that as my set was in binding I could not answer his question.

I like to think that I am responsible in some measure for Trollope's present vogue, both with readers and with collectors. I have always delighted in him because of his humor, and his marvelous pictures of nineteenth-century English life. After his death a quietus was put to his fame by the publication of his *Autobiography*. In it he described the perfunctory way in which he wrote his novels, and, his own generation of readers dying with him, the next would have nothing to do with him. 'How can novels so produced be anything but stupid?' it was said. Years ago I wrote a small paper on the genius of Trollope, being led to do so by the appearance of a silly article in an English magazine to the effect that Trollope was as dead as Cæsar. And about the same time Professor Phelps of Yale wrote in his book on the English novel that 'no one would dare call Trollope a genius'; whereupon I rose and said, 'I do.' To-day Trollopeans are everywhere, even in England. He has more first-rate novels to his credit than any other writer. A complete set of his writings runs to sixty-eight titles, one hundred and thirty-four volumes! Anyone who wishes to spend a delightful evening or two with this novelist will read his *Autobiography*. And would you read an excellent novel? Try *The Eustace Diamonds*.

I sometimes think that the greatest joy that comes from playing this book-collecting game is the delightful acquaintances one makes — tastes in common soon flower into friendships. Through my interest in William Blake I came to meet and know intimately Graham Robertson — an English authority and collector of that fascinating man. It happened in this way: I was in the British Museum one day, talking to Laurence Binyon. He asked me if I knew Robertson, and I replied, 'No, but I should like to.' 'I think I can arrange it,' said Binyon; and a few days later I received a letter saying that Mr. Robertson was out of town, but if I would call at a certain house in Knightsbridge his housekeeper would show me his collection of paintings. I did so, and saw some wonderful paintings, — they are now in the Tate Gallery, — and when subsequently I wrote Mr. Robertson thanking him for his courtesy I remarked that we had other tastes in common; and I mentioned Gilbert and Sullivan and Irving and Terry. Whereupon I received another letter from Robertson, saying that if I, in addition to being a Blake collector, was a Gilbert and Sullivan and an Irving and Terry enthusiast, he wished I would come down into the country and spend a day with him; that all his best Blakes were in the country, and that he himself had not been in his London house for several years. He said that he would meet me at the railway station; that I could not miss him, as he was a plain-looking old man, but that he would be accompanied by the finest sheep dog in England. I went, met Mr. Robertson without difficulty, spent a happy day with a most delightful gentleman; and I have never since gone to England without spending a day in his company, and his letters to me are a joy. And, of course, I know well Geoffrey Keynes, the splendid young surgeon of 'Barts.,' whose bibliographical studies of Blake would seem to be the last word on the subject — at least the Grolier Club thought so when it brought out its splendid volume.

Let me mention another man, John Burns, England's one-time Labor leader, and one of the most brilliant men I ever met. His acquaintance I made in Sawyer's bookshop. The Honorable John is self-educated, but what an education! He has half a dozen degrees from as many universities. What are his interests? Well, in addition to statistics on every conceivable subject, I should say they are Politics, London, History, Architecture, Town Planning, and Sir Thomas More, of whom he has the finest collection in the world. He is a seasoned book-hunter, has a wonderful library, and a memory which is bewildering to a man who, like myself, was born with a complete forgettery in place of that useful organ. He does not believe in war, gave up office and five thousand pounds a year for conscience' sake; but, England once in, he did what he could himself, saw his son and only child go, — never to come back, — and now, with his very charming wife, he lives in semiretirement, with his books.

Through book-collecting I came to meet and know that rare personality, Amy Lowell, and, through her, Professor Palmer of Harvard. The meeting with him came about in this way. I had been spending some weeks visiting friends 'down east,' and when I got to Boston one hot August day I said to myself, 'Well, it's been a pleasant holiday, but it's over now: all my friends will be out of town. Ellery Sedgwick I know is away, and Amy Lowell will be rusticating somewhere. Nevertheless, I'll go through the motions of calling them up.' I was right as to Sedgwick,

but wrong as to Miss Lowell. After the usual delays came the rich, well-rounded voice over the telephone (the voice I shall, alas! never hear again): 'What brings you to these parts? Certainly you may come to dinner. I'll send the motor for you. You'll find a dear old gentleman in it: Professor Palmer. He's dining with me; he's a book-collector too.' 'Why, he's the very man I came to Boston to see,' I replied. 'You did!' cried Miss Lowell. 'I supposed you had come to see me! However, come to dinner and I'll show Professor Palmer to you.' Now Professor Palmer not only teaches philosophy — he practises it; his chief claim to distinction, however, is his knowledge of Greek. He has translated Homer's *Odyssey* into a 'best seller.' 'When 'Omer smote 'is blooming lyre,' as Kipling says, I wonder what he would have thought had he been told that some three thousand years later, in a world to him unknown, and in a manner to him unsuspected, a fellow by the name of Palmer would sing his songs, in a barbarous tongue, to an audience of over a quarter of a million people.

That evening when Miss Lowell's motor called for us we found Professor Palmer ensconced therein, and I soon discovered that a fine bibliographical evening was in contemplation; for the dear old man had with him a green baize bag, such as Philadelphia lawyers used to carry, full of rare books to show to Miss Lowell, in exchange for which she was to show him her wonderful Keats collection, which is now one of the treasures of Harvard. There is a fine spirit of rivalry among collectors, and I said to myself that there would probably be some exhibition riding of hobbyhorses, and I had a feeling of satisfaction in the belief that, although my nag might stumble once or twice, it would not get altogether out of hand.

That evening was one to be remembered. Miss Lowell was in fine form: she radiated hospitality as she welcomed us at the door of her stately mansion in its park of green velvet, studded with fine old trees — which I should describe as elms but for a story I once heard. A little girl was visiting at an English country house situated in a park famous for its fine old trees. As she strolled around with her host after dinner, knowing that she was expected to remark upon their beauty, she exclaimed, 'How beautiful those old elms are! If they could speak, what would they say?' To which her host replied quietly, 'They would say, I think, "We are oaks."' Anxious to avoid the chance of a tart correction from Miss Lowell, I content myself with describing her trees as stately, and let them go at that.

I soon discovered that poetry was to be the subject of the evening. Out of Mr. Palmer's green bag came one rare volume after another: Herrick, and Herbert, and Blake, and Milton; giants, housed in tiny volumes, one after another, all to be matched by Miss Lowell. And as I was not called upon to prove possession, it was easy enough for me to say, 'I have that, too.' Finally I said to Mr. Palmer, 'Let us see your Lovelace *Lucasta;* mine is in old sheep.' Out of the bag it came, but, unluckily, in a modern binding. 'I have you both there,' said Miss Lowell, displaying, with glee, her copy of the rare little volume; 'look at the title-page.' We looked, and found thereon the inscription, 'Ex dono authoris.' It was as pretty a game of 'authors' as I have ever seen played, and the sport continued till after midnight, at which time it was agreed that I should witness a game of what might be called 'solitaire' as played by Mr. Palmer in his library next morning.

My visit to Professor Palmer will ever be remembered: he is a past master in the art of book-collecting, and has since my first visit to him given his fine collection of first editions of English poetry to Wellesley College in memory of his wife, the late Alice Freeman Palmer. He accompanied his gift with an excellent catalogue, — a large volume, well printed, and substantially bound, — and he has also printed a slender little volume, *Notes on a Collection of English Poetry*, of which he had thirty copies struck off at the Riverside Press at Cambridge, one of which is before me. Immediately following the title-page is a quotation from the famous translation of *The Ship of Fooles*, reading, —

> For this is my minde, this one pleasure have I,
> Of books to have great plentie,

and more to the same effect.

Then follows, after his explanation of how the collection came to be formed, the considered judgment of so fine a scholar and so eminent a collector that I cannot do better than to quote it: 'It is easy to overestimate the value of old books . . . their shape is often unhandy, their type and paper poor; they usually abound in typographical errors, and they are not supplied with such notes and introductions as enable a reader to stand where the printer stood. . . . But they have a sentimental value as having been used by contemporaries of the author, perhaps by the author himself. . . . In my feeling, the presence of the poet is there, as it cannot be in later issues.' He then goes on to say, 'The cost of such books is very great and it constantly and rapidly rises. A narrowing supply makes this inevitable. Every time such books are sold a good proportion of them go into some public library, from which they never emerge. Each year, therefore, diminishes the number open to purchase, while the desire to possess them grows with the spread of wealth and refinement. A few rich men have doubled their permanent price in a single year.' It would not be easy to better this explanation. And I am entirely in accord with Professor Palmer's ideas as to the best arrangement of books in their places on the shelves. He says, 'Ease of access is the first end of classification,' but he prefers, as I do, the chronological rather than the alphabetical arrangement. It offends him to see Crashaw follow Crabbe, or Burns follow Browning: 'When I go to a shelf I wish to find there the men who worked together, to see the little imitators gathered about their master mind. We view our poets, then, as living social beings each among his fellows. This is the instinctive order, setting forth relationships even to the casual eye.'

As I walked away through Harvard Yard after my delightful visit, my thoughts were of the not very Reverend Laurence Sterne who invented the hobbyhorse: the hobby — not the thing itself, but the name for it. Somewhere in *Tristram Shandy* are lines to this effect: 'Have not the wisest men of all ages had their hobbyhorses, their running horses, their cockleshells, their drums, their trumpets, their fiddles, their books, or their butterflies, and as long as a man rides his hobbyhorse peacefully and quietly along the King's highway and compels neither you nor me to get up behind him, why should we complain?' Why indeed! But that when one sees a fellow creature toiling along life's highway, going in our direction, should we not give him a lift? Especially if the horse we are riding will safely carry two; and it may happen, when 'your brother man' or 'gentler sister woman' gets up beside you, that you discover one having like

tastes with yourself: if so, I say, the journey's as good as over.

A man without a hobby is to be pitied and avoided: if he is not exactly looking for trouble, he is, at least, willing to meet it halfway; he gets no joy out of life and he has little sympathy for those who do. I don't much care what a man's hobby is: he is a better fellow for having one. The name of Harry Worcester Smith occurs to me; he is a hobby-rider if I know one (he took his hunting stable and a pack of hounds to Ireland and gave good sport). Ask him to put a sentiment in his delightful *Sporting Tour*, in two fine volumes, in which his experiences in the old country are narrated, and he will write: 'A sporting life is sometimes checkered but never dull.' His presence in your house at breakfast is as exhilarating as champagne at midnight. He never stops to inquire whither you are going and whether you expect to be happy when you get there: he is content to take a chance and join you; for him the destination is not so important as the sense of progress.

Sometimes, when people see the pleasure I get out of my efforts to escape the monotony of life, I am asked: 'What hobby shall I ride? What shall I collect?' But to answer this question I have to know what you have in mind when you say 'collecting': whether it be merely for the sake of killing time — of all things in the world the most valuable — or whether, perchance, some one thing, some man or woman, or period in history, or thing accomplished by the sons of Adam, interests you enormously: in that case, *that is it.*

There are rules for collectors, of course, but the exceptions are numerous and brilliant. We are told, for instance, that collectors should begin young, and some, no doubt, do. About a year ago I received a note, written from New York, reading thus: 'I have read your books and have enjoyed them very much, hence I do not hesitate to ask you for your autograph. I am now eleven years old. When I get to be a man I am going to have a library like J. P. Morgan.' I shrieked for joy, to find, at last, a person not afraid to give Mr. Morgan a run for his money; and in my enthusiasm, after I had answered the letter, I sent it over to Miss Belle da Costa Greene, the librarian of the Morgan Library, saying that after she had worked herself out of a job there was another awaiting her — and such jobs do not grow on trees. In due course I heard the sequel: how Miss Greene had written my young friend a note telling him that if he seriously intended to form a library like Mr. Morgan's it was high time he got started, and asking him to call on a particular day and hour. The day and hour came, and the lad; Miss Greene was waiting. The boy was not overcome, as I was when first I entered that noble and beautiful building, filled with some of the greatest bibliographical treasures in the world; but, walking up to Miss Greene, he introduced himself, and, in answer to her question, explained that at present his means would not permit of his buying any books, but that he was making a collection of catalogues of Mitchell Kennerley's Anderson Galleries, and the American Art Association, and that *he had priced copies of the more important sales* of the past year. Miss Greene does not often meet her match, but she did then, and when, to hide her confusion, she asked him if he wanted to see any particular book, he replied, 'Yes, I should like to see the first book printed, the Gutenberg Bible.' It was brought him, whereupon he at once began to count the lines to discover whether the first pages were of the forty or the forty-two line issue. And

this at the age of eleven! On the other hand, Mr. Huntington, who has formed the most important library of modern times, did not begin until he was a man of middle age. One reads of an automobile in five seconds getting up to a speed of twenty-five miles: this is nothing to the speed that Mr. Huntington has developed.

V

After a man has rowed his way across a river, it is hardly worth while for him to regret that he has not crossed by the bridge; he has arrived, that is the important thing. But I cannot free my mind from the belief that if I had my life to live over again I should take on 'Americana.' There is no element of 'fad' about it, as there may be about Conrad or Stevenson, for instance. It has come to stay, but it is now too late for me to get up any interest in a badly printed tract describing what is now Virginia, or to go into an ecstasy at the sight of a map, which at a glance one can tell is a gigantic error, simply because I am told it is the first map of what is now North America. But other men, wiser than I, not only can but do. I spent some hours a year ago in the William L. Clements Library, which is now a part of the University of Michigan, and I have read with interest Mr. Clements's admirable volume describing his books, which accompanied his gift to that university. It is a remarkable book for a business man to write, and it only goes to prove how entirely mistaken are those who think that American business men are without ideals: the very reverse is the fact.

Visit Ann Arbor and see the simple but beautiful temple which contains the books which were, a short time since, the hobby of a busy man of affairs. Read Mr. Clements's modest but scholarly essay in which he says: 'All collections must have their beginnings, and in 1903 the foundation of this one was made by the purchase . . . of a library of about a thousand volumes.' I would not say that his account of the growth of his collection is as fascinating as a romance, but anyone who cares to read about books relating to the discovery of North America and its development from nothing to that great nation that we call the United States — the greatest romance in the world — will find that a new planet has swum into his ken. That the custodian, Randolph Adams, practically grew up in my library suggests that he is a book-lover; his admirable little book, *The Whys and Wherefores of the William L. Clements Library, or a Brief Essay on Book Collecting as a Fine Art*, is an excellent treatise written by a scholar whose proper subject is American history. And when I read the excellent reviews that Adams's *History of the Foreign Policy of the United States* is receiving I was thankful that I did what I could to persuade him to become a happy and useful citizen rather than to attempt to make a living by practising what is called 'the law,' which — I agree with Bernard Shaw — is not a profession but a conspiracy. I was amazed to learn from Adams that the United States had a 'foreign policy': it certainly did not have under Bryan.

I have not suggested that every state in the Union offers a fair field for the collector; that the subject will continue to grow in interest and importance; and that the time will come when books which can now be had for a few dollars will be worth hundreds, perhaps thousands of dollars. I am sure of it. 'What books?' you say. Ah! I do not know. Ask the college professors who are working in the subject, or Lathrop Harper of New York, a most

reliable guide; ask Dr. Rosenbach, who only a few days ago exchanged a monarch's ransom for a small specimen; ask my friend J. Christian Bay, who is now lecturing on the 'Incunabula of Chicago,' — delicious title, — meaning, thereby, books printed in Chicago before the fire! And then think that there are thousands of men who were not children when that city was still smouldering in ashes. The growth of Chicago is the measure by which we should judge the interest in Americana.

Book-collecting is a great sport; every day new players are joining in the game; we amateurs are playing it against professionals, and sometimes it costs us money, but not so much as one might suppose. To play against Dr. Rosenbach is like trying to break the bank at Monte Carlo; yet even he has sold me items which he would now take off my hands at three or four times what I paid for them. A rare book should, and usually does, advance in value, but it is a good deal more fun to anticipate the rise than to buy it at a high price after it has risen. There are thousands of excellent books by important authors which will never be 'collected,' for the reason that the first edition was so large. The books to collect are those the success of which was at one time problematical, or those which the subsequent work of an author has made important: these constantly rise in value. Of books of yesterday: de la Mare's *Songs of Childhood*, Masefield's *Salt Water Ballads*, Housman's *Shropshire Lad*, Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Tramping Methodist*, Morley's *Parnassus on Wheels*, keep on advancing in price, to the bewilderment of their authors. How long they will hold their present value, or whether they will go still higher, nobody knows; but it would seem safe to say that an author's first book, if his subsequent work survives the critics, could be bought with impunity. Collectors of modern books now have excellent bibliographies to guide them: these were entirely lacking when I first began to play the game. Some of these are monuments of bibliographical exactness, others are of errors all compact; but, good or bad, as Dr. Johnson says of dictionaries, the worst is better than none.

VI

In the book market I have seen many changes: no longer is London, or indeed England, the only market in which to buy books. For almost a century we have been drawing on that great reservoir, and the level of the supply is permanently lowered; there are now more good booksellers in England than there are good books. There is a glamour, a romance, about prowling around in the bookshops of the old country, but the best picking is now to be had at home, especially in New York City. The book-collector, early in the game, will do well to attract the attention of some good bookseller. This is easy: half a dozen purchases and as many intelligent questions will do it. But he should also study the catalogues, which, once his name gets on the booksellers' lists, will come to him by every mail, and the auction sales should always be kept in mind. It is great fun going to book auctions, and the auctioneers' catalogues are mines of information. In the auction room in New York a great book will always bring what it is worth, and frequently more. Not long ago a copy of Milton's *Comus* brought twenty-one thousand, five hundred dollars. Now I don't mean to say that it is not worth what it fetched, for where will you find another? And if and when you do, it will bring more. But less famous books, equally scarce, frequently bring less than they are worth. The fact is, —

and I state it reluctantly, — we collectors do not know our literature as well as we should; we concentrate our attention too much on star items. This makes the market 'spotty,' as the stockbrokers say. These are facts to be reckoned with, and one must remember that scarcity alone will not make a book sell at a high price; or, to state the matter another way, it is always unwise to wrench a book out of its natural habitat. A book much sought in Paris, sold at auction in New York, may bring little or nothing.

Let us not neglect the wood for the trees. What a glorious thing is English literature! The man who elects to study it in first editions is riding a noble hobby. Consider its venerable age, its unbroken continuity, its tremendous range. We have the greatest poetry, and drama, and fiction in the world; in essays we yield the palm only to Montaigne, and we have the only biography worth speaking of. What a variety! We book-collectors each of us can ride an animal differing, in some respect, from every other animal; but we are alike in this: that as we put it through its paces and explain its good points to our auditor — when we can find one — we are enjoying life to a degree that a man without a hobby knows nothing of. The exercise keeps the breath of life in us long after we have outlived our usefulness. Whether this be a good thing or not, let our heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns say. I once knew a Philadelphian, Ferdinand J. Dreer, who retired from business before he was forty to prepare himself for death, which he thought imminent. To occupy his mind he began to collect autographs, and lived to the age of eighty, forming one of the finest collections ever made in this country. At his death he bequeathed his priceless collection to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and his name will ever be remembered. May it not be said of the accomplished hobby-rider, as Johnson said of Shakespeare, that panting Time toils after him in vain?

THE URBANE INTOLERANCE OF AMERICANS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

There is a familiar story oftenest ascribed to Disraeli, though I have seen it — as is the way with all good stories — in different settings. The Prime Minister, it is said, answered some careless, or perhaps impertinent, question concerning his creed by saying that it was the religion of all sensible men. 'But what,' persisted his interrogator, '*is* the religion of all sensible men?' 'Ah,' replied the sphinxlike defender of Church and State, 'that is what no sensible man ever tells.'

It sounds like Disraeli; but if he said it he voiced a sentiment which was even then rapidly disappearing from the world. In 1896, fifteen years after his death, the Honorable Augustine

Birrell observed that religion was being widely and loudly discussed by people who, thirty years before, would have considered the topic unfitted for polite conversation. The nervous dread of religious enthusiasm, of expressed emotion, of anything appertaining to spirituality, which had characterized the eighteenth century (*ce siècle sans âme*) had gradually given place to a lively and chattering interest in matters once relegated to the clergy, and which even the clergy — unless they were Methodists — were expected to keep closely confined to the pulpit.

It may be that this reticence concerning religious belief was an unconscious survival from earlier — but not much earlier — days, when confessions of faith were liable to lead the confessors into trouble. A fifteenth-century money-lender in Spain was not likely to make public his formula, 'Why I am a Jew.' Men of original views, but of sober understanding, who found themselves in Constance in 1415, or in Geneva in 1553, would not have seized these inauspicious occasions to state in print 'Why I am a Heretic.' No one was disposed to publish a paper saying 'Why I am a Protestant' when Mary Tudor reigned; or 'Why I am a Papist' when Elizabeth took the helm; and, when the father of these ladies ruled rampageously, it was best to call no attention to one's religious views, whatever they might have been. On the thirtieth of July, 1540, six men were executed at Smithfield. Three were 'Reformers' who were burned for heresy, and three were Catholics who were hanged, drawn, and quartered for nonconformity. Justice could not have been more impartially administered. I say nothing of the fourteen Dutch Anabaptists who were burned five years earlier, because everybody who had a chance burned Anabaptists. It was one of the few points on which all churches agreed.

There is a wide gulf between such earnest and vigorous ecclesiastical discipline and the kind of intolerance which we lament to-day, and which the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick has branded as an obstacle in the path of civilization. So stern is his disapproval that the Crusaders are obnoxious to him because they could not tolerate Turks; and the mere notion that 'a church should be a group of people holding the same opinions in religion' is, in his eyes, 'suicidal,' though to some of us it seems a natural and reasonable conception. He even regards intolerance as 'ungentlemanly,' an interesting criticism, and one on which conflicting testimony can be brought to bear. Charles the Second, who had undergone some severe experiences with Presbyterianism before he pronounced it a religion 'unfit for gentlemen,' would have agreed with Dr. Fosdick; but Horace Walpole, who abominated 'fractions of theology and reformation,' stoutly maintained that 'Mahomet and the Popes were gentlemen and good company.' Now some of the Popes may have been fairly tolerant (two hundred and sixty-one prelates must in the course of nineteen hundred years have exhibited varieties of temperament); but Mahomet never yielded a canonical inch, and his followers have reverently followed his example. The essence of religious intolerance is contained in the speech of a Moor of Tangiers, who was denouncing the Jews to George Borrow: 'Fools, they trust in Muza when they might believe in Mohammed, and therefore their dead shall burn everlastingly in Jehinnim.'

A great deal that passes for intolerance to-day has little to do with religion. Who can believe that distaste

for Judaism as a creed is, or has ever been, the motive power of anti-Semitic agitation? This irrational conceit has survived because both Christians and Jews have preferred, for reasons of their own, to cherish it. What is called religious antagonism in the United States is largely political antagonism, based solidly and securely upon the affiliation of religious groups with governmental measures. Americans have, as a rule, a strong and sound mistrust for any alliance of Church and State. It is too much the habit of reformers to call upon a body of churchmen to 'get behind' their particular reform, thus alienating other bodies of churchmen, to say nothing of a great number of people who are content to let all churches go their way, but who do not want to be ruled in mundane matters by any of them. No issue which is exclusively moral can survive political handling. The lust for power degrades it. From a desire to benefit mankind, it sinks into a determination to coerce mankind, and such coercion brings dry rot into healthy human activities. Of what avail is any virtue which is not the virtue of the free?

The tolerance of American colleges for 'Freethinkers' Societies,' the tolerance of the American public for 'Associations for the Advancement of Atheism,' the tolerance of American audiences for wandering Buddhists who adjure them to close their churches and seek religion in the field and in the market place, would seem to indicate a large and easy unconcern. Suppose Shelley, instead of being 'sent down' from Oxford, had been invited to become the chairman of a collegiate freethinkers' society, to work off his steam in speeches, and to have his *Necessity of Atheism* printed at the society's expense — how different his life might have been! Less keen perhaps, and certainly less enjoyable; but free — for a time at least — from tragic complications. The New Yorkers who listen to fluent Orientals may make them an excuse for not going to church; but the urban substitute for field and market place is the subway; and the subway, while teeming with human interests, lacks the serene atmosphere of spirituality. It is too hurried and too bewildering. If we paused to think about our souls, we should get into the wrong train.

With the 'Association for the Advancement of Atheism' the case is different. Already it is following the lead of the churches, and treading the familiar path to politics. The move to stop the payment of salaries to army and navy chaplains is purely political. It may be in accord with the Constitution, but it is out of harmony with the sentiment of the nation. The army and navy chaplains are deservedly popular. They are seldom idle and never rich. Soldiers and sailors hold them in esteem. Shane Leslie says that in the Boer War the British sent a special train to take a priest to a dying Irish private. Human nature will have to change considerably before such an incident fails to touch our hearts.

For a long time past, sermons have been the order of the day. One does not need to go to church to hear them. There are societies formed for no other purpose than to preach sermons unrelated to religion. Magazines which we have read and loved and trusted for years publish sermons under misleading titles, and we have been sore at heart over such betrayal. They also publish appeals to Christian churches to please eliminate dogma ('no dogma, no deans'), and substitute that flexible adjustment of mind to mood which will harmonize with fleeting points of view. 'Any habitual and regulated enthusiasm is worthy to be called a religion,'

said Sir John Seeley; and who would forbear, or who could escape, being religious on such terms?

As a matter of fact, the passion for religion is deep bedded in the human heart. 'Man,' said Disraeli, 'is born to believe.' He has learned in the course of centuries that actively combating his neighbors' beliefs is unprofitable labor; and when he is told that one hundred and eighty varieties of creeds may be found in the United States to-day, he has a shameful impulse to laugh. Much has been said concerning the boldness of mind, the singleness of soul, the sympathy with time and place, which impel a man, or a group of men, to launch a new religion; but, in view of the numbers launched, it must be easier than we think. The changing framework of society is favorable to novelties; the restlessness of the human mind prepares it for hastily drawn and loudly voiced conclusions.

II

The really remarkable thing to-day is the lively interest which is taken in confessions of faith, and which seems to me as remote from intolerance as from enthusiasm. Mr. Edgar Lee Masters has entitled his confession 'In Search of a Better Religion,' which leaves the way open to all followers. A Moslem gentleman, who claims to be descended from the Prophet, has confided to us in *Collier's* why he is a Mohammedan. He says that Islamism is a creed of universal kindness and 'spiritual democracy,' that it has a 'Wilsonian modernity' and a 'Jeffersonian simplicity,' all of which should recommend it to Americans if they can get their wives to assent. The *Forum* has published twelve papers by leading members of eleven churches, and by one member of no church. They are amiably written and have been very amiably received. They are not technically controversial, inasmuch as they do not seek to score 'under set conditions,' which is the aim and object of controversy. They are prefaced, curiously enough, by a paper from Bishop Manning, who expresses a certain bleak regret that Christian faith should have so many interpretations, and who calls for greater unity of belief. 'The time has come for the churches to repent of their schisms and divisions, and to find the way to fellowship and reunion.'

I wonder if the time has come, and if our friendly unconcern brings us nearer to assent than did the old ferocious arguments of stake and fagot. That in unity we should find peace and strength, no Christian doubts. It was the dream of Cardinal Mercier's life, though he had seen the utmost that rage and hate could do. 'Agreement,' says Santayana, 'is sweet, being a form of friendship. It is also a stimulus to insight, and helpful, as contradiction is not.'

If differences of creed were like hurdles which brave men could leap, we might all be riding in the open road together. Three hundred years ago Robert Burton lamented as loudly as Bishop Manning laments to-day that while the Turks counted all giaours as dogs and all Moslems as brothers, and while the Jews stuck together like so many burrs, Christians could not be persuaded or coerced into unanimity. But Burton's idea of unanimity was universal acquiescence in the 'pure Protestant faith' of England. For all other creeds he had a hearty and sincere aversion. Never did he dream of moving one step in their direction. And if tolerance has become a milder sentiment than in Burton's day, his notion of Christian unity is familiar to us now. We are all ready to open our doors to those who repent of their errors.

When we remember that theological disputes are as old as theology, we understand how the very intensity of men's regard inclines them to disagreement. Northern Africa, in the first centuries of the Christian era, had almost as many varieties of religious experience as has the United States to-day; and their upholders were more ardent and more implacable. Indeed it is safe to say that only in our own time, which Dr. Fosdick finds so intolerant, have theologians displayed the faintest symptoms of that urbanity which makes them appear gentlemanly in his eyes. The great religious upheavers did not care a rap about gentlemanliness. Scherer says that Luther and Calvin were 'virtuosos of insult'; yet Luther and Calvin were soft-spoken by comparison with John Knox. There is a quality about Knox's abuse which, while undecipherable, makes all other vituperation seem pallid and polite. His description of a polemical opponent as a 'fed sow' carries with it a dreadful — and unreasonable — sense of indignity. It is useless to ask ourselves why 'fed,' why 'sow' ('*O gloriosa femina!*'), or why a worthy animal, quietly fulfilling the duties of its station, should be the sign and symbol of degradation.

The moral element involved in taste is not always apparent to men of angry mood. Neither are they quick to share the generous belief that convictions which are not their convictions, and emotions which are not their emotions, may yet have in them elements of beauty and of grace. It is a far cry from Scotland in the sixteenth century to the United States in the twentieth, from the furious preacher 'dinging the pulpit to blads' to the genial and good-humored gentlemen whose confessions of faith in the *Forum* have been received with genial and good-humored tranquillity. It seems needless to bemoan the intolerance of churches whose representatives claim so little and grant so much. It seems absurd to bemoan the indifference to religion of a public which stands ready to read eleven semitheological papers in order to know why eleven men believe in their respective creeds. Perhaps if the eleven theologians emphasized points of difference, rather than points of resemblance, controversy might take a keener edge. As it is, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton is the only one who has so far provoked acrimonious rejoinders from that portion of the public which has the leisure and inclination to write letters to an editor. Having been a Catholic for only a short time, his arguments are all on the firing line.

The able churchmen who confide to us why they are Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and so forth, steer as clear of dogma as confessions of faith permit. Most of them have been born in their folds, and have seen no occasion to stray. 'I have suspected,' writes Bishop Slattery of Massachusetts, 'that, if I had been born in some other communion, I might have stayed there just as contentedly.' Mr. Edgar Young Mullins, President of the Baptist World Alliance, is the son and grandson of Baptist ministers. His reactions are as strong as heredity can make them. Dr. Frank Mason North's conscious acceptance of Methodism dates from his eighth year. Mr. Rufus M. Jones, teacher of philosophy and ethics at Haverford College, listened as a child to the preaching of a Quaker uncle and two Quaker aunts. He went as a boy to a Quaker school, and as a youth to a Quaker college. He taught as a young man in two Quaker schools, and he edited a Quaker periodical. He has never in his life stepped out of the Quaker atmosphere, and he has never wanted to. He believes that people are

better for being Quakers; and he has gone by invitation to 'interpret his views' in China, where goodness knows they are needed.

The faith of Archbishop Söderblom, Primate of Sweden, is also an inheritance. As the devout little son of a devout Lutheran minister, he believed naturally and happily that all Christians were Lutherans. When he discovered his error, he was none the less satisfied to remain where he belonged. The thrill afforded by Luther's catechism to his childish mind bore lifelong fruit, and the only thing which is not to his liking is the name 'Lutheran.' It suggests a narrow confine, a party bias, which displeases him. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin of New York concludes an appeal for breadth of vision with these remarkable words: 'I may say finally that I am a Presbyterian only temporarily. The name carries many hallowed memories and associations; but it seems to me to belong to the past rather than to the present. It connotes primarily a particular mode of church government.'

III

Now it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of such writings, and it is difficult to charge them with intolerance. Societies for the promotion of religious persecution are not nourished on arguments like these. The far-flung challenge of Augustine Birrell: 'What, then, did happen at the Reformation?' has not been taken up by any of the disputants. Yet to ignore it is to leave unexplained the extraordinary vehemence with which men slaughtered their fellow men in the august name of religion. We cannot even account for the clear-cut antagonism which for centuries divided creed from creed. Andrew Lang says that the Calvinistic Synod of Poictiers was of the opinion that Satan stood responsible for the English liturgy — which was one way of looking at things. Dr. Johnson, who loved and reverenced the English liturgy, said comprehensively of Catholics: 'In everything in which they differ from us, they are wrong' — which was another, and very conclusive, way of looking at things. And Dr. Johnson's dictum was borrowed from Dr. Heath, Catholic Archbishop of York, deposed by Queen Elizabeth for contumacy. 'Whatever is contrary to the Catholic faith,' wrote the prelate, 'is heresy; whatever is contrary to unity is schism.' As Dr. Heath suffered the displeasure of his sovereign (they had been friends of a sort), the loss of his see, and three years' imprisonment, rather than move an inch from this position, his way of looking at things must have seemed to him a sacred and inviolable truth. 'Men believe a thing,' said Spinoza, 'when they behave as if it were true.' There is no other test.

Santayana, who does not suffer his love for agreement to impair his understanding of dissent, writes luminously: 'The attempt to speak without speaking any particular language is not more hopeless than the attempt to have a religion that shall be no particular religion.' This clear-cut thinking is more suggestive of the last century than of our own. When we soften the edges of things until they blur, we become mannerly, but inexact. There is a sentence of Sir Andrew Macphail's, in *Essays in Puritanism*, which has long provoked my interest and curiosity: 'To one who has tasted and found the richness of Calvinism it is no use appealing with the doctrine of Wesley.' Now Sir Andrew, who is Scotch, and has a Scotchman's innate grasp of controversy, must have had some definite outline, some closely knit reasoning, in his mind when he used that brilliant and comprehensive word,

'richness.' 'The richness of Calvinism.' There is nothing in Dr. Coffin's *Forum* article to elucidate the phrase. The American says confidently: 'Communities under Presbyterian influence are God-fearing, law-abiding, intelligent, and independent.' But this is probably more than the Scotchman is prepared to grant. He is thinking of theology, not of behavior. If any one Christian church could prevail upon its members to behave better than the members of other churches (not in their own eyes, but in the eyes of the world), there would be a stampede to that fold. Unhappily, the imperfections of human nature are not incidental; they are fundamental; they may be trusted to subvert intelligence and nullify endeavor.

'I have not yet discovered of what I am to die,' wrote Sydney Smith in 1842, 'but I think I shall be burned alive by the Puseyites.' Which characteristic jibe would seem to indicate some ill-will, or at least some lack of concord, between the Liberals and the estimable High-Churchmen, whom the equally estimable, but less well-disposed, Tupper denounced in his day as

> semi-papal bandits
> To the Babylonish beast.

Macaulay, who was an Erastian of Erastians, had somewhere in his comfortable constitution a penchant for old forms, old customs, old alliances between church feasts and cheerful feasting. He wrote to his little niece, Margaret Trevelyan, asking her if she had read 'the beautiful Puseyite hymn on Michælmas-day.' And as its beauties existed only in the depths of his own consciousness he proceeded to extract a verse for her edification: —

> Though Quakers scowl, though Baptists howl,
> Though Plymouth Brethren rage,
> We Churchmen gay will wallow to-day
> In apple-sauce, onions and sage.

I am sure little Margaret loved that letter; but I am equally sure that doting uncles do not, in this era of civility, compose such poems for impressionable child nieces. Somebody might think them rude. I have seen anthologies from which one verse of Thackeray's 'White Squall' was deleted, as impolite — which it certainly is — to the Jews.

IV

What makes the situation to-day a trifle paradoxical is the fact that we are painstakingly courteous on the one hand, and, on the other, unaccountably attentive to opinions which do not concern us. Take for example the case of Mr. Luther Burbank, which was widely discussed some months ago. Mr. Burbank had achieved a great reputation and a boundless popularity. He had produced so many new varieties of fruit and flowers and vegetables that the earth seemed hardly big enough to hold them. His exploits had been vaunted from ocean to ocean. The ever-ready name 'wizard' had been triumphantly applied to him. Then one day, for no particular reason, he confided to the world, through the medium of the *San Francisco Bulletin*, that 'as a scientist' he considered all religions to be built on a tottering foundation, and that he was an infidel 'in the true sense of the word'; adding somewhat petulantly that, if this avowal awakened thoughts in 'narrow bigots and petrified hypocrites,' it would not have been made in vain.

Now what happened? The people who read the *San Francisco Bulletin*, instead of saying 'Dear me!' or 'Oh my!' which was all the occasion called for, repeated Mr. Burbank's words with grief and consternation. Newspapers commented freely upon them. There seemed to be an unwarranted impression that a horticulturist and

master of applied science ought to know more about the nature of God and the immortality of the soul than a banker or a mining engineer. When the incident was about to be forgotten, interest in it was suddenly revived by Mr. Burbank's death. Kind-hearted people then suggested that he had probably not meant what he said; and his friend, Mr. Henry Ford, undertook to set our minds at rest by assuring us through an interviewer that the 'Plant Wizard's' religion was 'much the same as anyone else's.' 'He loved children, and thought that they should go to church to learn to think right. I am sure that his instinct told him that there was a hereafter.'

It is hazardous to disagree with a man whose views upon all subjects are sought as sedulously as are Mr. Ford's. But really and truly the religion he outlines so sketchily is not 'the same as anyone else's.' Mr. Burbank may have meant what he said, or he may have meant something entirely different. It is of no importance. His views were his own, and he was privileged to hold them. But there is more clear-cut thinking in the world than is dreamt of in Mr. Ford's philosophy. Man's mind is circumscribed, but not necessarily nebulous. 'God did not create us to supplement His intelligence.' But understanding of a sort is ours.

The American is said to be more emotional than logical, a characteristic which he shares with men of other nations. He is certainly more sentimental than emotional, more curious than self-absorbed, more reasonable than vehement. Therefore is he controversial after a fashion which the great ages of controversy would have disowned. Therefore is he ready to listen to the arguments put forward by men of varying creeds, by men of no creed, and by men who, creedless themselves, are disposed to share Frederick Locker's gratitude 'that woman is a churchgoing animal.' He understands that varieties of belief are closely related to varieties of temperament, and that varieties of temperament are as superabundant as varieties of weather. If he be a churchman and a man of parts, he accepts these differentiations with regret, as does Bishop Manning, but without belligerence. 'It would be the death of controversy,' says Hilaire Belloc, 'to demand a real conquest. When people get into that mood, controversy ends, and fighting begins.'

TREE OF LIFE

BY KEENE ABBOTT

I

One tree remained. To be descried from any section, it crested the highest slope, cone-shaped and darkly green. Search the entire blue-violet rim of the world and you would see no other.

The ridges, now scarred with scooped-out sandy hollows by the ceaseless battering of prairie winds, had been stripped of cedar and pine. For roof beams of sod houses, for the construction of log cabins, also to provide fuel, the natural forestry had long ago been riven down and hauled away.

Standing there in its pride of place, the surviving pine was protected not by law but by tradition. Old Indians of the Dakota tribe used to hang beads and shells upon it, venerating the tree for its beauty and its strength. It rose tall, straight, pointed, a thing truly majestical. And as a coast bleakly sinister with jagged rocks may need a lighthouse, so did this country need that tree.

It had saved lives.

People speak of the Indian scout, Jeff Maynard, who fought off the wolves and climbed to safety after his horse had been downed, hamstrung by slashing fangs. People likewise tell of the peril that came to the teacher, Emma Wainwright, in the time of the great winter storm. She had been shepherding homeward all the pupils from the sod-built schoolhouse when they floundered off the road and were likely to be overwhelmed by the same deadly smother of snow that entombed many thousands of cattle. Eventually the landmark put her right. Hopeless confusion was dispelled by fleeting glimpses of the pine tree. Thereafter she knew which way to go. She reached a meadow, she found a haystack, she helped the children burrow into it. There were fourteen of them. All night long they lay tucked in, snuggled together, keeping each other warm. And not one perished.

Of this same tree Lancaster was thinking, Buck Lancaster from the line camp of the Circle Dot outfit, when he reined in his horse to listen. It was snowing. Indian summer had held until late in December, but now the country lay in a white hush. For a space, while the rider hearkened, there was neither clink of spur nor creak of saddle leather. Could there be anything portentous in this ghostly animation of large moist flakes continuously flowing down?

He had come no less than fifteen miles, and still greater distance remained to be covered before he could reach the holiday entertainment, a night of fun, frolic, shrill music, and dancing at the Bar W ranch.

As yet the snow was no more than fetlock deep, and the wind slept. But the prairie, like the man himself, appeared to be listening. Transformed by the silent fairy foam daintily heaping itself over everything, the bushy bristle of soap weed had been hidden. Each clump was like a strange white

blossom. Tussocks of long grass drooped in downy curving webs; there was bridal array of the loveliest kind for every coarse stalk of resin weed, for every scraggy cluster of wild sage.

The rider said to his horse, 'Air's awful still.'

There is a certain kind of silence which makes the plainsman hearken with the most acute attention, and at such a time every sound is suspicious. Listen! What was that husky rasp as of a coiled serpent about to strike? It could be nothing else, as Lancaster knew, than the wild plant known as loco or rattleweed. The seed pods shook. A mysterious air current, which he himself could not feel, had set them shuddering.

The cow pony understood it. Sharing his rider's uneasiness, he sniffed and shivered. Already white spurts were being torn off the surface of the ground, to run in shredding wisps and whorls. Then began the race to get out of the way of what was sure to come.

It came. The gale burst upon man and horse, pouncing out of the north. But even after the wind had struck, enormously slashing across the Great Plains, the snow was still too heavy with moisture to choke the air with powdering drift.

The pony ran; he kept running until light failed, until blind air matched a blind sky. Now you could no longer tell that day was day, for all had come to be one vast scud of hissing snow.

During such a storm don't ever suppose the wind is going to hold steady and blow always from the same direction. Beware of confusing shifts. Watch out for a treacherous whipping round of the gale from north to northeast, or capriciously back again to the northwest.

Lancaster realized that something to go by would be needed. Believing, as from time to time he peered into the billowing velocity, that he would presently 'raise the tree,' as Westerners say, he still felt in some measure a comforting sense of security. At intervals the bandana handkerchief drawn over his head, with ends knotted together under his chin, had to be readjusted to keep the wide felt brim of his hat folded down over his ears.

All at once he had the distracted notion that someone was hooting through the wind, calling him.

'Hey, Buck! That you?'

Astonishing voice; astonishing shape smirching up beside him. He had been overtaken by a rider, who leaned toward him and shouted to be heard above the vociferant tumult. And in pleased surprise — for it's something to have companionship at such a time as this — Lancaster cried out, 'Hello, Hughie! How's things?'

'Weel eneuch,' answered Scotch Hugh from the Box Four, a ranch owned by English stockmen. 'Ou, but Maister Mon,' he added, 'it's a wee taste o' weather this time, and na mistake!'

Heading for the dance, was he?

'Ay.'

Presently he yelled the assertion, 'I tak my whusky straight; but sal, it will be nae so bad if they hae something hot.'

Buck whooped forth the hopeful anticipation, 'Might be eggnog they'll have, or Tom and Jerry.'

He gave himself a rub over the stomach, thinking how good it is, how it warms you up, a big hot dram of that steaming holiday beverage.

What with the wind making such a row, it was hard to talk; and the two riders, both hunching forward with heads sunk low and faces averted from the buffetings of the gale, stopped trying to be sociable.

Having reached a district of rough broken land, the men believed the tree

should now appear; but still they could n't see it.

'She'll be farther on, farther east,' Buck announced.

Hughie shouted: 'Havers! If we hae passed it, noo!'

'Keep a-goin',' the other insisted. 'That's all we got to do. Jest keep on, and we'll sure spy out the landmark.'

None too much encouraged, the Scotchman said, 'Ay, weel — maybe.' Then he doggedly affirmed, 'Ay, we maun come to it presently.'

They rode on, and after a time once more began to talk a little, yelling to be heard, each one anxiously trying to make the other believe that he did n't feel the least bit anxious. Hughie even made playful reference to the seethings and siftings that came pricking right in through their clothes like needle points of ice.

'I'm partial,' he said, 'to cauld baths the year round; but tod, this is mair than I choose.'

Lancaster shouted back, 'Same here.'

Yet it could n't truthfully be said that he was partial to baths of any kind, at any time. This day, however, he felt virtuously clean. He boasted of the clean flannels he had on, and even bawled out the information, 'Scoured up good before I left. Rio Red, he soaped my back for me. A hot tub.'

They rode on and on. Now and again, when shoved by a heavier broadside of wind than common, the horses staggered, nearly flung off their feet. And they kept wanting to turn and drift with the storm. Take care. That must n't be allowed.

The thoughts of Lancaster were n't quite happy about something else. 'Too bad,' he roared. 'Be a pity if our feet swell on us when we start a-dancin'.'

'Ou, ay! But we'll off wi' our boots, an' stand in the snow. That'll be best — afore we gang in.'

II

To reach the dance the men must go east, always east. But how be sure that they were headed right?

Once again a strident voice penetrated the screaming sibilance of storm.

'Ought to show up, had n't it — the pine tree?'

'It will, it will,' Hughie stoutly affirmed. 'Most michty queer if it dinna show itself.'

That he preferred not to think about the possibility of such a painful queerness was revealed by the way he clutched at something else, something trivial to consider.

'Am thinkin' ye've put it on for this day, your beaded waistcoat. Hev ye noo?'

Buck's fancy vest was something to see, the front of it being all covered with Indian beadwork. And for buttons, what else than five-dollar gold pieces? A whole row of them! To have the garment admired would usually warm its owner's heart. But now he only shouted, 'Lookee! Look there!'

Amid the racing bursts of snow-surf a shadowy object had cut in ahead of the riders. The obscure gray phantom must be a horse with someone on its back, and at once the men set up a clamor, yelling and spurring after the vague figure that went with the wind, aimlessly drifting.

Try as they would, it was impossible to get any response from that individual. Asleep? But his eyes were open. In a rime of ice they were staring straight ahead.

He had to be plucked from the saddle; he had to be shoved and shaken and roughly pummeled before he could be roused. Groggily wrathful at last, he fumbled for his six-gun, ready to hammer somebody. Not until then could the others succeed in making him understand what was what.

'If it ain't Ranger Ed!' shouted Lancaster. 'Is that who you are?'

'Was when I started.'

Although he walked with toilful effort, badly limping, it would n't do for him to get back on his horse. The others kept with him, all three on foot, all three flapping their arms against their bodies, thrashing in rigorous exercise, stamping and knocking their benumbed feet together.

Ed had once been an expert 'top rider.' But in the breaking corral a broncho had pinwheeled, giving him a nasty fall, and leaving him with a right hip that would always be troublesome.

Why should a cripple of that kind want to go to a dance? Well, of course waltzing would be quite out of the question; but he could still, as he said, 'rassle through a quadrille in good style.' The very thought of it brought from him the jubilant shout, 'Enough womenfolks are goin' to be there to run three sets!'

Then, too, there is so much more to a dance than mere dancing. Annie Lewis would be present, and in a saddle pocket he had something for Annie — a velvet case, satin-lined, that held a cut-glass bottle full of perfume. None of your cheap kind. Oh, no! But the kind to be got at eight dollars an ounce, the kind suitable for a Christmas present.

'We'll get there,' Buck avowed. 'Sure will.'

'Ou, ay!' Hughie agreed.

Did they believe it? They must at least try to believe it. So they went on. They struggled up a ridge and down again.

No pine tree.

Across other ridges they fought their way.

No pine tree.

Finally a dispute arose, a fierce disagreement as to what direction ought to be taken. The men wrangled, accusing each other of ignorance. Stupid to persist in this blunder of moving southeast. Ed could tell by the lay of the land just where he was. Scotch Hugh, who had kicked up a lump of dirt, could tell by the color and quality of the soil that Ed did n't know at all what he was talking about.

'There's nae doot aboot it: we noo gang straight west instead o' due east.'

'Stick with me,' Buck declared, 'and you'll wear diamonds. My bump of locality don't never play me no tricks. I go by instinct.'

Ranger Ed disdainfully howled, 'Holy snakes, but we're a smart outfit! Three wise men in this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and freeze to death! If you want to croak, I'll stay by you. We'll all croak together.'

The others were ashamed of him. One should n't blather like that. Fight on, keep going, never for a moment admit the grim probabilities of such a situation. Being a lame man did n't save Ed from a cuff and a kick for those words of dismal half surrender.

Even though powdering welters from above, from below, from the side, went on swishing over the men and their led mounts, had not the worst of the gale blown itself out? The horses had moaned in labored gasps; but now, plodding on with muzzles gray from their frozen breath, they appeared to breathe more easily.

III

When the men decided to take another turn at riding, the one in the lead knocked his foot against something and stumbled. What could it be his boot had struck? A stump? At first he could n't be sure. All looked, bending down to study the ground. They began staring at broken bits of evergreen, at chips half under the snow, also at the

track still obscurely showing where something heavy had been dragged down the slope.

Incredible thing! Doubting and unwilling to believe this ugly fact, everybody glanced upward — in remembrance, if not in hope, thinking of the stately presence which had so long towered here, a point of aspiring beauty to glorify these harshly naked hills.

One man said, 'Gone!' Another likewise said it, 'Gone!' 'Ay,' said a third. 'A needful thing. And now gone!'

Temples no longer ached with the pain of frost. Lips blue with cold had lost their pallor, going suddenly bright.

All of a sudden Ranger Ed gruffly blurted out, 'Come on.'

Did he mean to the dance? Not at all. As he flung into the saddle it was to follow where the tree had been dragged through the snow. Against the bare flesh of his body, having thrust his fingers under the breast of his clothes, beneath shirt and undershirts, he was warming his pistol hand.

Scotch Hugh's rifle had come out of the saddle holster, and was now carried with naked barrel resting across his left arm. Lancaster fumbled at a stiff thong to get his 'las-rope' undone.

No great distance had been covered when he observed, peering ahead, 'See that. Looks yellow, like a star does when dust is blowing.'

The golden mote, low down, winked, vanished, came back, and once more disappeared.

Being less keen of vision than the others, Hugh said, 'I dinna see it. Oh, yes; now I do!'

Not so remote and brighter, the iridescent fleck was truly like a star fallen to the ground and intermittently twinkling amid the blurs of snow. Needless for the men longer to follow the trail of the tree. They fastened their gaze upon the trembling fire drop and steadily approached, watching it get clearer and larger.

They could descry near it a bulky smirch which turned out to be a wagon, a prairie wagon with canvas running into swells, now collapsing and now ballooning up from the inflation of the wind. At the rear of the ponderous vehicle a man appeared and bent down to lower a tin coffee pot upon the flames.

He wore no gun belt. The object leaning against a rear wheel must be not a rifle but an axe. So, then, unarmed. He would have no chance to resist.

The horsemen separated and rushed, charging in upon him from three sides. A successful foray. Before he knew it they had him between them, surprised, without a weapon, and near his feet an incriminating pile of split wood.

Buck Lancaster did the talking.

'The landmark's gone — drug away. And we've fetched up at the place where it was drug to. This committee, stranger, has come to do business with the man who chopped down the pine tree. You're him, I guess. Ain't you?'

Startled, yet hardly frightened, the accused looked from one to the other of the three horsemen; and they, staring at him with a gaze as bleakly cold as the ice upon their eyelashes, could see he was nearly ready to drop with fatigue. What human being anywhere was ever more fagged, beaten, used up, more utterly worn out than this man? Yet there was something strange about his exhaustion. Especially his eyes showed it — as if a sense of well-being were unaccountably mixed up with his extreme weariness.

Could n't he see his time had nearly come? Apparently he could n't see that. What ailed the fellow? To behave as if these strangers did n't matter, as if he need not be concerned

about a loaded revolver, a loaded rifle, or even about the noose that had been grimly opened at a rope end.

Lancaster said, 'No tree or telegraph pole bein' handy, I reckon we'll just have to hist up the wagon tongue and make that do.'

Almost as if this sinister trio of riders had been invited guests, the man genially said to them, 'This one on the fire is a small pot. But get down, and I'll have out the iron kettle for a big bilin' of coffee.'

Lancaster spoke once again.

'If there's any word you want to send your folks, I guess one of the boys will write it out. So now's your chance. If you got anything to say, speak up.'

He told who he was — a well-digger by trade. Lived in a sod house on the north fork of the creek. 'Yes,' he said, a little boastfully, 'and it's a right snug soddie I've put up.'

Pause. Then he spoke again, spoke in disconnected fashion, haltingly.

'This mornin' — pullin' out for town — a right early start. Thought there was goin' to be plenty of time. Was n't, though.'

At this point he seemed to forget the men on horseback. He had cocked his head on one side, and with strained attention stood listening for any stir or sound within the wagon.

Perhaps his air of troubled detachment was only put on. Ranger Ed roughly shouted, 'Better speak up, if you got anything to say.'

'Hush!' the man cautioned. 'Hush! She's asleep now. I got some bricks het for her, and I think she's going to pull through all right.'

His head at this instant gave a quick, spirited lift. He heard something. It was heard also by the men. But what could it be? What bird had cried in the storm? What snow wraith had faintly whimpered? Even the rowdy wind seemed trying to listen, to behave better, to be no longer quite such a ruffian.

For a voice was calling, a wee voice, very thin and little and helpless — and altogether new to the world!

The riders heard and gave a start. They heard. They glanced at each other; they nudged each other. Sudden understanding had come to them of the look in the man's face, a look frightened and glad. He smiled. They heard him announcing with a hushed, proud voice, 'It's a boy.'

Buck Lancaster, after first giving his icy moustache a swipe with his hand, gulpingly declared, 'Looks like — near as we can figure it — looks like that there li'l nester has come it on us pretty cute. Looks like he's dropped his loop on us, and got us clean roped and throwed.'

The three men dismounted; they went off to the fire to warm themselves; they put on fresh sticks of fuel, using the wood prodigally.

'Burns good,' said Buck.

'Ay,' Hughie agreed.

'On account of the pitch in it,' Ranger explained.

They were trying to be easy and nonchalant; but how uncomfortable they looked, and shamefaced, and foolish, and awed, and really scared! Presently they put their heads together, earnestly conferring. Two insisted that Hughie, being a widower who knew what it was to be a family man, ought not to be bashful. He had to be prodded with elbows before he cleared his voice and solemnly affirmed, 'They — if it's nae askin' ower much — they'd lak it fine to hae a wee look at the bairn.'

Hearing this request, the father uneasily fidgeted; then he questioned whether it might not be, maybe, just a trifle too cold for unwrapping the baby.

Of course it would be too cold. Of course! Buck and Ranger Ed said so at once. And looking reproachfully at their mate they declared that the idea had n't been theirs. No, it was his — altogether his. Just a silly Scotch idea! They did n't want to have a look at the baby.

'No, and never even thought of it,' Ed avowed.

'Would be foolishness,' said Buck, 'to unwrap him. Would be rotten reckless.'

They did n't know how anybody *could* be so senseless as to propose such a peril. Their scorn of Hughie was to let him see that they considered him abysmally ignorant.

With cowhide overcoat undone and coat opened, Buck Lancaster had got at his beaded vest. A knife blade nipped off two gold buttons; not the top one, but the one next to it, and after that the fourth from the top. He dropped these five-dollar coins into the father's hand.

'Them,' he said, 'are for the boy. For at a time like this it's right to sweeten a little.'

'Sweeten? I got something more suitable for that,' announced Ranger Ed, and brought out a parcel from a saddle pocket. 'Here you are. This — it's perfumery. It's guaranteed strictly high-class verbena flavor. Give *that* to the boy.'

Now came Scotch Hugh's turn to step forward. Near the fire he stood, holding a white poker chip, and saying while he shook his head over it, 'I dinna ken if it's suitable.'

Was that the best he had? No — something else. From under his overcoat he produced a small oval object darkly glossed with lacquer — an old-world snuffbox, with a dancing girl on the cover, a tiny figure whose dress was like the petal of a peach blossom.

'I doot noo,' said Hughie, 'if it's suitable.'

'Hell, yes!' Buck exclaimed. 'Will do first-rate.'

Taking the gifts with him, the father stepped from hub to tire, clambering in the front of the wagon. Meanwhile the visitors went around to the lee side of the vehicle, standing there pressed close to the rear wheel and waiting as they had been asked to do. They could hear meanwhile not merely the deep voice of the man but now and again the thin frail tones of a woman's utterance. By and by, as he drew up the canvas, he said to them, 'The wife, she'd like to thank you.'

Awkwardly, being thus bidden, they put their heads inside the wagon sheet, and by the yellow beams of a lantern they could dimly see a prone figure bedded on hay and snugly wrapped with blankets. When a corner of the covers had been drawn down and the mother's young face clearly revealed, she turned upon them her luminous dark eyes; but, after all, spoke not a word. She did no more than press her face the least bit nearer to the warmly swathed bundle held in the hollow of her arm.

The men saw her do that. They saw her smile. Then, embarrassed and awed, their heads were hastily withdrawn. They bashfully laughed a little. And it was like a carol, a merry Christmas carol, to hear those three men laughing in the winter storm.

Buck was the first to speak.

'Us and our saddle ropes will come in handy to pull this wagon through the drifts. The thing to do is to give these folks a boost. Get 'em home.'

'That's the ticket,' Ranger Ed agreed.

'Ou, ay!' said Hughie.

THE SAINT

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

Saint Francis of Assisi, do you remember
the sacred mountain, green above the lake,
where first the vines and then the olives clamber,
and the flowers, so lulled with beauty, never wake —
gold, crimson, blue,
on the long drowsy terraces you loved and knew?

Still in the lake the painted island-town
to the brown shelter of its Minster creeps,
and still the kerchiefed boatman, bending down,
scarce stirs the burnished water with his sweeps,
and from the hill
the monastery bells affirm your gospel still.

Your gospel of the birds and of the flowers,
how every petal God has deigned to paint
has by its mere enamel all the powers,
and more than all the beauty of the saint,
and how the swallow
worships with arrow-flight that prayer is feign to follow.

Your gospel of acceptance, that transposes
God, and this earthly beauty He has made,
finding the resurrection in the roses
and all the angels in a single blade,
and having heard
the Twelve Apostles in the voice of a bird.

And, as with beauty, so with ugliness,
asking the mire that your feet had trod
with its long patience to redeem and bless
the soul's impatience, when the feet of God
pass by, as though
He cared not what He crushed, and did not even know.

With ugliness, or what so seemed, and sin
that is no more than beauty's other side,
your gospel, like your Master, entered in
and by acceptance proved what sin denied —
that wickedness
is part of the soul of God, and calls to Him no less.

You sought no cloister, but the rose-white briar
of perfect understanding and its pardon
built walls, that shut out envy, hate, desire,
or changed them into flowers in your garden,
since all were part
of the burden of man, and therefore of your heart.

Still on your sacred mountain the cold lances
of the moon ring the target of your mere,
and while one man loves birds and flowers, Saint Francis,
you and the company of saints are here,
while one man knows
that all creation is simple as a rose.

Fades like a rose, and has the rose's thorn,
but sees behind the fallen petal the bud,
and understands, although his heart is torn,
there was and is salvation in blood —
while anyone
lies down to sleep, accepting everything beneath the sun.

NATIVE WOOD NOTES

BY HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN

I

EVER since that day in the 1860's when Colonel Higginson wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly* his history-making article about the Negroes' plantation shouts, then aptly rechristened 'spirituals,' these have had their share of attention. When Joel Chandler Harris, a little later, published the Uncle Remus stories, learned men as well as little children became interested in the Negroes' wisdom about 'the time when the critturs could talk.' The publication of Paul Laurence Dunbar's first book of poems was an event that stirred philanthropists and a few watchful men of letters. And now the critics generally are awaking to the fact that more than a few Negroes are writing admirable verse and prose. Yet no savant seems to have made a study of Negro composition as a whole either for its own sake or for the light it might throw on other literary origins.

The Southern children who tag at the heels of the Negro servants from nursery to kitchen, from kitchen to cabin and field, can listen all day long to hymns, work songs, and ballads that are the spontaneous expression of an illiterate race, and theirs is an experience that scholars well may envy.

It is an opportunity that will vanish before long. Education is already encroaching upon this spontaneity. There will doubtless come a time when more sophisticated Negroes will despise these crude beginnings; and then it may be as hard to evoke these Negro folk songs as it now is to coax from the old people who remember them the ballads that are fresh with the dew of our Anglo-Saxon morning. But now, with a little diligence, the whole literary history of the American Negro can be retraced. Its utmost span is three centuries. Practically it is a much shorter time. Though the slave trade in America began in the spring of 1619 and nominally ended in 1807, it is well known that Yankee traders ran 'black ivory' into Southern ports almost up to the time of the war between the States.

My own mother's beloved Negro mammy was so brought to this country. She used to sing to her nurselings strange songs in a tongue they did not understand, and when she lay dying she sang a lament of which faint echoes lingered in their memory ever after: 'Marco way, marco way' — was it the death wail of the Kroos in Africa?

The Negroes' songs are still chiefly anonymous or communal; improvisation is part of their daily lives; and there is an alluring parallel between the verse forms they have developed and the English verse forms that have come down to us from 'the high and far-off times.'

Work songs and river songs probably come early in the tradition of every race. Most of our work songs survive only under the disguise of children's games, while a chance sailor's chantey may hold an echo of our river songs;

but the Negroes sing theirs still from dawn to dusk. For these they are, in all likelihood, in no way beholden to us. Such songs are heard in Africa, sung by the tribes from which our Negroes came. What does it matter whether the words are Kroo or English or whether the river invoked be the Congo or the Mississippi? A river song that belongs to my valley of Virginia is a work song too. The Negroes sing it as they wind a windlass, bringing a dripping bucket from the well: —

'O Shenandoah, I hone to hear you.
Come on, you rolling river.'

Such invocations cannot long survive in a time when all water is drawn from a faucet. But so far the work songs seem rather to multiply than to diminish. Even factory conditions cannot silence the Negroes' singing, and the tobacco factories in Lynchburg and Richmond are vocal with these chanteys.

Students of variation in traditional balladry might find the variation in these occupational ditties informing. For example, as 'Way down in the cotton field' leaves the cotton states, the scene of action becomes a tobacco patch or a cornfield and there are suitable alterations in the action. To a Virginian, born in the valley that was 'the granary of the Confederacy,' the best of Negro work songs is the cornfield chantey, 'Shuck along, John.' That song, by the way, seems to puzzle Dr. Krehbiel, who speaks of it in his admirable study of Afro-American Folk Songs as 'Shock along, John.' Probably Dr. Krehbiel never shucked any corn. Maybe he called it 'husking' if he did.

Only a fragment of the street vender's cries has survived, here and there in England, the competition of the hoardings and of newspaper advertising, and perhaps they were never heard in our New England states; but even today in every Southern town the cries of oysterman, crab-seller, and vegetable vender make marketing a musical and colorful event. A collection of these street cries has been published, as a gayly illustrated book 'for very little children.' Isaac Blanchard issued it under the uninviting title, *Jingle Jangle Jumbly Lays*, and it is, one fears, out of print. Its naïveté makes it treasure-trove if it can be retrieved.

II

From the plantation shout, 'Ol' ark's a-movin',' to the Northumbrian Hymn is a far cry; but the source, the general subject, and the epic treatment make them kin. The Vulgate of Saint Jerome must have been to Cædmon what the King James Bible has been to the plantation Negro. Is it a great matter whether one learn the Book from 'ol' Miss' or from the Abbess Hilda? Fundamentalists may find aid and comfort in the fact that the Caucasian hymn-maker begins with the creation and leads up to the redemption, while the sons of Ham begin with the flood and go to doomsday.

In many a spiritual it appears that the Negro's preoccupation with doomsday is like that of Cynewulf, and the emotion that animates the 'Vision of the Cross' moves in the heart-searching Negro hymn, 'Were you there when they crucified my Lord?'

In spite of these points of resemblance the gulf between such poets as Cædmon and Cynewulf and the plantation singers is, undeniably, very wide. But there is actual likeness in form and substance between 'Little David' and 'Cursor · mundi,' whose Latin title belies the purpose of its anonymous author of the fourteenth century to write a poem for

English folk of Engeland,
For the commons to understand.

Not only is the subject the same, but there is the same metre, the same rhymed couplet, and the same touch-and-go treatment of the episodes. Here are four couplets, two from each poem: —

After this I tell to you
Of Jacob and of Esau too.

Elijah slew the prophets of Baal;
The rain came down and did not fail.

Of Saul the king and David too,
How he Goliath fought and slew.

Joshua was the son of Nun;
God was with him till his work was done.

Is it easy to tell which lines are from the Negro hymn and which from 'Cursor mundi'?

Interesting as is the parallel between Saxon and Negro poetry, the differences are no less so. From the beginning, we Caucasians seem to have embroidered our thought with words. Negroes embellish theirs with music. The refrain is usually the predominating element. As to words, they make free use of rhyme and assonance, but they can do perfectly well without either, for theirs is literally 'the way of the makers.' The distinctive element in their folk poetry is onomatopœia. It takes the place here that alliteration held in earliest English versification. It is heard in 'Ol' ark she reel, ol' ark she rock.' It startles the listener in the music of 'Death goin' to lay his cold, icy hand on you.' It rolls in 'Hear that lumberin' thunder,' and it goes haltingly along 'A mighty rocky road whar I'm mos' done travelin'.'

Amid all the praise that has been heaped upon the spirituals one looks in vain for adequate recognition of the range and beauty of their metre. It seems to cover the whole scale of natural emotion and varies from the arresting shout, 'O mo'ner!' to the majestic rhythm of such a line as

When God commanded Michael in the morning.

Some of the Negro dance songs are made on the spur of the moment, — the wings of the dance, — and others are echoed year after year, generation after generation, and are sung from Chesapeake Bay to the Gulf of Mexico.

Perhaps one has surprised narrative balladry at the source in such an episode as Dan Tucker's mishaps when

Old Dan Tucker he got drunk,
Fell in the fire and he kicked up a chunk.
Red-hot coal got in his shoe.
Great Day in the mornin', how the ashes flew.

In the Southern states, 'Dan Tucker' is danced wherever dancing feet are found, and there are those who contend it originated in Europe. Be that as it may, the quatrain just quoted is pure Afro-American-Plantation-Negro.

The field hands in the South have a form of improvisation that is like the *chantes fables* of Old France. Wherever they gather for cotton-picking, hay harvest, hemp-breaking, or like gregarious enterprise, they are apt at the dinner hour to call on one of their number 'to give out the news.' The recital is nearly always concerned with local happenings and it is impossible to cite an example that would give a just notion of it. One hopes that before the Negroes learn, like the rest of us, to depend too much upon print or radio to 'give out the news' some appreciative scholar may hear that rolling blank verse, that polyphonic prose.

Nearly all illiterate Negroes improvise with complete readiness. I recall a half-witted Negro house boy who was the delight of my childhood because I never heard him speak prose. For example, he would gravely report on a rainy morning: —

'Comin' to my work, the road was muddy.
How to get across? I had to study.
Got me a rail, and a stick to prod;
Planked her down and I crossed dry shod.'

What little girl could fail to think that such rhymed conversation was more entertaining than other people's prosaic speech?

III

It is a long time since we others have voiced our grief in coronachs above our dead; the Negro's unimpeded flow of song is still heard best at funerals. Everybody who has read *Porgy* will recall how Porgy and his friends sang for the 'saucer-burying' and at the grave; and there is still another kind of dirge even more closely akin to the ancient coronach. One of these I heard when as a child I was taken to the funeral of an old Negro servant, a man loved and respected by two races. Of prayer and Bible reading I recall nothing. There was no sermon. Instead the Negro preacher lifted his splendid voice and sang a couplet in praise of his dead friend. From a corner of the little church a woman's voice took up the story. There was no chorus this time. One by one his friends wove for their dead comrade a chaplet of song. Probably no one present could have repeated a line of it afterward, but to a little listening child it seemed a better tribute than the flowers at a 'white' funeral.

Many of the Negro ballads have more kinship with dirges than with the dance. Has that clue been followed in any ballad-hunting? The Negro ballads that I know differ, indeed, from such coronachs as I have spoken of in that they are by no means beautiful. Instead, they bring the Congo disconcertingly close. But their theme is often death, and the music to which they are sung is slow and like a dirge.

Probably every Negro in America can sing the ballad of Buggah Burns, whose tragic history begins, —

Buggah Burns has gone to rest
With a forty-four calibre in his breast.

Long before *Spoon River Anthology* was written, Negro balladists luxuriated in dreadful realistic detail that told how

They put old Buggah in the hoodoo wagon
With his mouth wide open and his toenails draggin'.

It is only fair to record that music solemn as the 'Dead March' from 'Saul' redeems the naked savagery of the words.

'Frankie' is another ballad of death, though in this case the protagonist was not victim but avenger. Students of ballad variation might find much to interest them in it. The opening line varies with the standard of the singer. Sometimes it is

Frankie was a lady, everybody knows.

Again, a sterner judge will declare that

Frankie was a bad one, everybody knows.

In the far South her weapon was a cane knife; in Virginia she was represented as using a corn knife; in Georgia she has been known to handle a razor; but in Kentucky

She drawed her great big forty-four forth and shot her baby through.

But always the long line ends with the wailing refrain, heavy with all sorrow of a dark, primitive race, —

He was her man, but he done her wrong.

A very queer recurrence of an ancient form is in a cumulative song called 'Pretty Pear Tree.' The Negroes sing it on summer nights and the music ripples on, piling phrase on phrase, till it tells of the very 'song on the beak of

the bird in the egg in the nest in the pretty pear tree, down in yond' beautiful field.' It is strangely like the traditional carol whose refrain is

> He bear him up, he bear him down,
> He bear him into an orchard brown.
> Lully, lullay,
> The falcon has ta'en my make away.

Again, there is a Spanish folk song beginning

> Al' puerta del cielo venden zapatas,

which is so like the Negro shout,

> All God's chillun got shoes,

that one might almost be a translation of the other.

Conscientious students might, of course, fall to hunting for evidences of Spanish influence on African tradition or African on Spanish, but probably the chance likeness only proves the essential kinship, under like conditions of poverty and simplicity, of 'all God's children.'

People who have heard Roland Hayes sing some of the Negro songs in lighter vein must have been struck with their likeness to the flytings, or floutings, of the childhood of literature in Europe and in the British Isles. 'Poor old Piedy' is such a flyting, and there is one in dialogue form that stirs the hair on the heads of Southern children, white and black. That one begins innocently, to all appearance: —

> What you got for supper, my good old man?

and the answer, equally innocuous, is 'Aigs.' But with question and answer the flyting runs on till that supper of eggs results fatally, and the listening children hear the crickets chirp above the corpse.

Not all the dialogues are grotesque. The form is sometimes used in meditation that is like the Hebrew psalms.

One of these begins, —

> Who will be a-living when I am dead?
> Trees will be a-living and a-waving
> When I am dead.
> Birds will be a-living and a-singing
> When I am dead.

It goes on and on till the listener feels utterly diminished — less than the grass, less than the dust. Suddenly the song restores his spirit with a triumphant shout: —

> Who will be a-living when I am dead?
> I will! I will!

Work songs, river songs, dances, and hymns, chantes fables and flytings, coronachs and ballads — through the centuries these have emerged in our literary tradition, and some we have lost and some we have retained. The Negroes in America, neither helped nor hampered by instruction, made use of all these forms before they learned to read. It seems to show that life, not learning, is the mother of the arts.

A GIRL'S FRIENDSHIP WITH RUSKIN

NEW LETTERS FROM BRANTWOOD

EDITED BY LEONARD HUXLEY

'Anybody may publish any letter I ever wrote, provided only they give the WHOLE of it.'
— RUSKIN

'There are some faults slight in the light of Love, some errors slight in the light of Wisdom . . . but Truth forgives no insult, and endures no stain.' — J. R.

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe.'

I

My earliest association with the name of Ruskin dates from the school days when I learned from a textbook, among short notices of 'Living Authors,' that John Ruskin, author of *Modern Painters*, *Stones of Venice*, *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and so forth, was 'a great master of English prose.'

It is a humiliating confession to make, but for years afterward, except for reading with much enjoyment *The Elements of Drawing*, brought to my notice by an artist cousin, the name of Ruskin almost entirely passed from my memory. It was not till I myself was teaching that I chanced one day in a newspaper on a rather savage notice of a just issued number of some serial publication which bore the odd name of *Fors Clavigera* and was by John Ruskin. I well remember with what a shock of surprise I learned that the 'great master of English prose' of my old textbook was not only still living but still writing. It seemed almost as if I had stumbled on a criticism of a new play by Shakespeare or a new poem by Milton.

Curiosity impelled me to procure a copy of this so much abused publication. But unexpected difficulties presented themselves before I could do so. One bookseller after another in our county town rather haughtily disclaimed all knowledge of *Fors Clavigera*. However, I persevered, and at last one more kindly than his brethren not only explained to me that there was 'a war on' between Ruskin and the bookselling trade, but told me that I could procure what I wanted by writing to George Allen at Orpington.

In after days one of those who knew and loved the Master best asked me which of the Professor's books I liked best.

'Why, *Fors*, of course,' I answered without hesitation.

'Ah, then you are a Ruskinite indeed,' was his reply.

Of course it was not *Fors* only which fed the flame of my admiration. Libraries were diligently ransacked and every Ruskin on which I could lay my hands was devoured in eagerest haste — principally the works on political economy, for, beautiful as the art volumes were, they did not appeal to me to the same extent. *Unto this Last*, *Time and Tide*, *The Crown of Wild*

Olive, and *Sesame and Lilies* stand out most prominently in my memory.

Perhaps a year or more had gone by in this way, when in the latest number of *Fors* I came on some words of weary discouragement which smote heavily on my heart. Suddenly the thought flashed across my mind, 'If this man had only passed you the salt at table, you would have had the manners to say "Thank you," yet you are taking from him lessons beyond all price with never one word of gratitude. And he is thinking and sorrowfully saying that nobody ever heeds what he writes.'

It was late at night and I was alone in my quiet room. On the impulse of the moment I hurriedly set down on paper something of what filled my heart to overflowing.

An answer was far from my thoughts indeed, and yet when a few days later a little old-fashioned envelope reached me, addressed in a strange handwriting, — that small, quick, but clear writing one day to be so familiar and so dear, — some instinct told me at once whence it came. I gazed at it in breathless astonishment. My own name in Ruskin's own writing! No convent-bred novice receiving a missive from the Holy Father himself could have felt more *exaltée*, or more unworthy of so great an honor.

That little oblong envelope lies before me now, and as I look at it the enthusiastic, excitable, hero-worshiping girl of forty years ago lives again in the memory of the gray-haired woman of to-day. It was with trembling fingers that the seal at last was broken. And here is what I found within: —

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
28th July, '80.

DEAR MISS L. —

It was entirely right and kind of you to write, and I am much more than grateful for your letter.

I need all the encouragement that my true friends can now give me, to support me in the healthy hope which is the main spring of usefulness, and which the approach of evening shadow is but too likely to obscure — for oneself — whatever message of morning it may be one's duty to bring to others.

It is also a great and rare gladness to me to hear of a governess whom I have kept from being spoiled. But what nice people you must have to govern for — what nice subjects to govern — I should like to hear more of them — if I may?

Ever very gratefully yours
J. RUSKIN.

Promptly and joyfully this gracious and graceful letter was answered. But, while sending fully the information desired, I was careful to ask no question, and wrote no word which could imply hope of any further communication. And when none arrived I was neither surprised nor disappointed.

Three months later, however, I was bold enough to write again, this time on a totally different subject.

The textbooks on English history at that time in general use were widely different from those which the young student of to-day enjoys. Dates innumerable, long and intricate genealogies, wars, battles, and insurrections, told without any attempt to trace their causes or meaning, — no effort to tell the story of the nation's life and social progress, — it was indeed the dry bones of history. And sometimes the bones were worse than dry — they had a nasty smell.

One morning, in the chapter which I and my two girl pupils read together, we came on a most ghastly account of the execution of Monmouth. Perhaps with the benevolent intention of enlivening his dull pages, the writer

launched into a most gruesome description of the scene when the executioner pursued the unhappy young Duke around the scaffold, aiming, as he ran, blows of his axe at the partially severed head of the victim.

Small wonder that my elder pupil, a thoughtful girl of about fourteen, asked me what possible good it could do them to learn about such horrors. I could only echo their disgust and promise to do my best to provide some better nourishment for their mental digestion. In justice to myself I must add that this particular textbook was new to me, or the page would have been left unread.

So I summoned up courage to write to Mr. Ruskin, telling him the tale, and begging him, if possible, to give us some portions of our country's story on which I could base lessons for my pupils more edifying for English maidens than such grisly accounts of murders and executions. This letter brought a prompt reply. Dates given in brackets are supplied by the postmark.

ARTHUR SEVERN'S, HERNE HILL,
LONDON S.E. (*2nd Oct.*, '80.)

DEAR MISS JESSIE, —

I am greatly pleased by your letter, for the thing you want is exactly what I've been longing to do, this twenty years; but whenever I tried, I lost myself in a wide sea of various questions — every wave of it foam-white with interest — jets this way and that — creamy like a nice novel — but I could n't get anything set down for sure — the modern wretches of historians as they are called — are full of frank lies — and the old ones are not easy to read!

Anyhow I'm going to do something soon, now, for Sheffield Museum — and I should LIKE to address it to girls. Only there are a great many naughty things one has to tell — and one does n't like quite to look girls in the eyes as one's telling them — and one can't skip them in a real history as one could in a school lecture — so I suppose I must write it for the workmen — and I shall leave you girlies to find out where I've been only pretending to write to them — and really to YOU.

Ever affect[ly] yours
J. RUSKIN.

This letter was quickly followed by another, dated from Amiens.

AMIENS,
14th Oct., '80.

MY DEAR MISS JESSIE, —

I have two letters to thank you for, both of extreme value to me — that of first August — describing domestic life of rarest kind and comforting me with the assurance that there was still law and fatherhood and childhood in England; and this last, telling me of your own interest in 'Fors' — with many other things delightful to hear. — But I am tired this evening — and the words will not come, only I thought you would like to know the work that has tired me, — planning a little guide in Amiens, with history of things quite as much English as French.

Please write to me about anything you would like to ask — or ask for, and if I can I'll answer — and do it! and am always faithfully yours
J. RUSKIN.

And thus was born *The Bible of Amiens*, which, speaking of it to me, he always called 'your book.'

II

My Christmas holidays were spent in London, and I frequented the National Gallery a good deal. I was

greatly struck by the 'Entombment' of Francia. In my next letter I asked Mr. Ruskin whether my admiration were justified by its merits.

The Lord Kinnaird story to which his reply alludes was as follows: —

An uncle of mine, who knew the Lord Kinnaird of that day well, told me that the latter was in the habit, when in the country, of making a tour of inspection of the premises before breakfast, and if in the course of his ramble he passed by where the boot-boy was at work and saw, when the house was full of guests, an unusual number of boots, he would say, 'Why, Fred, what a row of boots you've got this morning! Here, give me a pair of brushes, and I'll polish while you black.' Then he would go into the breakfast room where his guests were assembled, rubbing his hands with glee.

'There! I've earned my breakfast, at any rate! I've just polished seven-and-twenty pairs of boots and shoes! That's something learned at Eton, anyhow!'

I told this tale to Mr. M——, the father of my pupils, and he answered:

'Lord Kinnaird ought to be ashamed of himself. He has no business at all to be doing the dirty work himself. He ought to employ and pay a second boot-boy, instead of doing so.'

A true trades-union verdict!

I laid the case before my Master, and asked his verdict on it. His reply is specially interesting, and settled the question once for all in my mind.

BRANTWOOD,
23rd Jan., '81.

MY DEAR JESSIE, —

The cold is quite well; but I'm generally feeble and stupid, this winter.

The Francia is a lovely picture, but moves you more from its pathetic subject and quiet grace than from any very high quality — I'm too stupid to tell you more about it just now.

Lord Kinnaird is entirely right. The logger-head public can't, or — more truly won't — understand that by doing the dirty work himself, he saves the price of it to enable somebody else to REST, and be for the time — as happy as a Lord! They think — the poor wretches — that it's impossible to give money to buy rest with — or to do cleaner work for. The Universal law for all noble people is, Work YOURSELF — that others may REST who need it.

All the Tyranny of the Earth may indeed be summed up in this one popular order — Black my shoes — that I may dance in them, and do nothing.

Ever your affect.

J. R.

Carlyle etc., shall come directly.

A long spell of hard frost set in just at this time, and I apologized in my next letter for not having written sooner on the plea that my pupils and I were busy skating most of the day, and that I was too tired at night for any mental exertion whatever.

BRANTWOOD,
(*3rd Feb.*, '81.)

MY DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

So you're fond of skating! (as well as of my books)! —

And you *do* dress nicely? — Do you know — I think if the lake freezes again — (lovely ice five miles long by ½ a mile wide, a week since, only!) — you MIGHT venture to let me see you — here?

I've kept enclosed [Revised Rules for the Daisy Guild] too long, and am busier than when I got it — and I forget what I was to send you beside the Carlyle (which I hope will be very deeply interesting to you). PLEASE tell me ONCE more!

I've kept your letters, but they're in a heap. Have you seen *Vanity Fair* with Boehm at work on my ideal Bust?

Ever your affect.

J. R.

With the idea that before any actual meeting took place I should like to prepare the Master's artistic eye for the worst of me, I now ventured to send him two new photographs, one of them 'muffled up' in coat and hat, the other a vignette only. I waited very anxiously for his verdict on them, but none arrived for some ten days or so. Then it came.

BRANTWOOD,
St. Valentine's, 1881.

MY DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

I'm afraid (and more than afraid) that I've been keeping you in much pain, but I COULD not write till to-day, and in the ordinary sense — *ought* to be writing to other people than you now; but in St. Valentine's sense, I do right in thanking you for the photographs. Please, I want another, full length, and not muffled up, but showing whatever waspishness there is in you. And you SHALL come — God permitting — and let me see you skate, next winter. If the lake freeze, I can promise you such ice as I know not the like of, — of course there's finer on Highland lochs, but I've never seen them in winter. And if the lake freeze not — I can yet almost promise tarn skating of the sublimest — and a fairy Ice palace under every waterfall.

And if neither freeze, you'll have your head less turned — and be able to talk over future Daisy Chains more rationally.

Ever affectionately yours

J. RUSKIN.

What dreams of happiness this letter evoked! How I reveled in thoughts of what the next winter might bring! Hardly daring to think of such a joy as possible, I yet constantly found my thoughts dwelling on the promised visit with a delight that it was a joy shared with no one, not even my own dear sisters.

And then from out of this apparently clear blue sky there fell a bolt so sudden and so heavy that even now I can hardly bear to recall the sorrow and anxiety of the months which followed. Sudden and terrible illness had struck down the Master so dear to so many.

Through the dreary months which followed, all that could be done to help me to bear the suspense was done by the great kindness of Mr. Laurence Hilliard, devoted pupil and faithful secretary, who sent me constant bulletins of the Master's slow recovery from his nervous breakdown and his consequent wavering in the expressed determination to live alone for the future. In April Mr. Hilliard wrote:

BRANTWOOD,
April 1, '81.

My last letter to you was, I think, written before the Master ordered me to FORBID ALL friends to write to him, and desire them to consider him in California.

This prohibition therefore does not extend to you. The return of the books you have would be an admirable pretext for a letter, IF you like to run the risk. You MAY receive a reply which will pain you, but I hope not now.

'Upon this hint I spake,' though in the greatest doubt and trepidation, for if old, tried, and valued friends were in future to be kept at a distance, what hope was there for one so new and insignificant as myself?

When in a day or two the dear Master's handwriting once more met my eyes, it was with trembling fingers

that I drew the little note from its envelope.

But no stern rebuke or final farewell met my eager eyes. Once more all was well.

BRANTWOOD,
3rd April, '81.

MY POOR LITTLE JESSIE, —

I had nearly written you a line when I first felt myself steadily gaining; but have been afraid to say much, hitherto: — I believe however I am safe past the chance of any relapse now — and I know what to guard against in future — but for a while yet must be very quiet. Don't send those books back till I ask for them, as I am encumbered with arrears of parcels, letters, etc., and confusion is fatal to me more than anything.

Forgive this mere line — I dare not begin any talk.

Ever your affect^ate^
J. RUSKIN.

I can go on *quietly* with Amiens, however, even now.

III

My Easter holidays were spent that year with friends at Dartmouth, and from there I sent the Master a little collection of Devonshire stories, bearing on the subjects which most interested us both.

BRANTWOOD,
21st April, '81.

DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

I'm really quite well again! and your delicious Dartmouth letter has made me better than well. It is such a joy to me that you like Fors to the end, and that you see how it is all every where else, in the true book of the Two Worlds. And the Dartmouth stories, and the peach one, are all one better than another as they go on.

Amiens is going on too nicely! though I say it that should n't — but it won't be quite so saintly! — The strange thing is that work on the saints always makes me ill! I'm on Early Franks this time, who are more amusing, — but I hope to finish up with St. Geneviève for a little pious flirtation.

Ever affectionately yours
J. RUSKIN.

I think you'll have to come here in your Midsummer holidays, to see the heather, instead of waiting till Xmas.

Quite seriously, I believe the illness, though fearful in itself, has left no more trace than a terrible dream would. But the way it mixed dream with fact was amazing to me, and the warning not to dwell on some classes of subjects, driven home with a witness!

[On the envelope] Please write me some more stories.

Was not this letter indeed clear shining after rain? Joyfully I replied that my summer vacation would begin in August, and asked whether any date in that month would be convenient for my promised visit to Brantwood.

A month passed before I received any answer, but it was charming when it did arrive.

BRANTWOOD,
22nd May, '81.

MY DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

It is partly St. Geneviève's fault — but I am not busy — only enforcedly idle — forbidden to write — but disobedient to all orders — for necessary work, and 'jealous' of every minute when I have pen in hand — and millions of things I *want* to write, but never shall.

Then, if you only knew the worry it is to me when people are running about and changing addresses! — their letters are always at the bottom of the

letter drawer — and won't open when one gets to them, and open anywhere but at the address — and then one wonders what shire it's in, and whether the postman at Ambleside won't send one's letter to the United States first.

But your letters were both lovely — and you can't possibly write too often. And August or any time will do for here — if we have n't primrose, we've wild rose — if not wild rose — heather — if not heather — golden fern — if not golden fern — silver snow — and skating.

Ever your affec.

J. R.

I regret that most of the stories which gained such warm commendation have, after so many years, slipped from my memory. But I well remember that the expressions quoted in the next letter — to my mind one of the most charming and interesting in the whole series — refer to my having told him that I had just met a girl who some time previously had had the pleasure of a personal interview with him, and that when I eagerly inquired of her, 'What was he like?' all I could get from her was the emphatic pronouncement, 'He's GOOD — he's a GENTLEMAN — he's like a PRINCE!'

In my anxiety for his health I had begged him to 'stop writing' for the present — and got called a goose for my pains!

BRANTWOOD,
1st June, '81.

DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

It's all right — I'm going on very well — but I'm not 'good' — nor 'like a prince' — and as for being a 'gentleman' I could as soon make myself into South Down mutton.

My dear — I've written it twenty times in different places — a gentleman MEANS a man of pure race, and farther — one *bred* from childhood in certain ways. I am no more a gentleman than my uncle the Croydon baker. My race is FAIRLY good — but my breeding! — good lack — I never so much as learned to dance! and I had a great gift in that kind — but was too shy!

You're a little goose (but I've told you that before — and you DO write delightful letters! and very useful ones) — to think I could stop writing. You might as well tell a swallow to stop chattering. But I've stopped writing pious things — *they're* the dangerous ones for me! I'm doing just whatever I like — and so — nothing good, you may be sure.

Ever affect[ly] yours

J. R.

SEASCALE,
27th July, '81.

MY DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

Indeed I've been vexing myself at not having been able to write; but I've had extreme difficulty in arranging matters this year — a number of old friends have wanted to come and all in August mostly — and if later, it was no use, for we've got some alterations to make in the house which have to be finished before the winter. — I'm really afraid I shall not have a room at Brantwood till the 15th — but I wonder if you would mind coming a day or two before that to a little lodging with an old servant of mine, now married, who is a very loving landlady and has her little cottage in the sweetest place under the hillside.

I'm going home to-day, having been here at the western beach for some salt breeze — and will write again to-morrow.

Ever your affect.

J. R.

From the 15th I can keep you at Brantwood for a week — if you can stay.

BRANTWOOD,
Sunday, 31st July.

MY POOR LITTLE JESSIE, —

I have been a cruel monster to you — but not willingly, any more than the people who are changed into bears and frogs in fairy-tales. But I really hope you will enjoy yourself, in spite of the Sylph — from whom also I expect nothing but torture! When we send her back to 'her own place' — we'll console each other, wisely. Yes — it is really Kate that I meant — and she can take you whenever you like to come, and I should really like you to come there and enjoy quiet and the free hillsides, — without (after you've got over the first nervousness of seeing me) being less able to enjoy yourself because Brantwood is on the other side of the lake, and your little room ready there for you on the 15th.

Write me now just a little word saying when you would like to come. I am sure Kate will make you comfortable, as far as you or I *could* be comfortable in a *modern* — not cottage, but parlour and bedroom of the smallest — 'genteel' type. — Kate lives in the kitchen, rightly and simply and does her work and minds her couple of — not exactly babies, but they're not big enough to be called children — as she ought. — But you'll have to bear with parlour style on the minutest scale, and no view neither, only quiet and trees, and the open hillside within thirty yards of the door. And the weather is evidently minded to rain till you come. — Perhaps it may drown the sylph like a butterfly! But it must clear some day — and I believe if you come it will clear for you — and save the sylph — and you'll be ever so happy in the loveliest way — and I really am

Always affectionately yours

J. RUSKIN.

Come by rail to *Carnforth*, beyond Lancaster — then change for Coniston; but you must change *again* at Foxfield, and then our 'guards' shall look after you. And don't bring any money with you — it's such a bother, and you won't want any here. I think they book through to Coniston at Euston — come by first class and be comfortable.' . . . [illegible]

BRANTWOOD,
Friday.

MY DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

I have been over to Kate's to choose your room (back or front) — I've chosen BACK! but will leave you to find out why.

Euston 10 or 10½ trains used to be quite safe for Carnforth — but every month one has to look them up. You'll easily manage to get there in time, from Staines. You arrive here — (Coniston station) at five minutes to six, usually, and shall find a fly waiting, — you'll be at Kate's garden gate by 6.10 and if the evening's fine — will like your rooms well enough.

I shall come to see you on Tuesday — if it's fine — and hear if you're pleased.

Ever your affect.

J. R.

IV

Monday, August 9, 1881, saw the beginning of what was to me the Great Adventure.

We reached Coniston at a quarter past six, and there a manservant met me and put me into a waiting carriage, which in a few minutes brought me to Kate's little house. She hurried out to meet me, her face beaming with smiles of welcome.

'The house is not a mansion, ma'am,' were her first woods. 'But the Professor has been over himself to choose your room!' An honor which in Kate's eyes evidently sufficed to atone for any and every deficiency. 'I did n't a bit

like putting you into the back room, but he would have it so!'

And when she ushered me into my bedroom I fully understood his choice. Scarcely ten feet below the small square window low down in the sloping ceiling — or rather in the little bit of wall below the ceiling — ran a foaming mountain stream, with the loveliest banks covered with the greenest of dripping ferns, and shaded by trees whose boughs almost touched the little torrent tumbling beneath them.

High in the background rose great hills, strewn with huge boulders of a beautiful warm-gray color, and carpeted with purple heather and golden bracken.

Kate called my attention to some charming pictures on the walls: 'The Professor chose those pictures himself for you, ma'am, and sent them over from Brantwood to make the room pretty for you.'

Three of them were lovely water-color sketches from his own hand, as the signatures told me. The fourth was a beautiful reproduction of an Italian Holy Family, one of the Medici series.

Nor had more prosaic details escaped his kind thought for my comfort; for when, seeing that the little house boasted no bathroom, I asked if I might have a tub of some kind for the morning — a literal washing tub if necessary — Kate drew herself up with dignity.

'No need for that, ma'am. The Professor has sent a bath over from Brantwood for your use.'

Later on, in a gossip over her kitchen fire, she told me that Mr. Ruskin's mother and his old nurse Anne always used to tell him he was 'enough to spoil a whole parish of girls!' and I thought they had good reason to say so.

It had been a terribly wet season in the Lakes, but I had good fortune for my first day there. The sun shone nearly all day, with only two short showers. Directly after my breakfast I started for a walk, as Kate assured me I was 'quite safe from the Professor' till after twelve o'clock, probably till after lunch time.

I followed the course of the little stream whose music had soothed my dreams during the night — the 'Miner's Beck' — till I reached high ground whence I had a view over the whole lake, and could see Brantwood nestling among its woods on the opposite shore. Coniston is a very long, narrow piece of water, five miles long by half a mile wide, with low, gently swelling hills on the eastern side and steep mountains on the western shore.

Brantwood lies at the foot of a wooded hill, close to the lake, on the eastern side, and my cottage abode lay at the foot of the 'Old Man' of Coniston on the western. I followed the course of the beck till I reached the mines which gave it its name. Just by an old bridge of rough gray stone I found a lovely little waterfall, not very high, but perfect in its modest beauty. Beautiful ferns hung over it in clusters, and beyond, the purple heather glowed richly in the sunshine.

I returned to Kate's little house in good time for my early dinner. After that was disposed of, there remained nothing for me to do but to await with what calmness I could command the ordeal of that longed-for, dreaded first interview with the Master. But, with my best efforts at courage, I grew so nervous that at last I fairly ran away upstairs to my bedroom, and there strove to bury myself in a novel.

But that did not prevent my hearing Kate's first footfall on the staircase and waiting with a fast-beating heart for her knock.

'If you please, ma'am, Mr. Ruskin is downstairs in your parlor.'

I went down; Kate announced me in due form; and I was at last face to face with the Master who had for so long been to me a voice and that only.

It was a terribly anxious moment to one so conscious of all lack of personal charm — and my visitor so loved beauty! But in five minutes I was nearly at my ease — in ten minutes completely so.

And yet I was exceedingly puzzled and surprised. I entered that little parlor expecting to meet a tall, dark, very ugly, and rather gloomy-looking man with melancholy dark eyes and clear, rapid speech. I found myself in the presence of a small, slight, fair man, much younger-looking than I had pictured to myself, with the brightest of blue eyes, a most winning smile, and a remarkably gentle low voice — a good deal of hesitation in his speech, unable fully to sound the letter *r*, and a curious half-foreign, half-Scotch accent.

None of the various photographs I had seen had done anything but mislead me. Since his last illness he had grown a beard, which was still quite short. He wore his invariable blue tie, dark Oxford blue, and was wrapped in thick coats of gray homespun.

He came forward to meet me and took my hand in both his own, with kind little speeches of welcome.

'So nice to have you here. So glad you were able to come! And it really is not too small for you? And you don't mind being here? And does Kate take good care of you? And does she give you plenty of nice things to eat? Did you have a comfortable journey? Did the beck keep you awake at night? And did you understand why I chose the back room for you?'

He sat in a low chair with his back to the window, and I had to sit facing the light, so that I could not see his face so clearly as he could see mine. But after the first few minutes I forgot all about this, and could answer his questions quite easily and naturally, for I found it hard to realize that this gentle, fair little man, with the soft voice and merry laugh, was indeed the great John Ruskin whose scathing words could cut like a sword when he so chose to use them.

He told me a little about 'Sylphide' — that she was younger than he had imagined, only fourteen, and her sister only ten. He had been teaching the latter a bit of Spenser that morning, and found that she did not learn more quickly than most children, but he had been much pleased with her thorough comprehension of all he told her. He found her interesting, but had not 'got to the bottom of her yet.'

'I shall have some nice boys at Brantwood for you next week,' he added.

'I am glad of that, for my last pupils were boys, and I like boys.'

'Most girls do,' he said, smiling mischievously. And presently I found that one of the 'boys' was a practising barrister, and the other was house surgeon at a large children's hospital.

'Now what books would you like me to send you? Nothing of my own, mind! You have been reading me a great deal too much, and it is high time you had a change of reading!'

No pleading could soften this stern decree. The only concession I could obtain was that he would let me have his just-published *Notes on the Brantwood Turners*.

'That will perhaps help you to enjoy the pictures more when you come. I'm getting on nicely with all my work just now. Only I've had my publisher down lately, and he has bothered me dreadfully. I sent for him to scold him, and then, instead of letting me do so, he worried me for revision of this and continuation of that till in the end he got me to promise any amount of work. And I am so lazy! I'd do anything

to get rid of the Saint George's work!'

'How is that getting on?'

'It is n't getting on at all, but waiting till I can make up my mind about various things. And it is such a bother to have to plan anything — to me at any rate. Arranging a room, even, is to me such a labor.'

'Is that because you have an exalted ideal in your mind, which you cannot get carried out?'

'No. It is simply that I have no faculty for planning and arranging. I can explain and criticize, praise or blame, what is already done, but I cannot conceive what does not already exist. They are waiting now at Sheffield for me to say what I want built, and I cannot make up my mind what I do want.' Changing the subject, he said: 'Your being here will lead me into a nice train of thought, and I shall probably get on with the *Bible of Amiens*.' Then, smiling, he added, 'I think you ought to be a little proud of having set me to that piece of work!'

'I am so horribly proud of it that I have never let myself say a word about it to anybody!'

Speaking of some of his 'jealous' lady friends, he asked me if I did not think he was very good not to have let so much flattery from girls spoil him. I told him that it seemed to me the spoiling was on the other side, and that Kate had said he had always had the character of being 'enough to spoil a parish of girls.'

'As to that, I can say nothing, for I have never had a parish of girls to spoil. The clergyman always does that!'

Speaking about my journey of the day before, he said that, taken as a whole, the London and North-Western line was the dullest of any railway in England. There was not a single thing of interest the whole way, except one pretty view of Lancaster from a bridge, 'and that they prevent you from seeing by a regular cage of iron girders on each side.'

I told him how horrified I had been by the dreadful darkness of the Black Country in general, and Wigan in particular. I had never imagined such sunless gloom, or such absence of all greenness in a whole countryside.

'Ah, then, you will now better understand much that I have written of late years.'

Then he rose to go. But first he presented me with a long, light stick, a regular alpenstock, to use in climbing the hills.

'I think you will find it light in the hand and smooth. I chose it carefully for you at our little village shop. Mrs. Severn shall come to see you to-morrow about this time. Now I must go and have a few words with Kate, or she will be hurt.'

And so the fateful first interview was over. In a few minutes I saw Mr. Ruskin walk quickly down the little garden path, in a heavy rain, umbrella-less, crushing his soft gray felt hat low down on his face, and stooping very much as he walked.

Then quickly in came Kate, to ask how I had liked her beloved Master. Had I liked him more or less than I expected to do? And did I really think him ugly, now that I had seen his beautiful blue eyes?

And she was genuinely delighted when I told her how greatly I had enjoyed his visit, and how perfectly charming I had found him.

Next morning I started out for a walk in a slight rain, got beguiled into climbing that part of the Old Man just beside the house, got thoroughly interested in getting to the top, scrambled on and up through ever heavier rain, got so wet I could not be wetter, so persevered till I stood at last alone and triumphant on the highest point I could see. There was, of course, no view,

except that of the heavy clouds rolling about the hillside below me, and the peaks all round me. I tried a different way down, but it was not a success, as I presently found myself standing on the edge of a precipitous crag, with no means of getting down it. So I had to retrace my watery steps and climb to the top again, to find the sort of gully through which I had ascended. Coming down was much harder and less pleasant than getting up, and I was glad to find myself safely home again.

Kind Kate was not in the least disconcerted by my drowned-rat aspect and, when I apologized for soiling her spotless kitchen floor, remarked cheerfully: 'Oh, no matter, ma'am. That's how the tourisses always come in!'

The day was so wet and the lake so stormy that it did not at all surprise me that the promised visit from Mrs. Severn did not take place.

At my request, Kate brought her last baby and sat with me in the evening, and we had a good gossip. I asked her how she came to enter Mr. Ruskin's service, and she told me a long and amusing story, and told it with admirable verve.

She was country-bred, but went up to London to seek a situation as parlormaid. She advertised, and received sixty-five replies! Among them was one from Denmark Hill, but this she put aside, as being too far out of town, for she was keen to see as much of the sights of London as was possible. But she was so dismayed by the underground dark kitchens she saw in several houses she visited that at last she decided to see what the Denmark Hill place could offer.

The first person who interviewed her when she presented herself at the house was a young lady scarcely as old as herself, Miss Agnew, now Mrs. Severn, who seemed to have little idea what questions to ask. Then she was told that Mr. Ruskin wished to see her himself. This frightened her not a little, for she had heard something of his fame. But he only asked her a very few questions, and then astonished her by saying that he saw she would do very nicely, and could she come there and then?

'But oh, sir, you have not had my character yet.'

'Oh, never mind about that. I see you will do quite nicely, and it is not worth while troubling about the character.'

But Kate was so horrified at such an unconventional mode of procedure that at last to pacify her Mr. Ruskin consented to write for the important document. But he startled her again by wanting her to come at once without waiting for the reply.

'Can you come to-morrow, then?'

'No, sir, not to-morrow, please.'

'Well, the day after — Friday?'

'Oh, please, sir, not on Friday! That's an unlucky day!'

About which objection he has teased her ever since. Before she left the house, however, she had a very different interview, one with old Mrs. Ruskin, who questioned her in quite another fashion, though she kept breaking off her queries to say, 'But there! It's no business of mine! You will be John's servant, not mine!'

The old lady was extremely averse to having a new face about her. All her servants had been there for years, and were at least middle-aged. As long as she lived Mrs. Ruskin was her own housekeeper. At her death Kate succeeded to the office, and retained her former position also, that of Mr. Ruskin's personal attendant. It was one of her most trying and important duties to protect him from interruptions during his working hours.

'I managed to keep most people out, ma'am, but Mr. Froude was sometimes

too much for me! He was the worst of them all. He would just put me on one side and walk in, as if I had not been there.'

'How ever did you make up your mind to leave the Professor after being with him so many years?' I asked.

'I'm sure I don't know, ma'am! I suppose I was just took silly!'

Which sage remark ended our gossip for that evening.

Early next morning Baxter, Mr. Ruskin's personal attendant, brought me a large parcel of books and a brief, kind note. Later on I had a note from Mrs. Severn saying she hoped to call next morning.

BRANTWOOD,
11*th August*, '81.

DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

I enjoyed my visit greatly; but could not send your books — nor even a word of letter yesterday. — I'm just pulled to atoms by big company now. It is n't Sylphide's fault — though she *has* a good deal of odds and ends of time; but the big company knock one to bits — Governors of islands and that sort of thing (not Sancho, alas).

Ever affectionately yours
J. R.

Books sent at a chance shot.

It was rather late next morning before Mrs. Severn arrived, for she had had to cross the lake in a small sailing boat, against a contrary wind. But when she did come she quite charmed me. She was then about thirty-three, very fair, very stout, and with the most remarkable golden hair standing out like a halo round her head. Her ease of manner was delightful, and she possessed in perfection the art of saying the prettiest things conceivable in the prettiest way possible. She had many charming things to say to me about the great favor with which 'the Coz' regarded me — and the pleasure my letters always gave him. 'He is always in good spirits for the day whenever he has had a letter from you.' She also told me how much pleasure it had given him to arrange all the details of this visit for me. 'He said the rug in the room you are to have was not pretty enough for you, and he sent to London for another. Unfortunately the lady whom he commissioned to buy it chose one with a good deal of black in it, and he wrote at once for her to send something gayer. I was not sorry,' she added, laughing, 'for he gave me the discarded one, which I much admired, for it is a beautiful Persian one; so, as I don't dislike black, I came off very well.'

I told her that some instinct had warned me of this dislike of black, and that for this reason I had temporarily discarded the mourning I was wearing.

'I am truly thankful you did so, for nothing depresses and worries the Coz so much as to have people about him in black.'

Another note reached me next day.

BRANTWOOD,
August 14*th*, '81.

MY DEAR JESSIE, —

Mrs. Severn brought me back radiant accounts of her visit — and I am looking forward joyfully to your coming to-morrow. — I don't think Sylphide will tease you a bit — I believe you'll fall a little in love with her yourself — and we shall be fighting for her in the end!

Please tell Kate I think I shall want *all* her rooms now, — but I'll send word to-morrow.

Ever affectionately yours
J. R.

I wonder what you two were crying about!

(*To be continued*)

'MACHAN'

A MYSTERY OF JAVA

BY T. VAN HOUTEN

It is commonly said that tigers no longer exist in Java. Nevertheless, it still happens sometimes that one runs across one of these ferocious animals in the very heart of the Preanger district, in its deep gorges and on its thickly bewooded hillsides, or on the steep slopes of its rocky ravines, where the grass grows scarce and high, swaying rhythmically at the slightest breeze.

When the nights are blackest, large panthers frequently prowl about the countryside in search of living food. From time to time the news is spread that a royal panther has just made a fresh victim in the neighborhood somewhere, causing havoc and spreading death in its path. Filled with terror at this, the native inhabitants then tremblingly hide themselves in the comparative safety of their villages, daring to venture forth from them only when strictly necessary.

A great number of rivers and kampongs, or native villages, in the Preanger are still designated by the name of this awe-inspiring lord of the jungle, *Machan*, which in the Javanese language means 'tiger,' and which, when preceded by the word *Tji*, always signifies 'running water.' Machan! A terrifying name, which fills all hearts with fear and is mentioned only in a whisper, for every native knows that to speak of the tiger without adding the necessary terms of respect invariably brings down evil upon the culprit. 'His lordship' they call him, and not one of them ever makes a mistake about it. The royal Indian tiger does not like to have its name taken in vain, and woe indeed unto those who are fools enough to make use of it too carelessly, without being careful to add to it the title of respect due to the supreme lord of the jungle!

I once had at my service a little Sundanese maidservant called Sekas. She was a pretty, frail child of eighteen, born on one of the vast and perilously steep slopes of Mount Pangerango, and whom no threats on earth could have forced to mention the feared beast's name.

'Little Sekas,' I asked her one evening, 'why art thou so afraid to speak of the tiger? Thou needest have no fear in answering our questions in this little house, which is always safely shut at night and is perched so high on the top of our hill, out of all danger. And besides, Sekas, dost thou not know that there no longer are any tigers in the environment of Sindanglaya?'

Sekas looked around her with a frightened gleam in her eyes.

'Hush, noble lady — hush!' she whispered. 'I pray thee, in the name of the Merciful Allah, do not speak so loud! Do not offend his mighty

lordship by thus referring to him so carelessly! Alas, woe unto thee, noble lady, if by chance he has heard thee, for the neighborhood of our village is not so deserted as thou seemest to think, and at times his lordship still prowls around our meadows and our rice fields in the moonlight. On dark nights he is often out looking for an easy and unsuspecting victim on the shores of our peaceful lake, with its shimmering waters; and he follows the trail of belated coolies whose torches have gone out, coming home in the heart of the night along the difficult slopes of Mount Gedeh, or hurrying through the deep precipices of the Poentjak pass.

'Let me tell thee, noble lady, of what once befell Sekas, when she was but a small child and playing one day in front of her parents' tiny hut, which seems to be suspended on the dangerous slopes of Mount Pangerango down yonder.

'My father, the day's work being done, sat smoking on a mat, while my mother, kneeling in a corner, was busy cooking the rice on a little stove in which the smouldering coals were smoking unpleasantly. In those days, noble lady, my father was *mandoer* in the large tea estate situated high up on the Goenoeng Mas, the high peak of which, encircled with woolly clouds, is easily discernible from thy windows. Through the bottom of its valley flows the small river called Tjimachan, which, as thou knowest, means "the river of the tiger."'

Here Sekas lowered her voice and threw quick, furtive glances around the room. Then, lifting large, frightened eyes to us, she went on speaking.

'At the very moment that, in obeyance to my mother's orders, I was about to set out with my girl friends down the road leading to the valley, where every day I was in the habit of drawing the water we continually needed, the young white Master, owner of the tea estate, was seen suddenly walking up to our little house.

'He was very kind and handsome, noble lady. His eyes were as blue as the skies during the east monsoon, and his curly hair was of the color of our golden rice when it is ripe and our coolies have tied it into shining bundles.

'"Kromo," he said to my father when he had come up to us, "I have been told that yesterday a tiger was seen roaming about in the neighborhood of the estate, and that he even carried off an old woman working in the rice fields."

'"Alas, it is true, Master! Old Naima could not be found again, and terror reigns among thy coolies, Master!" answered my father respectfully.

'"Well then, my friend," went on the white Master, "warn all the men that they are to hold themselves ready, for to-morrow at sunrise I intend to set out myself to hunt down that wild beast. It will be my first tiger, and I sincerely hope he will not escape us."

'With a frightened look my father had risen to his feet.

'"Hush, Master!" he exclaimed in a low voice. "Kromo begs of thee, do not speak so lightly his lordship's feared name! Thou wilt offend him. And should that be so, then woe unto thee, O Master!"

'The young man burst out laughing.

'"My poor Kromo," he said gayly, "this is all nonsense!" Then, turning toward me, he called me to him, as he was wont to do often.

'"Here, take this, little one," he said to me with his charming smile, producing a large silver coin out of his pocket. "Here is something to buy thyself a pretty coral necklace until we make thee a new one with the claws of our tiger, or rather of 'his lordship,'

as thy father so nicely puts it! Goodbye, little Sekas. To-morrow, when we have returned from our little expedition, thou shalt see for thyself how beautiful is a large, shot tiger. I will send for thee and all the other children of the village to come up and admire it."

'Having said this, and calling his faithful dog, the young white Master left us, whistling merrily as he walked off. At the same time my father bowed down his forehead into the dust, and, turning his eyes toward the Holy Mecca, called upon the name of Allah and prayed for his Almighty protection.

'Alas, noble lady, it was to be the last time that Sekas's eyes looked upon the youthful and handsome Master! For on the following day we learned that he had been carried off into the depths of a ravine by his angered lordship, whom his reckless words had offended!

'That same evening, shortly after he had gone, my mother called me. "Take the water jug, my child," she said, "and go down to the river to fetch the water that I need. My rice is burning, little one. Hurry!"

'I called Djahar and Yamina, my two little friends, and, lifting up the heavy earthenware pot to my shoulder, I secured it there in safety by means of my long *slendang*, which was of very fine batik work. The sun was already setting and, as its great ball of fire slowly dipped away out of sight behind the green rice fields in the distance, its dying rays played on and lit up the steep mountain sides, while the shadows rapidly began to lengthen in the valleys below. The air was cool and serene; in the trees the song had gradually died out of the throats of the countless birds and they were falling asleep with a soft fluttering of wings.

'Laughing gayly and feeling happy and unafraid in our childish hearts, in spite of that day's dangerous news, we were tripping along the steep and narrow path which, between well-nigh impenetrable bamboo bushes and tall grass, leads down to the waters of the little river flowing merrily at the bottom of the valley. Instead of hurrying, as my mother had told us to do, we idled, and ran after a few butterflies which from time to time still fluttered about in the thick vegetation around us.

'Djahar, very proud of it indeed, was showing off a new necklace of gold beads that her father had just purchased for her. It shone on her comely neck; and on her brown skin, which was like satin in its softness, the beads glistened like a lot of fireflies in the shadows. At the very bottom of a ravine through which we were walking we found a fragrant bush laden with *mulatti* blossoms. The white flowers stretched out their starry petals and exhaled their exquisite, penetrating scent into the serene air of the falling night. We stopped and lingered for a moment in order to stick some of them into our raven-black hair, for we were already conscious of our appearance, as if we had been little women.

'More than an hour had gone by since we had left my parents' hut. The sun had vanished altogether by then, and only a few last pink and golden rays streaked across the horizon. The night was now falling very rapidly. For a few more moments the skies again assumed faint crimson tints, and it seemed as if the waters in the quiet rice fields reflected a great fire in the heavens. Then they disappeared also, and black shadows enshrouded the deserted countryside in their inky darkness.

'Then suddenly Djahar stood still — petrified. In the thicket before us a

pair of eyes shone and gleamed like two burning coals!

'"Machan!" she breathed. "Allah the Merciful! Machan!"

'At the same moment a deep and hoarse growl arose from the thickness of the bushes and the peaceful atmosphere seemed to tremble. The two coals still glistened fiercely at us in the sombre shadows. Then suddenly, mad with terror and no longer knowing what I was doing, I picked up a large stone, then another, and another, and with all my feeble strength I started throwing them at the clusters of bamboo in front of me. Djahar and Yamina followed my example.

'The glowing coals went out as if by magic. A sound like a deep snort disturbed the warm air, and at the same time a dark and silent shadow passed swiftly over our heads and vanished into the darkness. His lordship, O noble lady, satisfied no doubt by the result of a recent hunt, had not even deigned to look upon us!

'The next morning at dawn, however, as the rising sun was piercing through the mists encircling the lofty summit of the volcano down yonder, the coolies of the tea estate, who had gathered and were on their way to answer their young white Master's bidding, found hanging on some bushes at the side of the road a few pieces of what had formerly been a garment, pitifully torn and besmirched with blood, and several curls of hair, the color of ripe rice when it has been tied into bundles.'

Greatly impressed by the young Javanese girl's tale, we remained silent for a long time.

'But, little Sekas,' said my friend finally, 'thou surely dost not believe, I hope, that the tiger spared thee and thy little friends because of the way in which thou expressed thyself when speaking of him? Nor that he avenged himself upon the young white Master, as thou hast called him, because on the eve of his horrible death he had omitted to call him "his lordship"?'

Putting a slim finger against her lips, which had been made scarlet with the juice of the betel nut, the young Sundanese threw a frightened look around the room.

'Hush, O noble lady! Sekas begs of thee, do not speak thus! Who may tell that his lordship is not listening to us to-night from the heart of some thicket or in the depths of the precipice near by, where he may be watching and waiting for his next victim! Hush! Sekas assures thee it is dangerous to speak so lightly of him!'

We both started to laugh. The young girl seemed terrified.

'Come now, little Sekas, it's all right!' I said softly when I saw her fright. 'It is getting late. Go and prepare our rooms, for we wish to retire rather early to-night.'

Without saying another word Sekas left us, no doubt very happy to escape any further questioning. Dainty and sweet, she seemed to float out of the room, with that charming and unaffected grace of movement natural to only the daughters of Java's burning soil. A few moments afterward she came back to say that everything was ready for the night, and thereupon she went off herself to her tiny room at the end of our little verandah, swinging a torch in her hands which flickered dimly, and casting frightened eyes around her at the shadows following her along the wall.

I had been in bed for more than an hour, reading with the help of the feeble light from a small oil lamp with a pink shade, for when one is high up in the Javanese mountains one has to be content with what one

can get. Suddenly a faint and almost indistinguishable noise outside the house attracted my attention. It was weird and — silent. It might have been made by a very large dog, a huge dog roaming softly around our little house on velvety paws.

My two little dogs, which usually, at the slightest stir outside, would start to bark loud enough to wake up the whole household, crept tremblingly and very quietly into a corner near my bed and hid themselves without a sound in their basket.

The animal outside, whatever it was, continued its silent round, coming and going on the grass of the lawn with soft movements which indicated an extraordinary suppleness and agility. I could hear it walking over the thin basketwork mats lying out on the ground, mats which in the daytime were used to protect some freshly planted flower beds from the broiling heat of the sun. Its breathing, short and powerful, which from time to time floated up into the deadly stillness of the night and reached my ears, sounded rather like the purring of a monstrous cat. Then all of a sudden my heart stopped beating, as realization came to me!

Machan! The tiger! It was his lordship himself, as Sekas would say! It could not be anything else! His lordship, vexed by our careless words of to-night, and come from far away to punish the culprits!

For more than two hours the wild beast prowled about in the neighborhood of the house in the profound stillness of the night. The dogs trembled in their hiding place, while I crept closer under the sheets, wide awake and with my ears alert to the faintest sound. Then suddenly the almost uncanny patter of those soft paws stopped altogether and complete silence reigned about the place again, not even disturbed by the fluttering of wings of a night bird flying about in the shadows.

All night long until morning I left my little pink lamp burning, spreading its reassuring glow around the room. I could see that my friend had done likewise and lay in her bed hardly daring to breathe. With the arrival of dawn, even before six o'clock, she came into my room and I saw that she looked very pale.

'Did you hear — ' she said to me, 'in the night? That strange and silent beast — what could it have been?'

We were still staring at each other, not daring to put into words what was in our minds, when Sekas came bursting into the room, trembling violently and looking frightened out of her wits.

'O noble ladies,' she cried, 'did Sekas not warn thee of what would happen? His lordship came here in the night! His fresh tracks are yet on all thy flower beds, and he has carried off all the chickens of the *kebon* [gardener]. All night long Sekas has lain shuddering inside her little room, while she heard him prowl around the house! Ali will show thee the marks of his paws in the grass, noble ladies. But hurry, for the rain which washes away everything will not be long in coming down!'

And indeed, in the very middle of one of the largest flower beds two huge paws, with powerful claws, had left their clear imprints in the soft, damp earth. Also, a little farther along, on one of the sides of our small house and under my very window, two more brown paw marks were clearly outlined on the whiteness of the wall. Smelling my dogs, the ferocious beast had no doubt stood up on its hind legs to look for an opening.

That same evening my servants, with a great deal of ceremony, laid an

offering, meant to appease the anger of his lordship, under some sacred *cambodjia* trees at the end of the garden, in the shade of which, overlooking the great ravine which slopes down almost vertically along the sides of Mount Gedeh, lies concealed the grave of an old and respected hadji. This quaint offering consisted of boiled rice wrapped up in fresh green banana leaves, a single egg, two or three large fruits, several bananas, and — one cigarette! The whole proceeding was terminated by a host of weird incantations, followed by the most mysterious and incomprehensible gesticulations.

On the following morning, at the first rays of the sun, it was seen that all of it had gone.

'His lordship is satisfied,' our little Sekas came and told us with a brilliant smile. 'He has deigned to accept our offering, O noble ladies! His mighty wrath has been appeased, and he will not come back if we do not repeat the offense. May the Almighty and All-Merciful Allah be praised for it!'

And unto this very day, verily, his lordship has not returned.

INTELLECTUAL DEATH AND SPIRITUAL LIFE

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I

As the Dayton controversy of a past summer went on its way, wakening laughter among the thoughtful of the earth from London to Peking, one could not help being aware, in spite of the frequent use of the word 'religion' in the reports of the trial, how far removed from any consideration of religion in its deeper meaning was all that heated interchange of opinion regarding the genesis of earth and the origin of man. Equally remote seem the issues of the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy, which we have ever with us, regarding various points of formal doctrine, but centring in the discussion of the virgin birth. Thinking of religion as one has known it in consecrated lives, as one has known it in one's profounder experience, one begins to wonder how, for the many, religion ceased to be an individual consciousness of living reality, and came, mistakenly, to be regarded as a mere matter of abstract opinion, mere intellectual assent.

Puzzling over this, I turned with open mind to the Gospels. This idea, held by many, of religion as acceptance of a statable formula or a series of such formulas was not there. The words of Christ concern not attitude of mind wholly, nor even primarily, but attitude of being. 'I am in the Father, and the Father in me.' One cannot by any stretch of the imagination conceive him pausing in his admonitions regarding showing mercy, loving God, loving one's neighbor, and doing justice, to discuss as a matter of religion any major point in the Dayton controversy, or in the

Fundamentalist debates, so wasting precious moments of life in a world of need. One cannot imagine him interpreting after the flesh the idea of his being the Son of God, he who was the Son of God by the spirit that spoke through him. Christ made no demand for assent to complex intellectual affirmations: he asked only that life should be conceived as spirit, not matter, and, specifically, as love, with practical outcome.

'This seems to me like religion,' I said wistfully, turning over the pages of the Gospels.

In delving further into the words and lives of the disciples, the one outstanding fact was that they, living, had known the Master; that they went to touch other lives to that vital contact with holiness.

I went to Saint Paul, thinker, something of a philosopher, organizer of the early Church. I found in him a burning sense of the personality of Christ, a burning desire to make this sense a band of union between man and man, in search of perfection of thought and of conduct. Here was an utter consecration of mind, of spirit, of body; endeavor for entire control, lest the light that came from God should be blurred; a longing to be translucent to the divine.

'This seems to me like religion,' I said, and, encouraged, went further, searching out lives of the saints, — we have authentic records of many, from Saint Benedict and Saint Cuthbert down to Cardinal Mercier, — and so passed the autumn and winter pleasantly in the company of those to whom religion has been the whole of life, saints of different countries, different periods, different religions.

To one and all, whether those whose minds turned inward to find God, the mystics, those of the contemplative life, the Friends of God; or those whose minds turned outward, sharing with their fellows, active, busy in good works, Brethren of the Common Life; or those who are greatest, in whom these two tendencies are balanced, in perfect adjustment, such as Saint Francis of Assisi and Bernard of Clairvaux — to one and all religion was no mere matter of opinion, but a live contact with something vital, bearing out the statement made by William James: 'By being religious we establish ourselves in possession of ultimate reality, at the only points at which reality is given us to grasp.' Life is heightened even by brief glimpses of lives like these, across the centuries, across theologies; there is something quickening in coming into contact with them. In all was a great simplicity of feeling, of intellect, of being. As, saint after saint, they passed before me, — devotion after devotion, self-sacrifice, utter consecration, — they made me newly aware that the basis of their sanctity was something far deeper than any matter of mere opinion, of intellectual assent.

While, with the din of modern controversy in my ears, I followed these lives whose one pursuit was holiness, with the question ever in mind as to why rationalistic conceptions had, for the vast majority, been substituted for the sense of immediate communion with the divine, I was driven back to study some of the early stages of church history. They who hold special dogmas to be the all-important part of religion should read those who have traced their history, found their origin, — going back to the Greek Apologists, to Clement, to Origen, — and have followed the influence of the Greek Sophists upon the early Church. A growing intellectuality where there had been the touch of spirit on spirit marked the struggle, in the second and third centuries, to

adapt Christianity to the conditions of the Greek world, to make it meet the thought of the time, and some of its formulated doctrines bear the imprint rather of pagan philosophy than of the words of Christ — noble philosophy, but philosophy that fell from human lips rather than from immediate dictation of the Almighty, as many who hold it now apparently believe. 'The line from Plato to Origen, and, we may add, to the present day, is unbroken. . . . Greek philosophy furnished the general plan for a statement of Christianity which should be intelligible, attractive, and convincing to the learned and the simple alike,' writes Professor C. H. Moore, in his *Religious Thought of the Greeks.*

But that early intellectualization was in its day a something vital, growing, an attempt to set forth Christianity in terms that the thinkers of the time would understand, learning to speak their language, that of philosophy. Though the departure from primitive simplicity meant the loss of something that has never been regained, except by individuals and by small groups in different ages, that thought in that day was alive, searching out truth, not petrified into formulas, never to be changed.

II

The deepest tragedy in the history of the churches is the tragedy of conceiving religion as primarily a matter of intellect, and yet ruling that thought shall stop. Here is the dilemma in which the modern Church finds itself at a time when new knowledge is pouring in upon the world, and the need of alert and vigorous thought is greater than it has ever been since the day when Christianity was born. One would think that, the principle of interpreting Christian truth in the light of advanced thought having been accepted in practice by the early Church, it would have been accepted once for all, that succeeding generations would recognize active thought as a duty, even more fully a sacred heritage from the past than were the special doctrines then formulated. We could honor our religious forbears more deeply by doing as they did than by taking unquestioningly the results of their thought, which have come to be held by many, especially certain Southern legislators, as one holds tangible heirlooms, such as mahogany chair or sofa, the one solicitude being to keep the article exactly as in the father's, grandfather's, great-grandfather's day. If church leaders might think in those early centuries when the Church came into existence, why may they not think now? 'Surely it is unreasonable to make intellectual death the condition of spiritual life.'

Later landmarks in the history of theology are marked by free use of the intellect in the light of the thought of the day, and represent effort to meet some crisis, some special danger of the time. Even Calvin — whose tenets, most rigid of all known systems, were most rigidly held by succeeding generations — was, in part at least, thinking in terms of the thought of his day: legal thought, unfortunately, with overstress upon code and statute. Leader at a decisive moment, he attempted to create a wall of definite dogma, firm, aggressive, to separate the new Church of the Reformation from the Roman Catholic Church; the new faith must be buttressed and built up on a solid foundation of doctrine which he felt himself called upon to construct for all time.

Calvin's mind was alert and working when, in 1536, alive to a special danger, he wrote the first draft of his *Institutes;* are the minds of his followers, who still are many, alert and working when

they say over by rote his conclusions — monstrous conclusions, some of them? There is little in the history of human thought more discouraging than the hold still upon many of the boy Calvin, full of the overassurance of youth, who laid down the law at twenty-six, with dogmatic assertiveness which he never outgrew, and who thereby determined the measure of mind of many in each succeeding generation. That in certain ways he rendered great service is undoubted, especially in his demand for high rectitude of conduct, but it is a pity, great beyond all computation, that the man whose dictates have left a stronger stamp than that of any other single theologian should, as an interpreter of Christianity, have missed the significance of the New Testament; that the utter simplicity and directness of Christianity as taught by Christ should disappear in terms of law; that that which is sublime in his statements about God should have been overshadowed by his presentation of Him as the jealous God of the Hebrews, magnified and perverted into a spectre terrible beyond all imagining, foreordaining Adam's fall, yet holding Adam and his descendants wholly responsible; electing, *out of his mere good pleasure*, some to everlasting life, and damning others to everlasting death, yet claiming that that doom and that salvation were both acts of choice of the individual.

Again, that group of divines who, in 1563, in the reign of Elizabeth, set the stamp of their approval upon the Thirty-nine Articles, that group of laymen and divines who, at the bidding of the Long Parliament, drew up and published in 1648 the *Westminster Confession of Faith* and the *Westminster Catechism*, were still fighting the battle of the Reformation, with their own weapons, in their own way. Their dicta bear the stamp of thought of their respective periods, and are uttered with the authority of those who believe that it is possible to settle all points of doctrine definitely and for all time. It is not ours to judge how they served their purpose in their own day; ours only to recognize that their time is past. The glory and the challenge of our age is the discovery that no thought can be settled definitely and for all time. It is the nature of the human intellect to work, and work it must, even though obloquy and misunderstanding be its reward. The human spirit refuses to be bound.

Why accept as final the dicta of Calvin, abstract thinker, trained in law and in theology of the sixteenth century, with its cramped knowledge and its mediæval methods of thought, and eschew the philosophic thought and information of a later era, when knowledge is incomparably vaster than in his day, for knowledge grows 'from more to more'? Why accept as final the conclusions of those who formulated the Thirty-nine Articles or the *Westminster Confession of Faith*, who were human, like the rest of us, and, though they did not know it, merely groping their way toward truth? There is no other department of thought in which the intellectual methods of the sixteenth and the seventeenth century would be allowed to rule to-day, dogmatic assertion, based on the letter of the text, sometimes wresting the letter to prove the preconceived idea. The crux of the whole situation is, of course, the difference in regard to the Scriptures, whether to accept the old idea — of verbal inspiration from Genesis on: the lesser reverence that escapes thought by attaching magic value to the letter — or to show the deeper reverence of searching for the spirit. The thoughtful of the modern world know that their hope lies in the latter course.

Whose fiat was it — surely not God's — that thought should stop in 1536, or in 1563, or in 1648 A.D.?

III

The unfortunate effect of over-elaborated stationary dogma is that it has meant, and means, excluding from the Church hosts of the strongest, of the most genuinely religious, in Christ's interpretation of the term, whose only sin is a refusal to part with their intellectual integrity. There are unnumbered people, of devout ancestry, of deeply religious instincts, who yet cannot affirm as fact that which they do not know, or presume to put into words that which is beyond words, beyond thought, who, because of inability to subscribe in full to theological creed held by family and friends, enact the age-long Tantalus of religion, the water of life so fenced in by dogma that they who are athirst may not drink. Doubtless many of them are convinced that religion is more than a matter of mere knowledge, that much that should be left to faith, to hope, is, in overformulated dogma, forced down into the lesser world of the understanding; perhaps they shrink from 'perverting the idea of God,' making it the 'foundation of a science, dogmatic theology, which applies the categories of substance, cause, and the rest, to a Supreme Being, as if he were an object presented in sense experience.'

There are hosts of those now doing the will of God, but not recognized as the sons of God, in a world where men have taken it upon themselves to narrow His greatness to the petty limits of their own thought, to circumscribe the illimitable into definition. Organizers of movements protecting the weak and helpless of the earth, many a modern surgeon, many a nurse, battling with disease and with pain, many a social worker, profoundly Christian at heart, think themselves irreligious because the orthodox think them so. And indeed they may have denial on their lips, not of the words of Christ, but of the words of Calvin, or of later formalists. Many of these unnamed Christians are perhaps nearer the heart of the Master than many who call themselves by his name; at least they are remarkably like the saints in act, and deeply religious in the true sense, after the best definition of religion ever made: 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.'

What is to be done with the great army of those doing the Father's bidding yet not bearing the stamp of any sect, nor even called Christians, though Christian in feeling and in deed? Lonely, they suffer from a sense of lack of fellowship, of that élan, impetus to step, that comes from a sense of many marching together, to the same music. The Church must beware of longer excluding those who make brief profession in words, but whose acts reveal their lofty creed, for the Church needs these people, even more than they need the Church. The world has no greater hope to-day than the silent Christianity of the unsectarian. Christianity is here to stay; it has sunk too far into the inner consciousness of the race to be eradicated or forgotten, is too deeply imbedded in the minds and souls of men to vanish; spoken or unspoken, it is imperishably ours. The question is not whether Christianity will live; it is living. The question is as to whether the churches will live, and this is for them to say. If they could become simply Christian, there is no question that their vast organizing power could work

greater beneficence than the world has ever known.

IV

The hour has struck for change. If the Church is to live, it would seem as if two ways were open to it, and only two, one of which must be chosen. One is to return to the primitive simplicity of Christianity as taught by its Founder, dogmaless, spiritual, and practical, as men from time to time have attempted to do, trying to recover that sense of immediate contact with the divine known to Christ and to the disciples, trying to live self-sacrifice. Hosts would rally about the banner if only Christ's demands were upon it, if belief in him as the way, the truth, the life, were accepted as a full confession of faith.

The very thought of real Christianity, the thought of reviving it throughout the land in its simplicity and immediacy of belief, its selflessness, its scorn of earthly possessions, leaves one breathless with sorrowful hope that dare not quite be hope. There are faint strivings, questionings as to a truer way of swearing allegiance to the Master: Episcopalian suggestions of relaxing the hold of the Thirty-nine Articles; even Presbyterian qualms about the wisdom of worshiping their own dictates; and there are practical efforts toward uniting different sects, but they are tentative and timid. The churches dare not go far enough to meet.

The records of the saints bespeak the truth of how little in their deeper lives depended on special dogma, how much on insight into Christ's personality, and developed will to follow him. Both the great opposing organizations, Protestant and Catholic, have had, and have, great saints. It is perhaps impossible that these churches, with their vested interests, their stubborn pride of dogma, could ever combine to enter the kingdom of heaven of preaching, teaching, practising a gospel as simple as Christ's, as devoted; to vitalize, touch to the quick the souls of human beings, sting to desire for holiness, devoting their vast material resources to caring for the poor, the suffering. It is inconceivable, of course, that the religion of Christ should be revived and taught in its simplicity, as he taught it — and yet?

V

But if, — and this is the other alternative, — as many of the wise say, dogma is necessary to hold the host together, and organic relationship cannot exist without it, then let the leaders of the Church to-day show the pluck of the leaders of the early Church in wrestling with the advanced thought and knowledge of the time. To flinch from this is to repudiate the early history of the Church, and to deny the processes by which Christian dogma first came into existence, keeping abreast with Greek philosophy, influenced by some of its doctrines.

Minds were yet seeking truth when those early doctrines were formulated, not merely repeating, and the mind that seeks is alive, vital. Those later landmarks in the history of the Church — Calvin's *Institutes*, the Thirty-nine Articles, the *Westminster Confession of Faith* — represent active intellectual effort; they served the need of their respective centuries; why should not our formulas serve ours? If our belief is to have intellectual content, we must bear the burden of thought of our day, must keep pace with ascertained knowledge. If we are to think, let us think. To try to hold back the centuries of growth and of new discovery is as hopeless an effort as that of King Canute in attempting to stop the

incoming waves. Theologians must be permitted to share the thought of the age, must not be expected to dwell in a world walled about, apart from the main trend of human progress; yet persecution has too often awaited those who have attempted to make chinks in the wall to let in the light.

It is apparent as in no intervening century that some revision of Protestant articles of belief is necessary, now, when new discovery has compelled us to refashion our whole theory of the universe, when, in part at least because of lack of intellectual readjustment, the churches are emptying, and when hosts of the young cry out that they believe nothing because they find that the information given them in the pulpit and at home is false. Our age, like the ages most productive of theology, has its own crisis, its special danger. There is need of a Renaissance within the Church, for frank facing of the challenge of our time, lest we fall into the intellectual and spiritual blindness afflicting those who are content with formulas settled once and forever. An absolute formula is too often a place to sleep, relieved of thought, instead of making constant effort to refine and clarify thought, thus winning the way to higher levels of being. Dogma comes from a verb meaning to think; why may it not be used in the present as well as in the past tense?

If formulated religion must deal with the history of earth and of man, why should not this part of doctrine be stated in terms of the new knowledge of the day, — geology, biology, — as the earliest doctrines of the Church were stated in terms of the thought of that time? It is chiefly in this department of knowledge that our age has made progress, that concerning the physical constitution of man and of the universe. Brief statement of what has been found out, frank statement of the point at which knowledge stops, and even the expressed hope that more will some day be known, would mean throwing down barriers which many who should by good rights be within the Church cannot now conscientiously cross. It is, of course, the literal interpretation of the Bible that stands in the way; if we have now grown wise enough to accept as figurative much that has hitherto been interpreted as literal fact, we shall not, in all probability, err more greatly than those of our predecessors who looked upon all Scripture as divinely inspired, and all statements as equally authoritative in the revelation of spiritual truth. Earlier thinkers have interpreted the Bible in the light of the human thought of their day; why should not thinkers now, with their wiser sense of the relative values of Scripture texts? No modern scientist would be capable of misinterpreting more completely than does Calvin, in his *Institutes*, in building up the terrible doctrine of election, the foundation stones of which are Old Testament texts which plainly mean something quite different from that which he makes them mean in order to fit the preconceived idea.

VI

I doubt if formal theology would lose anything essential if the points regarding the physical history of earth and of man were phrased in terms of thought of the twentieth century, instead of those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There was nothing sacrosanct about the seventeenth century, with its conception of fixed, immobile laws, of nature as a mechanism, of God as demonstrable by the same laws of thought that govern mathematics. There is great advance in our time, a new and vital conception,

a change from the static to the dynamic; the universe has come to life, and men's minds with it, awed by new insight into the boundless possibilities of growth and change.

It would be well if, in the light of new thought and new knowledge, a restatement of creed could come, if the phraseology of dogma could reflect the 'Copernican change' from the anthropomorphic idea of a God outside manipulating the universe to the far more profound and more spiritual idea of a God within, working in and through all things, an idea fully in accord with the doctrine of evolution. A far deeper conception of God than the seventeenth century, still so dominant and authoritative in our formulated theology, was capable of conceiving lies at the heart of much of this modern study and investigation whose results have so terrified the Fundamentalists, especially those of the South: —

> Thus He dwells in all,
> From life's minute beginnings, up at last
> To man — the consummation of this scheme
> Of being, the completion of this sphere
> Of life.

No one has suggested so fully in brief space, as Browning does here in the fifth scene of *Paracelsus*, the fact of all life as a matter of growth and change, of the organization of all life from lower to higher through the operation of indwelling spirit. John Fiske, of course, spent many of his years in expounding the application of the newly discovered law of evolution to the mind and soul of man. Ages of physical growth and development, then the illimitable possibilities of growth of mind, of spirit; all life as a matter of growth and change — it is only since the doctrine of evolution was formulated that we have grasped this idea, with the full splendor of its spiritual challenge. It has set the human spirit free; it has brought untold stimulus, opening up vast possibilities for endless growth.

Hosts would flock to the Church if church doctrine would keep pace with the dominant thought of our day — evolution. The young would come; you cannot keep the young away from any currents of thought which are alive and vital. It is pity unspeakable that the Church does not accept this, and use it to gather them in, as the early Church used Greek philosophy. The young are going to think in terms of evolution, and they reckon ill who leave it out. In denying or ignoring it, in forgoing its energizing force, the Church loses a great source of power and leaves the young a prey to those who choose to interpret this law of life as a mechanistic determinism. It would be well to have it interpreted not merely in terms physical but in terms spiritual.

VII

There is nothing to fear, in regard to real religion, in any full, free activity of the mind. Thought which is honestly searching out truth cannot be wrong, cannot be mistaken; it is only when it claims to be the ultimate and puts an end to truth that it goes wholly astray. After all, the important questions are not questions of genesis, or origins, but of the destination of the human race. If the mental energy that now goes into abstract discussion of dogma could be brought to bear on the central, essential, inmost problem of holiness, the cause of religion would need no legislation to bolster it up, would triumph in our day. For our minds should be at work, not in splitting hairs about dogma, but in searching the ways of beauty and of holiness, finding the divine in the past and in the present, studying great personalities to whom the race may measure

up, the saints and the sages on whose deeds and inspirations we can place hope for the future. We must penetrate the finer thought of the race, in great literature, in philosophy, striving to find the farthest reach of the human mind that we may be won to further effort. It is imaginative, sympathetic insight that needs to be cultivated, not mere logic chopping, in order to set free the resources of the human spirit, for religion is a life, and life requires the whole of you, intellect and emotion stimulating and sustaining each other, quickening the will, making for wholeness of being, for beauty of thought and beauty of action.

So religion becomes an inner vitality, a sting and sense of life as having greater significance than that which one touches, handles, sees, and an acting in the light of this insight. It must reckon not only with that which man knows, which is very little, but with that which he feels, that which he longs for, and his aspiration is very great. May it not permit holding the great central hopes of mankind as hopes, not as demonstrated certainties of the scientific mind? May not they who cannot think of immortality as proved hold it in that larger grasp, faith as the 'substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen'? The writer of these words understood far better than later generations the essence of religion.

For religion, in the deepest sense, is not a mere matter of intellectual assent or dissent, but something far beyond and above this, the way of the soul Godward, a groping in thought and finer deed toward that perfection fortunately made manifest in that greatest of personalities, Christ. Its sole sufficing need is a sense of the living presence of one who pointed the path of sacrifice as the only path that leads to God, one whose whole life went out in beneficent activity, one who had greater faith in the potential divinity of humankind than any other has had who has spoken on earth. The human race moved up to a higher level when he voiced this faith — a faith that has spurred it on ever since, in spite of overcodified religions, and religious wars, and worship of the body, and all powers dragging back. Not more important is our holding him divine than is his faith in the potential divinity of humanity.

And this is good evolutionary doctrine.

TO CERTAIN ONES WHO CANNOT UNDERSTAND

BY MARGARET POND

All of her days go similarly by,
Smoothly as water in a meadow stream,
Softly as silken clouds in a still sky,
Silent as a slow star-awakened dream.
But do not pity her who yet has known
No sharp-edged joy, no bitter-pointed pain,
Who has not met grief in the night, alone;
Who with no piercing love has ever lain.

She lives more poignantly than you can guess
Who are too dull to know the ecstasies,
With sun-touched hills, of a long, slow caress
Of moving light on wind-hushed grass and trees;
Who have not felt swept by the wings of birds;
Or pricked by firs along a mountain side;
Or stung by stars like little burning words;
Or stricken like sky at wind's approaching stride.

She becomes part of earth with every spring
And bears earth's blossoming as if her own,
Knowing a birth-pain for each lovely thing,
For ice-freed lakes, for orchards apple-blown.
The joy of hills is hers, serene and high;
Hers is each pool of quiet rain-touched grief;
And when her autumn comes, and she must die,
She will go radiantly like a sky-tossed leaf!

THE HABIT OF GOING TO THE DEVIL

BY ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT

(Every essential fact in this paper is a direct quotation, or exact paraphrase, from American periodicals published about a century ago; the date of publication is indicated in each case.)

A GLANCE at our country and its present moral condition fills the mind with
1827 alarming apprehensions. The moral desolation and flood tides of wickedness threaten to sweep away not only the blessings of religion, but the boasted freedom of our republican institutions as well. Every candid person must admit that if ignorance, licentiousness, and a disregard of all
1828 moral laws prevail in our communities, then demagogues and spendthrifts will sit in the halls of legislation; ambition, self-aggrandizement, and love of power will supplant patriotism, public spirit, and attention to the best interests of the nation. Due to the lack of moral restraint, the very freedom which we enjoy hastens this degrading process. To-day no virtuous public sentiment frowns down upon the criminal to shame him into secrecy. Let another half century pass in our present indifference and inactivity, and existing evils will have attained a strength never to be overpowered.

It is clear that instead of the masses of our people improving they are sadly
1843 deteriorating. Murders, robberies, rapes, suicides, and perjuries are as common as marriages and deaths. Killings appear to have become contagious; no day passes without an attempt somewhere in our country. Lawlessness has so increased that the expense of watching our army of criminals, of tracking and arresting them, and of maintaining them in prison (together with the huge cost of their felonies) is immeasurable.

The wave affects not only the lower classes. In a court in Pennsylvania
1843 John Doe recently pled guilty to the charge of bigamy. As he rose to be sentenced by the judge he interrupted that official's verdict by handing him a pardon from the governor of that state! And our irreligious clergy! What can be done for the con-
1828 version of the many ministers of the Word who preach error for truth, because they themselves have never known salvation? What will become of churches under such leadership? In ten or twelve counties in Indiana a number of churches recently
1843 voted not to coöperate with any missionary, or temperance societies, or Sunday School associations, since in their present form they are not warranted by the teachings of God's Word.

And what of our youth! To-day, where one child hails the Sabbath with
1829 delight, as the day for Bible study, one hundred young immortals are growing up in ignorance and sin. The lamentable extent of dishonesty, fraud, and other wickedness among our boys and girls shocks the

nation. The army of youthful criminals from the slums is augmented by children abandoned by the shiftless of the working classes, by families wrecked by
1830 living beyond their means, and by wayward unfortunates from reputable families. Large numbers of these youngsters belong to organized gangs of thieves and cutthroats, and are in the regular employ of old criminals who teach them the tricks of the trade. Many such have no homes; some cannot even return to the gang's
1831 headquarters unless the day's profit amounts to a stipulated sum. From these thousands of young desperadoes the chief mass of hardened criminals is recruited. Half the number of persons actually convicted of crime are youths who have not reached the age of discretion. Of 256 convicts in the Massachusetts State Prison, forty-five were thieves at sixteen years of age; and 127 had, at that age, become
1833 habitual drinkers. Youthful gambling, accompanied with most degrading language, as in the game of shooting craps, begins almost in infancy. A gentleman passing along the streets of Boston recently overheard a gang of boys shooting craps. The language issuing from their young lips might well have come from Hell,
1833 and even there would almost have shocked the Satanic proprietor himself. And even amid more refined surroundings our young people are everything but seriously minded to-day. At —— University the few
1828 students who profess religion stand, as it were, alone; to attempt to stem the torrent of vice and immorality there would be considered a freakish innovation.

A disregard for all laws, and feverish and foolish efforts to check crime by
1843 profuse legislation, are common. A man in Baltimore was recently arrested for fast driving. This is as it should be. Disastrous consequences of fast driving frequently follow carelessness in observing the traffic ordinances provided against such offenses. Equal heedlessness is shown in our halls of legislation. With us nothing is fixed or permanent. There is a constant hankering for new laws, or for tinkering up old ones; what one legislature does to-day, the next undoes tomorrow. The popular slogan one year becomes an object of derision the next
1843 — and so we run on from change to change in a restless round of experiment. This restlessness shows itself in extravagance in dress. Silk stockings, curiously wrought with
1857 quirks and clocks about the ankles, and interwoven with gold or silver threads, are all the rage. Persons with the smallest of incomes do not stick to have two or three pairs of silk stockings. Time was when one could have clothed herself from head to toe for what one pair of these silk stockings costs.

War has affected the world's nerves. The military events of the earlier years
1830 of this century were so extraordinary that it is charitable to forgive those who wish to tell or write about their experiences. We rejoice that this is true. Let the tale be told as often and as vividly as possible! Let it be repeated until everyone shall be impressed with its horrors! Let those who delight in the 'pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war' explain fully the fascination which lures them on to fill the world with tears — that we may candidly judge of war's value, and compare it with the sacrifices paid for it.

Do not think that we are so foolish as to maintain that there is nothing worth
1830 contending for. There is much we would defend at all hazards, and which can be enjoyed on no other terms. Personal liberty and rights, the

welfare of dear ones, and the independence of our country are to be struggled for, if need be, because without them life would not be worth living. But warlike ambition must receive a check by the establishment of republican institutions in all the civilized world where people are now in the possession of them or are struggling to acquire them. Every day is confirming the
1830 strength of the free governments which exist and brightening the prospects of those which are forming. However, these transformations bring vast unrest, as witness Mexico — just now becoming free from Roman Catholic shackles. The National Assembly has just placed the
1834 priests on the same footing as those in the United States as spiritual shepherds. The President, it is said, will sign the bill, and a mighty conflict will follow.

What the world needs most in its present condition is that the truly in-
1830 telligent among us rise to new truths; to find the stimuli and coöperation which will fit us for mastery — fit us to become sponsors for a higher intellectual life in our own country, and joint workers with the great of all nations and all time in carrying forward their race.

The true sovereigns of a country are those who determine its modes of
1843 thinking, its tastes, its principles. A condition of society which challenges men to use their noblest reasoning powers is the condition 'most favorable for the moral and religious development of a nation.' Such language comes properly from an enlightened man, whose faith in Christianity is not of that feeble kind which looks with dread or misgiving at every intellectual novelty — as if truth could suffer from discussion, or the greatest and most noble of all truths could derive anything but strength from the progressive development of the mind! Religion has been wronged by nothing more than by being separated from
1830 intellect, and by being removed from the province of reason and free research into that of mystery and authority, of impulse and feeling. Hence it is that most prevalent forms of Christianity are inert.

It is singular that, while Christians publish many defenses of Christianity,
1830 they are perpetually charged with infidelity — this allegation being made against some of the Protestant sects, by the others, constantly, and usually on the question of Scriptural infallibility.

Now the Scriptures do not contain the actual communication made to the
1830 minds that were inspired from above; but they are a declaration of those things which were most surely believed among them. The distinction is important; and, unfortunately, derives some consequence because of the earnestness with which it is opposed. The communication was divine; the record was human. The inspired penmen wrote in conformity with the philosophy of their respective eras — in conformity, therefore, with some portions of natural science that were false. How else can you explain the Mosaic theory of the solar system?

The theory of the infallibility of the Bible is unnecessary to the validity and
1830 sufficiency of its message. Shall a man say he will not walk by the light of the sun because it comes to him through so earthly and fallible a medium as the atmosphere? What particular truth in the Bible requires an 'infallible' style, or a supernatural influence for its communication? We thus free the Scriptures from supporting a reputation to which they nowhere lay claim — of being in every particular perfect and infallible compositions.

JURLDEEN

BY MARGARET LYNN

I

JURLDEEN'S mother was doing for me that season when I sprained my ankle. 'Doing' she did not use in any pugilistic sense, I am glad to say. In her phrase it indicated the whole congeries of performances which a woman who 'comes in' may offer by way of ministry — sweeping and shaking (transitive) and oil-mopping and dutch-cleansing and low dusting and high dusting and far more than you would think could go into a word so soon spoken. At least she had engaged to do all this, but the most of it was always to be done the next week. I am not a good director of labor. There was, I confess, a kind of slackness, a detachment, in our relations. But now, as a halt and chair-fast person, I seemed for the first time to be worthy of definite and fixed attention from Jurldeen's mother. Leaning on the dust mop which I had often asked her to use more thoroughly, she considered my case, anecdotally, hortatorily, and at last futuristically.

'I guess you need somebody t' roustabout fur you.'

I guessed so too. I was certain of it.

'I reckon you c'd have one of the girls.' 'The girls' evidently meant her own. I had heard of them in other conversations.

'Seems like you need somebody t' foot round fur you.'

Jurldeen's mother never commits anything so daring, so glaringly positive, as explicit predication. 'Seems like' is almost the only finite verb she knows.

I considered. She enumerated.

'They's Gen'veeve and Jurldeen and Gladys and G'zelle. They's all a goin' size. Gen'veeve she's fannin' old Mis' Shaw nowadays and gettin' her drinks. She's mighty bad. But seems like the rest's foot-loose.'

'They all begin with *G.*' That seemed really obvious to any person as literate as Jurldeen's mother and I, but I was postponing the word which would commit me to an engagement.

'Yes, seems like. Their pa's name's Gassoway.'

'Are n't there any boys?'

'No, seems like.' Jurldeen's mother described a sudden arc with her mop, to obliterate a triangular dusty island her curvilinear brushings had omitted, and returned to position. 'I got Glory, too, and Gemeline — fur her aunt Emeline.' She dashed the mop under a table, where a gray arc-enclosed quadrilateral had hidden. 'Seems like I'd ought to call the baby Gassoway even if she is a girl. If she's the last. I guess I'll wait and see. I'd thought of Joy, but seems like you got to spell it with a *J* instead of a *G.*'

'What do you call her now?'

'Babe. We call 'em all Babe until we get 'em named. Seems like it took a good while sometimes, after Gladys. Sometimes we had two Babes to oncet. Gen'veeve and Jurldeen and Gladys was easy. That's the way I got

started, and then it seemed like I'd ought to keep it up. Their pa might 'a' felt bad. He's kind-a sensitive anyway about Gassoway. But I always said if I could n't give my children anything else I'd give 'em names to be proud of, no matter how much trouble it was. I was named Mary myself and I like to never got over it.' She paused on that, droopingly, leaning on her mop handle like a Mourning Athena. 'And then you've got t' have a name that'll be a mouthful when you holler fur 'em to come home. Some names that sound all right is just a squeak when you yell 'em.'

I considered unthought-of burdens in life. Beside the responsibility of pleasing seven daughters with names, and names which could be shouted to the street, a sprained ankle and delayed work seemed a light thing.

But Jurldeen's mother left me brief space for thinking. 'I'll send Jurldeen and G'zelle up and you c'n take your pick.'

I was glad she did n't propose to send Gladys too. To choose from three would have been overwhelming. And G'zelle — I never had nursed a dear Gazelle. What if, when she learned to know me well, she refused to do for me!

'I think one will be enough,' I said, and tried to think of a way to say that one would be too many.

But — 'I'll send Jurldeen. She's the spryest,' said Jurldeen's mother.

II

And thus I won my Geraldine, my footmaiden; though it was not until I tried to say 'Jurldeen' myself that I discovered its vestigial state. Geraldine emerged syllabically from Jurldeen.

'I'll call you Jerry,' I said. Jurldeen stood before me and we looked at each other. She went through a convulsive movement arising from her feet. I have seen boys scratch one foot with the other, but Jurldeen could apparently scratch each foot with the other coincidently.

'Ma don't like no short'nin' of names,' she said. 'She says if she 'd 'a' wanted us to have short names she'd 'a' give us short names.' Jurldeen made a dash and picked up a pencil from one side of my chair and a handkerchief from the other and placed them on my lap. Then she returned to position and again applied friction to her feet.

'Jerry would be just a kind of — friendly name,' I pleaded.

She was firm. 'I ain't never been called no Jerry,' she repeated.

I sighed. 'Well then, Gerald — ' I could n't do it. 'Jurldeen, what can you do?'

'I c'n speak a piece,' said Jurldeen.

It was enough to bring pause to anyone. She had seemed all vibration and readiness before, like an india-rubber string of which you are pulling both ends. Now she became animation directed, as if a spring had been released within her. She waited for orders, one foot in the stirrup. I had intended to tell her to wipe up the tiles in the hearth, and for myself I had an idea on the tip of my pencil, right between pencil and paper, in fact. But, 'I c'n speak a piece,' said Jurldeen, all abroach with elocution.

'Very well,' I said temperately. There were more ideas where that one had come from. I knew, alas, that there were more where it had gone. Perhaps this was the best way after all to inaugurate a domestic relation — by letting the domestic express herself.

'There ain't no motions in this.' Jurldeen vibrated convulsively upward and abruptly broke into rhythm, her words fitting as solidly together as bricks in plaster. She spoke in a very

deep, deep voice. 'Miss I'll give you a paper of pins and that's the way our love begins if you will marry me me me if you will marry me.'

Jurldeen breathed, changed the position of her feet, and feminized her voice. 'I won't excep' your paper of pins if that's the way your love begins and I won't marry you you you and I won't marry you.'

With increasing enthusiasm Jurldeen brought up the lover's offer of dress of red bound all round with golden thread and his dress of blue bound all round with silver too, and let the lady scorn them. It really was an admirable recitation because there was no reason why it should ever stop while Jurldeen could speak or I could listen. I think it was with reluctance that she finally allowed him to offer the key to his chest and the lady agreed to marry him him him and the tale ended. She paused for applause.

'I c'n say it again with motions,' she suggested modestly.

I postponed performance and mentioned the hearthstones. Jurldeen was disappointed. 'Ma said you needed spiritin' up. She said you just set and wrote and wrote.' She dispatched the tiles with a rapidity she had never learned from her mother and returned to the fundamental business of spiritin'.

'I c'n sing that piece too,' she made offer and avoided objection by opening at once, in a tune which showed the original ballad air sadly damaged by association with Gospel Hymns. Jurldeen threw back her head, closed her eyes, and shouted out the old dialogue with more than gusto. Tradition was naught to her in melody.

I hesitated to bring in a hint regarding front steps after this, but it must be done. Jurldeen reluctantly disappeared, broom on shoulder. I clutched the tail of an idea from the air and led it firmly paperward. Midway of the sentence I looked up and Jurldeen was standing before me. 'I swep' the stoop,' she said. 'I know a dance,' she said. 'I know a Maypole dance.' She looked about. 'I c'd tie a string to the chandelier and do it.'

There was something so firm and conscientious about Jurldeen that, though I was but one of one instead of one of three, I could only submit. I could have beaten my breast. But Jurldeen had already mounted a chair, taken a string — this was too evidently premeditated — from her pocket, tied it to a pendant from a light fixture, and taken her position.

'One, two, three, four,' she chanted. 'One, two, three, four,' and was off. An imaginary pole was in the centre, from which she kept her distance, a ribbon-wound pole. Imaginary gay dancers threaded in and out with her and she lightly intertwined her bright ribbon — a pink one, surely — with theirs. Hand on hip she swung herself featly through the steps, some bright ideal in her eye. Someone, for her, stepped airily, debonairly, through these mazes. Why might it not be she?

One could not but give a responding sparkle. Jurldeen bowed to right and left and, whirling graciously, to left and right behind her. Then without pause she led the end of her string over and secured it behind a picture. 'I might want it again,' she announced.

I rushed at the opening. There was one art more. What if she should wish to draw my picture! 'Jurldeen,' I said quickly and very very firmly, 'get a duster and dust all the books on those shelves at the far end of the room.'

Jurldeen reluctantly moved over to examine the shelves. 'They ain't dirty,' she pronounced.

'Yes,' I insisted, 'they are very dusty.'

'It's only on top and it don't show none.' I knew guiltily how long dust had sometimes remained on the unseen tops of books. But I continued to be firm and Jurldeen went for a duster.

She returned with a glass of water. 'Here's a drink,' she said. I did n't want a drink and I did want to write. But I drank docilely while Jurldeen waited beside me like a clock about to strike.

'Now go to the books, Jurldeen,' I said gently.

Jurldeen slowly took the glass away, but was back in a moment radiating fresh interest. 'Don't you have to take no medicine?' she asked hopefully.

'There is no internal remedy for a sprained ankle, Jurldeen.'

'Mis' Thomas she takes Stop That Pain when she has a misery. She says it makes her a lot pearter no matter where she hurts.'

'But I have n't any Stop That Pain.'

'I c'd go and borrow you some. She lives next door to us.'

'No, Jurldeen. The only thing I need is to have those books dusted. That will help my ankle much.'

Draggingly Jurldeen retired toward the end of the room. I fixed my mind on language and a little on ideas.

Jurldeen was beside me once more. 'I c'd rub your foot,' she said. 'Or would you like to play cat's cradle?'

III

Finally I saw Jurldeen slowly take out a book, wipe it, blow on it, rub her sleeve over it, lay it down. I hoped it would take her hours to do them, well or badly. When I heard her say, 'Guess I'll just straighten 'em up while I'm at it,' I paid little heed, pleased that she was occupied. Silence reigned. The finger of my pencil began to move. I forgot Jurldeen. I almost forgot my foot.

'There!' said Jurldeen explosively, and I looked up from my bemusement. She waved a hand toward her completed work. The pride of deeds well done was in her gesture.

I looked at the shelves. Had I been in a story I should have rubbed my eyes. Certainly I cried, 'What!' Orderly rows of books had once been there, evenly grouped in sets and sizes, arranged with view to content, reasonably disposed as to color. I love the modified but live variegation of an area of mellowed bindings. Only this morning I had noted those shelves and thought that they had something of a Paisley combination, accidental though it was.

'They's different ways to set books,' said Jurldeen. 'You c'n put all one color together or you c'n put all one letter together.'

'Yes,' I said feebly. The top shelf was a solid block of red. Every red book had been torn from its associations and its kind and moved up here with other rednesses. And below these — Jurldeen's method was eclectic.

'They's all by letter like the phone book. It took a good while,' she sighed. 'So's 't you can find anything easy. It's a lot better.'

Prose and verse, ancient and modern, fat and lean, male and female, sense and nonsense, stood together in uneasy literary democracy. Octavo and sixteenmo alternated in prophylactic variety. No two sisters of a set grew side by side. Meredith and Arnold had been torn limb from limb. I could see Austin Dobson moving airily from level to level, jauntily neighboring all kinds and conditions. Even that little handy cyclopædia which I had indulgently allowed to live in literary quarters stood in fragments, illustrating a disrupted alphabet.

'They's more *T*'s than anything else,' said Jurldeen, prolonging the

subject. But she recalled herself and brought me another drink. This time I needed it. On those shelves I could have found any book in the dark.

'Want I should do them other shelves? They look kind of messed.'

'No,' I answered faintly.

'Want to play cat's cradle?' said Jurldeen again. 'If you had a victrola I c'd put on records for you. Mis' Thomas she's got a victrola and some Harry Lauder records.'

'But I have n't a victrola.'

She brought me another drink. 'Want I should read to you? Have you got anything to read?' She looked about for a probable magazine.

'No, thank you. I must write just now. You may take out the drawer of that little table out in the sun room and arrange all the things in it.' That drawer never had been in order and I had never had even a remote purpose that it should ever be. But an original arrangement could not harm it. And the table was out of my sight and hearing. As I heard the drawer slide out of its place I sighed and took a fresh sheet of paper for a new beginning.

Jurldeen appeared bearing the drawer. With a prehensile foot she dragged a chair over beside me, put the drawer on it, and settled on her knees before it. 'I c'n keep you company too,' she said sociably.

I determinedly tossed my mind to great distances. It could be done. Jane Austen and Mrs. Stowe — what had they done amid family sounds! And Mrs. Meynell with her 'avalanche of children tumbling down the stairs.'

'My, you got lots of things,' said Jurldeen, her hands plunged into the mass of hoardings before her — a collection which by no means spoke well for my economy or my sense of order. 'I bet you would n't give any of them away. Ain't that pretty! What'd it come off?' She held a piece of one-time trimming between me and my paper.

'You may have it,' I said, waving it away.

'Gee!' said Jurldeen gratefully. 'My, you got lots of cute things! What's this?' She dangled something else under my eye.

'You may have it,' I murmured.

'Gee! I'm sure glad I'm doing this. What'n a thing's that?'

IV

An inspiration rose out of my despair. Why not do a bit of good in the world? Was not the great cause of education also mine?

'Don't say "sure glad," Jurldeen. Say, "I am certainly glad."'

Jurldeen blinked at me amazedly.

'Would n't you like to speak correctly?' I pursued insinuatingly.

'Like you do, you mean?' said Jurldeen, unflatteringly dubious.

'Or like persons who speak better,' I answered modestly.

'What good'd it do?' demanded Jurldeen.

What good *would* it do? I should have prepared myself before opening the subject. 'When you grow up you will wish to speak correctly,' — I doubted it, — 'and the time to learn is when you are little.'

'I guess I ain't got no time to learn.' She went and got me another drink. I accepted it, but, the sense of duty having taken hold of me, I was not to be diverted.

'You should not say "ain't," Jurldeen. And you used "got" out of place. You meant to say, "I think I have n't time to learn."'

'No, I did n't,' said Jurldeen.

'Well, say it anyway.' I was growing a little testy.

She repeated her transformed speech, but with no pleasure in it. She

promptly added, 'Say, you got lots of beads, all broke.'

'"All broken." And you said "got" again.'

'Aw ri'.' Jurldeen had a certain patience with childishness. 'What 'n a thing's that?'

'Not "what'n." That is n't a word. "What kind of?"'

'Wat kin' o'! Gee, it must take a lot o' your time thinkin' how to say things!' She was not without compassion.

'Sometimes it does.' I looked sadly at the misshaped phrases I had been struggling with.

'I don' hafto talk nicey-nice. I just talk the way I wanno.'

'But it sounds better,' I pleaded.

'"T ain't no better to me,' airily. 'C'n I have this scrap?'

'No, I need that. You don't mean "'t ain't." You mean to say "it is n't."'

'No, I don't. I don' see no differnce.' Jurldeen was growing unmistakably pert. 'Say, that's a cute thing. What's it fur?' Gone was the picture of herself as nurse or caretaker. She hung avariciously over scraps and bits and leavings, over little boxes and rolls and cases. A use for each hoarding rose in her mind. Covetousness expanded. 'I c'd make a hat fur G'zelle's doll out o' that.' 'Gee, that's nice lace to have!' She rolled and folded and classified, adding steadily to her own spoils. 'They ain't enough beads here fur a string fur you. C'n I have 'em?'

V

And ever I, armed and armored with grammar, dogged her words. In one half hour we had a whole better-speech week. But that half hour was punctuated steadily with 'C'n I take this?' and the addition of a bit of lace or ornament or ribbon to her growing heap.

The drawer began to take on an aspect of order. I nervously began to wonder what I should suggest next — something remote and silent. I could n't have a Jurldeen picking out the vitals of my time for the whole day. Jurldeen rolled the last bit of ribbon over her agile fingers and held it off for admiration.

'I never seen no sweller ribbon,' she piped. 'C'n I —'

My ears would endure no more. Even my ankle gave an extra twitch at the sound. 'Jurldeen!' uncontrollably. '*Don't* say "I seen"! And don't put in "no" after "never"!'

Jurldeen rose abruptly, but with consummate stateliness, and carried the drawer away. I heard it slam into place and she came back and stood before me. No friction of feet or vibration of spine. With the full force of natural language she addressed me.

'I ain't never heard no such finickin'. I ain't never been took up every which word I said. They ain't no use in bein' so nasty-nice. I guess I ain't goin' to be no school-teacher. I guess anybody that ain't too stuck up c'n tell what I mean aw right enough. I ain't goin' to have nobody puttin' in all the time when I'm talkin'. I guess I ain't no book.'

She went rapidly toward the door, but turned on her heel to come back and gather up her heap of profits and look carefully around to see that she was missing nothing.

'Goo'bye,' she said firmly and conclusively.

And so I lost my Geraldine, foot-maiden briefly mine.

GIANT POWER: AN INTERPRETATION

BY MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE

I

'GIANT power' is not a trick term coined to titillate a jaded public imagination. Like the term 'superpower,' it has definite technical and social implications. Both terms are remarkable in that they express the desire of the promoters of what is rapidly becoming the greatest single industrial enterprise in the country to engage the sympathetic participation of the public in its development. For the electric utilities are known as 'public service' corporations, which means not so much that they serve the public with a peculiar degree of altruism, but that they are peculiarly dependent for their extension and prosperity upon the services which they can induce the public to render to them. Like the railroads, they cannot function without the borrowed use of the sovereign power of the state to condemn property for their rights of way. As franchise holders, they must submit the rates they charge to the regulation of public commissions. The use of streams for the generation of electrical power is an important part of their programme, and for this use they are generally dependent upon state or Federal license. The electrical industry cannot expand and flourish except upon the terms which the public is willing to grant. What those terms shall be is of importance not only to the public but to the industry itself.

As to the paramount importance of establishing right public relations there is no difference of opinion among the outstanding leaders of the electrical industry. Mr. Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of directors of the General Electric Company, made the necessity of improved public relations the main subject of his address before the last annual convention of the National Electric Light Association. A committee of that Association, which is representative of the industry, introduced its recent electric-power survey of the states clustering about Lake Michigan with the observation that the problem of wise planning is not only the technical one of generating and distributing electricity, but also involves study by the economist and questions of publicity; and that 'at the moment publicity holds the greatest interest.' Unfortunately there is not similar agreement as to the fundamentals of the public policy which, in its own long-run interest as well as that of the public, the industry ought to adopt. Among those who proceed on the assumption that the future, certainly the immediate future, of electric utility development is in private rather than in public ownership and operation, there are two main attitudes which embrace technical as well as economic and social divergencies. The policy which is now in the saddle, and which threatens to involve the industry in all the public complications by which the railroads were and still are embarrassed, commonly goes by the name of superpower; the claimant

for preferred consideration is giant power. If the public is to meet its obligations toward the development of an industry which is clearly destined to affect the industrial, agricultural, and domestic life of our times as radically as the steam engine and steam transportation affected the life of our fathers, it must grapple with the divergent public attitudes that these two terms express.

Both terms are now clouded by popular misconception as to the major source of electrical energy. Mention either to the first twenty persons you meet, and nineteen will dilate upon the almost miraculous promise of water power or white coal. They see visions of limitless electricity flowing from Niagara, or Muscle Shoals, or the tides of Fundy. Yet only about twenty per cent of the total installed electric power in the United States is water power. In the great industrial section of the country, the Atlantic and New England states, only eleven per cent is hydroelectricity. Seventy per cent of the potential water power of the country is in the Rocky Mountains and the states west of them. Steinmetz calculated that the maximum energy that could possibly be extracted from this source would be but slightly greater than that now produced from coal, and that 'if all the potential water powers of the country were now developed, and every raindrop used, it would not support our present energy demand.' It is of great economic importance that we should make every practical use of our water powers. As rallying points of the sentiment for public ownership they have great social value in keeping the public alert and private enterprise on its toes. The publicly owned and operated hydroelectric systems of Ontario and Los Angeles, for example, have had a most wholesome influence on both the economic and the public policy of the industry. But the relative importance of water power in the total volume of electrical production is diminishing and must continue to diminish. The first pigmy electric light plant built by Edison on Pearl Street, New York, forty-four years ago used coal; the greatest stations now projected, such as the Crawford Avenue plant of the Commonwealth Edison in Chicago, with its designed capacity of one million horsepower, will have coal-driven generators. Except on the Pacific Coast and in certain provinces of Canada, where coal is scarce or nonexistent and water power relatively abundant, both superpower and giant power look to coal as the major source of electrical energy.

II

What, then, is superpower, what is giant power, and wherein do they differ? The meaning of both terms can be most clearly defined by contrasting the pictures which they call up in the minds of those of us who have had to deal with them in a practical sense.

Superpower evokes a picture of a network of wires interconnecting small or moderate-sized plants, most of them situated in centres of population. First designed for lighting only, these plants served domestic consumers in circumscribed municipal areas. Even within single cities there were often quite independent competing companies. Until after 1900, current was not transmitted economically more than twenty miles. The operating radius of the great majority of electric stations was even less. The electrical map, like a star-finder's chart, was speckled with isolated dots. As generators grew in size, especially after the steam turbine replaced the reciprocating engine, and as the art of high-voltage, long-distance transmission developed, the electrical map began to take

on the likeness of a web. The Southern Sierra Company line from Bishop, California, to San Bernardino, 240 miles over the mountains and through the deserts, was built about 1912 — the longest up to that time. Of course the transition to the web-like structure was well under way before 1917. But it was the war power of the Government that gave decisive impetus to the change, especially as affecting the population and industrial centres of the East.

First in western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio, centres of the steel industry, and then in other manufacturing districts, the Government compelled rival systems to interconnect so that an excess of power in one territory might be made available to meet a shortage elsewhere. To-day, along the Pacific Coast, in New England, throughout the Carolinas, Alabama, and northern Georgia, and in the Middle West, interconnections are making possible the exchange of current over hundreds of miles, in one instance as many as fifteen hundred miles. This does not mean that the same current is sent the entire distance, but only that 'juice' is relayed from station to station. If North Carolina suffers a shortage, the companies there call on South Carolina for current. South Carolina may, in turn, draw upon Georgia, Georgia upon Alabama — not one stream, but a series of interconnected reservoirs. This web, this network of interconnecting wires, superimposed upon originally isolated and as a rule moderate-sized plants situated usually in centres of population, and designed to supply the normal requirements of their respective chartered territories, is the principal physical characteristic of the superpower system.

Giant power, on the other hand, calls up a picture of great generating plants situated, not in cities to which coal must be hauled, but at or near the mouth of the mines, and designed to supply the major requirements of many systems. Now that the art of transmitting electricity has so developed that it is possible to send it more than three hundred miles without appreciable loss, giant power, instead of relying upon the interconnection of relatively small and in some cases antiquated plants, would seek out the places where current can be generated in large volume at the lowest cost and make these the centres of trunk-line transmission systems whose radii would be the maximum economical transmission distance. Its object is regional integration rather than interconnection. It not only costs less but is socially more desirable to transmit electricity on wires than to haul coal on the railroads. Mine-mouth location of generating plants makes possible the use both of low-cost and of low-grade fuel — fuel some of which is too poor in heat units to warrant shipment and much of which to-day is not even brought out of the mine. The bituminous coal fields of Pennsylvania alone are capable of supplying scores of times the power of Niagara continuously for five hundred to a thousand years. The same is true of the coal fields of West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, and Illinois.

The statement is frequently made that the streams in the mining regions are inadequate — hence the seaboard power stations which require that for cooling purposes four hundred tons of water go through the condensers for every ton of coal burned. But in both England and Germany recently large-sized stations have been placed at the mines and operated successfully with a condensing practice which requires a one-hundredth part of the water considered to be essential in this country.

The transition to mine-mouth plants is under way; its completion can be carried out without sacrificing any of

our present facilities. Already the electrical industry is put to it to build additional facilities fast enough to meet the demand. All the large plants recently built in or near our great cities will be needed for peak-load service, even when the largest feasible mine-mouth plants are ready to carry the base load. Mine-mouth generating stations, equipped for the most economical utilization of coal, trunk-line transmission systems covering entire regions within economical transmission distance of these black Niagaras — these are the conspicuous physical characteristics of giant power.

But important as the physical distinctions between superpower and giant power are, they are secondary to the divergent social implications of the two terms. Even the most ardent devotees of the superpower tradition are beginning to admit that mine-mouth stations are the inevitable next step, and interest in low-temperature processing of coal for the recovery of the valuable by-products in connection with generating stations, of which I shall have more to say presently, is growing. But the superpower promoters, like the earlier speculative promoters of our railroads, are permitting their public relations to be snarled up and vitiated by their desire to squeeze the last penny out of antiquated equipment and to capitalize the special privileges accruing to them as the result of the primitive state of the electrical art when their original franchises were obtained.

State regulation of electrical utilities began during the infancy of the industry, when installation costs per unit of power were high and when, because of the narrow range of transmission, the financial security of each new venture depended upon a virtual monopoly of the market covered by the franchise. To encourage the industry, state commissions at first regulated competition between companies occupying the same territory, then discouraged competition, and finally prohibited it entirely. Each electric utility company to-day has exclusive charter or franchise rights within its assigned territory whether it gives service or not. No other company may generate or distribute electricity within this legally preëmpted domain. If the chartered company produces more current than its monopolized market can use, it may export it, by interconnection with some other company, into another monopolized market, but the export price is usually fixed so high as to discourage buying and to put pressure on each company to provide within its own territory sufficient capacity to meet its own normal requirements.

Thus the superpower idea of interconnection deprives the consumer of the economies of large-scale production by restricting each company to the lowest generating costs compatible with the limited equipment required by a given territory, as contrasted with the giant-power idea of integration which seeks the best locations for large-scale modern installations wherever they may be found and the unrestricted carrying of current in large volume to whatever markets have need of it.

The existing franchise situation invites speculative mergers and stock watering, again to the injury of the consumer, and, because of the resentment it provokes, to the ultimate injury of the industry. Each chartered territory takes on an inflated value as a pawn in the game of mergers, entirely distinct from its value as a market for electrical service. In the battle now going on between various electrical utility interests, bits of territory are picked up here and there with a view to blocking rivals and to increasing the size of the slice when the merger stock melons are cut.

The Giant Power Board transmitted to the 1926 special session of the Pennsylvania Legislature a study on the appreciation in the common stocks of ten electric holding companies. Comparing the 1920 high market value of these stocks with what they had become at the high point in 1925, a total value of approximately $150,000,000 in five years had changed to nearly $600,000,000, with an average gross appreciation of nearly 300 per cent. One of the companies included had increased in market value over 10,000 per cent. Thus men have come to look for profits, not so much from normal enterprise and conservative development, as from quick killings through speculative stock issues based upon the 'anticipated' earnings of the merged companies. As in the early history of the railroads, speculative manipulation of local franchise or charter privileges piles up burdens on the new industry, delays the cheapening of rates upon which the elimination of drudgery from the home and the farm depends, and needlessly engenders an adverse public opinion which even to-day constitutes the most serious drag upon the free extension of electrical service. It was no doubt recognition of this fact that led Mr. Owen D. Young to say that 'improved engineering, and courage to take the road, are needed now more in the social than in the physical sciences.'

For the public is right in thinking that this exploitation of vested rights through interconnections and mergers has developed and maintained a rate structure that discriminates with gross unfairness against the domestic consumer. To understand the present incredible rate situation one must remember that originally the electrical industry was an electric light industry pure and simple, with almost no market for current except after nightfall. This meant that the costly plant could be operated a few hours only in the twenty-four and that rates had to be correspondingly high. With the discovery that current used for light could also be advantageously used for heat and power, there began a struggle to drive the steam engine out of the individual factory or mine and to replace it with central station electricity. As a war measure, electric utility companies quoted low rates to industry, sometimes below cost. The conquest of industry by electricity has come so rapidly that the peak of demand for current now occurs, not 'after supper,' but around ten o'clock in the morning. The electric light industry has become an electric power industry. But the domestic consumer has largely paid the price of victory. Domestic rates are still based on the obsolete theory that electric power plants exist primarily to supply current for light, whereas the fact is that if all domestic consumers went back to candles or kerosene all of the large companies would still have to maintain their present plant capacities to supply the industrial and commercial demand. In Pennsylvania only 6 per cent of the current generated is used in domestic service, and yet it yields 20 per cent of the earnings of the companies, whereas the wholesale power customers use 70 per cent of all the current generated and yield only 40 per cent of the earnings. The result is that in the domestic use of electricity for cooking and heating, and in the electrical equipment of our farms, we, the pioneers in electrical invention, are a backward nation.

III

On the social side, then, superpower symbolizes interconnection, the merging of properties with more than ample opportunity for watering stock, the

generation of current at numerous legally isolated and monopolized locations, not necessarily the most advantageous for economical production, the promotion of the industry by those who live upon it and want a minimum of outside interference or public regulation. In a word, superpower interprets the term 'public service corporation' as meaning an enterprise which the public should regard it a blessing to serve.

Giant power approaches the existing situation from the other end — not, I must repeat, because it is inspired by purely altruistic motives, but because it believes that in the long run it will be to the advantage of the industry as well as that of the public to have the traditional attitude reversed. Its first thought is for the small consumer, not only because the small consumers are in a political majority, but also because, as the experience of the telephone companies has demonstrated, the more numerous the small consumers, the steadier the demand — the less the effect of business depressions upon the solvency of the business. At this date, less than 12 per cent of the area of Pennsylvania, for example, is served with electricity. Fully 20 per cent of the population of Pennsylvania is without even access to electric service. Only 3 per cent of the farms in the United States are electrically equipped, and even in Pennsylvania, the largest mechanical power-producing state, less than 10 per cent of the farms have electricity. Yet the time is at hand when the demand for electrical service will be as universal and insistent as the present demand for the telephone.

Under the recent electrical dispensation, the industry has clung to the centres of population, skimming the cream of the business, encouraging the further congestion rather than the decentralization of population. With a view to a balanced development of community life and as furnishing the widest basis for the development of the industry, giant power would penetrate even sparsely populated territory if of a character adapted to the building of homes and inviting to industrial or agricultural enterprise.

Our studies prove conclusively that widespread rural electrification is inevitable and has already become economically feasible. This is now so apparent that leaders of the electrical industry, such as Owen D. Young and Samuel Insull, president of the Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago, are urging the industry to meet this new responsibility. Mr. Young points out that only a few years ago, and even in urban communities, the companies were in the habit of 'picking and choosing' their customers. Now, of course, everybody who lives in an urban area is looked upon as a prospective customer. Mr. Young rightly holds that a company that accepts an exclusive franchise for a given rural district by that token also accepts the responsibility for making service available for those who live within that district. In Sweden it was discovered that, so long as the companies used the same policy of picking and choosing, rural electrification was unprofitable. After the war it became necessary to find an outlet for the capacity of large plants built to make munitions. As one means of accomplishing this end, rural electrification was taken up in earnest and district after district was completely equipped, until now over 40 per cent of the tillable area of Sweden is provided with electrical service. In Pennsylvania approximately 15,000 out of 200,000 farms are electrically equipped, and half of these make their own current. It is estimated that half the farms of Pennsylvania can be reached with an expenditure of

approximately forty million dollars. If this programme should be undertaken over a period of ten years the annual capital expenditure would represent only about 3 per cent of the current capital expenditures of the Pennsylvania electric service companies. Unlike urban residential consumers, most farmers are potential power-users. Agriculture stands almost at the top of power-using industries. Just how far we can go in substituting electrical for human and animal and wind power on the farm cannot even be estimated until the use of power on the farm has grown to the point where it affords a sufficient incentive to engage the interest of inventors of equipment.

In the Muscle Shoals hearings before the Senate Committee on Agriculture, over one hundred different uses for electricity on the farm were listed. It is the general experience that the first use of electricity on the farm is for lighting, and the next for pumping water. Then almost invariably follow the inside bathroom and the septic tank. Cutting silage, grinding feed, and milking are the most frequent uses for electricity in the barn. If, as now seems likely, forage crops are to be dried artificially, electricity will be needed to drive the blowers and grinders in the driers and rural electrification will receive a great impetus.

It is beginning to dawn on the leaders of women throughout the world that electricity can be made available to lighten the burden of housekeeping to a far greater extent than current rates permit. Drudgery has largely disappeared from the lives of men, simply because their work takes them into industry, where mechanical and electrical power have almost entirely supplanted heavy manual labor. But drudgery is still the portion of womankind the world over. While it is difficult to say just when and how electricity will have conquered drudgery in the home, as to the end result we can speak with assurance. A canvass of 750,000 domestic consumers in Pennsylvania shows that the average use of electricity is only 390 kilowatt hours a year, a kilowatt hour being that quantity of electricity consumed by the common twenty-five-kilowatt electric bulb burning for 40 hours. The industry's present estimate of the average annual use of 14,500,000 residential customers throughout the United States is 360 kilowatt hours. The possibility of the increase in the use of electricity in the home is suggested by the fact that in Hartford, Connecticut, several residential customers use more than sixty times this Pennsylvania and national average.

Cooking, refrigeration, cleaning, washing, and many other minor household operations are easily economical at current rates. About heating with electricity it is not so easy to speak positively. To depend solely upon electricity for heat is prohibitive as to cost and, theoretically at least, not good economics. However, there is already a growing use for electrical heating devices at the beginning and end of the heating season, and even in cold weather for supplemental heating of parts of the house. In territories served by water power, where during the winter months there is an excess of current, complete electrical house heating has already been practised.

One of the most interesting recent illustrations of the possibilities of the domestic use of electricity is 'The All-Electric House,' built by S. Parker Smith, D.Sc., a professor in the Royal Technical College in Glasgow, Scotland. This ten-room house was built without chimneys, using electricity for heating, ventilating, refrigerating, cooking, washing, heating water, and other minor uses with which we are

more familiar. At the rate charged by the Glasgow municipal plant, the whole cost per year was $211, at an average rate of 1.3 cents per kilowatt hour. The average monthly use was 1362 kilowatt hours, about forty-five times our American national average. The relative quantities of the current used each day for the several principal purposes were as follows: —

Water heating	20	kilowatt hours
House heating	16	" "
Cooking	7½	" "
Lighting	1½	" "

The cost per person per day for each of these purposes was: —

Water heating	3	cents
House heating	4	"
Cooking	2	"
Lighting	½	"

As illustrating how this whole problem may be affected by future development, Professor Smith has equipped his water-heating circuit with a timing device which shifts meters and thus secures from the company an exceptionally low rate for current used during the night. With this night current he brings the cold water to a certain temperature and then superheats it at the time of use, whether this be on the day or the night rate.

In one of the supplements to the Giant Power Survey Report, data assembled from a good many different points in this country and Canada seem conclusively to prove the proposition that the rate is the principal element in determining how much current is used. A specific illustration is afforded by our experience in Pennsylvania, where in the city of Pittsburgh, with an average household rate of 5½ cents per kilowatt hour, an average of 620 kilowatt hours per year is used, as contrasted with 390, the state's average, for which the charge is 8½ cents.

'The intimate relationship between rates and use of energy by residential customers,' said Samuel Insull recently, 'is reflected in a residential survey of 226 central station companies, serving about 6,500,000 customers in a population of a little over 27,000,000.

'For the fifteen companies having the highest rates, which ranged from 13.1 to 18 cents per kilowatt hour, there was an average residential consumption of only 194 kilowatt hours per customer per annum. Twenty-seven companies whose rates were 7.1 to 8 cents per kilowatt hour had an average residential consumption of 339 kilowatt hours per customer per annum. So it went through the 226 companies; as the rate went down, the residential consumption increased until it reached an average of 1171 kilowatt hours per customer per annum for three companies having rates ranging from one to three cents per kilowatt hour.

'The companies with materially lower residential rates had the better balance sheets, better public relations, and altogether were in a healthier condition.'

IV

This increase in the quantity of current used by the average consumer as the rate goes down is vital to the socialization of electricity. With the present over-all cost of current at the outgoing switchboard of a modern coal-burning station not more than six mills per kilowatt hour, it is obvious that the direct influence of further reductions in the cost of producing the current itself would be almost negligible on a rate of ten cents per kilowatt hour. Increased consumption, however, will reduce almost all other costs in direct proportion. If costs other than for the current itself are fixed, — such as, for example, the cost of getting the current from the station to the point of use, — then an

increased average use from 339 kilowatt hours a year to 678 would reduce such costs 50 per cent. With the resulting reduction in rates, the effect of any lowering in the cost of current becomes increasingly appreciable.

The present domestic rates bear no relation to the cost of the service. In fact, the service companies of Pennsylvania are on record as saying they have no means of determining the cost of any given class of service. Rates are based on 'competitive conditions,' 'commercial considerations,' 'business judgment born of long experience,' and 'the psychological attitude of the public.' These appear to be the modern equivalent of 'all the traffic will bear.'

It may be argued that domestic rates are subject to the approval of the several state public service commissions and to regulation by them. But this is only theoretically so, because practically every public service commission assumes the attitude of a court and decides issues in the main as they are raised by the two contending parties. Of course no individual domestic consumer can afford the expense of a rate contest. Even where some public official, such as the city solicitor, represents a group of domestic consumers, the public side is at such a disadvantage in the matter of expert witnesses and otherwise that cases must almost necessarily be decided in favor of the company, in view of the mere weight or volume of the testimony as contrasted with the equities involved.

The government policy of regulating these quasi-public enterprises was first applied by individual states to the steam railroads; and gradually, through Federal legislation supplemented by court decisions, this control of steam railroads has passed to the Interstate Commerce Commission, a strictly Federal agency. This transition has been facilitated by the creation of large railroad systems, which extend through so many states as to make effective state regulation unworkable. But Congress, except in its passage of the Federal Water Power Act, has taken no action in regard to the regulation of electric utilities. The Water Power Act provides that water power companies acting under Federal licenses are to be regulated by the public service commission of the state in which they operate, and that whenever current from a licensed water power project enters into interstate commerce, regulation is to be effected by agreement between the commissions of the states concerned, or, failing that, by the Federal Power Commission. But, as to power generated from coal, all our legislation has been drafted on the theory that electric companies are intrastate undertakings.

But with the era of interconnection and lengthening of the economical transmission distance, this has ceased to be true. An increasing percentage—and in some parts of the country a very considerable percentage — of the generated current passes over state borders on its way to the point of use, becomes interstate commerce, ceases to be subject to state regulation, and will remain virtually unregulated until such time as Congress sees fit to act.

Because of this absence of control over interstate traffic in electricity, the giant-power proposals include a plan for compacts or treaties between Pennsylvania and the neighboring states as provided for by the United States Constitution. When approved by the Congress, such compacts will give full authority to regulate to any other agency which the contracting states may mutually set up. Because the Congress has the right to withdraw this authority whenever it so elects, it is believed that there should be no special difficulty in securing Congressional

approval. This appears to be the most direct route by which effective control over interstate electric traffic, now almost nonexistent, can be attained. As a stop-gap measure only, we further suggest an amendment to the Water Power Act giving the Federal Power Commission the right to regulate coal-generated electricity where the several state commissions are without power to do so, or where, having the power, they fail to agree.

But regulation can hardly have more than a superficial effect upon the free use of electricity by the small consumer, whether on the farm, in the village, or in the large cities, unless current can be made abundant and cheap. To effect this, stations in the mining regions of 650,000 horsepower minimum capacity are the essential next step. Such stations will be the base-load generators, not only for industrial, agricultural, and domestic service, but also for the electrification of the railroads. The giant-power programme sees railroad electrification as an integral part of community electrification. For the railroads to build their own power stations would be to repeat the wasteful procedure which factories and mines are rapidly abandoning because of the superior efficiency of large central public service plants.

A further essential to cheap current is the establishment in connection with the mine-mouth plants of by-product coke ovens for the recovery of the ammonium sulphate, gas, tar, and oils that are now wasted in smoke. More than four thousand commercial products are already derived from the pretreatment of coal, ranging all the way from medicines and perfumes to fertilizers and motor fuels. Expert opinion suggests that gas engines of the future, automobile and airplane engines, must largely depend for fuel upon the oils to be extracted from bituminous coal.

Even without recovering the by-products, the over-all cost of generating current at mine-mouth plants in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, including capital charges, administration expense, taxes, and so forth, is to-day below six mills per kilowatt hour with coal at $3.00 per ton. As a result of technical development of many kinds, the cost trend is still downward. The cost of coal accounts for approximately 40 per cent of this total. Competent authorities estimate that the sale price of the by-products less the cost of their recovery may easily amount to more than the whole present fuel bill. Giant power, of course, counts on further economies growing out of the integration of electrical generation and distribution over wide areas, raising what is technically known in the industry as the 'capacity factor' or the percentage of use of the available equipment. Therefore it would appear that the production cost of electricity, while at present low, is to go to markedly lower levels in the very near future.

The transition from superpower to giant power is already under way. Whether this transition can be effected without enormous wastage and to the full advantage of the consumer is a question yet to be answered. Certainly, until the public understands the problem, adequate safeguards and sufficient incentives will not be forthcoming.

While water is not free in the sense that it costs nothing, or so cheap as not to be worth metering, it is free in the sense that even the poorest can enjoy it without stint. In this sense we believe electricity is soon to be made so free that its blessings will become the common property of all the people. Therefore cheap and widely distributed electricity should be the background of all our planning — for the farmers, for industry, and for the home.

AMERICANS WANTED

RUSSIA'S BID FOR CAPITAL AND ENTERPRISE

BY WILLIAM STIX WASSERMAN

I

ECONOMICALLY speaking, the world to-day is out of balance. The Great War and the period of reconstruction have created a condition of too much and too little. The United States, with over half the available gold supply, has a plethora of capital, which is constantly on the increase. Wall Street has become the world's banker, loaning to nations first according to their ability to repay and then according to their needs. In spite of vast amounts already given, the surplus of capital still exists, a fact evinced by the cheapness of money in both the New York and the London market. Further avenues of investment must be found. Russia, with a population of 145 millions, with a territory comprising one seventh of the earth's area, with every conceivable natural resource, offers under certain conditions a market of immense potentialities to American capital.

So much unreliable propaganda pro and con has been published concerning Russia that for the purpose of obtaining first-hand knowledge I spent some months there making a survey of economic and social conditions.

One needs but visit Russia to-day to know immediately both the great need and the intense desire on the part of the entire country for foreign capital and foreign technical brains. Wherever I went, at the Foreign Office, at the banks, in the factories, even in the peasant coöperative stores, the cry was 'We are poor — so poor. We must have American capital. We want American business brains over here.' Litvinoff, acting Minister for Foreign Affairs, candidly admitted to me, 'We have reached a point in our economic development where foreign capital is essential to our welfare. For the sake of obtaining it we are prepared to satisfy the American demands — namely, to abstain from official propaganda, to make reparation for American property nationalized during the Revolution, and to pay the Kerensky loan. Of course, there will be counter claims for damages, and so forth, wrought at Archangel by the American army of occupation. By promising to abstain from propaganda the Soviet Government simply guarantees that none of its agents — consular, diplomatic, and so forth — will take part in any propaganda movement. As to the propaganda work of the Third International and American Communists the Soviet Government cannot and will not make any promises.' Sheiman, head of the State Bank, — the institution responsible for the issue of currency, and the very hub of the Soviet banking system, — remarked to me: 'We must have American capital here.

We are willing to pay a high price, a very high price, to get it. Credit needed for the financing of importations, if the collateral is in the form of machinery, such as tractors, or in raw materials, like cotton, is comparatively easy for us to obtain. This merchandise, being shipped in foreign bottoms, is actually controlled by the shipper until arrival at a Russian port. Last year, on cotton purchases alone, credits of over $30,000,000 were extended. Every bill was met absolutely promptly by us. What we need and must have is clean credit for financing the development of our own resources.'

One of the recent short-term state loans issued is paying over 17 per cent interest, 1 per cent per month and 5 per cent lottery. Coöperatives, when they can borrow, pay a minimum of 18 per cent. Individuals are charged to and beyond 6 per cent per month, often 100 per cent per annum.

One outstanding fact: it was always American capital, American engineers, wanted! American capital because the Russian people feel the United States has no political axe to grind near their borders, no warships to send to Batum at a pin point's provocation; American engineers because American business methods are regarded as the acme of all that is desirable throughout Russia to-day. Ford tractors, quantity production, American efficiency — these are the gods of every factory worker and peasant, and the secret idols of every Communist.

In loaning to a foreign nation, stability of government is just as important a factor as the development of natural resources for the creation of the trade balance necessary to meet interest charges. An unstable government is often the forerunner of economic chaos. That there is not the slightest possibility of counter-revolution, that the present government of Russia is absolutely stable and in time of trouble would be upheld by the vast majority of the population, is the only subject upon which I found a unanimous opinion. The fountainhead of power to day in Russia is the Communist Party. While bitter disagreements have often tended to disorganize the party internally, at the first show of external opposition the party would come together as a single man. Already distinct changes in policy have occurred, the most important being the New Economic Policy in 1921, which abolished 'Communism,' an absolute failure in practice, and established in its place a system of state capitalism, making the coöperative store and the State Trust the basic economic units, which are operated individually and on the principle of profit in management just as our own great trusts are operated, except that they lack the stimulus of private gain and of competition. At the present time the Communist Party contains about 700,000 members, upon whom, owing to drastic periodical purges, the Government can absolutely rely, and who in a sense form the shock troops of the entire system. It must be remembered that to the members of the governing body of the Communist Party, the Politburo, the most important governmental posts are given.

The most important fact is that every organized force to-day in Russia is either a part of the Government or strongly pro-Government. The Red Army is heart and soul behind the Government. Its personnel, with the exception of a few old-line officers, all of whom have been tried in time of stress and are carefully watched, is made up entirely of workers and peasants, for the carrying of arms in Russia is at present a privilege restricted to manual workers. The class issue of the Revolution, instinctively

appealing to them, is constantly stressed by a most intense propaganda. Furthermore, great care is taken that the men of the army are well fed and well clothed, and that they have sufficient recreation. Each soldier is given an elementary education and is taught a trade. Coupled with the educational work is the vastest propaganda I have ever witnessed. The newspapers, the bookshops, the theatres — every public approach to the mind and feelings, with the exception of the Church, which, though tolerated, has had its wings clipped by the nationalization of its property and a hostile propaganda, is controlled by the Communists and used as an agency for spreading their ideas. Every army camp, factory, hospital, club, or school has its Lenin shrine, a corner devoted to portraying the life and teachings of the master.

Naturally many of the children of the city and village are pro-Communist, members of the Young Pioneers, the Young Communists, and so forth. Freedom of speech and of thought, as we know it in America, is not even considered to-day in Russia. The Government justifies its action by stating that the minds of the vast majority of Russian people are to-day in an evolutionary state; that the purpose of the Government is to wed these minds to an ideal — Communism; that by eliminating all opposition it is easier to carry through this programme. At all events, the mixture of good living and constant propaganda has created an army that is solidly behind the present Government.

The only other organized force to-day in Russia is the industrial workers. That they should be pro-Government should occasion no surprise when one remembers that it was the workers who organized the Revolution, and that some form of socialism was their goal. To-day in a sense they are the real power of Russia. It is from the trade-unions that the vast majority of government leaders are picked. The workers are favored at every point. They are given more votes and more privileges than any other group, and they have what purports to be a voice in the management of the industry in which they are employed. But concerning the real problems of management — technical, financial, and sales — the workers have relatively little to say. Naturally all these factors have made of the worker a staunch adherent of the present Government.

II

In order to know the peasant point of view I made a journey of 300 versts on horseback through the countryside and spent some time in a peasant village on the Volga with Albert Rhys Williams, who has devoted the past year and a half to an intensive study of the Russian peasant. The division of the old landed estates and the decreasing tax rate have satisfied the peasant to a great extent, although to-day he is complaining bitterly about the high prices which he has to pay for manufactured goods. While in Kvalinsk, I asked the head of the coöperative to give me some data on the increased price in manufactured goods and the peasant reaction. He replied that most manufactured goods which the peasant used had advanced between 200 per cent and 300 per cent in price. Cotton goods, for example, were 130 per cent dearer, clothes 300 per cent, shoes 150 per cent more than 1913 prices. The railroad rates had advanced about 100 per cent. Taxes were slightly lower; the peasant in 1913 got anywhere from sixty kopeks to a ruble for a pood of wheat, and to-day he is getting between a ruble and a ruble, twenty

kopeks a pood. I then asked him how one could expect the peasant to be satisfied with the present Government if he was only getting an advance of about 25 per cent on the prices of his product and must pay between 200 and 300 per cent increase for the necessities that he must buy. He replied very honestly: 'Of course the peasant is dissatisfied, but his dissatisfaction does not begin to compare with that of us Communists. You must remember that the peasant is practically self-supporting; that perhaps only 15 per cent of his budget goes to the purchase of manufactured goods. He raises his own food, furnishes his own transportation, heat, and light; he has his own home and often makes his own clothes. Therefore the increase in manufactured goods has not hit him so hard as it would first appear.'

Another fact to be taken into consideration is that the Government explains its every move to the peasants. In every guberniya, which is equivalent to our state (there are about seventy in the whole country), there is a *yezd* committee (county committee) which delivers the commands of the central guberniya committee to the lower orders of the party (volost or township committees). These in turn send out into the country a vast number of trained speakers, whose duty it is to explain the whys and wherefores of every government order to the peasants — such as the raising or lowering of a tax, for instance.

This organized group of 'Communist orators' in turn reports back the reactions of the village to its central committee, and so forth, and by this system the party leaders are in constant touch with the pulse of the entire countryside. Many a measure which in itself might have produced fierce resentment has with the use of reasoned propaganda been successfully carried through.

I was so fortunate as to come across a conference of the Kvalinsk district soviet presidents in session. Great bearded men, with the mud of the steppe still on their boots, were trying mightily for the first time in their existence to understand the problems of government. They had been called together to consider the best method of repaying the government seed loan made at the time of the famine, and of creating a grain reserve against possible future famines. Even though the crops were ready for cutting and every day was precious, still to a man they had come, some walking forty or fifty versts to attend the meeting. A young Communist presided, eager and intelligent. He was the district president, who before the day was over would report back to the volost president the sentiment of the peasants in his district. The Soviet Government, by wiping out illiteracy and by teaching its peasants to think politically, is sowing seeds for the destruction of its own despotism.

Not only are prices high, but merchandise often is not available. I came on many a coöperative whose shelves were practically bare of many necessities. This situation has caused strife within the party and has brought forth an Opposition that is dissatisfied with the present economic development of the country. The Government — or ruling majority party members — maintains that the economic development of the country must of necessity be slow, and that it must grow out of the profits coming from industry itself. The Opposition demands that for the present a greater tax be levied on the peasant and that the burden of a quicker growth of industry be borne by him. The Opposition also desires more latitude

for foreign concessions, hoping to bring about a speedy economic development by the use of foreign capital. When I speak about the ideas of the Opposition I must add that I am expressing only the ideas of the majority within it. In Russia the Opposition does not present a united front as in America or England. Each member has his own pet ideas and theories, and often they are totally different from those of the other members. The Opposition at present consists of Zinoviev, Lashevitz, Kamenev, Krypskaia (Lenin's widow), Radek, Piatokoff, Rykovsky, and Trotsky — practically the entire group of old-line party and government leaders. Besides being dissatisfied with the economic progress of the Government, the Opposition desires more freedom of expression within the party. The present rule is that, after the majority within the party have voted on a question, the minority not only must acquiesce in the decision, but must actively support it, and forever cease from criticism. Furthermore, the Opposition is allowed little or no public expression.

As far as the Opposition is concerned, the most important point for the American capitalist to know is that it claims that socialism so far has been a disappointment and that the best way to develop the country is with the help of foreign capital. Stalin, in the latter part of August, made a very important statement. He claimed that one half of the budget, or two billion rubles, had been used up in the bureaucratic administrative expenses of industry; furthermore, that in spite of terrifically high prices industry does not show the profit expected. True, the budget of industry shows a balance, — in fact, a slight surplus, — but, and here is the crux of the entire situation, no adequate depreciation charges and only very slight outlays for new machinery have been made. Machines do wear out, and some very quickly; buildings do need repairs, and, unless an adequate depreciation charge is made, what may seem an adequate profit may turn into a very large loss. Russian industry cannot go on indefinitely disregarding basic factors. As Djerzinsky, before his death, pointed out, the cost of bureaucratic domination of industry must be reduced, and unless the Communist Party can find some way of economizing in this direction the progress hoped for cannot be realized, and the people will continue in want.

It should be noted that, although the Opposition has been silenced by the majority within the party, — Kamenev, who incidentally was inefficient, has been deprived of the office of Commissariat for Trade; Lashevitz and Belinski have been prohibited from taking any responsible office for the next two years; Zinoviev has been removed from the Politburo, — still the ideas of the Opposition have often been taken up in time by the party itself. Stalin is secretary of the party and literally the political boss of Russia to-day, having gradually made that position for himself by squeezing, one at a time, his own men into key positions; but although he controls the Politburo of the party, which is the real ruling power of Russia to-day, he is not a man of originality, and in due time he usually adopts some of the ideas of the Opposition and makes use of them. For example, when Trotsky advocated more democracy within the party he was deprived of the chief command of the army and sent down to the Caucasus to think over his action. However, to-day Trotsky's ideas have been adopted by the party as a whole, and the district secretaries, who had been previously appointed, are now elected by the people, as Trotsky desired.

III

The official attitude of the Russian Government toward granting foreigners concessions is best summed up by a pamphlet Lenin wrote concerning the subject in May 1918: —

> Concessions are the simplest case or example of the way in which the Soviet Government directs the development of capitalism into the channel of state capitalism, or how it plans state capitalism. We are now all in agreement that concessions are necessary, but not everyone realizes what is the significance of concessions. What are concessions under the Soviet system, from the point of view of the social economic order and its corelations? They are the agreement, the bloc, the union of the Soviet proletarian state government with state capitalism against petty proprietorship and petty bourgeois elements. The concessionaire is a capitalist who conducts business in a capitalistic manner for the sake of profits. He agrees to contract with the proletarian government for the purpose of obtaining surplus profit or for the sake of obtaining such kinds of raw material as are impossible or extremely difficult to obtain in any other way. The Soviet Government gains, by the development of its productive forces, increase of the quantity of products, and by setting up state capitalism in the form of concessions the Soviet Government strengthens large production as against the small . . . strengthens and regulates state economic relations in counterweight to petty bourgeoisie economic relations. State capitalism in the form of concessions is the simplest, most precise, clear, and accurately definite form of capitalism. . . . Capitalism is an evil in relation to socialism; capitalism is a blessing to mediævalism in relation to petty production. In so far as we are not yet strong enough to realize the direct transition from petty production to socialism, capitalism is to a certain extent inevitable.

To enumerate the concession possibilities in any but a brief way is beyond the limits of this article. In oil alone the resources of the Soviet Union have been estimated to constitute some 680,000,000 barrels, which would make 37.4 per cent of the entire world resources. The Government is publicly advertising that the following fields are open to foreign concessionaires: the Kertch-Taman oil regions in the Crimea, the Kakhetian, the Shirakai, the Chatma, and the Naftaln fields in the Transcaucasian regions, the great Fergana oil regions in the Uzbek Republic, the Oukhta fields in the Archangel Province, the Perihai fields situated in Daghestan on the coast of the Caspian Sea halfway between the Grozni and Baku fields, and the great Emba fields on the northeastern coast of the Caspian. The most important oil regions are the Grozny, Baku, Maikop, and Emba. These are concentrated in the Caucasus and on the north shores of the Caspian Sea and close to the Black Sea, which makes their export extremely convenient. Considering the rapid depletion of the American oil fields, the increasing importance of the Russian oil fields to world industry cannot be overemphasized.

As for mining concessions, there are fields of coal, tin, molybdenum, silver, lead, zinc, iron ore, tungsten, manganese, and gold, all open to the foreign concessionaire. Maps and surveys showing the situation, transportation facilities, estimated amount of ore, and so forth, have been prepared by the Concessions Committee in Moscow, and are readily accessible to the interested foreign capitalist.

The area of the Soviet Union covered with forests constitutes, according to some computations, one third of the world forest area, and, according to others, almost one half. There are no precise data available as to the territory of the U.S.S.R. covered with forests. The estimates fluctuate from 590 million hectares to 800 million.

At the present moment favorable conditions for the industrial exploitation of forests exist chiefly within the boundaries of the European part of the Union. In the area covered with forests in the Far Eastern regions, forty-four different forest areas are offered to the foreign concessionaire, the most important being the areas along the Pacific Coast and the Amur River, on account of transportation facilities.

In this connection it might again be pointed out that the estimated exhaustion of the forest and timber-exporting area for the most part of America will bring to the front the timber trade of the U.S.S.R.

In a letter to me setting forth the possibilities and opportunities for foreign capitalists in the field of industrial development, especially electrical, Yanpolski of the Concessions Committee asked for foreign capital in the form of specific loans for the erection of hydroelectrical stations. He stated that the Government is willing that the equipment for the power stations shall be purchased from American firms, 'in accordance with the advice of the banks on the basis of the loan,' and on condition that the equipment corresponds to the technical plan and its drafts. The assistance and technical supervision of American experts would be welcomed. Yanpolski drew attention particularly to the huge project of the Dnieper Hydroelectric Station, the energy to be used for the erection of ammonium, ferromanganese, and electro-steel factories; to the construction of the Sverdlovski Hydroelectric Station, two hundred kilometres from Leningrad, to supply Leningrad and its industries with electric energy. The capital required for this latter project is forty million rubles, and the capacity is 800,000 kilowatts.

Another form of concession open to the foreign investor is the mixed trading company. The foreign capitalist puts up all the money and receives 50 per cent of the stock of the company. The company usually has a concession monopoly for the export of a specific raw material, such as poultry products, wool, and so forth. However, these concessions play a decidedly minor rôle in the export-import trade of Russia, of which 96 per cent is controlled by the Government.

IV

Of the eighty-eight concessions operating in Russia to-day there are only five or six worthy of note. The foremost are the American Harriman Manganese Concession, with mines at Tchiatura in Georgia, and the Lena gold fields, concentrating the interests of five British firms, who owned in Russia, prior to their nationalization, a number of mining and industrial enterprises in the Urals. A large timber concession has been granted to the German firm, Walldingvatri, and two large agricultural concessions have been granted to the German firms of F. Krupp and Druaid. The Krupp concession covers 25,000 dessiatines in the Don region, and the Druaid concession covers 25,000 dessiatines in the Republic of the Volga Germans.

The Concessions Committee was extremely anxious to bring to the attention of foreign capitalists the Ural Emba oil fields as a concession, because, although these are among the richest of the Russian oil fields in prospective resources, the Russians themselves lack the large capital essential to their successful development. The Emba oil is distinguished by its very high quality, which permits it to be refined into high-grade lubricating oil. The refining has been carried on partly

in Baku, but mostly in Yaroslavl and Nizhni Novgorod.

The entire district is very poor in ways of communication. On one side is the Caspian Sea with its natural primitive harbor, Rakusha, to which the southwestern part of the district gravitates. On the other side the Tashkent railway is adjacent to the northeastern part of the district. The valley of the River Tersakan is just as far away from the railway as from the sea. The southwestern part also suffers from lack of waterways.

In order to subject this district to proper exploitation, it will be necessary, besides equipping and digging the wells, to erect a port in Guriev instead of Rakusha and to equip this port for oil shipment, erecting suitable pipe lines from Guriev into the various fields. From Guriev the oil can be carried by tanks to Baku and thence shipped by rail or pipe line to Batum on the Black Sea. The present six-inch pipe line from Baku to Batum is already heavily overloaded, and it is probable that one of the conditions of the concession would be either the building of a larger line from Baku to Batum or the linking up by pipe line of the Emba fields with Grozny and the construction of a twelve- or sixteen-inch pipe from Grozny to some port on the Black Sea. In the latter event some sections of the Grozny fields would in all probability be allotted to the concessionaire constructing the necessary pipe lines.

On my last day in Moscow I had a farewell interview with Litvinoff, acting Minister for Foreign Affairs and one of the cleverest members of the present régime. At times Litvinoff talks quite freely, having the reputation of being one of the few leaders willing to take the responsibility of a decision on his own shoulders. We had been talking about American recognition, and he again stressed the fact that Soviet Russia was willing to meet the American demands — that they, in the Foreign Office, were eager to send a debt-funding commission, and so forth. We passed on to Grozny, which, along with Baku, ranks as the world's richest oil field.

I had questioned him regarding the possibility of a foreign concessionaire obtaining the field. His reply was: 'We are not considering giving Grozny at the present time. It forms a very great source of revenue for us now and is constantly on the increase. However, our original contract with Sinclair stipulated that he should receive part of Grozny. I think that proposals in which mention is made of foreign credits to this Government might be considered favorably. At all times we should be interested in receiving proposals for the building of a pipe line from Grozny to the Black Sea.'

And then, as if by accident, he added: 'Do you think your connections in America would be interested in obtaining a concession for the Chinese Eastern Railway?'

Strangely enough, I had followed the fortunes of the Chinese Eastern Railway for some months previous, being interested in it as a possible cause of war between Japan and Russia and also as the main connecting link between Japan and her base of supplies in event of war with America; for Japan depends to a large extent on Manchuria for her food supplies, chiefly the soy bean, and is therefore dependent on the Chinese Eastern Railway, which, beside being the short line to the Pacific, connecting with the Trans-Siberian at the Manchurian frontier near Chita and extending across Manchuria almost to Vladivostok, pierces the heart of Manchuria with a branch line running south from Harbin almost to Mukden

itself, from which point the Japanese control the railway lines extending south and east to Port Arthur and through Korea.

The railway is now owned half-and-half by the Chinese and the Russians, with the proviso that the managing director be a Russian. The rolling stock and road bed are in good condition. Last year it was estimated that the road earned approximately twelve million gold rubles, roughly six million dollars.

The 'nigger in the woodpile' is that for the past year and a half the Chinese Eastern has formed the centre of all the friction between the Russian Government and Chang Tso-lin, who, being in the pay of the Japanese Government, is acting on their behalf. The Japanese have recently built railways of their own in Manchuria, and it is impossible for them to reach their own connections and, subsequently, tidewater without crossing the Chinese Eastern. Not only does a special provision in the Chino-Russian treaty grant protection to the Chinese Eastern Railway from having its lines crossed, but should such a crossing be made, a great deal of traffic now routed on the Chinese Eastern would be transferred to the Japanese railway, and there would be a consequent falling off of the earnings of the Chinese Eastern.

Great pressure is being brought to bear by Chang Tso-lin on the Russians to permit this crossing, which is essential to Japanese success. On the day before I had my Litvinoff interview Chang Tso-lin had seized the entire river fleet belonging to the Chinese Eastern.

By pawning the Chinese Eastern Railway to American capitalists, the Russian Government no doubt feels that it would thus be able to shift profitably a troublesome burden, which it is likely to lose at all events, since at the present moment Russia is unwilling for war if it can possibly be avoided.

Even though the acquisition of the Chinese Eastern might furnish rich revenues and definitely prevent Japanese expansion, if such a step were desirable, I question very much if American interests are willing to let themselves become involved in the constant embroilments of the Far East, especially Manchuria.

V

To give a clear idea of the operations of a concessions agreement, I shall quote extensively from the agreement drawn up between Harriman and the Soviet Government, which has been officially published by the Concessions Committee.

The agreement was concluded in June 1925 for a term of twenty years. According to it the firm is to have the exclusive right to explore and work the manganese ores (and peroxide) in the Tchiatura district, Georgia, and the exclusive right to export the ores of this district. The Government, however, retains for itself a section of the Tchiatura district containing fifteen million poods of ore, with the right of exploiting this section of the territory, but without the right of exporting abroad the ore obtained. The concessionaire is entitled to dispose of the ore on the home market only by special agreement with the Government. The concessionaire is obliged to take measures for extending the sale of Tchiatura ore abroad.

All property in connection with the extraction and treating of the manganese ore in the Tchiatura district belonging to the Government at the time when the agreement was concluded is to be handed over to the concessionaire, also the necessary plots of

territory for warehouses and loading applications in the Tchiatura district and in the port of Poti. The concessionaire enjoys privileges regarding imports into the U.S.S.R. of necessary equipment articles.

The concessionaire agrees to expend not less than one million dollars for constructing new mines, and so forth, as well as for regrounding and building new factories, and must reconstruct a narrow-gauge railway, from Sachtiri Tchiatura to Shropon Poti, into a broad-gauge line, bringing its transport capacity of 70,000 tons up to 125,000 tons. Accordingly the concessionaire is obliged to reconstruct the section of the main railroad line, Ihor Poti, this line remaining in the hands of the Government, which guarantees transportation on the basis of fixed tariffs. The concessionaire supplies the Government gratuitously with railway wagons necessary for transportation purposes. The minimum expenses of the concessionaire regarding this part of the agreement are fixed at two million dollars — which, incidentally, will not begin to cover the expense of the construction as now planned. The concessionaire is obliged to construct in the port of Poti special loading installations with a capacity of 1,200,000 tons of ore per year, with an expenditure of not less than one million dollars.

The production programme is fixed at not less than 500,000 tons of ore yearly. Nonfulfillment of the programme entails, beside a money penalty, the cancellation of the agreement.

The concessionaire pays the Government four dollars for every ton of ore exported and nine dollars for every ton of peroxide, and he guarantees payments on the basis of average yearly exports of 800,000 tons of ore and a certain quantity of peroxide. Beside this the concessionaire pays the Government a part of the possible surplus profits, the limits of which are indicated in the agreement, and also a certain sum per hectare to the mines. Further, the Government reserves the right to purchase from the concessionaire any quantity of ore at the cost of production, for the requirements of the home market.

Should the concessionaire refuse to build a ferromanganese factory in the U.S.S.R., the Government is entitled to build such a factory. In the event of the Government exporting the ferromanganese abroad, it pays the concessionaire about one dollar above the cost of production for every ton of ore containing the normal percentage of metal.

The concessionaire undertakes the regulation of all interests of private firms working in the Tchiatura district prior to the concession, and at the same time he is entitled during the first period to attract these firms of contractors for the purpose of extracting and washing the ore.

VI

So far no one of these large concessions has been in operation a sufficient time to prove whether or not the concessions under existing agreements will be profitable. However, it is safe to say that up to the present time no profits worthy of the name have been extracted. From the experience of each concessionaire something can be learned which every future concessionaire should take into consideration. Harriman made the vital error of not obtaining monopoly control of the Russian manganese market when he entered the field. As matters now stand, the Russian Government, controlling the Nikopol field and having no royalties to pay, can undercut Harriman in price at any time it sees fit.

Furthermore, — and this is a most important point, — the Government, by its monopoly control of the export-import market, can sell its export products abroad at a loss and, with the foreign gold thus obtained, either issue *tchervonits* notes, requiring but 33⅓ per cent gold reserve, or else buy foreign necessities, such as cotton, rubber, manufactured articles like machinery or tractors, articles which people must absolutely have and for which they are willing to pay any price, and then sell them in the home market for 300 per cent above cost. This is actually being done. Price in Russia to-day a safety razor, a suit of clothes, or a Ford tractor, and you cannot help but realize the truth of the above statement. Because of this no concessionaire is safe in selling, without either complete monopoly control or a sales agreement with the Russian Government, a product in which dumping may affect world market prices.

Thus far the German agricultural concession on the Volga has not been able to make a profit, first because of the low prices existing in the world market for wheat, and secondly because of high labor and transportation costs.

The timber concession operating near Petrograd had a very difficult time in the beginning because of inefficient Russian management. The Germans have now placed their own men in the key positions and from the latest reports are beginning to show a profit.

Another point which should be given due consideration by the foreign concessionaire, especially in regard to a concession which sells its products in the internal market, that is, to the Russian people, — such as a merchandise concession selling tractors and receiving payment in rubles, or even an electric power concession in which the fees are paid in rubles, — is that the concessionaire is entirely at the mercy of the State Bank, which, because no free exchange market exists, is the only medium through which foreign exchange can be obtained. Unless there is a specific agreement in the concession dealing with matters of exchange, it would be very difficult to exchange any large amount of *tchervontsi* or rubles for foreign currency. True, a black bourse does exist, but, being illegal, is not worthy of serious consideration.

Another danger which besets the concessionaire is that he will receive but scant protection at the hands of the Russian law court as it is now constituted. True, the law is codified, but in the matter of penalties a great deal of latitude is permitted. In as much as the court itself is composed of workers, elected by the various trade-union committees, there exists the likelihood of class prejudice entering into the decisions, especially in cases between Russian workers and foreign capitalists. I think this can be best exemplified by two stories told me while I was visiting the Harriman mines. One of the American engineers had bought a house. According to Russian law the tenants occupying the house have the right to remain there until other quarters are found for them. Cognizant of this law, the American duly found other quarters in the town for the occupants of the house, and then proceeded to ask the tenants to vacate. They refused to move. After a week of politeness and constant urging, the American lost his temper and threw the Russians out, bag and baggage. The Russian labor court gave the American a year at labor. When I last saw him he was serving his time constructing a sewer for the city of Tchiatura. One more example. A very large hydro-electric power station was erected near

Tiflis; German engineers were in charge of the operations. Through negligence on the part of the workmen, a scaffold had fallen and killed two laborers. The German engineer in charge received a sentence of two years of solitary confinement and hard labor.

All-important to any concessionaire is the labor supply. The labor supply in Russia is plentiful, but the efficiency of the Russian worker as compared to that of the American is very low. I have often watched groups of laborers at work loading ships, hauling stones, building houses. They would stand around talking idly, dreaming, wasting endless moments debating whether this or that was the better way. At all times they seemed to lack push. During my visit to the Harriman concession, one of the American engineers pointed to a pile of machinery in the warehouse. 'See that machinery there,' he said. 'In America it took four men a half day to load it on shipboard from the box cars. Guess how long it took these birds — two days with fifteen men! And at that I had to do most of the work myself. These Georgians are too lazy even to close their eyes at night. The Russian does a good job when directed properly and given some decent encouragement. If I had an all-Russian gang and they could only keep away from the vodka, I should not ask for anything better. But these Georgians!'

Albert Rhys Williams estimates that the average laborer in Russia does not work over 150 days a year, taking into consideration summer holidays, church and state holidays. Of course such matters as working hours, number of holidays, and so forth, could and should be provided for in all concession agreements.

Questions of transport are essential to the economic life of the country. It was the breaking down of the transport system as well as a bad harvest which was responsible in large measure for the intense suffering during the great famine. In many sections of Russia huge quantities of grain, unable to be moved, lay rotting in the warehouses of the northeast.

To-day transportation is back to a pre-war basis. Freight is being moved with regularity on the railroads, although there is a shortage of freight cars which will be felt especially at harvest time. The Volga and other river shipping has been resumed. Passenger train service is excellent to Leningrad, to the Polish frontier, to both Nizhni Novgorod and Saratov on the Volga; and even to the Caucasus I found express train service with seized international *wagon lit* cars, scrupulously clean and well serviced. Although I saw countless 'bad order' locomotives rusting in the yards, still there seemed to be sufficient locomotives in good running order to satisfy the needs of the traffic. The roadbeds and bridges seemed in good condition.

VII

In summing up the financial and business aspects of the situation I feel that under proper conditions, which include American recognition and a favorable settlement of the debt question, Russia offers to the concessionaire who is strong enough to exact from the present Government proper working agreements for his own protection many interesting possibilities.

As far as a state loan is concerned, under the present state of public opinion in the United States such a loan would be almost impossible to float. Nevertheless many of the essentials of a safe and profitable loan already exist, such as a stable government, a stable currency, a balanced budget, sufficient natural resources for

great development, and governmental control of the export-import trade, by which a sufficient export balance could always be maintained to provide the necessary gold imports to meet interest and sinking-fund charges.

The Russian nature is the greatest obstacle to economic progress. With the will to work and proper organization, Russia would not be forced to hold out hungry hands eternally to the foreigner. As long as the spirit of 'Nichevo' persists, no matter how much capital is poured into Russia from the outside, the Russian market will prove disappointing, for wealth and purchasing power, while dependent on natural resources, are developed only through honest work. How often has every foreigner sat in a Russian office cursing the Russian who with cigarette in hand takes countless minutes dawdling, discussing with colleagues some detail we are accustomed to accomplish at a minute's notice. Take the simple cashing of a letter of credit. At the State Bank, where there is a special department which attends to that work daily, your letters of credit must pass through at least five different hands before your business is finished, and then only after countless repetitions of 'Please hurry!'

I made a real effort to understand the Communists — not only the leaders, but also the workers. I went to their clubs. I even joined a Communist swimming club, although, not being a union member, I was admitted only as a privileged guest. There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that the men who are at the head of the government are sincere, idealistic, according to their lights, altruistic, and willing to sacrifice themselves unstintedly to a cause they believe in with almost fanatical faith.

I question very much if the masses of the people are ready, or will be ready for many generations to come, to work without the stimulation of private profit. True, in isolated cases the desire for the fulfillment of an ideal, or the desire for creative endeavor, has often been sufficient inspiration for noble and unselfish work, but in these instances the doers have been persons possessed either of rare initiative or of great sensitivity, and not of the mould of common clay of which the great majority are composed.

The great fault I have to find with Communism is that it substitutes mass dictatorship for individual initiative and freedom. The life of the Communist is regulated absolutely by the will of the party, and it is an iron discipline applied from within as well as from without. If the party decides a man should work in Daghestan, he must go without question. He cannot receive more than 225 rubles monthly for salary. He (or she) must take an active part in the social life of the community, such as sitting on trade-union committees, teaching at the adult schools, joining in the work of the theatre (organization part of every factory), leading atheist discussion groups, and so forth. At all times I have found the Communist is the hardest-working and the most efficient member of the community. He markedly deserves the responsibility of leadership because he is willing at all times to do more for the public good than any other individual in the community.

In many cases Communism reminds me of Christianity — it is a religion, an ideal of life, and just because of its religious and emotional appeal it attaches to itself groups of followers who, like all deeply religious persons, are imbued with the crusading spirit. It is a long step from the worship of the ideal to the practice, and just as the ideals of Christianity have rarely been realized in actual living, so it seems to me

Communism will remain an ideal, a religion, which, in spite of the most gigantic propaganda ever witnessed, will be unattainable for many generations to come.

No man is truly free unless, by means of saving, he is able to put aside enough of the world's goods to guarantee him a certain amount of leisure, liberty of movement, and freedom from the worry of having to provide eternally for the wants of the following day. In socialist society, saving is a physical impossibility, and one is always dependent upon either the Government or the workshop for one's existence and welfare.

I have not the slightest fear of Communism's being adopted in America. It does not suit our Western European temperaments. The Russian is not the most Eastern of the Europeans, but the most Western of the Orientals. This fact was vividly brought home to me almost daily in Moscow, not only by the physical aspect of the city, so much akin to Peking, — with its multicolored roofs, its fantastic domes, its walls, its great squares and long, flat streets, heavy with the dust of the plain, — but also by the people themselves, with their belief in endless time, their love of bargaining, and their inborn spirit of fanaticism and fatalism. Just because of these Oriental characteristics the Russian is accustomed to despotism, and although Communists will try to prove to me that Communism is the most democratic of institutions, in actual fact it is a rigid despotism, controlled by a small group of party leaders. Although the Communists still preach and dream of world revolution, with the coming of prosperity to Russia and a satisfied working class the ardor will die, and then no Russian Government would dare ruin the prosperity of Russia by attempting to upset the world market and the avenues of trade on which that prosperity would inevitably depend, for in the complex economic world of to-day no nation lives of itself alone.

THE AWAKENING OF ABYSSINIA

BY CAPTAIN OWEN TWEEDY

I

Years and years ago — for even to the youngest of us school days always seem terribly remote — the writer was in an upper third class 'doing' South America. None of us could ever remember the respective positions of Uruguay and Paraguay. One day a little boy, who is now appropriately in the Secretariat of the League of Nations, evolved a formula. 'Take the initials of the two states, U. and P.,' he explained, 'and look upstream. It will be U. P.'

But there is no such convenient formula for the location of Abyssinia on the map; and the young hopeful who replied that it was in the top right-hand corner of Africa did

not get any marks, nor is he to-day at Geneva.

Abyssinia is the only independent Christian nation in Africa; it is surrounded by Moslem and pagan peoples, and that is perhaps why, both geographically and historically, it is so elusive. 'The Ethiopians,' wrote Gibbon in his day, 'are forgetful of the world, by whom they are forgotten.' In another comment he has ventured the statement that had mediæval Christendom joined forces against the Mohammedans with the Christian nucleus in Arabia, — for Abyssinia was once powerful in the Yemen, — instead of wasting money and effort in amateur Crusades, Islam might still be a sect and not the numerically greatest religion in the world.

But Abyssinia and her religious struggles remained unnoticed throughout the Middle Ages and it was only with the Renaissance that Europe discovered her. Even then the discovery was fortuitous. Toward the end of the fifteenth century a prince of Portugal conceived a wish to find the mythical Christian kingdom of the legendary Prester John. An intrepid courtier undertook the mission and, following the vaguest clues, eventually did find a Christian kingdom in the highlands of Abyssinia. But it was to the then Negus Negusti (Emperor) and not to Prester John that he presented his letters of credence. Luckily for him the Abyssinian potentate, taking the will for the deed, welcomed the gesture from his royal brother of Portugal, and friendly relations between the two countries were established, to last for nearly two centuries. Portugal sent priests and engineers to the court of the Negus, who planned and built roads and bridges, churches and palaces, some of which survive to-day; and a Portuguese fleet under Christopher da Gama, a brother of the famous discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope route, coöperated with the Abyssinians against a Moslem invasion from Arabia. But in the end Oriental suspicion and distrust of all things Western, fanned in particular by constant Jesuit intrigue, asserted themselves. For the Abyssinian is Oriental before he is Christian. The Portuguese, by then decadent in Europe, were expelled bag and baggage, cleric and layman; and the little Christian nation buried itself in its mountains as thoroughly as ever did the poor law-writer of Dickens's *Bleak House* in the squalor of Tom-all-alone's.

The Abyssinian dynasty of to-day claims direct descent from the romantic but unauthenticated union of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. 'And when she was come to Solomon, she communed with him of all that was in her heart. And Solomon told her all her questions: and there was nothing hid from Solomon which he told her not.' To the Western reader the terse but picturesque Bible narrative is only vaguely suggestive, but the Abyssinian historians have read between the lines. To them there is a sigh of feminine surrender in the chronicler's bald comment: 'There was no more spirit in her.' They have crowned the strange union of two remarkable persons with a son, the legendary Menelik I, who founded the national dynasty and, as by right of birth, gave his country the emblem of the Lion of Judah, holding in his paw a sceptre surmounted by a cross. The cross was probably a later addition; but, though anachronistic, it is in keeping with the semidivine atmosphere which still surrounds the reigning house. For both the founder of Christianity and the founder of the Abyssinian dynasty trace their descent through David and Abraham back to Adam and the Creation.

Christianity came to the Abyssinians in the fourth century through evangelists from the Coptic Church in Egypt, on which the Abyssinian Church is still nominally dependent. But in practice, beyond the fact that the Coptic Patriarch in Cairo still appoints its Abuna or Archbishop, it is self-administering and independent and, having stubbornly rejected all doctrinal modifications and elaborations of early Christendom, may with justice be said to be, in the outward forms at any rate, the most primitive and therefore the closest to the original of all the Christian churches of the world. In spite of its insignificance and remoteness, it shares with the Latins, the Orthodox, the Armenians, and the Copts the honor of owning a tiny chapel within the precincts of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. Here over the tawdry altar hangs a grimy but arresting painting of the Virgin and Child. It is arresting because it depicts the Christ as well as his mother with a black, swarthy face, full, flashing brown eyes, and the frizzy hair of the Negro. But it is a great object of veneration to every Abyssinian, to whom the pilgrimage to Jerusalem is as much a prime duty as that to Mecca is to the devout Mohammedan.

The creed of the Abyssinian Church is simple and, in its purest forms, severe, tolerating no worship of images or fantastic ritual. But in remoter parts of the country the inefficiency and ignorance of the bulk of local priesthood have led to amazing and even ludicrous laxity and irregularity. A story is told of the discovery by a European traveler of a church over the altar of which hung an ample likeness of the late Queen Victoria. Inquiry revealed that the portrait owed its position, not to the world renown of a famous lady, but to a mistaken notion in the minds of the villagers that they were adoring Our Lady herself.

The clergy are incredibly numerous and in the main parasitic. The Church actually owns by vested right and for its own benefit as much as one third of the whole country. Its influence is proportionately vast, both socially and politically. This influence, though free from religious fanaticism, is unfortunately reactionary and unenlightened, and a delaying force in a country which is anxious to develop. Signs are not wanting that a day will come, as it has come in other countries, when the State will no longer be content to see so much of the national treasure in the hands of so sterile a body.

The pure Abyssinian is a descendant of the family of Ham, and his olive-bronze complexion is easily distinguished from the deep copper of the Bedouin and the black-brown of the Sudanese. He is brown-eyed, medium to tall in stature, and walks with all the swing of the warrior whose ancestors have for centuries lived by fighting. But, though physically well developed, mentally he is backward. With Europeans he has learned to conceal his ignorance under an Oriental cloak of shrewd stolidity; but underneath he is parochial, unreceptive, and unprogressive. He hates to be tied down to anything, be it the hire of a mule, a published railway time-table, or an international treaty; and when pressed he is excessively proud and touchy. When Abyssinia was introduced as a member into the League of Nations her French sponsor described her as *libre et fière dans ses montagnes.*

The only intimacy to which foreigners can aspire even with the highest in the land will be formal and ceremonial. They cannot hope to penetrate the real Abyssinian home life. In essence it is patriarchal like the

Bedouin, but in the lower grades it is very primitive and unrefined; codes and standards have deteriorated with the ingress of civilization; morals are lax and drunkenness prevalent. The people eat quantities of raw meat, not because it is prescribed that they should eat it so, but because they prefer it uncooked. Raw meat, eaten in quantities, has unpleasant gastric reactions, to counteract which they load it with pepper to an extent impossible even to the most atrophied and depraved European palate. This prophylactic régime is supplemented by periodic courses of medicine of a severity and intensity such as would prostrate any civilized constitution.

The poorer classes dress in Arab style, carelessly and with small regard for cleanliness. Their headdress is as often as not cheap European and they do not wear fezzes. The upper and royal classes, however, dress elaborately. In their long, stiff, high-collared cloaks of heavy silk or closely woven stuff, they have a wooden, stilted appearance, reminiscent of Tenniel's drawings of the Court in *Alice in Wonderland*. But this picturesqueness is ruined by their hats and boots. The former are of the wider sombrero type and their fashions in footwear favor the gaudiest kid and cloth. It is the East meeting the West.

The domestic administration of the country is elementary but adequate. Primary justice is based on the maxim, 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.' An Abyssinian asleep in a tree fell from his perch and in his fall killed another Abyssinian under the tree and also asleep. According to Abyssinian codes it was murder. A man had died. The judge, a modern Solomon, decreed that the murderer should lie under the tree and the nearest relative of the dead man fall on him from the branch above. Here Abyssinian common sense asserted itself and there was a compromise. Quarrels between debtor and creditor, husband and wife, landlord and tenant, are settled by properly constituted courts, which in deference to Abyssinian prejudice sit, behind barbed wire, in the public thoroughfares. The litigants plead in person and Abyssinia is thus one of the few countries of the world which do not groan under the curse of the professional lawyer.

Up to recent times traffic in slaves, with all its horrors and ill-gotten gains, was rampant. But international convention and control have closed the great Arabian market, and when, in 1923, Abyssinia joined the League of Nations the traffic was forbidden by law; the milder form of domestic slave-owning is being gradually liquidated.

II

Though the present boundaries of Abyssinia are still vague in the undeveloped southwest, the country is now a geographical entity. But this has been the case only during the last thirty years. Before Moslem invasion drove them back into the interior, Abyssinians had ruled in Arabia and along that portion of the western shore of the Red Sea which is now in British, French, and Italian hands. But Abyssinia to-day is confined within her highlands and has no territorial outlet on the sea.

To the outside world and internationally Abyssinia is a Christian country. This impression comes from the fact that the present ruling house is Shoan; and Shoa, the central province, is, like Gojam and Amhara to the north and northwest, predominantly Christian. But on the western frontiers the provinces of Tigré, Danakil, and Harrar, and, to the southeast, Galla, are essentially Moslem; and to

the south and southwest there is a large Negro and pagan element. In so far as it may be said that there is Abyssinian nationality, all are Abyssinians; but in fact at least fifty per cent of the population would best be designated by the term 'hyphenated.'

In such a kaleidoscope it is little wonder that Abyssinian history before the accession of the Emperor Menelik, in 1889, was a history of fluctuating civil wars. Power was held by force of arms and lasted so long as this or that chieftain had the money, the personality, and the influence to keep his gains and to maintain his slave armies. Kings and kingdoms waxed and waned with bewildering rapidity, and in 1813 there were no less than six kings of Abyssinia reigning simultaneously while six ex-kings meditated simultaneously on the error of their ways in some dungeon or other. Well might the contemporary Abyssinian chronicler have echoed the Biblical lament: 'In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes.'

One of the six kings reigning in 1813 was Sahela Selassié of the Christian kingdom of Shoa, and he may be said with truth to have registered the first advance from mediæval chaos toward Abyssinian unity. For national unity developed out of the growth of better conditions and better government in Shoa. Sahela Selassié was succeeded in 1847 by his son, Haile Melikot, and during their reigns, by dint of incessant fighting, they established a degree of stability sufficient to attract the attention of the outside world. They were visited by French and British missions and Haile Melikot went so far as to conclude commercial treaties with them in the name of Abyssinia. What he thought of the value of his own signature is summed up in his own comment that he had met some mad Europeans in his time, but none, he thought, so mad as to hope ever to trade seriously with Abyssinians.

He died in 1855 and bequeathed the throne to his eleven-year-old son, Menelik, who was quickly swamped by Lij Kassa, the powerful chief of the neighboring tribe of Galla. Lij Kassa stole Menelik's thunder. In other words he gathered to his own standard the bulk of Menelik's army. For in slave armies there is much of the philosophy of 'off with the old love and on with the new.' Kassa seized Menelik as a prisoner and, having secured himself from that quarter, had himself crowned as Negus with the sonorous title of Emperor Theodore. But Menelik was not finished with. On reaching man's estate he succeeded in escaping to his own people of Shoa, raised an army, and was soon so formidable an opponent that Theodore elected for compromise, recognized Menelik as king of Shoa, and in return received his nominal submission. And in due time and after much fighting Theodore obtained a degree of peace within his boundaries. But no sooner was he established than he foolishly, though it must be admitted unluckily, involved himself in a quarrel with a foreign Power — and that Great Britain.

The story of his fall and death is tragic. Queen Victoria, for whom he had conceived a romantic regard, had established a consulate in Abyssinia. On the occasion of the consul's departure on leave to England, the Emperor confided to his care a personal letter to the Queen. The letter was unfortunately mislaid in England, never reached Her Majesty, and was thus never answered. Theodore's pride and dignity were piqued, and when the consul returned from his leave the

Emperor summarily seized and imprisoned him and his staff. He followed up this breach of international convention and courtesy by ignoring the British Government's demands for the release of the prisoners. Public opinion in England clamored for satisfaction and, none being forthcoming, a British military expedition made its way in the spring of 1868 into northeast Abyssinia. After a practically bloodless campaign they captured Theodore's stronghold of Magdala, only to find the Emperor, deserted by his followers, dead, shot by his own hand, seated on his throne and wearing the crown and full regalia of the House of Judah. He had muddled himself to death. Vacillation between counsels of surrender and resistance broke the spirit of his army, and it had already dispersed when he took a desperate decision to fight. He was an Abyssinian, but there was much of the samurai tradition in the manner of his death. The expedition left one lasting and civilizing memory in the Abyssinian mind. Lord Napier commandeered much in local labor and material for his army *and paid for everything*. It was an enlightening demonstration of the conventions of modern warfare, and most telling on the Abyssinian mentality, which had hitherto looked on war as a delightful sport, free from undue risk and offering unique opportunity for unrestricted loot.

On Theodore's death, Menelik once again found one mightier than himself to thwart him of his rights in the person of John, the chief of the province of Tigré. Their war of succession lasted for four years and ended in compromise. In 1872 John was crowned as Negus and copied Theodore's example by confirming Menelik as King of Shoa. But he was not left long to enjoy the fruits of domestic peace. This time his troubles came from without Abyssinia, in the form of foreign invasion. The first aggressor, Egypt, then full of Ismail Pasha's futile dreams of a great Egyptian empire in Africa, was soundly defeated; but only to be followed by a greater menace, the dervish expansion from the southern Sudan. The dervishes, flushed with easy victories over the Egyptian armies, turned on Christian Abyssinia; and, faced with a common danger, Egypt and Abyssinia, through the mediation of Charles Gordon, who was later to meet his end at Khartoum, made common cause against Mahdiism. But the combination of effort did not realize expectations. Khartoum fell in 1885, and the Anglo-Egyptian forces retired north and east to Wadi Halfa and Suakin, leaving John, now in purely Abyssinian interests, to continue the struggle single-handed. It was protracted and in the end successful; but in the hour of his greatest victory John himself fell on the field of battle in 1889.

With his death the last obstacle between Menelik and the imperial heritage bequeathed to him by his father thirty-four years before was removed. He was crowned as Negus in 1889 and his accession inaugurated the final consolidation of modern Abyssinia.

III

During his eclipse Menelik had developed qualities of patience and perseverance which stood him in good stead through the first seven difficult years of his reign. In 1885 Italy had annexed Massawa on the Red Sea coast and had expanded its boundaries up to the French settlement, Djibuti, to the south, to the Sudan to the north, and to Abyssinia to the west. In 1889, however, the success of her enterprise was still in doubt. Like so many

other Italian colonies in Africa, Eritrea, as the new settlement was called, resembled an Italian shawl. It was all fringe. It was poor, and its resources and scope for development meagre. But it could be made a success, were Massawa to become the commercial and Rome the political outlet of Abyssinian potentialities. Already before the Emperor John's death a distinguished and astute Italian, Count Antonelli, had ingratiated himself with Menelik, as the coming ruler of the country, and after his accession this intimacy was quickly cultivated into the closer association which the Italians desired. Before the end of 1889 a treaty which virtually constituted an Italian protectorate over Abyssinia had been signed. It even went so far as to stipulate that all communications which Menelik might wish to address to any foreign Power must pass through Italian channels.

Menelik in 1889 was a novice in such matters and may not have understood what he was signing, but by 1893 he fully realized what he had signed away. Taking the excuse of conflicting interpretations between the two texts, he challenged the justice of certain Italian claims and, the replies being unpalatable, summarily denounced the treaty. Three years were passed in protest and parley, from which the Italians gained no satisfaction and Menelik invaluable time. In the result, an Italian military expedition from Eritrea was in 1896 encountered and annihilated at Adowa by an enormous Abyssinian army, whose task, it must be allowed, was greatly facilitated by lamentable Italian strategy. With her defeat, Italy lost three thousand prisoners, and the price of their release was Italian acquiescence in the cancellation of the offending treaty. Adowa assured Menelik's position both in Abyssinia and in Europe. All the Great Powers recognized him and with almost indecent haste tumbled over one another to establish full-fledged legations at his court.

Menelik did not lose his head in the hour of his triumph. His motto was *Festina lente*, and like Agag he walked delicately. He gradually undermined the independence of the hitherto uncurbed provincial chieftains by insisting on their more constant attendance at his court. He reconquered the fertile and mainly Moslem province of Harrar and placed it under the governorship of his Christian nephew, Ras (Chief) Makonnen. He encouraged but did not support or commit himself to foreign schemes of development, and with Oriental shrewdness saw to it that he was the main, if not the only, beneficiary from the schemes of the legion of concession hunters who invaded the country. But telegraph communication with the outside world was installed, the Bank of Abyssinia was founded, and the building of the first railway in the country sanctioned.

While, however, these changes were taking place, Menelik himself remained outwardly unchanged. He sedulously maintained the atmosphere and tradition of his high office. To his people he was still the primitive Abyssinian of the warrior type, — for he was a man of great strength and stature, — and imperceptibly there grew around his person a myth of omniscience, which spread through the four corners of his kingdom. For the first time in her history Abyssinia enjoyed the fullness of a peace not founded on elaborate or Abdul-Hamidian intrigue, but the creation of a man who knew his Abyssinians and, to borrow the title of a recent play, 'knew what they wanted.'

Menelik also knew what the foreigners on his borders wanted, but he had a wholesome belief in the truism

that safety lies in numbers. He saw that the integrity of his country would be best guaranteed by an accord between himself, on the one hand, and his three neighbors, Great Britain, France, and Italy, acting jointly on the other. Mutual jealousy would assure him of the support of two, should the third attempt any liberty. So with Oriental patience he bided his time, and in 1906 the three Powers sent him a joint note, which he felt safe in accepting. In return for their absolute recognition of his sovereign independence, which assured him the last word in all projects of development, he acknowledged a geographical partition of his country into spheres of commercial and political influence particular to each, within which they undertook not to compete one with another. This agreement is the basis of modern Abyssinian independence, *de facto* as well as *de jure*.

Emperor Menelik had no direct male heir. His only son had died young, and his nephew, Ras Makonnen, whom he looked on as his successor, predeceased him in 1906. Thus Abyssinia was left with 'Hobson's choice,' and that a mere boy, Menelik's twelve-year-old grandson, Lij Yasu, who was proclaimed heir apparent in 1908. But, to the great detriment of his country, Menelik in the same year had a severe stroke, which removed him for all time from the conduct of national affairs.

The regency, which took over the control of the State in his name, was composed of the greatest chieftains in the land; but for the first three years of its existence it was entirely overshadowed by the activities of Menelik's second wife, the Empress Taitu, a childless, mischievous old lady, who had learned in the Abyssinian school of matrimony — Menelik was her fifth husband — how to manage men. She claimed to speak in her stricken husband's name, fostered discord among the members of the Council, and while they quarreled she governed. But eventually — as men will — they found her out; but not before, by sheer perversity of character, she had succeeded in holding up for three years the completion of the French railway to Addis Abeba. Menelik died in 1913. His reign has left a lasting impression in Abyssinia. To-day the most binding and sacred oath in the country is 'By the death of Menelik,' but it was many years before the people as a whole would believe that he was really dead; and it was only in 1919 that the country was deemed to be sufficiently resigned to warrant the risk of an outward manifestation of his death in the form of a mausoleum.

Lij Yasu was seventeen when he succeeded Menelik. For three years he was to cut a dashing figure with his Indian rather than Abyssinian features, his wild, inquiring eyes, and his youthful vivacity and contrariness. But he was fundamentally decadent and intensely resentful of control or unpalatable advice. Already during the Regency he had betrayed ominous sympathy with Islam and, once on the throne, he quickly dispensed with his grandfather's counselors and turned for sole guidance to his father, Ras Michael of Tigré, a man of primitive intelligence and great bravery, who, on his marriage to Menelik's daughter, had summed up the value of Christianity in the same cynical spirit that Henri IV had estimated that of Paris. Within nine months of Lij Yasu's accession, the Great War had broken out in Europe. He made no secret of his sympathies. He sent surreptitious help to the Moslem Mad Mullah who had come out in revolt against the British in Somaliland; he raised a huge army of half a million which he boasted he

would lead against the infidels; and finally he chose his Empress from a professedly Mohammedan home and, in April 1916, made a public declaration of the religious dependence of Abyssinia on the Turkish Caliphate.

In his fanatic zeal and dreams of self-aggrandizement, Lij Yasu overlooked the fact that, although his subjects might be ignorant of and indifferent to European politics, a large section of them, carefully taught by the Church, loathed Islam; and all of them intensely resented the levying of greatly increased taxes for the upkeep of an army in interests which had no national appeal. Conditions in the country deteriorated rapidly and there soon was general indignation that the *Pax Abyssiniana* of Menelik's benevolent régime was being prostituted to the ambitions of a notoriously dissolute youth who was siding with the age-long enemy of their national Church and dynasty. With his public declaration of their allegiance to Islam, they could stand it no longer. In September 1916, on the occasion of a national religious festival, he was solemnly declared deposed by the Abuna. The imperial crown was offered to his aunt, Zauditu (Judith), Menelik's younger daughter, and Ras Taffari, the son of Ras Makonnen and Menelik's grand-nephew, was declared heir apparent.

Lij Yasu's reign has many points of resemblance with that of James II of England. Both lost their thrones in religious conflict with their own people; both flirted with a foreign sovereign who belonged to a hated faith; both married unwisely. The epitaph on James II's lonely tomb at St. Germain-sur-Seine describes him as *Magnus in prosperis: in adversis major.* No such tribute can be paid to Lij Yasu. He had feet of clay. He countered his deposition by an eleventh-hour recantation of his conversion to Islam, which deceived no one. He organized an army in Moslem Harrar and, on the approach of the government forces, left it to a bloody fate and fled for personal safety to the Mohammedan Northeast, where he joined his father. But Ras Michael was of tougher fibre. He collected a large army and marched on the capital, Addis Abeba. In a campaign which, though short, cost no less than 60,000 Abyssinian lives, he was defeated and captured, and ended, as it might have been in a Roman triumph, a prisoner, loaded with chains and paraded with the victorious army before the new Empress. Lij Yasu escaped and for three years led a Bonnie Prince Charlie existence in Moslem Abyssinia, now here, now there; always hunted, always a menace to the new régime, and avoiding capture only by a miracle. He was finally betrayed and taken early in 1920, and he is now mouldering, forgotten, in some unknown Abyssinian stronghold.

IV

The Abyssinian imperial prerogative is normally personal and supreme. The Emperor Menelik was the State as much as ever was the fourteenth Louis in France; but, according to arrangements made at the time of her coronation, the prerogative in the case of the Empress Zauditu is limited and can be exercised by her only on the advice of the heir apparent, Ras Taffari. She is, in fact, a stopgap, but she has accepted the difficulties of such a state with rare discernment. Her boast is to model herself and her conduct on Queen Victoria. 'I am like her,' she said at the time of her coronation, 'and I will strive to be as great in my country as she, a woman like me, was in hers.'

Though she appears but rarely in public, she represents to her people

the blood and bone of Menelik with all that that implies. But behind the scenes she holds the balance between the powerful, reactionary, and superstitious priesthood and the progressive though cautious policy of development which inspires Ras Taffari. She has wielded her power wisely, for Abyssinia is not ripe for too rapid modernization, and as long as she lives the conflict between Church and State should be averted. She is of middle age; her features are dark and stolid, and in her heavy, cumbersome, all-enveloping robes of state she looks almost stunted. But she has intelligence and a certain innate dignity of speech and gesture, and she takes intense interest in the altered conditions of her life and capital. It was a red-letter day for her, as well as for those who were fortunate enough to be present, when she, the lineal descendant of the Queen of Sheba, graced the first race-meeting ever held in Addis Abeba and enjoyed it. The first winner was a magnificent Abyssinian pony, happily named Menelik.

Ras Taffari was only twenty-five when he was called to assume, in all but name, the supreme control of his country's destinies. He has worthily perpetuated that patriarchal relationship between ruler and ruled which Abyssinians had learned to value and revere during Menelik's reign. He is ever accessible to his people and moves about among them as a real, not a Romanoff, 'Little Father.' And his manner is intensified by his appearance. There is a fleeting something in his deliberate and intense bearing which can best be described as Messianic. His bearded features are fine and devoid of negroid traits, and his look is steady and benevolent. He is charming to meet, courteous, alive, and at times amusing. He speaks French and Arabic in addition to his native tongue, Amharic. But behind all this are real character and a strong will, which have enabled him to enforce his personality and commands on the great nobles of his country, most of whom are old enough to be his father — nay, grandfather — and all of whom have in their blood the tradition of power unchecked by any central control. His character has prevented a Carlist movement in Abyssinia. Lij Yasu is forgotten. The nobility, as in Menelik's day, are in constant attendance at the court; and when, in 1924, the Ras made an official tour of Europe, he took the precaution of taking with him ten of the most redoubtable in the land. In Abyssinia, as in less exalted domestic centres, mice are prone to play when the cat is away.

The structure of the Abyssinian government machine is simple and, in a primitive way, fashioned on the lines of a most up-to-date business house. Ras Taffari is Chairman and Managing Director. The central government at Addis Abeba is his Board, and the provinces, the various foreign branches of the firm, are managed by selected delegates of the Board, all of them chieftains in their own right, who govern, collect taxes, and generally keep the peace, independent of but directly responsible to the Managing Director. Abyssinia has no organized civil service such as we in the West know; nor has she the good roads, the communications, and the administrative machinery which make for a closely centralized control on Western lines. But the loosely organized feudalism of Ras Taffari's government is adequate for the needs of his country. At the moment there is a king in Israel.

The writer of this sketch has in his possession a monumental atlas published no more than forty-five years ago. It shows Abyssinia (colored

red) as distinct from Shoa (colored yellow). The neighbors of the two countries are indicated by broadly written tribal names, sprawling across virgin paper, which represents desert. An apologetic footnote states that the location of the main tracks and caravan routes is conjectural. The comparison of this atlas with the latest maps tells the story of Abyssinia during the last half century more pointedly than any pen could do it. The Abyssinia of 1926 is a single kingdom, treble the size of its cartographical counterpart of 1881. It is ringed by British, French, and Italian colonies, teeming with names of villages, lakes, and mountains; and there are no apologetic footnotes.

Ras Taffari might almost take the words of the gartered Malvolio and, substituting 'progress' for 'greatness,' exclaim, 'Some achieve progress, and some have progress thrust upon 'em.' He has had to frame a policy to embrace an adequate appreciation of the legitimate interests of his three colonizing neighbors, Great Britain, France, and Italy, in his country; and at the same time to safeguard its integrity and independence. The three Powers, in 1906, gave Menelik certain solemn assurances which they have observed. These guaranties have lately been fortified by Abyssinia's membership of the League of Nations. But, in spite of all this, Ras Taffari at times, and because he is Oriental and unversed in Western methods and progress, seems to suspect hidden motives behind legitimate requests. Such is his present mood, and it is intelligible and does not imply hostility or a determination on a dog-in-the-manger policy. He is just taking no risks, although he knows that this progress which is thrust upon him is the normal reaction of the inevitable progress planned by his more enlightened neighbors, and that the prosperity and development of his own country depend on his ability — priests or no priests — to keep his policy abreast of theirs, in so far as it does not impinge in any way on Abyssinian independence.

French and Italian interests in Abyssinia are similar. The French have a railway from Addis Abeba to their well-equipped Red Sea port of Djibuti. The Italians now want to link their equally well-equipped port of Massawa with the Abyssinian capital. The two railways would tap different commercial areas; there is room for both; the Abyssinians have neither the genius nor the money to build railways themselves; the French railway has in no way impaired their independence; Abyssinia needs railway development if it is to profit from its natural resources, and Eritrea and Djibuti are handicapped in their normal progress if they have not interior communications with the hinterland.

British, or rather Anglo-Egyptian, interests are centred on the waters of the Nile. The eastern branch of this river, the Blue Nile, rises in northwest Abyssinia in the great lake of Tsana. Nile water is the life of the Sudan and Egypt; and the more water they get, the more prosperous will that life be. But water obeys nature's law of gravity, and in the case of the Blue Nile obedience to nature involves avoidable and, from the Sudanese and Egyptian standpoint, serious waste. Anglo-Egyptian irrigation schemes for the redemption of desert tracts for agriculture call for a control of nature in the form of a regulator dam at Lake Tsana. Such control would assure the storage of surplus and hitherto wasted water for the reclamation of millions of arid acres of desert, whose cultivation would bring prosperity and better conditions of life to thousands in the Sudan and Egypt. England is now

asking Ras Taffari for permission to erect the necessary works at Lake Tsana. The request is not without precedent. Portugal and the Union of South Africa have made analogous arrangements over the waters of a boundary river, essential to irrigation development within the Union. Spain and Portugal have been mutually accommodating over the partition of the waters of the Tagus and Douro.

The Italian request for a railway concession and the British case for the Lake Tsana dam were presented simultaneously to the Abyssinian Government. But they did not descend on Ras Taffari out of the clouds. They followed on long negotiations; the Ras was previously aware of their contents; he knew that the gesture would be synchronous and that France was a consenting party.

Picture a railway carriage on the wall of which is a prominent notice, 'Beware of card sharpers and pickpockets.' A very young and inexperienced traveler takes his seat in a corner and, just as the train is starting, is joined by three burly elderly men, whom he knows in his village, but only slightly. Disparity of age makes him shy and he gazes obstinately out of the window. The three men discuss racing and cards and start a game of nap. The young man watches them with nervous interest, his eye from time to time straying from the game to the warning notice on the wall. Eventually the three players, noting his interest, politely suggest that he should not stay out in the cold and ask him to make a fourth. For all that he knows them, he is suddenly overcome by uncontrollable panic. He casts an hysterical glance at the warning and pulls the communication cord. He will not be victimized by these elderly ruffians. The train conductor arrives and greets the three players as old friends, constant and respectable travelers on his train. And he is the father of a large family of highly strung children and has dealt with sudden panics before. The explanation is short and sympathetic, and before he leaves the carriage the bogey is buried and the young man, now feeling rather grown up, is taking a hand in the game. It proves to be for only dime points and the newcomer wins, with the habitual success of the beginner, and wishes the stakes had been higher.

Ras Taffari has appealed to the League of Nations in a panic. But when this is past he will end by joining the game of progress with his neighbors and enjoying it.

A PERSPECTIVE OF INDIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

The awakening of Asia is the most dramatic fact in the world's political life to-day. For two decades, since her victory at Mukden, Japan has been struggling to confirm her position as a world Power, and with Japan go the destinies of Korea and Manchuria. Immense, pacific China, with one fourth of the human race, is in active revolt against foreign influence, a protest that first flared up in the Boxer rebellion. Even more significant is India, which for ages has held a great place, spiritual and political, in the life of the world. For a generation pulses of new life have been throbbing in India.

Early in the nineteenth century like forces of revival swept over Latin America, from the valley of the Rio Colorado to Cape Horn, and a score of new nations sprang to life. What will history have to record a century hence concerning the awakening of Asia? Will Central Park have the statue of some Indian Bolivar?

A generation ago the government of India was in fact a military despotism. Britons to the number of a thousand, in the covenanted civil service, who carried on the administration, and two hundred million natives in the directly governed presidencies and provinces, were equally without votes. They received orders from the higher authorities, and the power of the higher authorities rested on the British regiments in the Indian Army.

Yet one could not call this military despotism oppressive. The members of the covenanted civil service, from the newest assistant magistrate up to the collectors, commissioners, and provincial governors, pursued the even tenor of their way under well-defined rules; so long as they complied with these, they were unmolested. And the myriads of natives, outnumbering their rulers two hundred thousand to one, also had their clearly marked lines of conduct. The things they were forbidden to do were lucidly set forth in the Indian Penal Code, a piece of Lord Macaulay's handiwork; this code, rendered into scores of Indian tongues, could be bought for a few annas in the bazaars. Its application was set forth in an equally simple Procedure Code and a Law of Evidence, slightly modified from the English law to suit Oriental conditions. There were a few laws, like the Contract Act, to regulate details of business, not very importunate in that unadventurous community. Beyond these there was no legislation whatever in that peaceful land.

The intimate concerns of native life, all matters regarding the family and the inheritance and division of property, were untouched by these British-made codes; they were regulated by age-old Eastern tradition, the Laws of Manu for the Hindus, and the Koran, with its commentaries, for the Mohammedans.

In large areas of the Ganges and Indus valleys the rural population was dense, more than a thousand to the square mile, facing starvation on exhausted, badly tilled soil. The villages were attractive; they seemed to have grown from the earth, remaining akin to it; oblong huts built of mud and thatched with dun reeds made no discordant note among the groves of mangoes and feathery bamboos in the vast expanse of the level rice fields. There were a few brick houses belonging to the 'better folk,' as they called themselves, but their old-rose walls struck no inharmonious tone. The clothing of the men consisted of three strips of cotton: a waist cloth to the knee, or longer for the better folk, a scarf thrown over the shoulder, and a piece of cotton twisted about the head to form the turban, though many of them went bareheaded, arming themselves with a white umbrella against the moon. For the women, a single piece of cotton, gracefully wound and draped, formed both skirt and bodice. The better folk of the male sex wore shoes, and sometimes socks. But in those days all the women of India, save only the Parsee ladies of Bombay, went barefoot. All ate with their fingers, rice and curried vegetables and fish, deftly tossing pellets of food into their mouths, and using broad leaves for plates. So there was no sewing, no cleaning of table forks and knives, no washing of dishes.

The weather was as simple and orderly as the administration by the covenanted civilians, or the division of hereditary occupation among the natives. With March the hot season began, fanned to a blaze through April and May; by May 20 we had the 'little rains,' drenching us for a few days only, and searching out all the vulnerable points in our cement roofs; then, on June 20, began the 'great rains,' with rending thunderstorms and crackling violet lights across the cloud curtains, filling the air with steam; through September and October the stifling, muggy days that brought the malarial mosquitoes, whose iniquities were just beginning to be discerned; finally, four fair months, by courtesy called 'the cold season,' though it was too hot for strawberries except on the distant hills. In those tempered days we rode forth camping through the district, pitching white pyramid tents in the green gloom of mango groves. Then after the cold season the flaming heat began again, presently swelling the immense channels of the Ganges with melted Himalayan snows.

The unit of administration was the district, a thousand square miles with a million people. Over the district presided the collector at the civil station, where were the courts and treasury. The district judge sat in the principal court, with deputy magistrates in two or three lesser courts. The superintendent of police, the district engineer, and the civil surgeon completed the administrative family. These gentlemen, with their ladies and a few pale, heat-tormented babies, made up the social world. Ten districts were supervised by a commissioner of a division, and half a dozen divisions made up a province.

Each district was cut up into four or five subdivisions, with smaller courts and tax offices; in such a subdivision the assistant collector learned the rudiments of his craft. As head of the police he caught his few mild malefactors; as magistrate he tried them; if they were convicted he gave them into his own custody as governor of the local jail; as visiting justice he inquired into their welfare there. He also collected revenue, paid local salaries including his own, and sent the balance to the district treasury. Sweltering in his narrow

court beneath a creaking punkah, he tried small cases of assault, robbery, the illicit making of native liquors; he dispensed sticky postage stamps, pungent bricks of opium, and the dream-bringing drug called ganja, which looks like withered asters. The assistant collector panted for the cold season; then he went forth on a camping tour through villages scattered across the rice fields; riding from one camp, after breakfast in the white of the dawn, he came to a second camp a dozen miles deeper into the country, and was ready to overhaul the village institutions, relics of an immemorial past. A panchayet, an elected council of five, brooded over village problems and appointed the blue-clad spearmen who kept watch and ward; a part of his duty was to see that these watchmen were duly paid. Each had a little notebook with entries of his slender salary. There were also village schools to be inspected, with bright-eyed, velvet-skinned children, awe-struck by their portentous visitor. Though the brown millions in the villages were always perilously close to starvation, it was in many ways an idyllic life, and there seemed no reason why it should ever change. Yet the seeds of change were already sown and were germinating beneath the incandescent sky.

It happened that we were at no great distance from the field on which the foundations of India's military despotism were laid. In one of the camping expeditions of the cold season we visited Plassey, on the Ganges bank, in a region of tropical woods. Without the aid of villagers we should never have found the monument to Clive's decisive victory in 1757, a small, lean obelisk languishing within a rusty railing; hardly a dozen Europeans see it in a year, possibly not half that number. There is a second monument, a round-topped pyramid of clay within a fence of split bamboo, and adorned with odd little horses of baked red clay no larger than one's hand; they are the last vestige, perhaps, of the 'sacrificial horse' that played a great part in ancient days in the Asvamedha sacrifice. This second monument records the piety of the villagers, though they were hardly involved on either side, in the battle that began the British Indian Empire.

II

The India of those days, when Britain with 'an unwilling willingness' began the conquest, was as far as possible from being a single nation, or even a congeries of nations. There were four types of political powers, sharply contrasted in origin and character. By far the oldest was the group of Rajput States in the arid country to the west, between the Vindhya Mountains and the Indus; with their feudal government and royal pedigrees going back in some cases for millenniums, these Rajput principalities represented, as they represent to-day, the ancient India of the golden age. The noblest names in India's spiritual history — Rama, Krishna, Siddhartha the Buddha — all belong to the splendid Rajputs, and to them the Upanishads accredit the core of their spiritual teaching. The conservation of these ancient Rajput principalities, which were threatened with extinction, is the best fruit of the coming of the English.

Next in antiquity, though in comparison only of yesterday, among the dominant Indian powers when Clive fought at Plassey came the Mogul Empire, founded by Baber of the victorious race of Genghis Khan, which won realms far greater than the empire of the Cæsars, a race with a notable record for literary achievement and

religious tolerance. The winning of the greater part of India, begun by Baber, was completed by the magnificent Akbar and consolidated by Aurungzeb the bigot. It is worth noting that four leaders of the Mongols — Kublai Khan, Tamerlane, Akbar, and Aurungzeb — inspired masterpieces of English literature. But Aurungzeb was the last great figure in a family of brilliant genius, unless we except his brother, Dara Shukoh, who never ruled, but who gained enduring renown by translating the great Upanishads into Persian; the Latin rendering of this version first brought these most mystical of all Scriptures to the knowledge of the Western world.

The Moguls governed through nawabs; as the central power at Delhi began to break up after the death of Aurungzeb, these provincial viceroys established themselves as independent monarchs. It was, in fact, against one of these, the Nawab of Bengal, that Robert Clive fought at Plassey. The first acquisition of territory by the English in India was thus at the expense of the invading Moguls. It is worth noting that one of these Mogul provinces survives to-day as the largest of the self-governing Native States. The Nizam of Hyderabad, premier Prince of India, represents the successful assertion of sovereignty by a Viceroy of the Mogul Empire, and has maintained much of the magnificence and some of the administrative idiosyncrasies of the Great Moguls.

Then there were in the India of Clive's day two strong military powers, which had risen as the Moguls declined. The Sikhs of the Punjab, founded some four centuries back by Nanak Guru as a protest against Brahman priestcraft, became, under his successors, a formidable power, and under the Maharaja Ranjit Singh, in the early nineteenth century, a militant kingdom. The Mahrattas of the Vindhya Mountains, inspired by Shivaji, a soldier of genius, grew into a predatory power whose hordes of cavalry swept over India as the horsemen of Genghis Khan had harried Northern Asia. But the Mahrattas soon broke up into separate states under masterful families, several of which, like Gaekwar of Baroda, Holkar of Indore, and Sindhia of Gwalior, are still numbered among the rulers of Native States.

British expansion and conquest were directed against the last three of the four types of states we have described: the Moguls with their viceroys, the Mahrattas, and the Sikhs. Rajputana has remained intact, stronger rather than weaker because of British rule. So that it was not against an ancient and united India, but the Mogul invaders and two quite modern predatory Powers, that the Western conquerors prevailed.

By the middle of the nineteenth century the conquest was complete so far as India was concerned. Later accessions, like Burma and Baluchistan, are beyond her frontiers. Then in 1857 came the Mutiny. But it was more than a revolt of the native regiments, and had many contributing causes. One was the rapidly growing tendency of the British power to absorb the Native States, whenever a disputed succession offered a pretext; another was the prophecy that the rule of the East India Company would end a hundred years after Plassey; a third was more potent though less defined: the genius of India felt itself rebuked by the dominant English, as Antony's genius was rebuked by Cæsar's. Heavy moral and mental pressure, resented as oppression, caused reaction and revolt.

The prophecy was kept to the ear but broken to the hope. Following the

Mutiny, an even century after Plassey, the East India Company ceased to exist and the period of imperial government began. But this was no abrupt revolution. The right of the British Government to supervise the Company was implicit in the original charter of 1600, and as long ago as 1783 Parliament had established a board of control to direct the directors of the Company. The chairman of the board, who was a member of the British cabinet, gradually became the effective ruler, so that after the Mutiny only a change of name was needed to transform him into the secretary of state for India. The British viceroys had long been appointed, not by the Company, but by the prime minister acting for the Crown. So that the change, when the imperial government of India took form in 1858, was only the final stage of a gradual transformation spread over three generations.

III

At the inauguration of the imperial era Queen Victoria issued a proclamation which contained the promise that all government posts in India would be opened to the natives in the measure of their abilities. This sentence came to be regarded as the Magna Charta of India's liberties. Going back a generation, to a period a generation after the Mutiny, let us see how far that promise had then been fulfilled.

We have outlined the administration of the district, the unit of administration, with its million inhabitants, nine tenths of them dwelling in villages among the rice fields. The administrative body, so far as its British part was concerned, consisted of the collector, who was head of the district, the judge, a joint magistrate, and, perhaps, an assistant collector studying the elements of his art, which he would presently apply in a subdivision with a quarter of a million villagers. All these were members of the covenanted civil service.

When we come to ask what part the natives might take in the government of their country, the first point to bear in mind is this: even before the Mutiny the ranks of the covenanted civil service had been opened to all 'natural-born subjects of the British Crown,' and therefore to natives of India. And several able and active-minded young natives had availed themselves of the opportunity. In one year four passed the competitive examinations held in London, when forty candidates were selected. In another year a youth of Brahman descent, whose family had been converted to Christianity, had the distinction of heading the list; he had a marvelous memory and a wonderfully alert mind.

When these covenanted civilians of Indian blood came to serve side by side with Englishmen, they suffered no personal or social disabilities. They gave dinners and were invited to dinners exactly as if they had been Englishmen, and their ladies were received on terms of entire equality. A British assistant collector served under a collector, a native of Bengal, with perfect equanimity. The social life of a civil station, the little administrative capital of a district, was inspired by the same practical tolerance. One has seen a set of tennis at the club in such a station where the four players were a Mohammedan prince, splendid in red and green satin; a youthful raja of Brahman blood, with a countenance like old gold; a young Oxford graduate, the junior covenanted civilian of the district; and a Eurasian girl, daughter of the civil engineer, who had married a lady of Bhutia race from the Himalayas. The civil engineer and his family were among the most popular members of that little

social world. To complete the picture, it may be noted that the honors of the game were shared between the satin princeling and the Eurasian maid.

But their right of entry into the covenanted civil service was only a part, though the most distinguished part, of the share of the natives in the practical work of government. At every civil station there was a native sub-judge, trying civil cases, who received a salary about twice as large as that of the junior covenanted civilian; there were three or four native deputy collectors, and three of the four subdivisions were normally administered by native deputy collectors who, on the whole, did their work as efficiently as the youthful Briton in the fourth subdivision. Then the entire working staff of the courts and offices was made up of natives, for the most part speaking and writing very fair English; trustworthy, able, and attractive men, whom one remembers with affectionate regard even after the lapse of years.

These were administrative functions only. But there were, in every district, at least four types of bodies having activities that were genuinely legislative. Beginning with the simplest, there was in every village the elected panchayet, lineal descendant of the self-governing body in the age-old village community. Next came the elected local board, for each subdivision, not indigenous, but quite recently overlaid on the native life by the British administrators. Then there was an elected district board, with supervision over roads, bridges, hospitals, and schools, and with power to raise local taxes. These district boards had in them the germs of the county councils of modern England, themselves remote successors of the Saxon shire mote. Finally, the municipalities were governed by elected bodies, predominantly native.

So there were, a generation ago, elements of self-government in India, as well as opportunities for qualified natives to share in the daily work of administration. All these elements might well have developed along indigenous lines.

The actual course of events was altogether different. This brings us to another class of educated natives, who were very conspicuous in every civil station: the lawyers, Hindu or Mohammedan, who made a living by pleading in the civil and criminal courts. Most of them spoke English fluently; all were men of ready tongue. One finds at once a contrast between them and those natives, from the sub-judge and the deputy collectors downward, who were engaged in judicial and administrative work. These were on the official pay roll, and in all things were directly ruled by British superiors. The lawyers were more independent; their whole activity made them so, and much of it ran counter to the official activities. Thus, when the police superintendent caught the rather mild criminals, the native lawyers fought to set them free again; they defended civil suits brought by the collector for taxes, and in all this they gained the habit of arguing with volubility and persistence. These English-speaking lawyers were Lord Macaulay's mental children, brought into being by his policy of education in English, and inevitably imbued with the political aura of English Liberalism, of which their great patron was the incarnation.

This was the class from which the Indian National Congress was largely recruited, when the agitation for political rights began in 1883. Not many years after its inception we happened on an amusing expression of its spirit. We were traveling on a little branch railway, or, rather, patiently waiting for the diminutive train to get under way. In the next compartment were

Bengali lawyers on their way to the National Congress. Through the open window came a penetrating voice: '*Amra* fighting-for-the-common-cause *hoilaml*' the first word meaning 'we,' the last, 'are.' There were no words in their native tongue for the thoughts they were dealing with, and they had to borrow from Macaulay; so far from being indigenous was the whole movement of which they were a part.

This legalistic agitation continued for years, and still continues. Its Great Charter was, as we have said, the royal proclamation of 1858, following the Mutiny, promising to the natives of India a larger, but undefined, share in the government of their country.

IV

On the one hand, the impelling force of this long and sometimes heated agitation was the inevitable reaction from the instinctively overbearing attitude of the British rulers of India, which 'rebuked' the ancient genius of the land; as, indeed, Western nations have tended to 'rebuke' all Oriental peoples. On the other hand, the forms of thought and aspiration of the Indian National Congress, and the long years of agitation which grew out of it, were an unconscious tribute to this same dominating Western mind; the agitators asked for parliamentary institutions like those of England, and, as we have seen, they asked in phrases that remained obstinately English, alien to the men who used them.

Since 1883 the leaders of India's constitutional agitation have gained much of what they sought. Many steps have been taken in the introduction and development of democratic institutions. To-day India is at the halfway house. There are eight or nine little parliaments, one for each province, with a big parliament for all British India. The electorate numbers some six or seven millions, less than half of whom have any knowledge of English. Superficially the result is not unlike the situation in Canada, with its provincial legislative bodies under the Dominion Parliament, and a governor-general, representing the sovereign, as the crown of the pyramid. There has been a steady progress toward the Liberal ideals of the Indian National Congress that seemed almost impossible in 1883.

But if we look deeper we shall find a marked contrast with Canada. The bureaucracy of the covenanted civil service has maintained itself strongly entrenched, with a profound, though perhaps largely unconscious, sense of its vested interests, its inherent right to govern India, based in the beginning upon conquest, and resting on Britain's feeling of proprietary rights over India. The covenanted civil service remains as a ruling power, side by side with the new parliaments, with the result that legislative and administrative functions are divided between the two, the covenanted civilians on the one hand, and the native elected bodies on the other. This divided rule — or dyarchy, as it is called — is a somewhat unstable arrangement, with considerable possibilities of friction between its two parts. It cannot be regarded as a final solution.

During the intervening years there have been periods of bitter feeling, of violent outbreaks and vigorous repressions; but to-day there is an atmosphere of greater sympathy. It is true that the traditional tendencies of the covenanted civil service are pulling backward, while the native politicians are pulling forward, yet they are working together without jarring dissonance. While the foreign rulers have become more liberal, the natives have grown more conservative. Their ideal to-day is not an independent India,

but dominion status within the British Empire; a participation in the future destiny of the Empire, with the steadily growing autonomy of its parts, within a circle maintained by moral rather than legal ties.

For the more conservative attitude of the natives of India there are two apparent reasons. The first is the recrudescence of violent feuds between Hindus and Mohammedans, inflamed by the desecration of temples and mosques. This has suggested large possibilities of anarchy and civil strife, if the peace-compelling arm of England were withdrawn. It is worth noting that these feuds come rather from discordant creeds than from difference of race. Of the fifty million Mohammedans in India, not one in a hundred represents the invaders who came through the Western passes in the armies of Mahmud of Ghazni, Baber, and Nadir Shah. The overwhelming majority are converts from Hinduism, identical in blood with their Hindu neighbors against whom they wage these bitter feuds. Murshid Kuli Khan, founder of Murshidabad, the capital of Bengal in Mogul days, was a Brahman converted to Islam, and in this the prototype of millions. The motive for conversion has been social rather than theological, a passionate escape from the compartmented oppression of the Hindu system of caste, which confers high privileges on the Brahmans and bears so harshly on the lower castes. So that there is no real race cleavage behind these sectarian feuds; it is a mental, not an ethnical discord. But this discord is sufficiently threatening to inspire in the minds of the native politicians, Hindu and Mohammedan alike, a measure of caution, toning down their aspirations for full independence.

Then there are external causes. Afghanistan is a formidable power, with an inborn thirst for conquest and well supplied with modern arsenals, and a century has not passed since Afghan hordes were fighting in the Indus valley. The relations of British India with the Afghans have not been happy, in spite of long negotiations and costly wars. Afghanistan has grown steadily in military strength, and is further than ever from being submissive to English dictation. The Afghans stand where the great invaders of India stood in past centuries, and the likeness is close enough to reconcile the native politicians to the presence of British troops.

So the aspiration of the educated natives of India to-day is for dominion status within the British Empire, side by side with Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa, with a governor-general representing the sovereign and imperial unity, and with the substantial work of administration and legislation in native hands.

There is a valid criticism of this ideal, and indeed of the whole movement that has led up to it: it is so completely external in origin and conception, so little rooted in the ancient spiritual life of India. We have suggested an alternative: the gradual development of indigenous forms, beginning with the self-governing village community. Might not the genius of India be better safeguarded in this way?

Perhaps the underlying realities of the situation may be brought out by asking a question: Does the future of India involve any deeper issues than are involved in the future government of, let us say, Brazil or Siberia? Let us borrow an answer from the first governor-general of India, Warren Hastings, writing in ancient Benares in the cold season of 1784:—

It is not very long since the inhabitants of India were considered by many as creatures scarce elevated above the degree of

savage life; nor, I fear, is that prejudice yet wholly eradicated, though surely abated. Every instance which brings their real character home to observation will impress us with a more generous sense of feeling for their natural rights, and teach us to estimate them by the measure of our own. But such instances can only be obtained in their writings: and these will survive when the British dominion in India shall have long ceased to exist, and when the sources which it once yielded of wealth and power are lost to remembrance.

The consummation suggested by the second sentence has been in part attained. England is confirming the natural rights of the natives of India, and leading them in the paths of self-government.

What of the third sentence? Was the first great architect of British imperialism right when he discerned in the ancient writings of India something that would last long after the British dominion there shall have ceased to exist?

There is reason to believe that he was a true prophet. We are coming to recognize in ancient India one of the great intellectual and spiritual civilizations, perhaps the greatest in all history. The recognition is as yet neither general nor complete. Too many histories of thought begin with Hellas, ignoring India; as though an historian of architecture, dazzled by the Parthenon, were to forget the splendid temples of Egypt. Even to-day we speak of 'Arabic' figures and call algebra by an Arabic name, though both had their origin in India.

But the truth is that we are only now reaching the point in our own intellectual development when we can rightly estimate ancient India's attainment. When Warren Hastings wrote the introduction to the *Bhagavad-Gita*, translated by Charles Wilkins, from which we have quoted, the version used by Emerson and Thoreau, it was the common view in Christendom that the world and the universe were but six thousand years old; but India had discerned millenniums ago the vast antiquity of life, and had developed figures of astronomical magnitude to express this perception. There was a clear view of the multitude of worlds to which our astronomy is only now attaining. India was thinking cosmically ages before the Seven Sages of Greece were born.

Yet it is not so much the magnificent sweep of their scientific thought, both in time and in space, that would seem to be India's greatest achievement. That achievement lies rather in depth than in expanse, in the perception of the spiritual universe, a universe resting on eternal Life, and ruled by everlasting Law.

The records of this superb spiritual accomplishment exist — not carved on desert rocks like the inscriptions of Persia and Egypt, but recorded in a noble tongue, well known in India to-day, and from which half the current speech of India is derived. It is, in the best sense, a living literature; it is an undying literature.

So our concern with India goes deeper than our interest in the extension of self-government to two or three hundred millions, the inclusion of a sixth of mankind in the net of democracy. There is the larger question: India still holds her ancient inheritance; can she become in the future what she was in the past — a great intellectual and spiritual power?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SLIPPERS FOR CINDERELLA

DR. MEIKLEJOHN remarked the other day that the American mind was very clever, but that it thought about the wrong things. Shoes, for instance, instead of religion. According to the Doctor, Massachusetts thinks beautifully about shoes, and very badly about where we are going in them. Personally, I disagree. I admit the badness of our philosophy, but I question whether we do any better by the shoe.

At least, after two days of shopping, what I want to ask is this: has Mr. Hoover's bureau of standards waved its wand over the shoe industry and ruled out as a wasteful side line all heels on which a person who loves exercise, beauty, and her feet might like to walk? Or are this year's shoes only Babbittry in pedal form? If we have here merely the tyranny of the mob over the manufacturing mind, then, alas! I suppose I am doomed to wear standardized shoes on an unstandardized foot — or pay the price of individuality at twenty dollars a pair.

The pity of it is that it is really a very fine foot capable of a smart appearance in proper boots. It might even have made Trilby look to her honors. It can walk or dance ten miles barefoot, and its arch supports were provided by that complex of cumulative forces familiarly called Nature. And must this foot, as strong as a peasant's and as slim as a duchess's, be thrust into a hideous object called a pump but resembling nothing in nature so much as a hyena humped upward in the rear? It never had a heel under it till it was twenty years old, and then only experimentally. Those were the days when children were children, and misses' shoes were spring-heeled, and a small lady could wear them all her life. Those were the days when odd people could find something to taste in the shops, and short lines were a specialty of the smart dealer. Those were the days when little flat slippers of spangled satin, rosetted and ribbon-bound, such as stole in and out among grandmother's hoop skirts, were still worn to parties by her tiny great-grandchildren and such grandchildren as had the wit and the feet — slippers in which one stood upon the ground, and could cross a room with graceful dignity or pirouette securely in a fancy dance.

For consider the foot, not, after the fashion of shoe designers, as a mere spare part, but as the base of the whole body's rhythm. *Vera incessu patuit dea* — the goddess was revealed by her walk. Put the Venus de Milo in French heels, and how would her godhead vanish! Clap them upon Pavlowa's winged feet, and where would be the poetry, the lovely rise and fall from earth to heaven? Choose then — wings or heels! All dancers answer, 'Wings.' All manufacturers have answered, 'Heels'; and the feet of America freeze into an attitude — motionless, expressionless, grotesque.

Perhaps it is impossible to be completely rational. The ante-bellum ladies with ballooning hoops and tight-laced waists wore sensible shoes. The short-skirted, supple-waisted flapper goes on stilts. Yet a year or so ago a moment of reason came to costume. Hair was bobbed, waists were unbound,

skirts were brief and free, shoes almost as lovely as the foot itself — heelless, flexible, filigree sandals for sport or street or ball, the light touch of art on nature which gives beauty its deepest lure. It would have been almost possible two years ago to make a statue of a lady without undressing her. Never had we come so close to the frank grace of Greek sculpture — every pretty girl a Diana in disguise! Then presto! all the lovely little shoes grew heels, and Diana could run no more upon the hills. She must come home in a motor car.

It is not that many Dianas do not still long to run. It is merely that there are no longer any pretty tripping shoes. There are only ground grippers — clodhopping hoofs for satyrs, not for nimble nymphs. For Thetis must be silver-slippered, and all the slippers have high heels!

Yet I would not be intolerant. Many there are, no doubt, whose natural feet are so plain or ugly that deformity alone can make them interesting. And for such let heels abound. But why must I too go in grotesque? Why must I limp with my lame neighbor? If this be democracy, let me have done with it. I had thought it meant teaching my halting neighbor how to skip!

'Sir,' said I to a salesman, 'I want a shoe the shape of the human foot. Stylized, perhaps, but still footlike.'

'Not being worn this season, madam,' he replied.

It is true that I shop upon Main Street, where uniformity is the order of the day. Perhaps there are towns where dealers still buy for the few as well as for the mob. I wonder. But mine is not one of them. I live in an Orpheum town, and I suppose I shall have to wear Orpheum shoes and see Orpheum plays. But I do not like it. Still, what can one do? The little theatre outside the syndicate, the solitary independent baker who still makes my crisp French bread, the old shoemaker around the corner — are these the only ways to keep the feet of ugliness from stamping out the beauty and variety of life? If so, then Pan is dead indeed.

A TALE OF CAPRICE

Listen, gentle reader, to this tale of human caprice. If I were not in danger of giving utterance to a platitude, I should remind you that fact is oftentimes stranger than fiction; for no imaginative gesture of my own could more defiantly challenge your credulity than the following — which is the bare truth, and nothing more.

I was the recipient, some days ago, of a printed announcement displaying a list of the new titles added to the shelves of a certain public library during the last few months. I read the announcement from the beginning to the end, and then from the end to the beginning. I shall probably read it again, when I see this in print, just to reassure myself, and if you want a look also I will see to that as well.

At first I thought Don Stewart was playing a practical joke — or was it Stephen Leacock? Then I suspected the typesetter. Now I put it up to you.

You know what a library circular looks like? A prosaic white sheet with the usual headings — fiction, biography, religion, travel, juveniles, and the others. Well, this one conformed mechanically, even to the symmetrical list of authors and titles. I glanced at the books listed under the heading, 'Useful Arts.' I had always wondered what they were. I saw 'Bogue, B. N. — *Stammering: Its Cause and Cure.*' I supposed that it was the 'cure' that was the 'useful art,' and read on to 'Currier, A. F. — *How to Keep Well.*' A useful art, certainly, although I had

always thought that health was a science. Then came 'PAGE, W. H. — *A Publisher's Confession.*' Well, I reflected in passing, one sure way to keep well is to keep out of publishing. Rather clever to slip those two volumes in together!

'Fine Arts' was the next heading. This selection began with Atkinson's *Women on the Farm* and ended with Wilcox's *Mah-Jongg.* Yes, most women on a farm would play Mah-Jongg. Why not? Intermediate titles were artistically grouped as follows: Mayer's *Jungle Beasts I Have Captured,* Courtney Ryley Cooper's *Lions 'n Tigers 'n Everything,* a volume on *Ideal Homes,* and Hatcher Hughes's *Hell-Bent for Heaven.* I read the heading again and then proceeded. *Practical Amateur Photography* had its place next to Durant's *Taming the Wildings.* Of course! A photograph produced at the psychological moment is helpful in any conquest. This is indeed one of the finest of the arts.

'Sociology.' Here I encountered 'ARNOLD, J. H. — *The Debater's Guide.*' So that's what sociology is — being able to outtalk the other fellow! This section also included Richardson's *Diplomatic Education* and a manual on *Seat Weaving.* Was there a subtle connection here, I wondered? 'Natural Science' revealed Corke's *Wild Flowers As They Grow* and A. E. Wiggam's *Fruit of the Family Tree,* in subtle juxtaposition. I read on. Barrington's romance of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, *The Divine Lady,* appeared under 'Fiction,' while M. Maurois's *Ariel* received the sanction of 'History.' Beveridge's *Art of Public Speaking* was divorced from its spouse, *The Debater's Guide,* and thrown in under 'Literature.'

'Philosophy' disclosed but two titles: Fosdick's *Twelve Tests of Character* and Stearns's *Challenge of Youth.* Surely here was something else that Horatio had never dreamt of. Why relegate Principal Stearns's practical solution of the schoolboy problem to this classification, I wondered, and why not let the collection of sermons by Dr. Fosdick skip two lines below and fall in under 'Religion'? After all, he seems to be identified with it.

Why call Struthers Burt's essays on Dude Wrangling 'Travel,' and why herd Anzia Yezierska's autobiography, *Children of Loneliness,* with its marked sociological significance, into the fiction pen? And again, why put John Addington Symonds down as the author of *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini?* His translation is undoubtedly the best, but let us at least give the militant master-jeweler credit for his tedious hours with quill and foolscap. I found my questions coming thick and fast.

The 'Literature' collection reminded me of a pound of assorted candy from one of the Happiness stores — something to suit every taste. Ring Lardner, John Masefield, Agnes Repplier, the Haddock family, Samuel Crothers, and Lafcadio Hearn all got the same cover over them some way. And — I hesitate to tell you — Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Harp-Weaver* had jumped into the same box with *Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks!*

What more is there to say — except that the library is not, as you supposed, a one-room affair above the railroad station at Shade Gap, Iowa? It happens to be — and more's the pity — a nice new red-brick building, embellished with busts of Dante and Shakespeare, facing the much-traveled Boston Post Road at a point not so far from the erstwhile country seat of one Elihu Yale.

But wait! I knew I should say that. (I think Professor Tinker corrected me the last time.) A library, gentle reader, is never a nice new building, red-brick or otherwise. A library, if there is one, is always found inside.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Benjamin Stolberg, who gives us his portrait of the most famous unknown man in America, is a sociologist and close student of labor conditions, now living and writing in New York City. Many readers will remember his biography of Samuel Gompers which we published in the *Atlantic* for March 1925. ¶One must be constantly reminded that, incredible as it may seem, **Carl Christian Jensen's** autobiography is true to the very last detail. The story began in our October issue, but, like life, can be picked up at any point with significance. ¶After playing a game with consistent skill for forty years, **A. Edward Newton** may be trusted to exhibit its fine points. Nowadays he talks of taking to the side lines, but we know that to be only the modesty of champions the world over. ¶An observer with alert and arrowy opinions, it is a native boast to say that **Agnes Repplier** lives in Philadelphia. **Keene Abbott** comes of pioneering stock, and his stories and books have been chiefly written out of the traditions of his home state, Nebraska. The present narrative, he tells us, was inspired by an incident told him by an old plainsman. ¶In this memorial year **Humbert Wolfe,** the English poet, pays tribute to the best-beloved of Saints.

* * *

If geography is in a name, **Henderson Daingerfield Norman** will surely be spotted for a Virginian. At home and abroad she is best known by her translations of Rostand's plays. ¶Characteristic and full of unexpected information are the letters of Ruskin to a young governess which come to us from the careful hands of **Leonard Huxley,** editor of the *Cornhill Magazine.* ¶The wife of a distinguished Dutch banker, **Madame T. van Houten** has traveled to the far corners of the earth, the last being Batavia, Java, where, in 'Oriental splendor,' she and her husband resided for three years. ¶Professor of English literature at Wellesley, **Margaret Sherwood** is known to many an *Atlantic* audience. Conspicuous among her books are *Daphne* and *The Worn Doorstep.* **Margaret Pond's** poem was sent us from Otowi, New Mexico. Her muse, it would seem, visits unconcerned in the midst of house- and baby-keeping. **Archer Butler Hulbert** is Director of the Stewart Commission on Western History. It was while working through a famous American newspaper collection that he took the opportunity of concocting his distillation of the ages. ¶After sabbatical leave abroad, **Margaret Lynn** has returned to her post at the University of Kansas, firmly convinced that all Americans should stay away from Europe for the next two years. Absence may make the heart grow fonder. ¶A consulting engineer, graduate of Lehigh, **Morris Llewellyn Cooke** has held many important appointments, among them the directorship of the Giant Power Survey in Pennsylvania in 1923.

* * *

William Stix Wasserman, of Philadelphia, has just returned from a four months' survey of economic and social conditions in Russia, where during his stay he was in constant contact with the leading state officials, traveled down the Volga and through the Caucasus, and on one occasion made a three-hundred-mile trip on horseback. ¶Assistant Oriental Secretary to Lord Allenby, **Captain Owen Tweedy** was delegated to act as British Aide-de-Camp to Ras Taffari and Princess Menem of Abyssinia during their visits to Cairo in 1923 and 1924. **Charles Johnston's** experience in the British Civil Service has heretofore borne fruit for readers of the *Atlantic.*

* * *

For the benefit of those who will wish to know whether they passed 'The Test' of Dr. Witherow in the October *Atlantic,* we are able to announce that Mr. Stern, the donor, would have desired the spirit rather than the letter of accomplishment, and that,

according to the author, the award would have been given to Mr. Brookfield. Dr. Witherow adds: —

But I hope I have brought out the point that Mr. Daly deserved the prize if Mr. Stern was a mere martinet, a mere drill sergeant, or a pettifogging attorney; also that Mr. Hamlet deserved the prize if Mr. Stern took delight only in a man's best service, the putting forth to the utmost of all that the brain of man can furnish in insight, originality, and industry.

This view of Mr. Stern and his test was a higher and truer view than Mr. Daly's, and the author confesses that he has a warm spot in his own mind for gallant Mr. Hamlet. Mr. Brookfield, however, saw what Mr. Hamlet saw and something more which Mr. Hamlet missed. There was a hungering in the rich man's heart for gratitude. The Test was all that Mr. Daly and Mr. Hamlet found in it, but it was also a call of spirit to spirit and Brookfield alone heard and responded to that note.

* * *

In defense of divorce this reader has cited the hard facts of experience.

Dear Atlantic, —

One reads, with a sense of amazement and irritation, the article on marriage by Bishop Charles Fiske in the September number of the *Atlantic*. It amazes us because its views seem so unconscious of the real facts of life; it irritates us because parts of it are grossly unfair to those who, like myself, after years of agony and meditation, finally decided to become divorced.

'America is rapidly becoming a land of Mormons. The law forbids continuous polygamy, but we are substituting for it consecutive polygamy.' In these words Bishop Fiske commences his remarks. The emphasis of the Church, based upon Bible teaching, has always been on the side of the spiritual union of marriage. And since our spirits are eternal we believe that happy marriages on earth persist through eternity, even though one of the partners may die before the other. Has any Christian sect been known to brand a widower as a polygamist for marrying again? If marriage is a union of souls, as well as of bodies, what essential difference exists between the two cases of a man who remarries with his first wife living, to whom he is bound by no ties of either the spirit or the body, and of a man who remarries, with his first wife dead, to whom he may have been bound by the most compelling spiritual bonds? Is not the second man logically more guilty of polygamy than the first?

Proceeding further, 'After the arguments for divorce have all been presented, the presence of one child effectually confutes them.' There is a wide difference of opinion as to what happens to a child's nature in an unhappy household. Scientists are unearthing evidence which may be embarrassing to the Bishop's point of view. Most of a child's character is crystallized by the age of seven and much of its later happiness and usefulness can be impaired by the ugly repressions it develops during these early formative years. If a child is reared in an atmosphere of unloveliness, whether it be physical or psychical, the resulting repressions are bound to persist in later life and do irremediable harm. Is not, then, the undivided love of a single parent sometimes better for the health and happiness of a child than the corroding atmosphere of an unhappy house?

There is apparently a conviction in Bishop Fiske's mind that all we need in this distressing situation is the magic of legislation. The real permanency of marriage cannot be a matter of laws. And it is better so. For, in the long run, how much does society gain by forcing a union to be permanent that is permanent only in name? Instead, divorce may be a powerful, alleviating agent in the fight of society against the hypocrisy and sanctimoniousness that go far toward poisoning individual and community life. What we desire, and desperately so, is real evidence to tell us without bias what mode of life will be best to adopt — best for society, for our children, and for ourselves.

E. C. D.

* * *

Several 'poets — new style' have arisen to greet Minch Pith, Ellis Parker Butler's protégé in the October *Atlantic*. We print their offerings for the interpretation of all imaginative readers.

I

In the *Atlantic* for Oct.
E. Parker Butler (Was he s?)
Tells of Minch Pith's devices odd,
A poet of the .

New verse so much my spirit jars
For any change I'd thank my * * *
But oh, for joy I'd nearly drop
If it should come to a .

Henderson Daingerfield Norman

II

say it with . . . & – – –
a 'soulyearn' by pinch mith

i met her only yesterday
our courtship has been brisk
i d like to send her wild flowers but
i dare not *

her face is fair her eyes are bright
she boasts of charms a myriad
and slender 2 enhance
the costumes of the .

she gave me but a fleeting glance
yet 1 to feast the soul on
in winter i ll recall its warmth
instead of putting :

i wonder should i interview
her papa or her mamma
to still my beating heart and make
my nerves a trifle ,

perhaps b4 i venture out
in matrimonys bark
i should consult the stock exchange
& last "

but if fair 1 i cut a —
with this '
you ll know my # & i ll find
out where i m @ you see

LOUISE G. HUMPHREY

* * *

These truths from Canada may serve to cool certain heated arguments on Prohibition.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the readable article in your October issue by Mr. William E. Dever there are one or two errors of statement which I think are important enough to call for correction.

Mr. Dever states rather incidentally that Canada and Sweden are nations of homogeneous population. With respect to Sweden there can be little doubt that this is correct, but so far as regards Canada, the heterogeneity of its population is probably more pronounced than that of any other considerable political unit in the world since the Austro-Hungarian monarchy was destroyed at Versailles.

From one quarter to one third of the people of Canada are totally different in origin, in language, civil law, customs, ambitions, ecclesiastical arrangement, and so forth, from the English-speaking majority of that country. Montreal, the largest city of the country and probably the fifth in size in North America, is nine tenths French and this proportion holds roughly true of the entire population of the province of Quebec. In the adjoining province of New Brunswick, the same race now constitutes nearly one third of the population, while in the distinctively English-speaking province of Ontario there are some two hundred thousand French.

In addition to this, in the prairie provinces (Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta) is a very considerable number, relative to the total population, of races from almost every country in Europe and as yet by no means largely assimilated to Anglo-Saxon ideals. In fact, so far as heterogeneity is concerned, Canada in proportion to its population is more decided than the United States, even taking into consideration the presence of the Negro people in the latter country.

In the same sentence Mr. Dever says that Canada has tried and abandoned the experiment of national prohibition.

Canada has not had at any time national prohibition, and it is at least a debatable question whether the Federal Government of Canada has any authority to enact national prohibition as the term is now generally understood. Regulation of the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage lies not with the Federal legislature but with those of the provinces individually, and while it is true that some of these provinces have enacted what may be termed prohibitory laws as respects alcohol, and have afterward rescinded them, the important province of Quebec has not at any time enacted a provincial prohibitory law, using that term, as before, in its general signification.

GEORGE G. MELVIN

* * *

How to drive out evil spirits.

One is in a hospital bed, and *parody-ridden.* Tossing and turning for the relief that does not come, the thought of the *Atlantic* is like a cool hand on fever. Would it, perhaps, drive out the little demons by taking them between its own calm covers?

Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun
Views not with thee
Some doctor having fun.

Bed is a monster of such horrid mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen.
Seen too oft, familiar with your cot,
You first endure, then vow you'll leave it not.

Ladies in his leather chair
Were merely toothaches sitting there;
Just upper sets and lower rows,
To which he murmured, 'Open,' 'Close.'

ALICE GRAY TRUSLOW

* * *

As a postscript to his letter in reply to Dr. Parrish's paper, 'From Authority to Experience,' in the September *Atlantic*, the Reverend Carl Shoemaker writes that in the

midst of the parochial work of a city parish 'one does n't get much time to question either experience or authority; one just does.'

CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A feeling of sadness fills one as one reads of a Church official frankly confessing a lost cause. And the reason for this tragedy seems to be that we are 'in a period of transition from authority to experience.' And then one's memory turns back and we see a small band of men, unlettered certainly and assuredly not of the best families; a little handful of men who had an experience — an experience extending over three years and culminating one Sunday. And that experience led them to accept the authority of Him with whom they had that experience. And then one reads that these ignorant and unlearned men turned the world upside down. It is remarkable what experience will do.

If I mistake not, 'the whole cosmic trend' has been from experience to authority. The young child accepts the authority of parents because it has learned by experience that their plans are best. The parents' authority is weak or strong in proportion as the child's experience has shown them to be wise or unwise. Later on the child moves on to college, where new and confusing experiences are met; as these new experiences work out, they lead on to the acceptance of a higher authority.

I recall one January night. The doctor said that one of my boys was critically ill of pneumonia; his mother had been up with him two nights and must be relieved. I accepted his authority because of his experience. I said I would watch that night. The house was a flimsy affair far outside the town. For several days the thermometer had been hovering about twenty-five degrees below zero and bid fair to beat itself that night. For long hours I sat by the bedside giving medicine at regular intervals. Hour after hour the thermometer dropped. The windows were wide open. At three in the morning a change came over the lad. I feared the end. Just as I was, with heavy ulster pulled up about my ears, with arctics buckled to knees, with no stole, with no candle, with no smoke except that of the rising breath, I offered the Holy Sacrifice and gave the lad the Body and Blood of his Lord. In five minutes he was fast asleep. When the doctor came in the morning he was on the road to recovery. From that time on that lad bowed to the Authority. He had an experience; it led the way.

Likewise I recall putting the Stations of the Cross in one church. A woman of pronounced opinions moved her seat rather than sit beside one of them. Later on came the great sorrow of her life. When the clouds finally lifted, she moved her seat to Station Twelve. Experience drew her to the Great Authority. I have seen children complete the Stations with tears in their eyes — an experience which led to obedience at home and in church. After one has followed God along the Way of Sorrows, there is no more questioning His authority — 'surely this was the Son of God.'

This world, standing at the crossroad, wants a tested experience, and when it finds that, it will accept the authority as we accept the authority of the throat and nose specialist. There can be no revealed truth which is contrary to discovered truth; both truths are discovered, but discovered in different ways — yet both truth, and so part of the great Truth.

It seems so futile to belittle it all. It is so real, so actual, so powerful. One is called from bed at midnight to take the Sacrament to a dying man; a young lad must be anointed as the doctors hurry him off to the pest hospital; the mother of five children must be advised and strengthened because her husband has run off with his soul mate; a good and sorely tempted man feels his thirst getting the best of him, so one wrestles with and for him during trying hours; this lad has tried the experience of another lad and one must try to heal the torn and bruised soul; and this girl took the authority of another girl and one sits dumbly by while the whole sordid tale is sobbed forth. And so, day and night, with all conditions and under all conditions, the experience of the Church is applied. And somehow it does work. It has worked for centuries. It will always work.

CARL SHOEMAKER

* * *

For Margery to answer.

ROANOKE, VA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Last Saturday night I read 'The Homing Instinct in Lost Objects,' in your September number, and, just a trifle grimly, I pondered over all the many lost articles that I could wish would take unto themselves wings and fly home! But my skepticism has been rebuked — and I must acknowledge the error of my ways to Mr. Bouton via the *Atlantic*.

On Sunday morning I arose with a newborn zealous desire to take my children to Sunday School — and with a 'start the fall right' expression written plainly on my face I abjured my second cup of coffee and the morning crime wave and washed, dressed, and fed Jane and Paul and bundled them into the car. At the last minute I borrowed Paul's own purse for my change and off we started. On our return the purse was gone. I remembered getting into the car and dropping it in my lap during the drive

home. We made a thorough search of the car. We shook everything and removed everything removable from inside the car — but no purse. The next day I went back to the church; I searched the gutter and even inquired at the homes adjacent to the church if anyone had picked up a change purse. I had a vain hope that my memory might have played me a trick and that I might have dropped it in the street. But no such luck — and I faced the task of diverting Paul's single-track, three-year-old mind from purses to pudding!

To-day I drove home from shopping and, as I turned to leave the car, there in the middle of the back seat in plain view lay Paul's purse. The car had been in constant use since Sunday. I have no explanation, unless that little worn purse felt the urge to nestle once more in the warmth of a chubby hand. What say you?

JANE H. FUNKHOUSER

* * *

Egged on by ambition.

October 23, 1926

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the Contributors' Club, October, the gentleman who wrote 'Tappers and Swingers' overlooked a few high points. 'Egg time' was invariably Easter. In my West Philadelphia neighborhood, in the 80's, we prided ourselves on gathering in as many 'Easter' eggs — to be dyed — as possible.

In the first place, it was not 'Um-per' but 'Up-per.' Our mob cry was 'Up-PURRR! UP-PURRR! Pick yah UP-PURR.' In other words, the challenger had the desirable or 'upper' advantage. The challenged was the 'lower.' The challenged would make a ring of first finger and thumb about the neck of the egg, exposing the least that he could expose, and the challenger would 'pick' deftly, awaiting the delicious crackle that evinced he had won by breaking the other fellow's egg. Oftentimes the challenger's egg succumbed.

Anticipating this season, I raised bantam chickens, the eggs of which fowl are notoriously thick-shelled. I could always win with a bantam egg if the others would 'play.' Usually they refused: 'Aw, I won't pick against no banty egg.' A youth in our rear alleys had much trickery. He would sneak over a porcelain egg, deftly hiding its glossy nature in his 'picking' hand. We finally apprehended him and, though he retaliated by swatting me (and I decorated him with a 'busted' egg), we drove him out of the ranks of respectables who played 'Up-PURRS' squarely. Infrequently a 'scrap' started over who was first to challenge. However, concessions were the rule.

Believe me, when that bold challenge resounded through the highways and the alleys, knights were abroad! And, ah, the ring of freckled noses watching breathlessly to see who was winner, and the gulping joy of the winner. Fact was, when a youth gained possession of an egg with a really strong shell he'd 'pick' a dozen and more eggs in a morning. To the housewife of to-day I offer that eggs were twelve cents a dozen, at most. We never could see how the hens produced them at that price.

Yours very truly,

THOMAS B. DONALDSON

* * *

'The other evening,' writes Judge Edward F. Waite of Minneapolis, 'having just returned from a summer in England, and having there heard the Dean of St. Paul's, I was appealed to as an authority on the mooted question of the pronunciation of his name, and promptly gave very positive misinformation. In the course of a rather wakeful night (not altogether due to chagrin at my blunder) the following jingle did itself.'

When I recall I spoke it 'Inge'
(The Dean with soul of sombre tinge),
And rhymed it not with *sing* but *singe*,
My conscience gives a dreadful twinge.
Low in the dust I fain would cringe
To humbly kiss your garment's fringe,
And in abasement deep impinge
My brow upon your pedal hinge —
Because on Truth I did infringe
When I insisted upon 'Inge.'

For really, now, 't is no such thing!
My mem'ry went woolgathering —
The Gloomy Dean's sad name is INGE.

OVER THE APACHE TRAIL

BY JACK HOLT

At eight o'clock in the morning the Southern Pacific Special pulled in at the Globe depot, carrying the special Apache Trail Pullman with a great number of Eastern tourists. This car is switched off from the "Sunset Limited" at Bowie, and is a through Pullman, either from New Orleans or from Chicago. * * * *

Fifteen miles west of Globe the first vista of Roosevelt Lake is presented from the main highway at Lake View Summit, an elevation of 3988 feet. It is hardly believable that there in the middle of the wild desert region, flashing like a sapphire, 2000 feet below and 20 miles away, lies a vast blue lake, and the first impression seems like the appearance of a mirage in the desert. Far-distant peaks and ridges rim the horizon, standing out with surprising distinctness in the clear atmosphere, miles and miles behind the immense expanse of the Tonto basin. The outstanding landmark for all this part of Arizona is Four Peaks, sixty miles to the northwest in the Mazatzal Range, rearing their crests to an altitude of 7545 feet.

Within the next seven miles, the road from the summit makes a winding descent of 1600 feet. Pinto Creek and Spring Creek are crossed over concrete bridges, a small settlement is passed in the valley, and then the road rises again on the farther side, with widespread views on either hand. Inday Ridge, a castellated mountain, is seen to the south — Inday being an Apache designation for their tribe. To the north, across the lake on the edge of the ridge of the Sierra Ancha, white streaks mark a large asbestos mine. Far to the northeast, across a saddle of an intervening range, looms the steep form of Sombrero Butte.

About one and a half miles from the main highway, over a good natural road, we made a side trip to the Tonto National Monument. The ruins of the Tonto Cliff Dwellings, in two groups, represent the unique architecture of the ancient inhabitants of this region. One glance at these massively built walls and towers is sufficient to convince anyone that the people who raised them up could hardly have been savage cave-folk; but to what race they belonged must forever remain a mystery.

For several miles the Apache Trail Highway now closely follows the shores of Roosevelt Lake high above the waters in which are mirrored the fantastic peaks that ring them around. From the opposite shore rises the strange triangular bulk of Geronimo Mountain. The nearer we come to Roosevelt Dam, midway down the lake, the more the grandeur of the scenery becomes marked, each turn of the road disclosing a new vista.

The site of the Roosevelt Dam is between the massive cliffs at the entrance to the Salt River Canyon, where Tonto Creek originally joined

Stupendous scenery in the heart of Nature, viewed without trouble or hardship from a veritable mountain boulevard

the larger stream, the impounded waters forming a lake thirty miles in length and four miles wide at the broadest point, its man-made aspect long since lost. * * * *

The whole trip so far had been a summing up of scenic wonders, but when after crossing a divide and descending into Fish Creek Canyon the road sharply turned into the gorge, where the glowing Walls of Bronze lift 2000 feet sheer above the stream, we felt that there would hardly be a place on earth that could vie with this wildly beautiful, bewildering scenery. * * * *

Man-created Canyon Lake at Mormon Flat is one of the new scenic wonders along the Apache Trail

Resuming the journey, the steep ascent of Fish Creek Hill is made up a long incline to Lookout Point. Here is the scenic climax of the trip, revealing a panorama that fairly catches the breath. The maze of canyons and cross-canyons beneath the gaze is bewildering in its immensity. It is a scene wildly beautiful, as unfamiliar in aspect to most of humankind as might be a landscape upon another planet.

As the route continues onward, Dog's Head Mountain — a remarkable formation renowned in Indian legend — stands out plainly across the canyon, with a good view of Four Peaks to the right. Not far from the main road is Hind's Canyon, a deep chasm, which pierces the plateau. We stopped a moment and gazed over the protecting railing down in the dark precipice. This is a most wonderful region, for its natural rock formations and the mineral colors of the cliffsides are remarkable for their variety and intensity.

Resuming the trip, we skirted dark Canyon Diablo, and traversed a crater region, which some scientists declare a meteoric pit. High above the trail is the weather-sculptured form of "Our Lady of Arizona", and over to the right the "One-Eyed Giant" glowers. The rock forms of the Bull Frog and the Gila Monster are passed; the automobile coasts down into the oasis of Tortilla Flat, and then onward once more through the giant saguaro and other desert growth to Mormon Flat, scene of a massacre of emigrants by Indians in the "covered wagon" days of old. At this point, thirty miles from Roosevelt, a new dam has been completed. This dam forms another lake whose waters cover the former Flat.

Climbing again, the road passes close to Whirlpool Rock, like a pyramid of writhing serpents turned to stone. Not far beyond the road runs through historic Apache Gap, another battleground, in a broken country of malapai and red cliffs and palisades. Three miles from the Gap, over to the east the traveler gains a good view of the spire of Weaver's Needle, a butte as steep as an iceberg.

Beyond Goldfield, with Granite Reef on the skyline to the north, the route passes Desert Wells and then crosses the canal that marks the border of the irrigated district.

Instantly there is a marvelous change from desert scenery, fields of alfalfa and corn and cotton reaching away, interspersed with orange orchards. All this has been created by the miracle of water brought from the far mountains.

Through the prosperous valley towns of Mesa and Tempe, at the base of steep Tempe Butte, the road leads. Looking back, one can see Hole-in-the-Rock, in Papago Saguaro National Monument. Camel-Back Mountain rises on the horizon to the right.

At last, eighty miles from the Roosevelt Dam and after a tour of 120 miles from Globe, we reached Phoenix, the attractive capital of Arizona, and the center of the rich valley land, at 5:30 p.m. Most of the tourists had reservations made on the 6:10 Southern Pacific train for Los Angeles, and found a Pullman waiting at the S. P. depot.

We enjoyed an excellent dinner in one of Phoenix's up-to-date hotels, took in a show and then drove back to location, tired but happy after this most wonderful outing over the most ancient highway on our American continent — the Apache Trail. — *Reprinted from Progressive Arizona.*

The Apache Trail can be visited as an inexpensive side trip via the Southern Pacific Railroad to or from California from either New York or Chicago.

For further information regarding the Apache Trail address the Southern Pacific Lines, 165 Broadway, New York; 33 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; the Pan-American Building, New Orleans; the Southern Pacific Building, Houston, Texas; the Score Building, Tucson, Arizona; the Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles, or the Southern Pacific Building, San Francisco.

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